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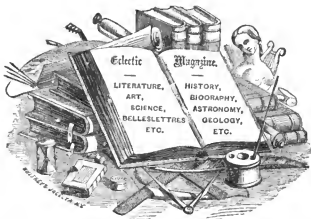


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plete in 63 vols.

LORD MACAULAY.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

LORD MACAULAY was pre-eminently a fortunate man; and his good fortune has survived him. Few, indeed, in the long line of English authors whom he loved so well have been equally happy in a biographer. Most official biographies are a mixture of bungling and indiscretion. It is only in virtue of some happy coincidence that, amongst the one or two people who alone have the requisite knowledge, there exists also the requisite skill and discretion. Mr. Trevelyan is one of the exceptions to the rule. His book is such a piece of thorough literary workmanship as would have delighted its subject.* By a rare felicity the almost filial affection of the narrator conciliates the reader instead of exciting a distrust of

the narrative. We feel that Macaulay's must have been a lovable character to excite such warmth of feeling, and a noble character to enable one who loved him to speak so frankly. The ordinary biographer's idolatry is not absent, but it becomes a testimony to the hero's excellence instead of introducing a disturbing element into our estimate of his merits.

No reader of Macaulay's works will be surprised at the manliness which is stamped not less plainly upon them than upon his whole career. But few who were not in some degree behind the scenes would be prepared for the tenderness of nature which is equally conspicuous. We all recognize in Macaulay a lover of truth and political honor. We find no more than we expected, when we are told that the one circumstance upon which he looked back with some regret was the unauthorized publi-

* The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his Nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, M.P. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Bros.

cation by a constituent of a letter in which he had spoken too frankly of a political ally. That is indeed an infinitesimal stain upon the character of a man who rose without wealth or connection, by sheer force of intellect, to a conspicuous position amongst politicians. But we find something more than we expected in the singular beauty of Macaulay's domestic life. In his relations to his father, his sisters, and the younger generation, he was admirable. The stern religious principle and profound absorption in philanthropic labors of old Zachary Macaulay must have made the position of his brilliant son anything but an easy one. He could hardly read a novel, or contribute to a worldly magazine, without calling down something like a reproof. The father seems to have indulged in the very questionable practice of listening to vague gossip about his son's conduct, and demanding explanations from the supposed culprit. The stern old gentleman carefully suppressed his keen satisfaction at his son's first oratorical success, and instead of praising him, growled at him for folding his arms in the presence of royalty. Many sons have turned into consummate hypocrites under such paternal discipline, and, as a rule, the system is destructive of anything like mutual confidence. Macaulay seems, in spite of all, to have been on the most cordial terms with his father to the last. Some suppression of his sentiments must indeed have been necessary; and we cannot avoid tracing certain peculiarities of the son's intellectual career to his having been condemned from an early age to habitual reticence upon the deepest of all subjects of thought.

Macaulay's relations to his sisters are sufficiently revealed in a long series of charming letters, showing, both in their playfulness and in their literary and political discussions, the unreserved respect and confidence which united them. One of them writes upon his death: "We have lost the light of our home, the most tender, loving, generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty years who can tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine!" Reading these words at the close of the biography we do not wonder at the glamour of sisterly affection; but

admit them to be the natural expression of a perfectly sincere conviction. Can there be higher praise? His relation to children is equally charming. "He was beyond comparison the best of playfellows," writes Mr. Trevelyan; "unrivaled in the invention of games, and never weary of repeating them." He wrote long letters to his favorites; he addressed pretty little poems to them on their birthdays, and composed long nursery rhymes for their edification; whilst overwhelmed with historical labors, and grudging the demands of society, he would dawdle away whole mornings with them, and spend the afternoon in taking them to sights; he would build up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and act the part of tiger or brigand; he would take them to the Tower, or Madame Tussaud's, or the Zoological Gardens, make puns to enliven the Polytechnic, and tell innumerable anecdotes to animate the statues in the British Museum; he would provide them with sumptuous feasts, invariably accompanied by some inappropriate delicacy, in order to amuse himself at its contemptuous rejection; nor, as they grew older, did he neglect the more dignified duty of inoculating them with the literary tastes which had been the consolation of his life. Obviously he was the ideal uncle—the uncle of optimistic fiction, but with qualifications for his task such as few fictitious uncles can possess. It need hardly be added, that Macaulay was a man of noble liberality in money matters, that he helped his family when they were in difficulties, and was beloved by the servants who depended upon him. In his domestic relations he had, according to his nephew, only one serious fault—he did not appreciate canine excellence; but no man is perfect.

The thorough kindness of the man reconciles us even to his good fortune. He was an infant phenomenon; the best boy at school; in his college days, "ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out" at Bowood, formed a circle to hear him talk, from breakfast to dinner-time; he was famous as an author at twenty-five; accepted as a great parliamentary orator at thirty; and as a natural consequence caressed with effusion by editors, politicians, Whig magnates, and the clique of Holland House; by thirty-three he had

become a man of mark in society, literature, and politics, and had secured his fortune by gaining a seat in the Indian Council. His later career was a series of triumphs. He had been the main support of the greatest literary organ of his party, and the "Essays" republished from its pages became at once a standard work. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* sold like Scott's most popular poetry; the "History" caused an excitement almost unparalleled in literary annals. Not only was the first sale enormous, but it has gone on ever since increasing. The popular author was equally popular in Parliament. The benches were crammed to listen to the rare treat of his eloquence; and he had the far rarer glory of more than once turning the settled opinion of the House by a single speech. It is a more vulgar but a striking testimony to his success, that he made 20,000*l.* in one year by literature. Other authors have had their heads turned by less triumphant careers; they have descended to lower ambition, and wasted their lives in spasmodic straining to gain worthless applause. Macaulay remained faithful to his calling. He worked his hardest to the last, and became a more unsparing critic of his own performances as time went on. We do not feel even a passing symptom of a grudge against his good fortune. Rather we are moved by that kind of sentiment which expresses itself in the schoolboy phrase, "well done our side." We are glad to see the hearty, kindly, truthful man crowned with all appropriate praise, and to think that for once one of our race has got so decidedly the best of it in the hard battle with the temptations and the miseries of life.

Certain shortcomings have been set off against these virtues by critics of Macaulay's life. He was, it has been said, too good a hater. At any rate he hated vice, meanness, and charlatanism. It is easier to hate such things too little than too much. But it must be admitted that his likes and dislikes indicate a certain rigidity and narrowness of nature. "In books, as in people and places," says Mr. Trevelyan, "he loved that, and loved that only, to which he had been accustomed from boyhood upwards." The faults of which this significant remark reveals one cause, are marked upon his

whole literary character. Macaulay was converted to Whiggism when at college. The advance from Toryism to Whiggism is not such as to involve a very violent wrench of the moral and intellectual nature. Such as it was, it was the only wrench from which Macaulay suffered. What he was as a scholar of Trinity, he was substantially as a peer of the realm. He made, it would seem, few new friends, though he grappled his old ones as "with hooks of steel." The fault is one which belongs to many men of strong natures, and so long as we are considering Macaulay's life we shall not be much disposed to quarrel with his innate conservatism. Strong affections are so admirable a quality that we can pardon the man who loves well though not widely; and if Macaulay had not a genuine fervor of regard for the little circle of his intimates, there is no man who deserves such praise.

It is when we turn from Macaulay's personal character to attempt an estimate of his literary position, that these faults acquire more importance. His intellectual force was extraordinary within certain limits; beyond those limits the giant became a child. He assimilated a certain set of ideas as a lad, and never acquired a new idea in later life. He accumulated vast stores of knowledge, but they all fitted into the old framework of theory. Whiggism seemed to him to provide a satisfactory solution for all political problems when he was sending his first article to *Knight's Magazine* and when he was writing the last page of his "History." "I entered public life a Whig," as he said in 1849, "and a Whig I am determined to remain." And what is meant by Whiggism in Macaulay's mouth? It means substantially that creed which registers the experience of the English upper classes during the four or five generations previous to Macaulay. It represents, not the reasoning, but the instinctive convictions generated by the dogged insistence upon their privileges of a stubborn, high-spirited, and individually short-sighted race. To deduce it as a symmetrical doctrine from abstract propositions would be futile. It is only reasonable so far as a creed, felt out by the collective instinct of a number of more or less stupid people, becomes impressed with a quasi-rational unity, not

from their respect for logic, but from the uniformity of the mode of development. Hatred to pure reason is indeed one of its first principles. A doctrine avowedly founded on logic instead of instinct becomes for that very reason subject to it. Common sense takes the place of philosophy. At times this mass of sentiment opposes itself under stress of circumstances to the absolute theories of monarchy and then calls itself Whiggism. At other times, it offers an equally dogged resistance to absolute theories of democracy, and then becomes nominally Tory. In Macaulay's youth, the weight of opinion had been slowly swinging round from the Toryism generated by dread of revolution, to Whiggism generated by the accumulation of palpable abuses. The growing intelligence and more rapidly growing power of the middle classes gave it at the same time a more popular character than before. Macaulay's "conversion" was simply a process of swinging with the tide. The Clapham Sect, amongst whom he had been brought up, was already more than half Whig, in virtue of its attack upon the sacred institution of slavery by means of popular agitation. Macaulay—the most brilliant of its young men—naturally cast in his lot with the brilliant men, a little older than himself, who fought under the blue and yellow banner of the *Edinburgh Review*. No great change of sentiment was necessary, though some of the old Clapham doctrines died out in his mind as he was swept into the political current.

Macaulay thus early became a thorough-going Whig. Whiggism seemed to him the *ne plus ultra* of progress: the pure essence of political wisdom. He was never fully conscious of the vast revolution in thought which was going on all around him. He was saturated with the doctrines of 1832. He stated them with unequalled vigor and clearness. Anybody who disputed them from either side of the question seemed to him to be little better than a fool. Southey and Mr. Gladstone talked arrant nonsense when they disputed the logical or practical value of the doctrines laid down by Locke. James Mill deserved the most contemptuous language for daring to push those doctrines beyond the sacred line. When Macaulay attacks an old Non-juror or a modern Tory, we can

only wonder how opinions which, on his showing, are so inconceivably absurd, could ever have been held by any human being. Men are Whigs or not-Whigs, and the not-Whig is less a heretic to be anathematized than a blockhead beneath the reach of argument. All political wisdom centres in Holland House, and the *Edinburgh Review* is its prophet. There is something in the absolute confidence of Macaulay's political dogmatism which varies between the sublime and the ridiculous. We can hardly avoid laughing at this superlative self-satisfaction, and yet we must admit that it is indicative of a real political force not to be treated with simple contempt. Belief is power, even when belief is most unreasonable.

To define a Whig and to define Macaulay is pretty much the same thing. Let us trace some of the qualities which enabled one man to become so completely the type of a vast body of his compatriots.

The first and most obvious power in which Macaulay excelled his neighbors was his portentous memory. He could assimilate printed pages, says his nephew, more quickly than others could glance over them. Whatever he read was stamped upon his mind instantaneously and permanently, and he read everything. In the midst of severe labors in India, he read enough classical authors to stock the mind of an ordinary professor. At the same time he framed a criminal code and devoured masses of trashy novels. From the works of the ancient Fathers of the Church to English political pamphlets and to modern street ballads, no printed matter came amiss to his omnivorous appetite. All that he had read could be reproduced at a moment's notice. Every fool, he said, can repeat his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards; and he was as familiar with the Cambridge Calendar as the most devoted Protestant with the Bible. He could have re-written *Sir Charles Grandison* from memory if every copy had been lost. Now it might perhaps be plausibly maintained that the possession of such a memory is unfavorable to a high development of the reasoning powers. The case of Pascal, indeed, who is said never to have forgotten anything, shows that the two powers may co-

exist: and other cases might of course be mentioned. But it is true that a powerful memory may enable a man to save himself the trouble of reasoning. It encourages the indolent propensity of deciding difficulties by precedent instead of principles. Macaulay, for example, was once required to argue the point of political casuistry as to the degree of independent action permissible to members of a Cabinet. An ordinary mind would have to answer by striking a rough balance between the conveniences and inconveniences likely to arise. It would be forced, that is to say, to reason from the nature of the case. But Macaulay had at his fingers' end every instance from the days of Walpole to his own in which Ministers had been allowed to vote against the general policy of the Government. By quoting them he seemed to decide the point by authority, instead of taking the troublesome and dangerous road of abstract reasoning. Thus to appeal to experience is with him to appeal to the stores of a gigantic memory; and is generally the same thing as to deny the value of all general rules. This is the true Whig doctrine of referring to precedent rather than to theory. Our popular leaders were always glad to quote Hampden and Sidney instead of venturing upon the dangerous ground of abstract rights.

Macaulay's love of deciding all points by an accumulation of appropriate instances is indeed characteristic of his mind. It is connected with a curious defect of analytical power. It appears in his literary criticism as much as in his political speculations. In an interesting letter to Mr. Napier, he states the case himself as an excuse for not writing upon Scott. "Hazlitt used to say, 'I am nothing if not critical.' The case with me," says Macaulay, "is precisely the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination, but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's *Laocoon*, such passages as the criticism on *Hamlet* in *Wilhelm Meister*, fill me with wonder and despair." If we take any of Macaulay's criticisms, we shall see how truly he had gauged his own capacity. They are either random discharges of superlatives

or vigorous assertions of sound moral principles. He compares Miss Austen to Shakspeare—one of the most random applications of the universal superlative ever made—or shows conclusively that Wycherley was a corrupt ribald. But he never makes a fine suggestion as to the secrets of the art whose products he admires or dislikes. His mode, for example, of criticising Bunyan is to give a list of the passages which he remembers, and, of course, he remembers everything. He observes, what was tolerably clear, that Bunyan's allegory is as vivid as a concrete history, though strangely comparing him in this respect to Shelley—the least concrete of poets; and he makes the discovery, which did not require his vast stores of historical knowledge, that "it is impossible to doubt that" Bunyan's trial of Christian and Faithful is meant to satirize the judges of Charles II. That is as plain as that the last cartoon in *Punch* is meant to satirize Mr. Disraeli. Macaulay can draw a most vivid portrait, so far as that can be done by a picturesque accumulation of characteristic facts, but he never gets below the surface or details the principles whose embodiment he describes from without.

The defect is connected with further peculiarities, in which Macaulay is the genuine representative of the true Whig type. The practical value of adherence to precedent is obvious. It may be justified by the assertion that all sound political philosophy must be based upon experience: and I at least hold that assertion to contain a most important truth. But in Macaulay's mind this sound doctrine seems to be confused with the very questionable doctrine that in political questions there is no philosophy at all. To appeal to experience may mean either to appeal to facts so classified and organically arranged as to illustrate general truths, or to appeal to a mere mass of observations, without taking the trouble to elicit their true significance, or even to believe that they can be resolved into particular cases of a general truth. This is the difference between an experiential philosophy and a crude empiricism. Macaulay takes the lower alternative. The vigorous attack upon James Mill, which he very properly suppressed during his life on account of its juvenile arrogance, curiously illustrates his mode of

thought. No one can deny, I think, that he makes some very good points against a very questionable system of political dogmatism. But when we ask what are Macaulay's own principles, we are left at a stand. He ought, by all his intellectual sympathies, to be a utilitarian. Yet he abuses utilitarianism with the utmost contempt, and has no alternative theory to suggest. He ends his first essay against Mill by one of his customary purple patches about Baconian induction. He tells us, in the second, how to apply it. Bacon proposed to discover the principle of heat by observing in what qualities all hot bodies agreed, and in what qualities all cold bodies. Similarly we are to make a list of all constitutions which have produced good or bad government, and to investigate their points of agreement and difference. This sounds plausible to the uninstructed, but is a mere rhetorical flourish. Bacon's method is really inadequate, for reasons which I leave to men of science to explain, and Macaulay's method is equally hopeless in politics. It is hopeless for the simple reason that the complexity of the phenomena makes it impracticable. We cannot find out what constitution is best after this fashion, simply because the goodness or badness of a constitution depends upon a thousand conditions of social, moral, and intellectual development. When stripped of its pretentious phraseology, Macaulay's teaching comes simply to this: the only rule in politics is the rule of thumb. All general principles are wrong or futile. We have found out in England that our constitution, constructed in absolute defiance of all *à priori* reasoning, is the best in the world: it is the best for providing us with the maximum of bread, beef, beer, and means of buying bread, beer, and beef: and we have got it because we have never—like those publicans the French—trusted to fine sayings about truth and justice and human rights, but blundered on, adding a patch here and knocking a hole there, as our humor prompted us.

This sovereign contempt of all speculation—simply as speculation—reaches its acme in the Essay on Bacon. The curious naïveté with which Macaulay denounces all philosophy in that vigorous production excites a kind of perverse admiration. How can one refuse to ad-

mire the audacity which enables a man explicitly to identify philosophy with humbug? It is what ninety-nine men out of a hundred think, but not one in a thousand dares to say. Goethe says somewhere that he likes Englishmen because English fools are the most thoroughgoing of fools. English "Philistines," as represented by Macaulay, the prince of Philistines, carry their contempt of the higher intellectual interests to a pitch of real sublimity. Bacon's theory of induction, says Macaulay, in so many words, was valueless. Everybody could reason before it as well as after. But Bacon really performed a service of inestimable value to mankind; and it consisted precisely in this, that he called their attention from philosophy to the pursuit of material advantages. The old philosophers had gone on bothering about theology, ethics, and the true and beautiful, and such other nonsense. Bacon taught us to work at chemistry and mechanics, to invent diving-bells and steam-engines and spinning-jennies. We could never, it seems, have found out the advantages of this direction of our energies without a philosopher, and so far philosophy is negatively good. It has written up upon all the supposed avenues to inquiry, "No admission except on business;" that is, upon the business of direct practical discovery. We English have taken the hint, and we have therefore lived to see when a man can breakfast in London and dine in Edinburgh, and may look forward to a day when the tops of Ben-Nevis and Helvellyn will be cultivated like flower-gardens, and machines constructed on principles yet to be discovered will be in every house.

The theory which underlies this conclusion is often explicitly stated. All philosophy has produced mere futile logomachy. Greek sages and Roman moralists, and mediæval schoolmen, have amassed words and amassed nothing else. One distinct discovery of a solid truth, however humble, is worth all their labors. This condemnation applies not only to philosophy, but to the religious embodiment of philosophy. No satisfactory conclusion ever has been reached or ever will be reached in theological disputes. On all such topics, he tells Mr. Gladstone, there has always been the widest divergence of opinion.

Nor are there better hopes for the future. The ablest minds, he says, in the Essay upon Ranke, have believed in transubstantiation, that is, according to him, in the most ineffable nonsense. There is no certainty that men will not believe to the end of time the doctrines which imposed upon so able a man as Sir Thomas More. Not only, that is, have men been hitherto wandering in a labyrinth without a clue, but there is no chance that any clue will ever be found. The doctrine, so familiar to our generation, of laws of intellectual development, never even occurs to him. The collective thought of generations marks time without advancing. A guess of Sir Thomas More is as good or as bad as the guess of the last philosopher. This theory, if true, implies utter scepticism. And yet Macaulay was clearly not a sceptic. His creed was hidden under a systematic reticence, and he resisted every attempt to raise the veil with rather superfluous indignation. When a constituent dared to ask about his religious views, he denounced the rash inquirer in terms applicable to an agent of the inquisition. He vouchsafed, indeed, the information that he was a Christian. We may accept the phrase, not only on the strength of his invariable sincerity, but because it falls in with the general turn of his arguments. He denounces the futility of the ancient moralists, but he asserts the enormous social value of Christianity.

His attitude, in fact, is equally characteristic of the man and his surroundings. The old Clapham teaching had faded in his mind; it had not produced a revolt. He retained the old hatred for slavery; and he retained, with the whole force of his affectionate nature, a reverence for the school of Wilberforce, Thornton, and his own father. He estimated most highly, not perhaps more highly than they deserved, the value of the services rendered by them in awakening the conscience of the nation. In their persistent and disinterested labors he recognized a manifestation of the great social force of Christianity. But a belief that Christianity is useful, and even that it is true, may consist with a profound conviction of the futility of the philosophy with which it has been associated. Here again Macaulay is a true Whig. The

Whig love of precedent, the Whig hatred for abstract theories, may consist with a Tory application. But the true Whig differed from the Tory in adding to these views an invincible suspicion of parsons. The first Whig battles were fought against the Church as much as against the King. From the struggle with Sacheverell down to the struggle for Catholic emancipation, Toryism and High-Church principles were associated against Whigs and Dissenters. By that kind of dumb instinct which outruns reason, the Whig had learnt that there was some occult bond of union between the claims of a priesthood and the claims of a monarchy. The old maxim, "No bishop, no king," suggested the opposite principle, that you must keep down the clergy if you would limit the monarchy. The natural interpretation of this prejudice into political theory, is that the Church is extremely useful as an ally of the constable, but possesses a most dangerous explosive power if allowed to claim independent authority. In practice we must resist all claims of the Church to dictate to the State. In theory, we must deny the foundation upon which such claims can alone be founded. Dogmatism must be pronounced to be fundamentally irrational. Nobody knows anything about theology, or, what is the same thing, no two people agree. As they don't agree, they cannot claim to impose their beliefs upon others.

This sentiment comes out curiously in the characteristic Essay just mentioned. Macaulay says, in reply to Mr. Gladstone, that there is no more reason for the introduction of religious questions into State affairs than for introducing them into the affairs of a Canal Company. He puts his argument with an admirable vigor and clearness which blinds many readers to the fact that he is begging the question by evading the real difficulty. If, in fact, Government had as little to do as a Canal Company with religious opinion, we should have long ago learnt the great lesson of toleration. But that is just the very *crux*. Can we draw the line between the spiritual and the secular? Nothing, replies Macaulay, is easier: and his method has been already indicated. We all agree that we don't want to be robbed or murdered: we are by no means all agreed about the

doctrine of Trinity. But, says a churchman, a certain creed is necessary to men's moral and spiritual welfare, and therefore of the utmost importance even for the prevention of robbery and murder. This is what Macaulay implicitly denies. The whole of dogmatic theology belongs to that region of philosophy, metaphysics, or whatever you please to call it, in which men are doomed to dispute for ever without coming any nearer to a decision. All that the statesman has to do with such matters is to see that if men are fools enough to speculate, they shall not be allowed to cut each other's throats when they reach, as they always must reach, contradictory results. If you raise a difficult point, such, for example, as the education question, Macaulay replies, as so many people have said before and since, Teach the people "those principles of morality which are common to all the forms of Christianity." That is easier said than done! The plausibility of the solution in Macaulay's mouth is due to the fundamental assumption that everything except morality is hopeless ground of inquiry. Once get beyond the Ten Commandments and you will sink in a bottomless morass of argument, counter-argument, quibble, logomachy, superstition, and confusion worse confounded.

In Macaulay's teaching, as in that of his party, there is doubtless much that is noble. He has a righteous hatred of oppression in all shapes and disguises. He can tear to pieces with great logical power many of the fallacies alleged by his opponents. Our sympathies are certainly with him as against men who advocate persecution on any grounds, and he is fully qualified to crush his ordinary opponents. But it is plain that his whole political and (if we may use the word) philosophical teaching rests on something like a downright aversion to the higher order of speculation. He despises it. He wants something tangible and concrete—something in favor of which he may appeal to the immediate testimony of the senses. He must feel his feet planted on the solid earth. The pain of attempting to soar into higher regions is not compensated to him by the increased width of horizon. And in this respect he is but the type of most of his countrymen, and reflects what has

been (as I should say) erroneously called their "unimaginative" view of things in general.

Macaulay, at any rate, distinctly belongs to the imaginative class of minds, if only in virtue of his instinctive preference of the concrete to the abstract, and his dislike, already noticed, to analysis. He has a thirst for distinct and vivid images. He reasons by examples instead of appealing to formulæ. There is a characteristic account in Mr. Trevelyan's volumes of his habit of rambling amongst the older parts of London, his fancy teeming with stories attached to the picturesque fragments of antiquity, and carrying on dialogues between imaginary persons as vivid, if not as forcible, as those of Scott's novels. To this habit—rather inverting the order of cause and effect—he attributes his accuracy of detail. We would rather say that the intensity of the impressions generates both the accuracy and the day-dreams. A philosopher would be arguing in his daily rambles where an imaginative mind is creating a series of pictures. But Macaulay's imagination is as definitely limited as his speculation. The genuine poet is also a philosopher. He sees intuitively what the reasoner evolves by argument. The greatest minds in both classes are equally marked by their naturalisation in the lofty regions of thought, inaccessible or uncongenial to men of inferior stamp. It is tempting in some ways to compare Macaulay to Burke. Burke's superiority is marked by this, that he is primarily a philosopher, and therefore instinctively sees the illustration of a general law in every particular fact. Macaulay, on the contrary, gets away from theory as fast as possible, and tries to conceal his poverty of thought under masses of ingenious illustration.

His imaginative narrowness would come out still more clearly by a comparison with Mr. Carlyle. One significant fact must be enough. Every one must have observed how powerfully Mr. Carlyle expresses the emotion suggested by the brief appearance of some little waif from past history. We may remember, for example, how the usher, De Brézé, appears for a moment to utter the last shriek of the old monarchical etiquette, and then vanishes into the dim

abysses of the past. The imagination is excited by the little glimpse of light flashing for a moment upon some special point in the cloudy phantasmagoria of human history. The image of a past existence is projected for a moment upon our eyes, to make us feel how transitory is life, and how rapidly one visionary existence expels another. We are such stuff as dreams are made of :—

None other than a moving row
Of visionary shapes that come and go
Around the sun-illumin'd lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

Every object is seen against the background of eternal mystery. In Macaulay's pages this element is altogether absent. We see a figure from the past as vividly as if he were present. We observe the details of his dress, the odd oaths with which his discourse is interlarded, the minute peculiarities of his features or manner. We laugh or admire as we should do at a living man; and we rightly admire the force of the illusion. But the thought never suggests itself that we too are passing into oblivion, that our little island of daylight will soon be shrouded in the gathering mist, and that we tread at every instant on the dust of forgotten continents. We treat the men of past ages quite at our ease. We applaud and criticise Hampden or Chatham as we should applaud Peel or Cobden. There is no atmospheric effect—no sense of the dim march of ages, or of the vast procession of human life. It is doubtless a great feat to make the past present. It is a greater to emancipate us from the tyranny of the present, and to raise us to a point at which we feel that we too are almost as dreamlike as the men of old time. To gain clearness and definition Macaulay has dropped the element of mystery. He sees perfectly whatever can be seen by the ordinary lawyer, or politician or merchant; he is insensible to the visions which reveal themselves only to minds haunted by thoughts of eternity, and delighting, with Sir Thomas Browne, to lose themselves in an *O altitudo*. Mysticism is to him hateful, and historical figures form groups of individuals, not symbols of forces working behind the veil.

Macaulay, therefore, can be no more a poet in the sense in which the word is

applied to Spencer, or to Wordsworth, both of whom he holds to be simply intolerable bores, than he can be a metaphysician or a scientific thinker. In common phraseology, he is a Philistine—a word which I understand properly to denote indifference to the higher intellectual interests. The word may also be defined, however, as the name applied by prigs to the rest of their species. And I venture to hold that the modern fashion of using it as a common term of abuse is doing real mischief. It enables intellectual coxcombs to brand men with an offensive epithet for being a degree more manly than themselves. There is much that is good in your Philistine, and when we ask what Macaulay was, instead of showing what he was not, we shall perhaps find that the popular estimate is not altogether wrong.

Macaulay was not only a typical Whig, but the prophet of Whiggism to his generation. Though not a poet or a philosopher, he was a born rhetorician. His parliamentary career proves his capacity sufficiently, though want of the physical qualifications, and of exclusive devotion to political success, prevented him, as perhaps a want of subtlety or flexibility of mind would have always prevented him, from attaining excellence as a debater. In everything that he wrote, however, we see the true rhetorician. He tells us that Fox wrote debates, whilst Mackintosh spoke essays. Macaulay did both. His compositions are a series of orations on behalf of sound Whig views, whatever their external form. Given a certain audience—and an orator supposes a particular audience—their effectiveness is undeniable. Macaulay's may be composed of ordinary Englishmen, with a moderate standard of education. His arguments are adapted to the ordinary Cabinet Minister, or, we may say, to the person who is willing to pay a shilling to hear an evening lecture. He can hit an audience composed of such materials—to quote Burke's phrase about George Grenville—"between wind and water." He uses the language, the logic, and the images which they can fully understand; and though his hearer, like his schoolboy, is ostensibly credited at times with a portentous memory, Macaulay always takes excellent care to put him in mind of the facts which he is assumed

to remember. The faults and the merits of his style follow from his resolute determination to be understood of the people. He was specially delighted, as his nephew tells us, by a reader at Messrs. Spottiswoode's, who said that in all the "History" there was only one sentence the meaning of which was not obvious to him at first sight. We are more surprised that there was one such sentence. Clearness is the first of the cardinal virtues of style; and nobody ever wrote more clearly than Macaulay. He sacrifices much, it is true, in order to obtain it. He proves that two and two make four, with a pertinacity which would make him dull, if it were not for his abundance of brilliant illustration. He always remembers the principle which should guide a barrister in addressing a jury. He has not merely to exhibit his proofs, but to hammer them into the heads of his audience by incessant repetition. It is no small proof of artistic skill that a writer who systematically adopts this method, should yet be invariably lively. He goes on blacking the chimney with a persistency which somehow amuses us because he puts so much heart into his work. He proves the most obvious truths again and again; but his vivacity never flags. This tendency undoubtedly leads to great defects of style. His sentences are monotonous and mechanical. He has a perfect hatred of pronouns, and for fear of a possible entanglement between "hims" and "hers" and "its," he will repeat not merely a substantive, but a whole group of substantives. Sometimes, to make his sense unmistakable, he will repeat a whole formula, with only a change in the copula. For the same reason, he hates all qualifications and parentheses. Each thought must be resolved into its constituent parts; each argument must be expressed as a simple proposition; and his paragraphs are rather aggregates of independent atoms than possessed of an organic unity. His writing—to use a favorite formula of his own—bears the same relation to a style of graceful modulation that a bit of mosaic work bears to a picture. Each phrase has its distinct hue, instead of melting into its neighbors. Here we have a black patch and there a white. There are no half tones, no subtle interblending of dif-

ferent currents of thought. It is partly for this reason that his descriptions of character are often so unsatisfactory. He likes to represent a man as a bundle of contradictions, because it enables him to obtain startling contrasts. He heightens a vice in one place, a virtue in another, and piles them together in a heap, without troubling himself to ask whether nature can make such monsters, or preserve them if made. To any one given to analysis, these contrasts are actually painful. There is a story of the Duke of Wellington having once stated that the rats got into his bottles in Spain. "They must have been very large bottles or very small rats," said somebody. "On the contrary," replied the Duke, "the rats were very large and the bottles very small." Macaulay delights in leaving us face to face with such contrasts in more important matters. Boswell must, we would say, have been a clever man or his biography can not have been so good as you say. On the contrary, says Macaulay, he was the greatest of fools and the best of biographers. He strikes a discord and purposely fails to resolve it. To men of more delicate sensibility the result is an intolerable jar.

For the same reason, Macaulay's genuine eloquence is marred by the symptoms of malice prepense. When he sews on a purple patch, he is resolved that there shall be no mistake about it; it must stand out from a radical contrast of colors. The emotion is not to swell by degrees, till you find yourself carried away in the torrent which set out as a tranquil stream. The transition is deliberately emphasized. On one side of a full stop you are listening to a matter-of-fact statement; on the other, there is all at once a blare of trumpets and a beating of drums, till the crash almost deafens you. He regrets in one of his letters that he has used up the celebrated, and, it must be confessed, really forcible passage about the impeachment scene in Westminster Hall. It might have come in usefully in the "History," which, as he then hoped, might come down to Warren Hastings. The regret is unpleasantly suggestive of that deliberation in the manufacture of eloquence which stamps it as artificial.

Such faults may annoy critics, even of no very sensitive fibre. What is it that

redeems them? The first answer is, that the work is impressive because it is thoroughly genuine. The stream, it is true, comes forth by spasmodic gushes, when it ought to flow in a continuous current; but it flows from a full reservoir instead of being pumped from a shallow cistern. The knowledge, and what is more, the thoroughly assimilated knowledge, is enormous. Mr. Trevelyan has shown in detail what we had all divined for ourselves, how much patient labor is often employed in a paragraph or the turn of a phrase. To accuse Macaulay of superficiality is, in this sense, altogether absurd. His speculation may be meagre, but his store of information is simply inexhaustible. Mr. Mills' writing was impressive, because one often felt that a single argument condensed the result of a long process of reflection. Macaulay has the lower but similar merit that a single picturesque touch implies incalculable masses of knowledge. It is but an insignificant part of the building which appears above ground. Compare a passage with the assigned authority, and you are inclined to accuse him—sometimes it may be rightfully—of amplifying and modifying. But more often the particular authority is merely the nucleus round which a whole volume of other knowledge has crystallized. A single hint is significant to a properly prepared mind of a thousand facts not explicitly contained in it. Nobody, he said, could judge of the accuracy of one part of his "History" who had not "soaked his mind with the transitory literature of the day." His real authority was not this or that particular passage, but a literature. And for this reason alone, Macaulay's historical writings have a permanent value which will prevent them from being superseded even by more philosophical thinkers, whose minds have not undergone the "soaking" process.

It is significant again that imitations of Macaulay are almost as offensive as imitations of Carlyle. Every great writer has his parasites. Macaulay's false glitter and jingle, his frequent flippancy and superficiality of thought, are more easily caught than his virtues; but so are all faults. Would-be followers of Mr. Carlyle catch the strained gestures, without the rapture of his inspiration. Would-be followers of Mr. Mill fancied

themselves to be logical when they were only hopelessly unsympathetic and unimaginative; and would-be followers of some other writers can be effeminate and foppish without being subtle or graceful. Macaulay's thoroughness of work has, perhaps, been less contagious than we could wish. Something of the modern raising of the standard of accuracy in historical inquiry may be set down to his influence. The misfortune is that, if some writers have learnt from him to be flippant without learning to be laborious, others have caught the accuracy without the liveliness. In the later volumes of his "History," his vigor began to be a little clogged by the fulness of his knowledge; and we can observe symptoms of the tendency of modern historians to grudge the sacrifice of sifting their knowledge. They read enough, but instead of giving us the results, they tumble out the accumulated mass of raw materials upon our devoted heads, till they suggest the wish for a fire in the State Paper Office.

Fortunately, Macaulay did not yield to this temptation in his earlier writings, and the result is that he is, for the ordinary reader, one of the two authorities for English history, the other being Shakespeare. Without comparing their merits, we must admit that the compression of so much into a few short narratives shows intensity as well as compass of mind. He could digest as well as devour, and he tried his digestion pretty severely. It is fashionable to say that part of his practical force is due to the training of parliamentary life. Familiarity with the course of affairs doubtless strengthened his insight into history, and taught him the value of downright common sense in teaching an average audience. Speaking purely from the literary point of view, I cannot agree further in the opinion suggested. I suspect the "History" would have been better if Macaulay had not been so deeply immersed in all the business of legislation and electioneering. I do not profoundly reverence the House of Commons tone—even in the House of Commons; and in literature it easily becomes a nuisance. Familiarity with the actual machinery of politics tends to strengthen the contempt for general principles, of which Macaulay had an ample share. It encourages the

illusion of the fly upon the wheel, the doctrine that the dust and din of debate and the worry of lobbies and committee-rooms is not the effect but the cause of the great social movement. The historian of the Roman Empire, as we know, owed something to the captain of Hampshire Militia; but years of life absorbed in parliamentary wrangling and in sitting at the feet of the philosophers of Holland House were not likely to widen a mind already disposed to narrow views of the world.

For Macaulay's immediate success, indeed, the training was undoubtedly valuable. As he carried into Parliament the authority of a great writer, so he wrote books with the authority of the practical politician. He has the true instinct of affairs. He knows what are the immediate motives which move masses of men; and is never misled by fanciful analogies or blindfolded by the pedantry of official language. He has seen flesh-and-blood statesmen—at any rate English statesmen—and understands the nature of the animal. Nobody can be freer from the dominion of crotchets. All his reasoning is made of the soundest common sense and represents, if not the ultimate forces, yet forces with which we have to reckon. And he knows, too, how to stir the blood of the average Englishman. He understands most thoroughly the value of concentration, unity, and simplicity. Every speech or essay forms an organic whole, in which some distinct moral is vigorously driven home by a succession of downright blows. This strong rhetorical instinct is shown conspicuously in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which, whatever we might say of them as poetry, are an admirable specimen of rhymed rhetoric. We know how good they are when we see how incapable are modern ballad-writers in general of putting the same swing and fire into their verses. Compare, for example, Aytoun's *Lays of the Cavaliers*, as the most obvious parallel :—

Not swifter pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
Thou rises o'er the parent springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine,

than certain Scotch heroes over an entrenchment. Place this mouthing by any parallel passage in Macaulay :—

Now, by our sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.]
So flies the spray in Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So cornsheaves in the flood time
Spin down the whirling Po.

And so on in verses, which innumerable schoolboys of inferior pretensions to Macaulay's know by heart. And in such cases the verdict of the schoolboy is perhaps more valuable than that of the literary connoisseur. There are, of course, many living poets who can do tolerably something of far higher quality which Macaulay could not do at all. But I don't know who, since Scott, could have done this particular thing. Possibly Mr. Kingsley might have approached it, or the poet, if he would have condescended so far, who sang the bearing of the good news from Ghent to Aix. In any case, the feat is significant of Macaulay's true power. It looks easy; it involves no demands upon the higher reasoning or imaginative powers: but nobody will believe it to be easy who observes the extreme rarity of a success in a feat so often attempted.

A similar remark is suggested by Macaulay's "Essays." Read such an Essay as those upon Clive, or Warren Hastings, or Chatham. The story seems to tell itself. The characters are so strongly marked, the events fall so easily into their places, that we fancy that the narrator's business has been done to his hand. It wants little critical experience to discover that this massive simplicity is really indicative of an art not, it may be, of the highest order, but truly admirable for its purpose. It indicates not only a gigantic memory, but a glowing mind, which has fused a crude mass of materials into unity. If we do not find the sudden touches which reveal the philosophical sagacity or the imaginative insight of the highest order of intellects, we recognize the true rhetorical instinct. The outlines may be harsh, and the colors too glaring; but the general effect has been carefully studied. The details are wrought in with consummate skill. We indulge in an intercalary pish! here and there; but we are fascinated and we remember. The actual amount of intellectual force which goes to the composi-

tion of such written archives is immense, though the quality may have something to be desired. Shrewd common sense may be an inferior substitute for philosophy, and the faculty which brings remote objects close to the eye of an ordinary observer for the loftier faculty which tinges everyday life with the hues of mystic contemplation. But when the common faculties are present in so abnormal a degree, they begin to have a dignity of their own.

It is impossible in such matters to establish any measure of comparison. No analysis will enable us to say how much pedestrian capacity may be fairly regarded as equivalent to a small capacity for soaring above the solid earth, and therefore the question as to the relative value of Macaulay's work and that of some men of loftier aims and less perfect execution must be left to individual taste. We can only say that it is something so to have written the history of many national heroes as to make their faded glories revive to active life in the memory of their countrymen. So long as Englishmen are what they are—and they don't seem to change as rapidly as might be wished—they will turn to Macaulay's pages to gain a vivid impression of our greatest achievements during an important period.

Nor is this all. The fire which glows in Macaulay's history, the intense patriotic feeling, the love of certain moral qualities, is not altogether of the highest kind. His ideal of national and individual greatness might easily be criticised. But the sentiment, as far as it goes, is altogether sound and manly. He is too fond, it has been said, of incessant moralizing. From a scientific point of view the moralizing is irrelevant. We want to study the causes and the nature of great social movements; and when we are stopped in order to inquire how far the prominent actors in them were hurried beyond ordinary rules, we are transported into a different order of thought. It would be as much to the purpose if we reproved an earthquake for upsetting a fort and blamed it for moving the foundations of a church. Macaulay can never understand this point of view. With him, history is nothing more than a sum of biographies. And even from a biographical point of view his moralizing

is often troublesome. He not only insists upon transporting party prejudice into his estimates, and mauls poor James II. as he mauled the Tories in 1832; but he applies obviously inadequate tests. It is absurd to call upon men engaged in a life-and-death wrestle to pay scrupulous attention to the ordinary rules of politeness. There are times when judgments guided by constitutional precedent become ludicrously out of place, and when the best man is he who aims straightest at the heart of his antagonist. But, in spite of such drawbacks, Macaulay's genuine sympathy for manliness and force of character generally enables him to strike pretty nearly the true note. To learn the true secret of Cromwell's character, we must go to Mr. Carlyle, who can sympathize with deep currents of religious enthusiasm. Macaulay retains too much of the old Whig distrust for all that it calls fanaticism fully to recognize the grandeur beneath the grotesque outside of the Puritan. But Macaulay tells us most distinctly why Englishmen warm at the name of the great Protector. We, like the banished cavaliers, "glow with an emotion of national pride" at his animated picture of the unconquerable Ironsides. One phrase may be sufficiently illustrative. After quoting Clarendon's story of the Scotch nobleman who forced Charles to leave the field of Naseby, by seizing his horse's bridle, "no man," says Macaulay, "who had much value for his life, would have tried to perform the same friendly office on that day for Oliver Cromwell."

Macaulay, in short, always feels, and, therefore, communicates, a hearty admiration for sheer manliness. And some of his portraits of great men have therefore a genuine power, and show the deeper insight which comes from true sympathy. He estimates the respectable observer of constitutional proprieties too highly; he is unduly repelled by the external oddities of the truly masculine and noble Johnson; but his enthusiasm for his pet hero, William, or for Chatham or Clive, carries us along with him. And at moments when he is narrating their exploits, and can forget his elaborate argumentations and refrain from bits of deliberate bombast, the style becomes graphic in the higher sense of a much-abused word, and we confess that we are

listening to genuine eloquence. Putting aside for the moment recollection of foibles, almost too obvious to deserve the careful demonstration which they have sometimes received, we are glad to surrender ourselves to the charm of his straightforward, clear-headed, hard-hitting declamation. There is no writer with whom it is easier to find fault, or the limits of whose power may be more distinctly defined; but within his own sphere he goes forward, as he went through life, with a kind of grand confidence in himself and his cause, which is attractive and at times even provocative of sympathetic enthusiasm.

Macaulay said, in his *Diary*, that he wrote his "History" with an eye to a remote past and a remote future. He meant to erect a monument more enduring than brass, and the ambition at least stimulated him to admirable thoroughness of workmanship. How far his aim was secured must be left to the decision of a posterity, which will not trouble itself about the susceptibilities of candidates for its favor. In one sense, however, Macaulay must be interesting so long as the type which he so fully represents continues to exist. Whig has become an old-fashioned phrase, and is repudiated by modern Liberals and Radicals, who think themselves wiser than their fathers. The decay of the old name implies a remarkable political change; but I doubt whether it implies more than a very superficial change in the national character. New classes and new ideas have come upon the stage; but they have a curious family likeness to the old. The Whiggism, whose peculiarities Macaulay reflected so faithfully, represents some of the most deeply-seated tendencies of the national character. It has, therefore, both its ugly and its honorable side. Its disregard, or rather its hatred, for pure reason, its exaltation of expediency above truth and precedent above principle, its instinctive dread of strong religious or political faiths, are of course questionable qualities. Yet even they have their nobler side. There is something almost sublime about the grand unreasonableness of the average Englishman. His dogged

contempt for all foreigners and philosophers, his intense resolution to have his own way and use his own eyes, to see nothing that does not come within his narrow sphere of vision, and to see it quite clearly before he acts upon it, are of course abhorrent to thinkers of a different order. But they are great qualities in the struggle for existence, which must determine the future of the world. The Englishman, armed in his panoply of self-content, and grasping facts with unequalled tenacity, goes on trampling upon acuter sensibilities, but somehow shouldering his way successfully through the troubles of the universe. Strength may be combined with stupidity, but even then it is not to be trifled with. Macaulay's sympathy with these qualities led to some annoying peculiarities, to a certain brutal insularity, and to a commonness, sometimes a vulgarity of style which is easily criticised. But, at least, we must confess that, to use an epithet which always comes up in speaking of him, he is a thoroughly manly writer. There is nothing silly or finical about him. He sticks to his colors resolutely and honorably. If he flatters his countrymen, it is the unconscious and spontaneous effect of his participation in their weaknesses. He never knowingly calls black white, or panders to an ungenerous sentiment. He is combative to a fault, but his combativeness is allied to a genuine love of fair play. When he hates a man, he calls him knave or fool with unflinching frankness, but he never uses a base weapon. The wounds which he inflicts may hurt, but they do not fester. His patriotism may be narrow, but it implies faith in the really good qualities, the manliness, the spirit of justice, and the strong moral sense of his countrymen. He is proud of the healthy vigorous stock from which he springs, and the fervor of his enthusiasm, though it may shock a delicate taste, has embodied itself in writings which will long continue to be the typical illustration of qualities of which we are all proud at bottom—indeed, be it said in passing, a good deal too proud.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SOME FESTIVITIES IN NATAL.

BY LADY BARKER.

DURBAN, Jan. 3rd, 1876.

I MUST certainly begin this letter by setting aside every other topic for the moment and telling you of our grand event, our national celebration, our historical New Year's Day! We have "turned our first sod" of our first inland railway, and, if I am correctly informed, at least a dozen sods more; but you must remember, if you please, that our navvies are Kafirs, and they do *not* understand what Mr. Carlyle calls the beauty and dignity of labor in the least. It is all very well for you conceited dwellers in the Old and New Worlds to laugh at us for making such a fuss about a projected hundred miles of railway,—you whose countries are made into dissected maps by the magic iron lines; but for poor us, who have to drag every pound of sugar and reel of sewing cotton over some sixty miles of vile road between this and Maritzburg, such a line, if it be ever finished, would be a boon and a blessing indeed.

I think I can better make you understand *how* great if I describe my journeys up and down: journeys made, too, under exceptionally favorable circumstances. The first thing which had to be done, some three weeks before the day of our departure, was to pack and send down by wagon a couple of portmanteaus with our smart clothes. I may as well mention here that the cost for transit came to fourteen shillings each way for these light and small packages, and that on each occasion we were separated from our possessions for a fortnight and more. The next step to be taken was to secure places in the daily post-cart, and it required as much mingled firmness and persuasion to do this as though it had reference to a political crisis. But then there were some hundreds of us Maritzburgians all wanting to be taken down to Durban within the space of a few days, and there was nothing to take us except the post cart which occupied six hours on the journey, and an omnibus which took ten hours but afforded more shelter from possible rain and probable sun. Within the two vehicles some twenty people might, at a

push, find places, and at least a hundred wanted to go every day of that last week of the old year. I don't know how the others managed: they must have got down somehow, for there they were in great force when the eventful day had arrived.

This first journey was prosperous, deceitfully prosperous, as though it would fain try to persuade us that after all there was a great deal to be said in favor of a mode of travelling which reminded one of the legends of the glories of the old coaching days. No dust, for there had been heavy rain a day or two before,—a perfect summer's day, hot enough in the sun, but not disagreeably hot, as we bowled along, fast as four horses could go, in the face of a soft, balmy summer breeze. We were packed as tightly as we could fit, two of us on the coach-box, with the mail bags under our feet and the driver's elbows in our ribs. The ordinary light dog-cart which daily runs between Maritzburg and Durban was exchanged for a sort of open brake, strong indeed, but very heavy one would fancy for the poor horses, who had to scamper along, up and down veldt and berg, over bog and spruit, with this lumbering conveyance at their heels. Not for long though: every seven miles, or even less, we pulled up, sometimes at a tidy inn, where a long table would be set in the open verandah laden with eatables (for driving fast through the air sharpens even the sturdy colonial appetite), sometimes at a lonely shanty by the roadside, from whence a couple of Kafir lads emerged, tugging at the bridles of the fresh horses. But I am bound to say that although each of these teams did a stage twice a day, although they were ill-favored and ill-groomed, their harness shabby beyond description, and their general appearance forlorn, they were, one and all, in good condition, and did their work in first-rate style. The wheelers were generally large, gaunt; and most hideous animals, but the leaders often were ponies whom one could imagine under happier circumstances might be handsome little horses

enough, staunch and willing to the last degree. They knew their driver's cheery voice as well as possible, and answered to every cry and shout of encouragement he gave them as we scampered along. Of course each horse had its name, and equally of course "Sir Garnet" was there, in a team with "Lord Gifford" and "Lord Carnarvon" for leaders. Did we come to a steep, steep hill-side, up which any respectable English horse would certainly expect to walk in a leisurely and sober fashion? then our driver shook out his reins, blew a ringing blast on his bugle, and cried,

"Walk along, Lord Gifford: think as you've another Victoria Cross to get top o' this hill! Walk along, Lord Carnarvon: you ain't sitting in a Cab'nit Council *here*, you know! Don't leave Sir Garnet to do all the work. Forward, my lucky lads: creep up it!" And by the time he had shrieked out this and a lot more patter, behold we were at the top of the hill, and a fresh lovely landscape lying smiling in the sunshine below us. It was a beautiful country we passed through, but except for a scattered homestead here and there by the road-side, not a sign of a human dwelling on all its green and fertile slopes. How the railway is to drag itself up and round all these thousand and one spurs running into each other, with no distinct valley or flat between, is best known to the engineers and surveyors who have declared it practicable. To the non-professional eye it seems not only difficult, but impossible. But oh, how it is wanted! All along the road shrill bugle blasts warned the slow trailing ox-waggons, with their naked "fore-looper" at their head, to creep aside out of our way. I counted 120 waggons that day on fifty miles of road. Now if one considers that each of these waggons is drawn by a span of some thirty or forty oxen, one has some faint idea of how such a method of transport must waste and use up the material of the country. Something like ten thousand oxen toil over this one road summer and winter, and what wonder is it, not only that merchandise costs more to fetch up from Durban to Maritzburg than it does to bring out from England, but that beef is dear and bad? As transport pays better than farming, we hear on all sides of farms

thrown out of cultivation, and, as a necessary consequence, milk, butter, and so forth, are scarce and poor; and in the neighborhood of Maritzburg, at least, it is esteemed a favor to let you have either at exorbitant prices and of most inferior quality. When one looks round at these countless acres of splendid grazing land, making a sort of natural park on either hand, it seems like a bad dream to know that we have constantly to use preserved milk and potted meat, as being cheaper and easier to procure than fresh.

No one was in any mood, however, to discuss political economy or any other economy that beautiful day, and we laughed and chatted and ate a great many luncheons, chiefly of tea and peaches, all the way along. Our driver enlivened the route by pointing out various spots where frightful accidents had occurred to the post-cart on former occasions. "You see that big stone? Well it wor just there that Langalibalele and Colenso they takes the bits in their teeth, those 'osses do, and they sets off their own pace and their own way. Jim Stanway he puts his brake hard down and his foot upon the reins, but lord love you, them beasts would 'a pulled his arms and legs both off before they would give in. So they runs poor Jim's near wheel right up agin that bank, and upsets the whole concern, as neat as needs be, over agin that bit o' bog. Anybody hurt? Well yes. They was all what you might call shook. Mr. Bell he had his arm broken, and a foreign chap from the di'mond fields he gets killed outright, and Jim himself had his head cut open. It was a bad business, you bet, and rough upon Jim, *ja!*"

All the driver's conversation is interlarded with "*ja*," but he never says a worse word than that, and he drinks nothing but tea; as for a pipe or cigar, even when it is offered to him he screws up his queer face into a droll grimace, and says, "No: thanks. I want all my nerves, I do, on this bit o' road. Walk along, Lady Barker; I'm ashamed of you, I am, hanging your head like that at a bit of a hill." It was rather startling to hear this apostrophe all of a sudden, but as my namesake was a very hard-working little brown mare, I could only laugh and declare myself much flattered.

Here we are at last amid the tropical vegetation, which makes a green and tangled girdle around Durban for a dozen miles inland. Yonder is the white and foaming line of breakers which marks where the strong current, sweeping all down the east coast, brings along with it all the sand and silt it can collect, especially from the mouth of the Kingui River close by, and so forms the dreaded bar, which divides the outer from the inner harbor. Beyond this crisp and sparkling line of heaving, tossing snow, stretches the deep indigo blue of the Indian Ocean; whilst over all wonderful sunset tints of opal and flame color are hovering, and changing with the changing wind-driven clouds. Beneath our wheels are many inches of thick white sand, but the streets are gay and busy with picturesque coolies in their bright cotton draperies, and swiftly passing Cape carts and vehicles of all sorts. We are in Durban indeed,—Durban in unwonted holiday dress, and on the tippest tip-toe of expectation and excitement. A Cape cart, with a Chinese coolie driver and four horses, apparently put in and harnessed together for the first time, was waiting for us and our luggage at the post office. We got into it, and straightway began to plunge through the sandy streets; once more turned off the high road, and beginning almost immediately to climb with pain and difficulty the red sandy slopes of the "Berea," a beautiful wooded upland dotted with villas. The road is terrible for man and beast, and we had to stop every few yards to breathe the horses. At last our destination was reached through fields of sugar-cane and plantations of coffee, past luxuriant fruit-trees, rustling broad-leaved bananas, and encroaching greenery of all sorts, to a clearing where a really handsome house stands with hospitable wide open doors awaiting us. Yes, a good big bath first, then a cup of tea, and now we are ready for a saunter in the twilight on the wide level terrace (called by the ugly old Dutch name "stoup") which runs round three sides of the house. How green and fragrant and still it all is! Straightway the glare of the long sunny day, the rattle and jolting of the post-cart, the toil through the sand, all slip away from mind and

memory, and the tranquil delicious present, with "its odors of rest and of love," slips in to soothe and balm our jaded senses. Certainly it is hotter than in Maritzburg. *That* assertion we are prepared to die in defence of; but we acknowledge the heat at this hour is not oppressive, and the tropical luxuriance of leaf and flower all around is worth a few extra degrees of temperature. Of course our talk is of to-morrow, and we look anxiously at the purpling clouds to the west.

"A fine day?" says our host; "and so it ought to be, with 5,000 people come from far and wide to see the sight. Why that is more than a quarter of the entire white population of Natal!"

Bed and sleep become very attractive suggestions, though made indecently soon after dinner, and it was somewhere about ten o'clock when they were carried out; and, like Lord Houghton's famous fair little girl, we "knew nothing more till again it was day."

A fine day, too, is this New Year's Day of 1876,—a glorious day: sunny, of course, but with a delicious breeze stealing among the flowers and shrubs in capricious puffs, and snatching a differing scent from each cluster of blossom it visited. By midday F— has got himself into his gold-laced coat, and has lined the inside of his cocked hat with plantain leaves. He has also groaned much at the idea of substituting this futile headgear for his hideous but convenient pith helmet. I, too, have donned my best gown, and am horrified to find how much a smart bonnet (the first time I have needed to wear one since I left England) sets off and brings out the shades of tan in a sun-browned face, and for a moment I too entertain the idea of retreating to the protecting depths of my old shady hat. But a strong conviction of the duty one owes to a "first sod," and the consoling reflection that after all everybody will be equally brown (a fallacy, by the way—the Durban beauties looked very blanched by this hot summer weather) supported me, and I followed F— and his cocked hat into the waiting carriage.

No need to say where we are to go; all roads lead to the first sod to-day. We are just a moment late. F— has to get out of the carriage, and plunge in-

to the sand, madly rushing off to find and fall into his place in the procession, and we turn off to secure our seats on the grand stand. But before we take them, I must go and look at the wheelbarrow and spade, and above all, at the first sod. For some weeks past it has been a favorite chaff with us Maritzburgians to offer to bring a fresh lively young sod down with us, but we were indignantly assured that Durban could furnish one. Here it is: exactly under the triumphal arch! looking very faded and depressed, with a little sun-burned grass growing feebly on it—but still a genuine sod, and no mistake. The wheelbarrow was really beautiful, made of native woods, with their astounding names. All three specimens of the hardest and hand-somest yellow woods were there, and they were described to me as “stink wood, breeze wood, and sneeze wood.” The rich yellow of the wood is veined by handsome dark streaks, with “1876” in-laid in large black figures in the centre. The spade was just a common spade, and could not by any possibility be called anything else. But there is no time to linger and laugh any longer beneath all these fluttering streamers and waving boughs, for here are the Natal Carbineers, a plucky little handful of light horse, clad in blue and silver, who have marched at their own charges all the way down from Maritzburg, to help keep the ground this fine New Year’s Day. Next come the strong body of Kafir police, trudging along through the dust, with their odd shuffling gait, bended knees, bare legs, bodies leaning forward, and keeping step and time by means of a queer sort of barbaric hum or grunt. Policemen are no more necessary than my best bonnet. They are only there on the same grounds,—for the honor and glory of the thing. The crowd is kept in order by somebody here and there with a be-ribboned wand, for it is the most orderly and respectable crowd you ever saw. In fact such a crowd would be an impossibility in England, or any higher civilized country. There were no dodging vagrants, no slatternly women, no squalid, starving babies. In fact our civilization has not yet mounted to effervescence, so we have no dregs. Every white person on the ground was well clad, well fed, and apparently well

to do. The “lower orders” were represented by a bright fringe of Coolies and Kafirs, sleek, grinning, and as fat as ortolans, especially the babies. Most of the Kafirs were dressed in snowy-white knickerbockers, and shirts bordered by a band of gay color, and with a fillet of scarlet ribbon tied tightly round their heads; whilst the Coolies shone out like a shifting bed of tulips, so bright were the women’s “chuddahs” and the men’s jackets. All looked smiling, healthy, and happy, and the public enthusiasm and good humor rose to its height when, to the sound of a vigorous band (it is early yet in the day, remember) of flute and trombone, a perfect liliputian mob of toddling children came on the ground. These little people were all in their cleanest white frocks and prettiest hats. They clung to each other, and to their garlands and staves of flowers, until the tangled mob reminded one of a May-day fête; not that any English May-day of my acquaintance could produce such a lavish profusion of roses and buds and blossoms of every hue and tint, to say nothing of sun and sky. The children’s corner was literally like a garden, and nothing could be prettier than the effect of their little voices striking up through the summer air, as, obedient to a lifted wand, they burst into the chorus of the National Anthem when the Governor and Mayor drove up. Cheers from white throats, gruff, loud shouts all together of “Bayete!” (the royal salute) and “Inkos” (chieftain) from black throats, yells expressive of excitement and general good fellowship from throats of all colors; then a moment’s solemn pause, a hushed silence, bared heads, and the loud clear tones of a very old pastor in the land are heard imploring the blessing of Almighty God on this our undertaking. Again the sweet childish trebles rose into the sunshine in a chanted Amen; and then there were salutes from cannon and *feu-de-joie’s* from carbines, and more shoutings, and all the cocked hats were to be seen bowing; and then one more tremendous burst of cheering told that the sod was cut and turned and trundled, and finally pitched out of the new barrow back again upon the dusty soil, all in the most artistic and satisfactory fashion.

“There are the Kafir navvies: they

are *really* going to work now!"—this latter with great surprise, for a Kafir *really* working, now or ever, would indeed have been the rare-show of the day. But this natural phenomenon was left to develop itself in solitude, for the crowd began to reassemble into processions, and to generally find its way back under shelter from sun and dust. The 500 children were heralded and marched off to the tune of one of their own pretty hymns, to where unlimited buns and tea awaited them; and we elders betook ourselves to the grateful shade and coolness of the flower-decked new Market Hall, open to-day for the first time, and turned 'oy flags and ferns and lavish wealth of what would in England be costliest hothouse flowers, into a charming banqueting hall. All these exquisite ferns and blossoms cost far less than the string and nails which fastened them against the walls, and their fresh fragrance and greenery struck gratefully on our sun-baked eyes, as we found our way into the big room. Nothing could be more creditable to a young colony than the way everything was arranged, for the difficulties in one's culinary path in Natal are hardly to be appreciated by English housekeepers. At one time there threatened to be almost a famine in Durban, for besides the pressure of all these extra mouths of visitors to feed, there was this enormous luncheon, with some 500 hungry people to be provided for. It seems so strange, that with every facility for rearing poultry all around, it should be scarce and dear, and when brought to market, as thin as possible. The same may be said of vegetables: they need no culture beyond being put into the ground, and yet unless you have a garden of your own, it is very difficult to get anything like a proper supply. I heard nothing but wails from distracted housekeepers about the price and scarcity of food that week. However the luncheon showed no sign of scarcity, and I was much amazed at the substantial and homely character of the *ménu*, which included cold baked sucking-pig among its delicacies. A favorite specimen of the confectioner's art that day consisted of a sort of solid brick of plum-pudding, with for legend "The First Sod," tastefully picked out in white almonds on its dark surface. But it was a capital luncheon, and so soon as the

Mayor had succeeded in impressing on the band that they were not expected to play all the time the speeches were being made, everything went on very well. Some of the speeches were short, but oh, far, far too many were long—terribly long, and the whole affair was not over before five o'clock! The only real want of the entertainment was ice. It seems so hard not to have it in a climate which can produce such burning days, for those tiresome cheap little ice-machines with crystals are of no use whatever. I got one which made ice (under pressure of much turning) in the shop, but it has never made any here, and my experience is that of everybody else's. Why there should not be an ice-making, or an ice-importing company, no one knows, except that there is so little energy or enterprise here, and that everything is dawdly and uncomfortable because it seems too much trouble to take pains to supply wants. It is the same everywhere throughout the colony. Sandy roads, with plenty of excellent materials for hardening them close by; no fish to be bought, because no one will take the trouble of going out to catch them. But I had better stop scribbling, for I am evidently getting cross and tired after my long day of unwonted festivity. It is partly the oppression of my smart bonnet, and partly the length of the speeches, which has wearied me out so thoroughly.

MARITZBURG, Jan. 6th.

Nothing could afford a greater contrast than our return journey. It was the other extreme of discomfort and misery, and must surely have been sent to make us appreciate and long for the completion of this very railway. We waited a day beyond that fixed for our return, in order to give the effects of a most terrific thunder-storm time to pass away; but it was succeeded by a perfect deluge of rain. Rain is not supposed to last long at this season of the year, but all I can say is, that this rain did last. When the third day came and brought no sign of clearing up with it, and very little dawn to speak of, we agreed to delay no longer, besides which our places in the post-cart could not be again exchanged as had previously been done, for the stream of returning visitors was setting strongly towards Maritzburg, and

we might be detained for a week longer if we did not go at once. Accordingly we presented ourselves at the Durban Post-office a few minutes before noon, and took our places in the post-cart. My seat was on the box, and as I flattered myself that I was well wrapped up I did not feel at all alarmed at the prospect of a cold, wet drive. Who would believe that twenty-four hours ago one could hardly endure a white muslin dressing-gown? Who would believe that twenty-four hours ago a lace shawl was an oppressive wrap, and that the serious object of my envy and admiration, all these hot days on the Berea, has been a fat Abyssinian baby, as black as a coal, and the strongest and biggest child of six months old I ever saw? That sleek and grinning infant's toilette consisted of a string of blue beads round its neck, and in this cool and airy costume it used to pervade the house, walking about on all fours exactly like a monkey, for of course it could not stand. Yes: how cold that baby must be to-day; but if it is, its mother has probably tied it behind her in an old shawl, and it is nestling close to her fat broad back, fast asleep.

But the baby is certainly a most unwarrantable digression, and we must return to our post-cart. The discouraging part of it was that the vehicle itself had been out in all the storm and rain of yesterday. Of course no one had dreamed of washing or wiping it out in any fashion, so we had to sit upon wet cushions and put our feet into a pool of red mud and water. Now, if I must confess the truth, I, an old traveller, had done a very stupid thing. I had been lured by the deceitful beauty of the weather when we started into leaving behind me everything except the thinnest and coolest garments I possessed, and therefore had to set out on this journey, in the teeth of a cold wind and driving rain, clad in a white gown! It is true I had my beloved and most useful Ulster, but it was a light waterproof one, and just about half enough in the way of warmth. Still as I had another wrap, a big Scotch plaid, I should have got on very well if it had not been for the still greater stupidity of the only other female fellow-passenger, who calmly took her place in the open post-cart, behind me, in a brown holland gown,

without a scarf, or wrap, or anything whatever to shelter her from the weather, except a white calico sunshade! She was a French woman, too, and looked so piteous and forlorn in her neat toilette, already drenched through, that of course I could do nothing less than lend her my Scotch shawl, and trust to the driver's friendly promises of corn bags at some future stage. By the time the bags came, or rather by the time we got to the bags, I was indeed wet and cold. The Ulster did its best, and all that could be expected of it, but no garment manufactured in a London shop could possibly cope with such wild weather,—tropical in the vehemence of its pouring rain, wintry in its cutting blasts. The wind seemed to blow from every quarter of the heavens at once; the rain came down in sheets: but I minded the mud more than either wind or rain,—it was more demoralizing. On the box seat I got my full share and more, but yet I was better off there than inside, where twelve people were squeezed into the places of eight. The horses' feet got balled with the stiff red clay exactly as though it had been snow, and from time to time as they galloped along, six fresh ones at every stage, I received a good lump of clay, as big and nearly as solid as a croquet ball, full in my face. It was bitterly cold, and the night was closing in when we drove up to the door of the best hotel in Maritzburg at long past eight instead of six o'clock. It was impossible to get out to our own place that night, so there was nothing for it but to stop where we were, and get what food and rest could be coaxed out of an indifferent bill of fare and a bed of stony hardness, to say nothing of the bites of numerous mosquitoes. The morning light revealed the melancholy state of my white gown in its full horror: all the rivers of Natal will never make you white again, I fear? Certainly there is much to be said in favor of railway travelling after all, especially in wet weather!

Jan. 10th.—Surely I have been doing something else lately besides turning this first sod? Well, not much. You see no one can undertake anything in the way of expeditions or excursions, or even sight-seeing, in summer, partly on account of the heat and partly because of

the thunder-storms. We have had a few very severe ones, but we hail them with joy on account of the cool, clear air which succeeds a display of electrical vehemence. We walked home from church a few evenings ago on a very wild and threatening night, and I never shall forget the weird beauty of the scene. We had started to go to church about six o'clock. The walk was only two miles, and the afternoon was calm and cloudless. The day had been oppressively hot, but there were no immediate signs of a storm. Whilst we were in church, however, a fresh breeze sprang up, and drove the clouds rapidly before it. The constant glare of the lightning made every corner of the church as light as day, and the crash of the thunder shook its wooden roof over our heads. But there was no rain yet, and when we came out,—in fear and trembling, I acknowledge, as to how we were to get home—we could see that the violence of the storm had either passed over, or not reached yet, the valley in which Maritzburg nestles, and was expending itself somewhere else. So I decided that we might venture. As for vehicles to be hired in the streets, there are no such things, and by the time we could have persuaded one to turn out for us,—a very doubtful contingency, and only to be procured to the tune of a sovereign or so,—all the fury of the storm would probably be upon us. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to walk, and to set out as soon as possible to climb our very steep hill. Instead of the soft, balmy twilight on which we had counted, the sky was of an inky, dense blackness, but for all that we had light enough and to spare. I never saw such lightning! The flashes came literally every second, and lit up the whole heavens and earth with a blinding glare far brighter than any sunshine. So great was the contrast, and so much more intense the dark after each flash of dazzling light, that we could only venture to walk on *during* the flashes, though one's instinct was rather to stand still, awe-stricken and mute. The thunder growled and crackled incessantly, but far away towards the Inchanga valley. If the wind had shifted ever so little and brought the storm back again, our plight would have been poor indeed, and with

this dread upon us we trudged bravely on and breasted the open hill-side with what haste and courage we could. During the rare momentary intervals of darkness we could perceive that the whole place was ablaze with fire-flies. Every blade of grass held a tiny sparkle of its own, but when the lightning shone out with its yellow and violet glare, the ruddy light of the poor little shining flies seemed to be quite extinguished. As for the frogs, the clamorous noise they kept up sounded absolutely deafening, and so did the shrill incessant cry of the cicalas.

We reached home safely, and before the rain too, but found all our servants in the verandah, in the last stage of dismay and uncertainty what to do for the best. They had collected waterproofs, umbrellas, and lanterns, but as it was not actually raining yet, and we certainly did not require light on our path,—for they said that every flash showed them our climbing, trudging figures as plainly as possible,—it was difficult to know what to do, especially as the Kafirs have, very naturally, an intense horror and dislike to going out in a storm. This storm was not really overhead, and scarcely deserves mention, but it was the precursor of a severe one of which our valley got the full benefit. It was quite curious to see the dozens of dead butterflies on the garden paths after that second storm. Their beautiful plumage was not dimmed or scorched nor their wings broken. They would have been in perfect order for a collection, yet they were quite dead and stiff. The natives say it is the lightning which kills them thus.

My own private dread—to return to that walk home for a moment—was of stepping on a snake, as there are a great many about, and one especial variety, a small poisonous, brown adder, is of so torpid and lazy a nature that it will not slide out of your way as the other snakes do, but lets you tread on it and then bites you. It is very marvellous, considering how many snakes there are, that one hears of so few bad accidents. G— is always poking about in likely places for them, as his supreme ambition is to see one. I fully expect a catastrophe some day, and keep stores of ammonia and brandy handy. Never was such a fearless little monkey! He is always scampering about on his new Basuto

pony, and of course tumbles off now and then, but he does not mind it in the least. When he is not trying to break his neck in this fashion he is down by himself at the river fishing, or climbing trees, or down a well which is being dug here, or in some piece of mischief or other. The sun and the fruit are my *bêtes noires*, but neither seem to hurt him, though I don't really believe that any other child in the world has ever eaten so many apricots at one time as he has been doing lately. This temptation has just been removed however, for during our absence at Durban every fruit tree has been stripped to the bark; every peach and plum, every apricot and apple clean gone. Of course no one has done it, but it is very provoking all the same, for it used to be so nice to take the baby out very early and pick up the fall-crop apricots for breakfast. The peaches were nearly all pale and rather tasteless, but the apricots were large in size, excellent in flavor, and in extraordinary abundance. There was also a large and promising crop of apples, but they have all been taken in their unripe state, probably by Coolies, for as a rule the Kafirs here are scrupulously honest, and we left plate and jewelry in the house whilst we were away, under "Charlie's" care, without the least risk. Such things they never touch, but fruit and mealies they cannot be brought to regard as personal property, and gather the former and waste the latter without scruple. It is a great objection to the imported Coolies, who make very clever and capital servants, that they have an inveterate habit of pilfering, and are hopelessly dishonest about trifles. For this reason they are sure to get on badly with Kafir fellow-servants, who are generally quite above any temptations of that kind.

Jan. 14th.—A few days ago we took G— to see the annual swimming sports in the small river which runs through the park. It was a beautiful afternoon, for a wonder, with no lowering thunder-clouds over the hills, so the banks of the river were thronged, for half a mile and more, with spectators. It made a very pretty picture,—the large willow trees drooping into the water on either shore, the gay concourse of people, the bright patch of color made by the red coats of

the band of the regiment stationed across the stream, the tents for the competitors to change in, etc., and the dark wondering faces of Kafir and Coolie, who cannot comprehend *why* white people should take so much trouble, and run so much risk, to amuse themselves. We certainly must appear to them to possess a reckless demon of energy, both in our work and our play, and never more so than on this hot afternoon, when, amid much shouting and laughing, the various water-races came off.

The steeplechase amused us a great deal where the competitors had to swim over and under various barriers across the river; and so did the race for very little boys, which was a full and excellent one. The monkeys took to the water as naturally as fishes, and evidently enjoyed the fun more than any one. Indeed, the difficulty was to get them out of the water and into the tents to change their swimming costume, after the race was over. But the most interesting event was one meant to teach volunteers how to swim rivers in case of field service, and the palm lay between the Natal Carbineers and a very smart body of mounted police. At a given signal they all plunged on horseback into the muddy water, and from a difficult part of the bank, and swam, fully accoutred and carrying their carbines, across the river. It was very interesting to watch how clever the horses were; how some of their riders slipped off their backs the moment they had fairly entered the stream, and swam side by side with their steeds, until the opposite bank was reached, and then how the horses paused to allow their dripping masters to mount again,—no easy task in heavy boots, saturated clothes, and with a carbine in your left hand, which had to be kept dry at all risks and hazards. When I asked little G— which part he liked best, he answered without hesitation, "the *assidents*" (Anglicé, accidents); and I am not sure that he was not right, for no one was hurt. The crowd mightily enjoyed seeing some stalwart citizen in his best clothes suddenly topple from his place of vantage on the deceitfully secure-looking but rotten branch of a tree, and take an involuntary bath in his own despite. When that citizen further chanced to be clad in a suit of bright-

colored velveteen, the effect was much enhanced. It was my private opinion that G— was longing to distinguish himself in a similar fashion, for I constantly saw him "lying out" on most frail branches, but try as he might he could not accomplish a tumble.

Jan. 17th.—I have had an opportunity lately of attending a Kafir *lit de justice*, and I can only say that if we civilized people managed our legal difficulties in the same way it would be an uncommonly good thing for everybody except the lawyers. Cows are at the bottom of nearly all the native disputes, and the Kafirs always take their grievance soberly to the nearest magistrate, who arbitrates to the best of his ability between the disputants. They are generally satisfied with his award, but if the case is an intricate one, or they consider that the question is not really solved, then they have the right of appeal, and it is this Court of Appeal which I have been attending lately. It is held in the newly-built office of the Minister for Native Affairs,—the prettiest and most respectable-looking public office which I have seen in Maritzburg, by the way. Before the erection of this modest but comfortable building, the court used to be held in the open air, under the shade of some large trees; a more picturesque method of doing business, certainly, but subject to inconveniences on account of the weather. It is altogether the most primitive and patriarchal style of business one ever saw, but all the more delightful on that account.

It is inexpressibly touching to see with one's own eyes the wonderful deep personal devotion and affection of the Kafirs for the kindly English gentleman who for thirty years and more has been their real ruler, and their wise and judicious friend; not a friend to pamper their vices and give way to their great fault of idleness, but a true friend to protect their interests, and yet to labor incessantly for their social advancement, and for their admission into the great field of civilized workers. The Kafirs know little, and care less, for all the imposing and elaborate machinery of British rule. The Queen on her throne is but a distant woman to them. Sir Garnet himself, that great Inkosi, was as

nobody in their eyes compared to their own Chieftain, their king of hearts, the one white man to whom of their own free will and accord they give the royal salute whenever they see him. I have stood in magnificent halls, and seen King and Kaiser pass through crowds of bowing courtiers, but I never saw anything which impressed me so strongly as the simultaneous springing to the feet, the loud shout of "Bayete!" given with the right hand upraised (a higher form of salutation than "Inkosi," and only accorded to Kafir royalty), the look of love and rapture and satisfied expectation in all these keen black faces, as the Minister, quite unattended, without pomp or circumstance of any sort or kind, quietly walked into the large room, and sat himself down at his desk, with some papers before him. There was no clerk, no official of any sort; no one standing between the people and the fountain of justice. The extraordinary simplicity of the trial which commenced at once, was only to be equalled by the decorum and dignity with which it was conducted. First of all everybody sat down upon the floor, the plaintiff and defendant amicably side by side opposite to the Minister's desk, and the other natives, about a hundred in number, squatted in various groups. Then, as there was evidently a slight feeling of surprise at my sitting myself down in the only other chair (they probably considered me a new-fashioned clerk), the Minister explained that I was the wife of another Inkosi, and that I wanted to see and hear how Kafir men stated their case when anything went wrong with their affairs. This explanation was perfectly satisfactory to all parties, and they regarded me no more, but immediately set to work on the subject in hand. A sort of *précis* of each case had been previously prepared from the magistrate's report for Mr. S—'s information by his clerk, and these documents greatly helped me to understand what was going on. No language can be more beautiful to listen to than either the Kafir or Zulu tongue. It is soft and liquid as Italian, with just the same genile accentuation on the penultimate and ante-penultimate syllables, and the clicks which are made with the tongue every now and then are part of

the language, and give it a very quaint sound, and the names are excessively harmonious.

In the first case which was taken, the plaintiff, as I said before, was not quite satisfied with the decision of his own local magistrate, and had therefore come here to re-state his case. The story was slightly complicated by the plaintiff having two distinct names by which he had been known at different times of his life; one, "Tevula," he averred, was the name of his boyhood, and the other, "Mazumba," the name of his manhood. The natives have an unconquerable aversion to giving their real names, and will offer half-a-dozen different aliases, making it very difficult to trace them if they are "wanted," and still more difficult to get at the rights of any story they may have to tell. However, if they are ever frank and open to anybody, it is to their own Minister, who speaks their language as well as they do themselves, and who fully understands their mode of reasoning and habit of mind.

Tevula told his story extremely well, I must say; quietly, but earnestly, and with the most perfectly respectful, though manly bearing. He sometimes used graceful and natural gesticulation, but not a bit more than was needed to give emphasis to his oratory. He was a strongly-built, tall man, about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a soldier's great-coat (for it was a damp, drizzling day), bare legs and feet, and with nothing on his head except the curious ring into which the men weave their hair. So soon as a youth is considered old enough to assume the duties and responsibilities of manhood, he begins to weave his short crisp hair over a ring of grass, which exactly fits the head, keeping the woolly hair in its place by means of wax. In time the hair grows perfectly smooth and shining and regular over this foundation, and the effect is as though it were a ring of jet or polished ebony worn round the brows. Different tribes slightly vary the size and form of the ring, and in this case it was easy to see that the defendant belonged to another tribe, for his ring was half the size, and worn at the summit of a cone of combed back-hair which was as thick and close as a cap, and indeed looked very like a grizzled fez. Anybody in court may ask any

questions they please, and in fact what we should call cross-examine a witness, but they did not do so whilst I was present. Every one listened attentively, giving a grunt of interest whenever Tevula made a point, and this manifestation of sympathy always seemed to gratify him immensely. But it was plain that whatever might be the decision of the Minister, who listened closely to every word, asking now and then a short question, which evidently hit some logical nail right on the head, they would abide by it, and be satisfied that it was the fairest and most equitable solution of the subject. Here is a *résumé* of the first case, and it is a fair sample of the intricacies attending Kafir lawsuits.

Our friend Tevula possessed an aged relative, a certain aunt called Mamusa, who at the present time appears to be in her dotage, and consequently her evidence is of very little value. But once upon a time, long, long ago, Mamusa was young and generous. Mamusa had cows, and she *gave or lent*—there was the difficulty—a couple of heifers to the defendant, whose name I cannot possibly spell, on account of the clicks. Nobody denied that of her own free-will these heifers had been bestowed by Mamusa on the withered-looking little old man squatting opposite, but the question is, were they a loan or a gift? For many years nothing was done about these heifers, but one fine day Tevula gets wind of the story, is immediately seized with a fit of affection for his aged relative, and takes her to live in his kraal, proclaiming himself her protector and heir. So far, so good. All this was in accordance with Kafir custom, and the narration of this part of the story was received with grunts of asseveration and approval by the audience. Indeed, Kafirs are as a rule to be depended upon, and their minds, though full of odd prejudices and quirks, have a natural bias towards truth. Two or three years ago Tevula began by claiming, as heir at law, though the old woman still lives, twenty cows from the defendant, as the increase of these heifers. Now he demands between thirty and forty. When asked why he only claimed twenty, as nobody denies that the produce of the heifers has increased to double that number, he says naively, but without hesitation, that there is a fee

to be paid of a shilling a head on such a claim if established, and that he only had twenty shillings in the world, so, as he remarked with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "What was the use of my claiming more cows than I had money to pay the fee for?" But times have improved with Tevula since then, and he is now in a position to claim the poor defendant's whole herd, though he generously says he will not insist on his refunding those cows which do not resemble the original heifers, and are not, as they were, dun and red-and-white. This sounded magnanimous, and met with great applause until the blear-eyed old defendant remarked hopelessly, "They are all of that color," which changed the sympathies of the audience once more. Tevula saw this at a glance, and hastened to improve his position by narrating an anecdote. No words of mine could reproduce the dramatic talent that man displayed in his narration. I did not understand a syllable of his language, and yet I could gather from his gestures, his intonation, and above all from the expression of his hearers' faces, the sort of story he was telling them. After he had finished Mr. S— turned to me and briefly translated the episode with which Tevula had sought to rivet the attention and sympathies of the court. Tevula's tale, much condensed, was this:— Years ago, when his attention had first been directed to the matter, he went with the defendant out on the veldt to look at the herd. No sooner did the cattle see them approaching than a beautiful little dun-colored heifer, the exact counterpart of her grandmother, Mamusa's cow, left the others and ran up to him, Tevula, lowing and rubbing her head against his shoulders, and following him all about like a dog. In vain did her reputed owner strive to drive her away: she persisted in following Tevula all the way back to his kraal, right up to the entrance of his hut. "I was her master, and the 'inkomokazi' knew it," cried Tevula, triumphantly, looking round at the defendant with a knowing nod, as much as to say, "Beat that, if you can!" Not knowing what answer to make, the defendant took his snuff-box out of his left ear and solaced himself by three or four huge pinches. I started the hypothesis that Mamusa

might have had a *tendresse* for the old gentleman, and might have bestowed these cows upon him as a love-gift, but this idea was scouted even by the defendant, who said gravely, "Kafir women don't buy lovers or husbands: we buy the wife we want." A Kafir girl is exceedingly proud of being bought, and the more she costs the prouder she is. She pities English women whose bridegrooms expect to receive instead of giving money, and considers a dowry as a most humiliating arrangement.

I wish I could tell you how Mamusa's cows have finally been disposed of, but although it has occupied three days, the case is by no means over yet. I envy and admire Mr. S—'s untiring patience and unfailing good temper; but it is just these qualities which make his Kafir subjects (for they really consider him as their ruler) so certain that their affairs will not be neglected nor their interests suffer in his hands.

Whilst I was listening to Tevula's oratory my eyes and my mind sometimes wandered to the eager and silent audience, and I amused myself by studying their strange head-dresses. In most instances the men wore their hair in these waxen rings to which I have alluded, but there were several young men present who indulged in purely fancy head-dresses. One stalwart youth had got hold of the round cardboard lid of a collar box, to which he had affixed two bits of string, and had tied it firmly but jauntily on one side of his head. Another lad had invented a most extraordinary decoration for his wool-covered pate, and one which it is exceedingly difficult to describe in delicate language. He had procured the intestines of some small animal,—a lamb or a kid,—had cleaned them, and tied them tightly at intervals of an inch or two with string. This series of small, clear bladders he had then inflated, and arranged them in a sort of bouquet on the top of his head, skewering tufts of his crisp hair between, so that the effect resembled a bunch of bubbles, if there could be such a thing. Another very favorite adornment for the head consisted of a strip of gay cloth or ribbon, or even a few bright threads, bound tightly like a fillet across the brows, and confining a tuft of feathers over one ear. But I suspect all these

fanciful arrangements were only worn by the gilded youth of a lower class, because I noticed that the chieftains and "indunas," or head men of the villages, never had recourse to such frivolities. They wore indeed numerous slender rings of

brass or silver wire on their straight, shapely legs, and also necklaces of lions' or tigers' claws and teeth round their throats, but these were trophies of the chase as well as personal ornaments.—*Evening Hours.*

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BONIVARD, 'THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.'

OF the thousands of tourists who every summer pass through Geneva, how many bring away any other recollection of it than that of a semicircle of sumptuous hotels, pensions, cafés, and shops fringing the end of a smiling lake, with the 'blue and arrowy Rhone' rushing through it, and flanked on the one side by the forest-clad Jura, on the other by the long ridges of the Salève and the Voirons, with the distant mass of Mont Blanc shining between the two last-named mountains? And yet those who, either from choice or from necessity, have sojourned there for a while know that behind the busy quays and the Rue du Rhône, and all the turmoil of arriving and departing tourists, there rises a mediæval city, with its tortuous lanes, its lofty houses and high-pitched gables; its recollections of old ecclesiastical days, when a Prince-Bishop endeavored—not always successfully—to control a wild democracy; its Rue de l'Enfer, leading through the Rue du Purgatoire into the Rue de Paradis; its Rue des Chanoines, where Calvin lived after the canons had shaken the dust off their feet as they quitted the rebellious city; its streets, many of them far too steep for any vehicle to ascend: all leading up to the Vatican of Protestantism, the historic St. Pierre, more impressive in its stern simplicity than if it glowed with all the glory of the ancient worship.

Geneva, indeed, boasts a history such as few European cities can rival. And in our modern days, when the old idea of the city as an independent State is being forgotten, it may be instructive to look back upon the incessant struggles for liberty, now against the Bishop, now against the Pope, now against the Duke of Savoy, now against the French invaders, and almost in our own day against an intestine oligarchy, which have been witnessed on this narrow yet not ignoble

stage. The following sketch is intended simply as an attempt to interest English readers and travellers in something more than the outward beauties of Geneva.

It is curious that a man who played a really prominent part in the history of his time should owe his celebrity in modern times to a poem based on an incident in his life to which in his autobiography he scarcely alludes, and written in apparently entire ignorance of his history. Yet so it is. Byron wrote the 'Prisoner of Chillon' when confined to his inn by wet weather, after a visit to the famous dungeon, when he was aware only of the fact—which is all that most people know now—that Bonivard was chained to a pillar for four years by order of the Duke of Savoy. On this modest foundation of historical fact the poet raised the superstructure of his 'Prisoner of Chillon.'

Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—Forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith,
I suffer'd chains and courted death:
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for that same his lineal race
In darkness found a hiding place.

To represent Francis Bonivard as an hereditary Protestant, as suffering imprisonment rather than betray the faith for which his father suffered martyrdom, is as grotesque a perversion of the truth as could well be imagined. He was, in fact, himself a signal instance of the abuses of the Church which produced the Reformation; and though in his later years he acquiesced in the changes which had come about, yet it was not till after the hope of his gains was gone, and even to the last he seems to have been as lax in his religious observances under Calvin as he probably had been under the Pope; he was, in fact, a man of the world, accommodating himself as

well as he could to the religion which happened to be uppermost, 'Parcus cultor et infrequens,' whether the cult was Catholic or Protestant, in his heart preferring the old *régime*, because under it he had a rich priory, and could do as he liked, whereas under the new he was dependent on the generosity of the Council at Geneva, and was, moreover, liable to have his domestic arrangements made the subject of inconvenient investigation;* clear-sighted enough to see which way the world was going, and with enough of nobility of nature to take the side of the many against the few, but not made of the stuff from which martyrs are produced. And, further, the two brothers whom Byron makes the sharers of his dungeon, and whose lingering death he watches in helpless agony, are an entire invention. It is a pity that Byron should have written with so little knowledge of his subject, for there was in the life of Bonivard plenty of material for a poem.

Francis Bonivard was born in or about the year 1497, at Seyssel, then apparently, as now, forming part of the Genevese territory.† At the end of the fifteenth century Geneva possessed the advantages, and was exposed to the dangers, of an independent state surrounded by more powerful neighbors. For many years the Emperor had acknowledged its independence under the sovereignty of its elective Bishop; but the Pope was continually intriguing to secure the nomination of the Bishop, and the Bishop to transfer the supreme authority from the people to himself. But the Republic had a more formidable enemy than Emperor, or Pope, or Bishop in the Duke of Savoy. The very position of Geneva, as commanding the route between Savoy on the one hand and Burgundy and the Pays de Vaud on the other, made the Duke grudge its independence; and a turbulent democracy is always an unwelcome neighbor to an autocratic sovereign. He had by some means succeeded in gaining a footing in the Republic as holding a court of justice there, and had

placed a Vidomne (vice-dominum) on the island in the Rhone. But the election of the Bishop by the citizens was the key of their position; and at last, by the aid of the Pope, the Duke had succeeded in wresting this from them. He caused a kinsman of his own,* the illegitimate son of a prelate, to be made Bishop; and now the unhappy citizens found themselves between the upper and the nether millstone. But the spirit of liberty was too strong to be crushed out. Bands of patriotic youths, unable to resist openly, kept up a spirit of secret insubordination in the city, and, under the title of *Enfans de la Ville*, annoyed the Duke's functionaries by small acts of lawlessness, while they were careful to give no handle for proceedings against them. Among these was Francis Bonivard. It is indeed greatly to his credit that he was found on the side of the people, for all his interests lay in the direction of the Duke and the Bishop. His uncle had been Prior of the important monastery of St. Victor; and before his death he resigned this apparently wealthy preferment in favor of the youthful Francis, then only thirteen years old. But although, besides the Priory of St. Victor, Bonivard held also a Canonry of St. Pierre, he was never ordained; he might have had a voice in the chapter if he would have been made priest, but this he always refused, and held his preferments, as was common at that time, as mere *beneficia*. As prior, he ranked next to the Bishop; his private and ecclesiastical property made him an important personage; yet he risked both his preferment and his liberty in the popular cause. At last, in 1519,† the Duke visited Geneva in person; in conjunction with the Bishop he set about to restore tranquility and order by imprisoning, torturing, beheading, and hanging the supporters of the popular party, 'en sorte que c'était une pitié.' At this juncture the connection between Bonivard's head and his shoulders was very far from secure; but he escaped disguised as a monk (though he was a prior, the monastic dress seems to have been an unusual one with him), and thus

* *Extraits du Registre du Conseil de Genève*, Jan. 29, 1537.

† *Genève et les Suisses*. Par Amedée Roget. Also an article on Genève au 16me siècle, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1869.

* In 1513, *Genève*, par R. Rey.

† Roget. *Genève et les Suisses*.

saved his life, though he lost his priory. After some years, indeed, he succeeded by an appeal to the Pope in getting his priory restored; but as the Duke refused to allow him to receive its revenues, which unfortunately arose from lands in the territory of Savoy, it is probable that he set but little value on the title and the ecclesiastical position. At this time, indeed, he appears to have been in considerable straits; his own property being practically lost to him, his only ostensible means of living consisted in a small allowance which he received from the Genevese Republic; and it is hardly likely that he received any assistance from his own family, with whom his intercourse seems for a long time to have almost ceased.

At last, however, in 1530, Bonivard applied to the Duke of Savoy for a safe conduct to go to visit his aged mother at Seyssel. During his absence a slanderous story was circulated in Geneva, that he had gone to carry on an intrigue with the Duke against the liberties of the Republic. The calumny so far succeeded in its object, that Bonivard was afraid to return, and outstayed the six months for which his safe conduct was available. He applied for a renewal, which was given, apparently in ambiguous form; he left Seyssel, probably intending to go to Freiburg, at that time closely allied to Geneva, but in passing through the territory of Vaud he fell into an ambuscade of the Duke's retainers, by whom he was carried off to Chillon.

And now began the six years' imprisonment which, though to the prisoner himself it may well have seemed, as he wrote his autobiography in his old age, simply an incident in an adventurous and chequered life, has by a curious caprice of fortune rescued his name from oblivion some three centuries later, and drawn thousands of visitors to the dungeon where he was confined. For the first two years he seems to have been treated with respect and consideration, and to have lived with the governor of the castle; but in 1532 the Duke himself visited Chillon, and ordered him to be confined in the well-known 'souterrain,' somewhat below the level of the lake, into which scanty rays of light struggle through the barred windows, and where the tourist with difficulty de-

ciphers the lines which his hand-book duly quotes,

Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,

and gazes with reverence on the foot-prints worn in the rock by the prisoner of whose existence he has just for the first time heard.

Here, then, Bonivard languished for four years, not by any means a martyr for Protestantism, nor even for liberty, but a victim of circumstances, who had fallen into the snare of a powerful enemy, whose interest it was to keep him out of mischief. True, if he had been content to side from the first with the Duke against the Republic, he might have kept his priory, and he would never have been the prisoner of Chillon: he deserves the credit of having chosen the weaker, though the nobler side, and of having suffered for it; yet it is difficult to credit him with any very exalted form of self-devotion. Like Chaucer's monk, he

Helde after the newe world the trace;

he saw that the cause of liberty was destined to prevail, he chose his side accordingly, and he had nobility of mind enough not to desert it when to be faithful to it entailed suffering and loss. At length, on March 29, 1536, the castle was taken by the united forces of Berne and Geneva; in the words of the Genevese Registers, 'Nos gens y ont trouvé Messire F. Bonivard et autres pris sur la foi des gentils, et le peuple s'est bien réjoui de leur libération.*' Bonivard was brought in triumph to Geneva; but it was to a very different Geneva from that which he had quitted some seven years before the Reformation. The Reformation, like one of those torrents which, long pent up in the recesses of the mountains, at length burst their barriers and carry all before them, had in those few years passed over Geneva, and swept away well-nigh all the old landmarks. The Bishop was gone; the canons, priests, monks were gone; the Duke's Vidomne was gone; and the ecclesiastical benefices, of which Bonivard had enjoyed a comfortable share, were gone also. There was no more Priory of St. Victor, no more Canonry of St. Pierre for him; henceforth he must

* *Registre du Conseil*, 1536.

live as he could. The Council of Geneva was not unmindful of his services to their cause, but the Republic was poor, and money was urgently needed for purposes of defence; Bonivard could only obtain the rights of citizenship, a house to live in, and a small pecuniary allowance. After a while, finding himself unable to live, he complained to the Bernese of his treatment at the hands of their allies; and on their intervention the Council granted him a yearly pension of 140 *éus d'or*, besides 800 to pay his debts. But he must have found the Geneva of Calvin a very different place to live in from the Geneva of old days. The Council now exercised a vigilant supervision over the domestic life of the citizens. In January 1537, less than a year after his return, Bonivard was cited before the Council for irregularity of conduct, and was ordered to make a change in his establishment. Frequently afterwards he was cited for various offences—sometimes he was excommunicated; sometimes he was reprimanded. Once, having received into his house in his later years, when he might have supposed that no scandal could have arisen, a person, formerly a nun, to whom he was under promise of marriage, he was punished, not by imprisonment, but by enforced attendance at sermons on Sundays and Wednesdays. The Council may indeed have thought that this was the severest punishment they could inflict, for in the matter of attendance at church Bonivard was incorrigible. And it gives one a curious insight into the state of things at Geneva when one finds a man past middle age, who had played an important part in the affairs of his time, summoned before the Council, like an undergraduate before the dean of his college, for insufficient attendance at Divine worship. As Prior of St. Victor, Bonivard, though not a priest, must no doubt have been a celibate; but in his later days at Geneva he made up for lost time, having married four times between his release in 1536 and his death in 1570. His fourth wife, Catherine de Courtavone, was the person mentioned above; her subsequent history affords a terrible illustration of the stern discipline maintained at this time in the Republic. She was accused after her marriage with Bonivard of mis-

conduct with an ex-monk; on their conviction, he was beheaded, and she sewn in a sack and thrown into the Rhone.

It was probably in Bonivard's later years, when the stirring scenes of his political life were over, that he turned his attention to literary work. We are told, indeed, that during his imprisonment at Chillon he composed '*tant en latin qu'en français beaucoup de menues pensées et ballades*;' but his *Chronicles of Geneva*,* a considerable work, relating chiefly to the history of his own times, was more likely to be composed during his long residence in the city. He also wrote a book—apparently no longer extant—against the old religion, in which we may conceive that he could be heartier in his attack on the old than in his defence of the new. Indeed, in another work, a history of the Popes of the day, entitled *Advis et Devis de la Source de l'Idolâtrie*, he gives his opinion very plainly of the '*difformes réformateurs*,' as he calls them. '*Nous avons dit par ci-devant beaucoup de maux des papes et des leurs; mais quel bien pourrions-nous dire des nôtres. Ce monde est tait à dos d'âne; si un fardeau penche d'un côté et vous le voulez redresser et le mettre au milieu, il n'y demeurera guères, mais penchera de l'autre. Aussi Cicéron en la guerre citoyenne entre Pompée et César, requis d'un chacun côté disait, "Quem fugiam scio, ad quem nescio."*' Thus in matters of religion Bonivard, though far inferior to Erasmus both in mind and character, yet seems to have occupied somewhat the same position, unable to go heartily with either party—seeing the evils of the old too clearly to be a Conservative, and perceiving the dangers of the new too keenly to be a Reformer; standing somewhat apart, refusing to utter party cries of which he could discern the hollowness, and inclined to exclaim sadly, '*A mad world, my masters!*' In politics, too, Bonivard was an eclectic; he declares that he had always preferred a republic to a monarchy, especially a hereditary monarchy; but he liked a democracy no better than a despotism, and seems to have been feeling after some kind of representative government which should avoid the

* Called by M. Rey, '*La source la plus précieuse de noire histoire.*'

tyranny both of the one and of the many. Some lines of his are extant which express in admirably epigrammatic form the good-humored cynicism of the man :

Quand seront heureuses provinces,
Royaumes, villes et villages ?
Quand l'on fera sages les princes
Ou (qu'est plus court) princes les sages.

There is something in Bonivard which reminds one of Horace ; but the 'Epicuri de grege porcus' was more at home in Pagan Rome than he would have been in Christian and Calvinist Geneva. We can fancy that if Horace had been compelled by a decree of the Senate to attend sermons twice a week, and to give up his stroll on the Via Sacra on Sundays, he would have shrugged his shoulders and complied with as good a grace

as he could, especially if he had been in receipt of a yearly stipend on account of his good service at Philippi ; but he would have been likely to take a less genial view of men and things, and to conceal a cynical contempt under a decent outward conformity. Times of violent change are sure to produce this effect upon some characters ; men who can see two sides to a question can rarely be eager reformers or zealous party leaders : their place is rather to criticise, to moderate, to mediate if possible between extreme views. Such men must needs stand aloof from the battle ; but it is in the battle that great deeds are done. Bonivard and Erasmus could see the weak as well as the strong side of the Reformation ; but Calvin and Luther fought the battle of religious freedom.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

POWERS OF THE AIR.

It is lamentable and discouraging to reflect how little progress the human intellect has been able to make towards the solution of some questions among the most important that can occupy it. One of these questions, the existence or non-existence of spirit in the universe, was disputed between the Pharisees and Sadducees in the days of the apostles, has been disputed ever since, and, in these latter days, has separated disputants more widely than when the argument was young. For although one must suppose that the extreme of materialism had been reached by the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection of the dead, and acknowledged the being of neither angel nor spirit, it is certain that until the last century no philosopher went so far in the opposite direction as to deny altogether the existence of matter, and to affirm of spirit what the materialists affirm of substance—namely, that it is alone sufficient to account for everything in nature. Idealism, or the doctrine of the non-existence of matter, has had very little success, because men can hardly be persuaded to discredit the evidence of their senses.

"When Bishop Berkeley said 'There was no matter'—

And proved it—'twas no matter what he said :
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,

Too subtle for the airiest human head ;
And yet who can believe it?"—

wrote one of our wittiest poets ; and Materialism, or the doctrine of the non-existence of spirit or soul, also finds it difficult to make converts, because men refuse to surrender an internal conviction that they are in part immortal.

Between idealism and materialism there have been very numerous shades of opinion—more, probably, than I ever heard of, and far more than I could presume to claim acquaintance with. I cannot write philosophically about any ; but about two doctrines, which are more or less attracting attention at present, I should like to set down a few words.

The former of these is Spiritualism. We hear constantly that the existence of innumerable spirits is easily and frequently made plain to the senses ; that our atmosphere is thick with spirits who, under certain conditions, can be seen, heard, and felt ; that the powers of these spirits are very great and, to us, marvellous. Spirits, we are assured, are not only willing to manifest their presence when invoked ; they often intrude themselves where they are not wanted, and can be disagreeable and annoying. Every one in England and America has by this time heard or read testimony of the doings of these spirits ; if he has not, as

many affirm that they have, made acquaintance with them personally. It is not, therefore, necessary to cite numerous instances, or to state all that is contended for on their behalf. But I will mention the last striking narrative that has come in my way, not doubting that it will be found closely to resemble the majority of modern experiences in the same field.

It happened that, a few months since, I was in a foreign city where a well-known medium was also residing. He was frequently to be seen in public; but I did not, during his stay, hear of any appointed *séance*, or any spiritual manifestation in that city. After his departure it chanced that I sojourned in the hotel where he had been staying, and where many of those who had been his fellow-guests still remained. A few days after my commencing my residence there, some other new-comer complained at dinner of noises which disturbed his rest at night. "Noises!" echoed half a dozen voices; "why, it is the quietest house in the city—notoriously so." The stranger didn't know: he could only say he heard people constantly moving about in the night, and the oddest sounds as of things thrown or dragged about, workmen at their work, persons shouting or laughing at a little distance, and so on. At this there was quite an excitement, the majority of the hearers, jealous for the peaceful character of the house, protesting in earnest tones that the new-comer must be mistaken. He, however, was not going to be talked out of belief in the evidence of his senses; and the contention waxed warm, and might have become angry, had not an elderly lady interposed by asking the complainant if he did not inhabit a certain number on a certain flat? When he said that those were his number and *étage*, she answered quietly, "Yes, I thought so. Those are the apartments which were inhabited last by Mr. —" (the medium). "I am not surprised at your hearing noises there." Then a general conviction lighted on all the champions of the house. "Oh, if its that," said they, "of course it's another thing: those noises are different." Little by little, then, it came to be mentioned how the great medium had really desired perfect quiet during his stay;

but the spirits would not let him rest, and were always calling his attention night and day; there used to be such curious sounds about those rooms! I ventured to observe that as the medium was now in another and a distant place, that was a reason why the spirits who were so fond of his company should *not* make noises in the hotel. But all the answer I got to this was, "Yes, you would think so; but they are not quick to leave a place once they get used to it." It certainly seemed to me that the conduct of the spirits would have been more consistent if they had not remained to make themselves disagreeable after he for whose sake they came had departed. And I thought but little more on the subject, these vulgar nocturnal disturbances not recommending spiritualism to my consideration at all.

Some days later I and one or two more of the lately-arrived guests sat together in the *salon* conversing, when we were joined by a lady who had been resident in the house for two or three months. She happened to mention the medium, whereupon we asked whether she had known much about him while they were in the house together; and she said that she had been acquainted with him since the time of her coming thither, and that towards the end of his stay she had known him rather intimately. He asked whether she believed that the nightly noises had any connection with him, and she said she really could not tell; everything about the spiritual world was so strange that she did not know what to think. Had she ever witnessed any of these strange things? we asked. Well, yes; she had witnessed a great many strange things. Let me state in brief that she did not at first answer at all readily to our inquiries, but that she yielded by degrees to pressure, spoke after a time with less reserve, and finally became communicative. The substance of what she told was as follows. The company in the house, knowing that they had a person of some celebrity among them, greatly desired to witness some manifestation of his power. They besought him to hold *séances*. But this he persistently refused to do, saying that he was there for repose—repose, indeed, from these very *séances* which had been

wearing his nervous system more than he could endure. Howbeit, though this was his answer to the guests as a body, he had some few intimate acquaintances whom he invited occasionally to spend an evening with him, and to whom he would say that, although he would do nothing calculated to bring spirits to meet them, yet they must not be surprised at anything they might see, as spirits would present themselves unbidden sometimes, and be very demonstrative. The strange things which occurred at these reunions were a good deal talked about in whispers, and led the excluded portion of the guests to make strong efforts to obtain the *entrée* to the medium's rooms. Very few, however, succeeded in this. The lady who narrated these things made no endeavor to be admitted, but rather shrank from that which so many desired, being inclined to look on spiritualism as imposture, and having a great dislike to tricks and surprises. But a friend of hers who had been greatly impressed by what she had seen on her visits (being one of the *élite*), induced the medium to invite her, and then importuned her until she accepted the invitation. Her first astonishment after she entered the weird precincts was caused by the table at which she and others were sitting, mounting suddenly towards the ceiling *apropos* to nothing. She was so much frightened as to be incapable of motion; but one or two gentlemen who were present ran, as the table descended, to catch or steady some lamps and other frangible articles which, having been lifted with it, were now greatly inclined from the vertical. The medium entreated them not to trouble themselves, as no mischief would happen—they would take care that nothing fell off. Presently the table came down with a bang, all standing. There were several other incidents in the course of the evening, all of which I do not pretend to remember, my attention having been mainly directed to what befell my lady informant personally. She was sitting on a chair, not very close to any one: the medium at some distance, and opposite, was sitting with his arms folded. She felt her dress pulled, and, looking down towards her feet, saw a hand at the place where the pull had been given; then she was sensible of a hand pressing hers, which it continued

to do for some little while, and a voice said to her softly, "I am — —," (giving two names); "don't go on crying so much on my account." She had lost a son some months before at another place. The names given to her were the Christian names of that son. She assured us that she recognised the hand, and that something was added to the above spoken sentence, which she did not believe it possible for any one but herself in that city to have understood. Replying to a question from one of us, she said she did not know what to think of the occurrence: some being with extraordinary knowledge had addressed her, but whether that being was the spirit of her son, or some other being personating that spirit, was doubtful to her. The whole scene was very painful, and had not been repeated. Subsequently, through the sickness of a third person, the acquaintance of this lady and the medium became rather intimate, and she sometimes walked abroad under his escort. On such occasions she would feel her dress pulled from the side or from behind more or less frequently in the course of her walk. When first this happened she involuntarily looked round to see who had claimed her attention; but, seeing no one, she walked on much puzzled by the circumstance. After she had made one or two of these halts, the medium told her that he perceived what was the matter, and recommended her not to notice the pulls if they should be repeated, adding that he could hardly ever stir abroad without encountering them, and that it was probably in consequence of his companionship that they were occurring. When she had finished her narrative we naturally expressed our astonishment at beings coming from another world to do errands to this world, and either not caring to furnish satisfactory evidence of their identity, or else being unable to give a convincing account of themselves. To this the lady replied that she had made remarks of the same purport to the medium, who had said that he was obliged to take the spirits as they chose to present themselves, and that he was quite unable to explain their habits, or to control them in any way.

I give entire credit to the sincerity of this lady; and I believe there are very many persons as impartial as myself as

to this subject who have heard equally honest evidence of similar facts. I know of one instance where the spirits were either unable to indicate clearly what they meant, or else where they diverted themselves at the expense of human feeling. A young lady, a near connection of mine, not a spiritualist, was absent from her home on a visit, and one day spent a few hours at the house of a lady who was a medium. She was one of several guests. It was proposed that there should be a *seance* during the visit, and the hostess having consented, a good many of the not uncommon phenomena were exhibited; that is, a table was lifted, persons holding pencils were made to write words by extraneous direction of their hands, announcements were made by rapping, and so on. During the proceedings the medium announced that a message had been given for my relative, who was simply an observer of the proceedings. The purport of the message was that the young lady's mother was very ill. She was seriously alarmed at this announcement, knowing that oftentimes these communications were correct, and she at once made a reference to her home, asking whether or not her mother was ill. Her mother was not ill, and the error was never explained. It is only to be regretted that those spiritual appearances and acts cannot be exhibited publicly before both sides, spiritualists and anti-spiritualists, so that the controversy might be brought to issue. Yet, as things stand, some opinion may be formed of the doctrine.

I think it ought to be taken as proved that very many things have been, and are continually being, witnessed which are not traceable to any known terrestrial agency, or to any agency, with the terrestrial effects of which men are familiar, though it may not be itself terrestrial (as the light of the sun, the attraction of the compass-needle), yet which must proceed from rational beings. Once this is admitted, the existence of spirits will hardly be denied. This is something gained; but, against the materialist, not much. For the latter may still say: "I don't care whether or not spirits may exist somewhere in nature; I say that there is no need of spirit to account for anything we know or experience."

I might here be reminded that he who believes these spiritual manifestations to be genuine, has the witness of the spirits themselves as to many of them being the souls of human beings who once lived on the earth. But I have not let slip the recollection of their testimony; I am only troubled with doubt concerning it; I think there is question of their credibility. The fondness of the spirits for darkened rooms, their decidedly mysterious proceedings, their sparing and unsatisfactory communications, and the utter uselessness of many of their most startling deeds, are fatal to confidence. Thus spiritualism does not, I fear, prove that which many believers would be glad to prove; namely, that those who have preceded us on the earth certainly had souls—that there are spirits who influence and control matter—that matter is the creation of spirit. They already know this by faith; but their faith will not confound profane opponents as sensible demonstration would. Hope to *convince* materialists and infidels we may not, even if we were able to confront them with disembodied spirits; for have they not refused to hear Moses and the prophets? But we might by such means do much to prevent the spread of their doctrines.

If the spirits who rap, and whisper, and direct elbows, and pull dresses, do not help us to prove that they are what they represent themselves to be, the next question is—Can we learn anything at all from them, or by means of them? We can judge them only as we should judge human beings who might act as they do. We must credit them with a knowledge of much that has happened on the earth, and of our relations to occurrences. They show us that they possess certain powers over matter; but these powers would seem to be much restricted, and in open daylight and before numerous witnesses, inoperative. The spirits act under control. Their preference of darkness, their want of candor, their impotence for good, would make them appear bad characters: they lie open to the suspicion of being evil spirits. One can form no opinion of their dispositions; they do not show themselves to be malignant or benevolent. It is only by a knowledge of spirits acquired otherwise than through them—

that is to say, by a religious belief—that one knows what to think of them.

Some of those who interest themselves in spiritualism affirm that spirits such as those about whom I have been writing can and do influence men's minds. They might possibly give proof that they do so; but I think this has not been proved. If it be true, however, how completely does the truth harmonise with the teachings of Scripture! And there is another idea suggested by the somewhat annoying and wanton tricks of these spirits. The affairs in which they choose to make their agency appear may be unimportant; but we can imagine cases of more importance where the agency is concealed, but where it is hurtful or destructive. Accidents or diseases may be spirits' work, if table-lifting, dress-pulling, music, or drawing be so. And possession by spirits as exhibited in the New Testament no longer looks obsolete, but is once more frightfully real and modern to the mind when we reflect that there are spirits continually about us whose nature permits them to meddle freely with matter. Most serious views are thus opened.

I have read sometimes of philosophical persons attending *séances* with the intention of testing the reality of the apparitions; but they would appear to have tested the media, not the spirits. The trials were as to whether the media were or were not impostors and mere practisers upon human credulity. But these philosophical persons, though they may have damaged the reputation of some of the mediums, have not succeeded in proving spiritualism itself to be mere imposture. And such being the case, it is greatly to be desired that some sober-minded persons who do not deny that spirits manifest themselves to those in the flesh, would take pains to try the dispositions, powers, and conditions of the spirits, and would let the world know the results of their experiments. If nothing can be elicited from or of them beyond the *coups-de-théâtre* now so well known by experience or report, the suspicion of their being untruthful and otherwise evil will be strengthened; if anything can be made clear concerning them, our science will have advanced.

The second doctrine which I design to consider is the disbelief in the exist-

ence of evil spirits. If this had been the creed of only one or two eccentrics, it would hardly be worth notice; but it is to be feared that a postponement of all recollection of bad spirits has of late been becoming only too common among us. It boots not to inquire why, in this age, the idea has become wearisome and disagreeable; perhaps it is because in former ages it was made too prominent, and led to superstitious belief in witchcraft, incantations, traffic with fiends, and so on: but for some reason or other it has certainly become unpalatable. Now it should not be a question of liking or disliking, but a question of faith; and those who will think seriously must soon perceive that our religious system will not cohere without the evil spirits, and that, however godly-minded we may be, we are safe neither in our understanding of the divine will, nor against the assaults of the infidel, if we do not confess the possible existence of these too important beings. It seems a contradiction to call one's self Christian, and then to deny that there are malignant spirits who possess tremendous powers, who can misdirect the course of things in this world, and to a certain extent dispose of worldly things, opposing and thwarting in a permitted degree the providence of God. Our hopes for hereafter may in a sense be said to rest upon the personality, wickedness, and power of evil spirits, because we are distinctly told that God sent His Son into this world that He might destroy the works of the devil. In another place we read that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. Thus the salvation of the human race, and the destruction of the devil's work, would appear to be one and the same thing. How can we dare to make so light of this fundamental truth as to say that these Scriptures are figurative as far as they relate to the devil? But the Scriptures are consistent from first to last in representing the devil as a person. They affirm, too, that he has the power of death. Surely this being is far too dangerous to be lightly ignored.

I should like to hear, too, how they who object to the recognition of a devil can account for the confusion which is so prevalent in this world. They cannot believe the perversities, the injustice, the suffering, the sorrow, the destruction

which are continually showing themselves, to be directly the work of the Almighty. To account for these it is absolutely necessary to acknowledge the continual action of a hostile power who is permitted to a great extent to have things his own way here. True, the earth is not his, and, as we believe, the days will come when he will not retain the slightest influence therein: but, for the present, he has been able to pervert that which was created "very good;" he can presume to dispose of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and he has made rebellion against the rightful sovereign of the earth to prevail over all its regions. That fearful sentence, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," would appear to have involved the introduction to it of the power of the devil. I have seen it stated that that original curse was recalled after the Flood, when it was said, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake;" but the present state of the earth would furnish a strong argument against this promise having involved a revocation of the first curse. The sorrow only too surely remains, as well as the thorns and thistles, to prove that the first curse remains in force; and, from all the Scriptures that relate to him, there is good reason to believe that the devil, as the prince of this world, is the agent through whom all the sorrow and perplexity are brought about. Dispense with the personality of the devil, and mark what an opening you immediately make for the infidel! The scoff of the unbeliever is pointed at the misery, the iniquity, the imperfection, the wondrous destructive powers that confront us on the earth; and he blasphemes Him who has said "I do all things well" with the reproach that creation is a blunder—that it is the work of knowledge without power, or of power without knowledge—that the ordering of the world is always in excess or in defect—that the amount of misery upon the earth discredits the government of it. How can this be answered if there be no devil to charge with the evils complained of? The facts are patent and undeniable. We may answer, perhaps, the Creator could have done His work otherwise, but He chose to do it as we see; and having said so, we shall be

met with the sneer, "Where, then, is the goodness of your God?"

BUT, having recognised the devil's personality as we are bound to do, we have at once an answer for the caviller. The world, and that which appertains to it, though created perfect and blessed, has temporarily passed under the power of an evil being in whose nature it is to propagate mischief, and suffering, and confusion. If conscientious Christians who, by force of example, may almost insensibly have eliminated the devil from their thoughts, would but carefully study the numerous passages in Scripture, from the Book of Genesis to that of Revelation, that relate to him and his angels, they will, I am persuaded, soon acknowledge that these are not allegorical, but that we have, only too certainly, a persistent, powerful enemy, who is God's enemy also.

If the philosophical objectors against the Christian faith could propound a faith more intelligible, better authenticated, and more hopeful, it would not be surprising if they were able to entice many to follow them. But, as far as I can see, their imaginations are hard to be comprehended, rest upon no testimony whatever, and, as to hope for the future, have absolutely nothing to offer. The mere materialist must of course believe that all the evils of the world are inherent in matter; he can give no account of them further than that they are; he can see no way of escape from any of them except such expedients as the wit of man may devise; and he is weighted with the fact of a fearfully and wonderfully composed and related universe which he is forced to ascribe to chance. Other unbelievers who cannot be satisfied without a First Cause denounce this Cause as unequal to the well-doing of His work; and their religion would seem to consist in finding fault with the handiwork of the Creator, seeing little good in the present, and having literally no expectation of a future life. Others, again, put forward the clumsy idea of more than one creator having contributed to the formation of the universe, and of these beings of various powers and dispositions, so as to have effected harmony in parts, and in parts great ineptitude. Each of these schemes

is, one sees, more difficult to comprehend and to believe than the revelation of Scripture. And yet each has its adherents who prefer it to revealed religion. The reason of this I take to be, that these men replace the Christian religion with another, not so much because they find it (the Christian) more difficult to receive, as because they are offended at and dislike its precepts and restraints. Whatever may be the cause of their attacks, their readers and hearers must not suppose that because they can show that there are in it many points of faith which a finite understanding cannot comprehend, they have weakened our position as compared with their own. They cannot state their own schemes of the universe in forms a bit more intelligible to our minds. A large degree of *faith* is required for whatever system a man may adopt—even for materialism. And if this be granted, the advantages of Christianity in point of testimony, completeness, and future benefit, are enormous.

Independence, unfettered thought that will not yield to priestly dogmas or to any belief which does not commend itself to the understanding, are terms which the philosophic are fond of using when they desire to describe the unbiased judicial state of their own minds. But one who may agree with me in what I have written about the devil, will probably think that in casting away the influences under which in a Christian land they have probably been reared, free-thinkers do not bring themselves to the absolutely neutral state of mind of which they boast. There is reason to believe that in regard to spiritual things such a state is impossible. When grace is shut out, the mind does not remain uninfluenced. Another sway is immediately established. It is written, "He that is not with me is against me," and these are very solemn words. They show that they who flatter themselves that they are free from bias have already ranged themselves against the divine authority. In that attitude we know who their ally is. And is it at all wonderful that, where the devil can suggest and teach and color learning and knowledge, he will make them misleading and impious? Is it not to be expected that he will pervert the lessons derivable from the natural world until it is made to declare the very

opposite of that which its voice, faithfully rendered, is telling out to the ends of the world? It is this very creation of God's with which many of the philosophic think fit to reproach Him. He has said that the heavens declare His glory. And now, made clear by the unbeliever's course in this respect, appears the connection between the former and latter parts of the 19th Psalm. Until it is seen what use is made by unbelievers of the mechanism of the heavens and earth, it seems as if the Psalm sang of two distinct subjects: first, God's glory in His works; and, secondly, of His justice and holiness, and of the dangerous character of presumptuous and secret sins. But the utterances of scientific unbelief make it clear that the adoration of God's perfection and the terror of falling into presumptuous sin or into secret mental doubt, were in the writer's mind natural sequences of the contemplation of God's wonderful works. The danger of our misreading, or of our allowing others to misread for us, that awful handiwork which we cannot, by reason of our imperfections, read clearly and fully, is very obvious; and therefore it is that the Psalmist deprecates presumptuous and secret sin in contemplating the work of creation. If, then, the mere observation of God's work is to be made with reverence and awe, and a suspension of our judgment which is quite unable to embrace or to reach the whole subject, what must we think of the man (intelligent and learned though he be) who, having gained a crumb, a speck, an atom of knowledge, a drop from the great fountain of truth, stands up, intoxicated therewith, and charges with incapacity and error the Being who made heaven and earth? Surely we do not employ unwarrantable language if we say that such a one is guilty of presumptuous sin! But there is something more than this. We must not be enticed at all by the ungodly speculations of philosophy, however specious they may be. We must not entertain them for a moment (mind, I am saying nothing about facts), lest we commit the secret fault of doubting, though never so little, the divine affirmation which once for all pronounces the creation to be "very good." If our powers were capable of dealing with so vast a subject, it might seem

arbitrary and unfair to forbid our examination of it; but experience proves that we only file our minds in vain when we attempt this impossibility, and while we gain no knowledge we expose our faith to trial, so the restriction is simply salutary. I think that now I see a sufficient reason why one who has been studying natural philosophy should keep a guard over the words of his mouth and the meditations of his heart.

Having thus delivered myself after a homely fashion—for I do not pretend to write like one of the learned—on the two points which I proposed for notice, I go on now to make a few remarks suggested by the general subject. There is a story in the 'Percy Anecdotes' of a bookseller who was for a long time afflicted by the sight of unearthly forms, which after a time haunted him continually, by day and by night, in large numbers. Some of these forms, if I recollect the anecdote aright, were those of deceased persons whom he had formerly known—others, of persons still in the flesh—others, again, were unknown forms. The figures were all clad in some way or other, and they were, while his disorder was at its height, quite distinct in outline, and their clothes and flesh were colored. He was treated for his complaint by cupping in the back of the neck, and, after a little, the visions began to change. They became more shadowy, and their outlines grew less firm. Then the colors faded, the outlines almost vanished. By-and-by the spectres became quite hueless and very indistinct, and at last they altogether disappeared. The bookseller remarked that when living persons entered his apartment he could always distinguish them from the spectres, although the latter were very lifelike. I have very little doubt of the truth of this story, because not many years since I knew of a case similar in kind, though not in degree. In this second case also, the disorder yielded to treatment.

Before the second case occurred, I remember speaking of the bookseller's case to a gentleman who was very fond of mesmerism and other mystical studies. I regarded the case as one of simply hallucination, but this my acquaintance would by no means allow. He thought it possible that the patient's condition,

though it may not have been what we call healthy, fitted his organs for the perception of beings not ordinarily apparent to human sight. And I was rather inclined to ridicule his fancy. Since, however, I have heard so much about spirits, and of their densely peopling the atmosphere of this planet, which it is possible that they do, I am less offended at this gentleman's suggestion. I think it is a question whether the sick bookseller saw shapes which were really present, or whether the whole was an optical illusion.

Moreover, after reading of these apparitions to waking persons, and after attributing them to spirits, one is easily led to fancy that spirits may have something to do with our dreams—those common but unexplained phenomena. Dreams are often fantastic, meaningless, fragmentary; but in these respects they closely resemble the tricks of the spirits who lift tables and pull dresses. On the other hand, dreams are sometimes remarkable and truthful to a perplexing extent; sometimes they are perplexing without being truthful. Nobody has ever been able to tell us what these dreams really are, and yet there are hundreds of persons ready to scout the idea of their being produced by immaterial agency. If it be said that they are notoriously dependent on the state of the dreamer's body and mind for their general character, the truth of this assertion does not exclude the agency of spirits. What my mesmeric friend said regarding the bookseller's apparitions may be applicable here. Peculiar physical conditions may induce susceptibility to a certain class of impressions; but this is widely different from pronouncing these impressions the product of matter alone. We who believe the Scriptures know that in certain cases dreams have been spiritual revelations. If they have been so in one case, why not in others? The morbid, false, or silly character of the visions might help us to a negative if spirits were always grave, rational, consistent, and good. But the spirits appear to have characters so curious that the uselessness of the dreams is no argument against their agency. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, I remember, published a little paper on "The art of procuring pleasant dreams." His method, if my recollection is right, was very simple

He recommended his disciples, if they were not sleeping comfortably, to rise and walk about the chamber for a while, and to lay bare the lower sheet completely while they were absent from the bed. Indeed we should include the plan, nowadays, under the head of ventilation; and probably we should add a few precepts akin to his, but which had not been thought of in his day. If, however, spiritualists were required to accept his remedy (supposing its efficacy admitted) as an evidence that dreams depend wholly on the state of the body, they might reply that it only proves that the state of the body influences the character of dreams, or that in one condition a man is more accessible or attractive to one class of spirits, and in another to another. But I am afraid the Doctor's prescriptions will be found of little use to those who most require them—that is, to those whose bodies or minds are harassed or out of tune. Mr. Locke, by his doctrine that the soul always thinks, would appear to regard dreams as thoughts, sometimes serious, but for the most part wild and fantastic; but he does not in his essay investigate the manner in which thoughts are suggested, but only the manner in which we become possessed of ideas or the materials of thought. But many modern doctrines would seem to dispute this position of the soul being always engaged in thought. Psychologists rather incline to the belief that dreaming takes place only during particular, and limited, portions of a sleep. If this be so, Locke must have assumed too much; but, indeed, when one reflects on how much of what has been thought in sleep may have been *forgotten*, one does not see how the question concerning the constant or interrupted thought of the soul can be settled.

There is much reason to believe that the inferior animals dream; and this may be put forward as an argument for dreams being mere conditions of matter. But before we receive this we must be convinced that spirits do not influence animals. The general belief of mankind has certainly been against such a conviction—and to the believers in Scripture such a conviction is impossible. The serpent and the swine certainly receive bad spirits; and the ass saw the angel while he was invisible to her rider.

I do not affirm or deny anything on this subject of dreams. I only put forward suggestions, which I hope readers will not set aside as unphilosophical trifles. It is these new teachings about our constant propinquity to a spiritual world that have led me into this groove. And I would remind any one whose superior intelligence may feel offended by these my musings, that it is only our familiarity with dreams, and their general lack of importance, that causes us to treat them with indifference. They are unexplained phenomena, the nature of which is well worthy of investigation: and when the world is presented with a new science, which may possibly make their nature clearer, one may reasonably suggest a patient investigation of it.

The more one thinks on spiritualism (simply as a fact, and putting aside what spirits may pretend to teach), the more one is persuaded of it being in nowise repugnant to the teachings of Holy Writ. We find passages which not only recognise the existence of immaterial beings, but also seem to imply that they are about us in numbers. There is a remarkable passage in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, in which it is affirmed that a woman ought to be covered by her hair, *because of the angels*. By the manner in which this expression, "because of the angels," is introduced, without preface or explanation, it is most probable that it referred to a subject widely understood in apostolic days; but we seem to have lost the point of the allusion. Angels may be good or bad, and the kind of angels intended is not specified. Is there, then, any liberty taken with the passage if we suppose that a number of immaterial beings, habitually within ken of us, is meant? If the answer to this question be in the affirmative, as I expect it to be, here is a corroboration of the spiritualist's doctrine, so far as it relates to our having numbers of spirits about us. But then we would like to know why, because of these spirits, women should wear a covering. It is evidently a point of modesty and decency that is insisted on; if so, one is led to ask, why it would not have been enough to enforce it because of the male sex, or because even of other women? And a little thought in this direction leads to the probability that long hair was prescribed to women as a covering

of which they could not readily divest themselves as they could of their clothes. Decent women would not be likely to have their persons uncovered before men, or before other women; but there were occasions when they were entirely private and unseen, as far as humankind were concerned, when it would be necessary to cast aside garments; but here the hair, nature's covering, would be a veil, because of the angels who could be present without being seen. And now the matter might be dismissed, with this reflection:—It is commanded that women have regard to the presence of the angels. But one text leads the mind to another in strange ways, and as the view seems to open one is loath to turn away from it. There is in Genesis a remarkable passage, which has been much disputed, but which can hardly fail to present itself to the memory after a person has followed the line of thought which I have been taking. It is this: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." I am quite aware that many learned men, of whom Milton* is one, have been of opinion that this text does not relate to spirits, but that the "sons of God" are the male descendants of Seth, who were reared in the fear of God, as distinguished from the progeny of Cain, whose daughters are called "the daughters of men." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," says St. Paul. We read nothing, be it remarked, of the male Cainites having married the daughters of Seth. Then, on the other hand, others have not scrupled to regard "the sons of God" here mentioned as heavenly beings; and we know that two of our foremost poets, Byron and Moore, have in their works adopted this latter view. And surely there are grounds for their choice of it. This connection, whatever it was, seems to have been so displeasing to the Creator, that He repented that He

had made man, and determined to destroy him. The intermarriage of the descendants of Cain and the descendants of Seth does not, so far as we can judge, appear of so heinous a complexion as that it should move the divine wrath so fearfully. But the intermarriage of spirits with human beings, if it were forbidden and unnatural, would, no doubt, have brought down condign punishment. Obedient spirits could not have been guilty of it, the sin must have been that of devils; and the sin could not have been committed unless these devils had been susceptible of earthly love. Some of these spirits may in their natures come very close to us. We are made only a little lower than the angels, and the lowest grades of angels may have much in common with us. We must remember that in old times angels frequently appeared in human forms. They are shown to us as eating before Abraham's tent; and an angel wrestled with Jacob. So like did they appear to human beings, that St. Paul speaks of it as a possible thing that men might entertain angels *unawares*. Here, then, on these suppositions, is a very sufficient reason why women should not be without a veil, because of the angels.* It is true that disobedient spirits would, since the Flood, appear to have been restrained from the actual contraction of these unhallowed marriages, but they may still retain the inclination for them. It is a point not to be overlooked, that spirits, having the power to introduce themselves, as they are said to do, into houses and chambers, might be supposed to possess powers of vision that would pierce through matter; and, that being so, a veil would be of little use against them. But we do not know that they see through matter; and upon examination there is reason to think that they do not. The seraphim are represented as covering themselves with their wings, which would be a meaningless act if it had not the effect of concealing, or of shutting out the light.

I have set down these thoughts as they

* Milton, in the 'Paradise Lost,' favors the belief that the "sons of God" were men; but, in the 'Paradise Regained,' Book II., he introduces a contrary idea, and makes Satan charge Belial and his "lusty crew" with being the husbands in these marriages.

* Though the remark is foreign to the subject treated of in the text, I cannot forbear to say, that believing women, if they take heed of the things said in this chapter, which speaks of their wearing veils because of the angels, cannot possibly entertain popular ideas as to woman's rights.

occurred to me. Wiser heads than mine may perhaps furnish an explanation of these difficult texts that will demolish all my fancies. It is certain that among all the things that I have heard concerning modern spiritualism there is nothing, so far as I remember, about spirits having professed or exhibited admiration for women. But now that I am recommending that some tests be applied to the spirits instead of to the medium, it is not unprofitable to remember all these things, doubtful though they be as to the meaning.

I am unwilling to turn from these thoughts about spirits without some notice of subjects apparently connected with these beings, which have made their noise in the world, and have been very differently regarded by mankind in different epochs. I mean divination and witchcraft. Two or three centuries ago scarcely a soul doubted the existence everywhere of these practices. So ready was men's belief, that they made most absurd imputations of these crimes, committed horrible cruelties, and at last, by their very zeal and intolerance, produced a reaction in feeling and opinion which steadily increased up to the point which it has now reached, when every person pretending to be educated treats everything relating to the black art as imposture. There is no doubt at all that the pendulum swung much too far in the direction of credulity and persecution. It is just possible that it may have oscillated much too far into the other extreme of complacent, lofty incredulity. The testimony which may be heard in these days of the frequent appearance of spirits suggests the propriety of giving at least a little patient consideration to these things. Beyond all doubt there have been pretenders to a knowledge of sorcery who were the rankest impostors; also a multitude of harmless people popularly suspected of sorcery whose efforts against the tide of opinion were ineffectual to clear their reputations. But besides the jugglers and the persecuted, there may have been some few real accomplices of familiar spirits who have been whitewashed along with the general crowd by the verdict of this superior age. Enchanters there certainly were in Egypt in the old days, and witches and wizards among the Jews throughout their

abode in Palestine. What we have heard of magic in other nations may of course be contemptuously rejected by those who will not tolerate the idea of such a thing; but I do not see why it should be so treated. If we could prove the impossibility of the action of familiar spirits in general, we should be justified in the rejection of every particular story and of the whole lore of witchcraft in the mass, as is our method this day. But we can prove nothing of the kind, whatever we may choose to affirm, and evidence is setting in the opposite direction. A man in these days may reasonably examine well-attested accounts of uncanny operations, notwithstanding that a few years ago he may have thought such investigations mere waste of time, and quite beneath a person pretending to enlightenment. I must say that I am disposed to look on now as very suspicious circumstances some things which in former days either happened within my own knowledge or were told me by persons on whom I could entirely rely; although there was a time when I put them by as mere nonsense, not because I could say anything against them, but because I did not choose to receive such stuff, and the proper enlightened way was to scoff at them. I believe that some feats of so-called sorcery are known to have occurred in India, in which the keenest observers were unable to detect imposture. Very strange and inexplicable things are also reported to have occurred in the West Indies among the Obeah people. And we are all well acquainted with the pretensions of the gipsies to the power of divination. A black or colored woman informed the Empress Josephine that she would one day sit on a throne, long before Napoleon was heard of by the world, and long before she knew him. A lucky shot, or a curious coincidence, condescendingly say those who cannot dispute the fact; but why may it not have been the forecast of a spirit of divination, if we can believe that there are about us everywhere spirits who are willing to communicate with men? When I was young I once was in a town which I did not often visit, at some distance from my own home. Just without the town I met a gipsy woman, who asked me for silver in the usual way. I gave it; and she immediately told me something which rather

startled me, and demanded a further fee for more particular information. I was led on in this way until I had parted with several shillings, but the woman told me things concerning myself which I hardly thought it possible that any one could know by ordinary means. It might, perhaps, with some trouble have been learned, but I have not the least idea that it was so learned; and I believe my meeting with the gipsy to have been as accidental on her part as it was on mine. Again, two near relations of mine, sisters, were at school together in Scotland, and went with several companions to visit a magician then celebrated. A good many of the party received vaticinations in return for their money; but my two relatives, though they made repeated attempts to get an augury, never succeeded. The wizard at length, not knowing how longer to excuse himself, spoke aside to a lady who had gone in charge of the party, and said, "I wish to avoid saying anything to those two young ladies, for they have lost a near relation, and do not know it." Soon after this the party left. Some little time after arrived a ship from one of the northern islands with the news that their mother had died there about the time of the consultation of the seer. There had been no earlier communication from their home since the death; the young women had not the least expectation of such an event. They were not informed of what the man had said until after his saying had been proved to be correct. The thing happened long before the days of electric telegraphs. I never heard any probable explanation of it suggested. I give one more case, trusting that I do not try my reader beyond endurance. In one of our West India Islands there went about a rumor that a certain house and premises in the country were enchanted. I heard of it and laughed at it, as did many others. One is never surprised at anything of this kind being believed by the black people, who have entire reliance on the powers of Obeah. But after a while some white people began to speak of the thing as a fact and a nuisance. Magistrates were applied to, and went and saw the state of things for themselves: they also stationed white policemen on the premises, because it was said that a person walking in the grounds had been seized in some mysterious man-

ner and maltreated, though not seriously injured. I went myself as a matter of curiosity to the place, and at first saw nothing unusual; but a negro took me into a yard at the back of the house, and desired me to call out, which I did, and immediately there descended into the yard a shower of sticks, stones, mangoes, and leaves. I called again, and the same thing occurred. This was in daylight. We searched all round, but could find no person lurking about. It must have taken several people placed about in the trees, and at different points, to have produced the effect. Afterwards, when I tried the shouting, the shower was not invariably so plentiful as at first, but there was always a fall of some kind. I remained at the place all that day and through the night assisting the police, and very anxious to find out the perpetrators of these marvels, but nobody at all was seen about. Next day I left, deciding that though I couldn't see into the affair, it was some piece of jugglery not worth thinking of; and so I dismissed it from my mind, and soon forgot it while occupied with the affairs of life. What other persons reported was all in the way of knocking things about and wanton disorder. Now, on looking back to it, it seems so like to the tricks reported of spirits in its perplexing and yet meaningless character, that it is more easily accounted for as some of their diversions than in any other way.

I ought to state that, although I appear to state that, although I appear to favor belief in spiritualism, I do so entirely in deference to what seems to me to be candid testimony. My natural bias did not prejudice me in its favor; and I never in my life attended a *seance* or witnessed any medium's performances. The evidence for it seems strong, and has never been fairly rebutted. If we reject testimony simply because it witnesses something disagreeable to us, or something that we arbitrarily pronounce to be false because it is extraordinary, how much are we better than those opponents of Christianity who have decided to reject the miracles of Scripture "because they are contrary to experience"? We reasonably expect that the record of eye-witnesses and contemporaries should have more weight than a philosophic idea or axiom which a man may have taken into his mind.

By the same rule, if unimpeachable testimony of the existence of these spirits can be adduced, we must not put it aside except on still stronger testimony which can show the first to be mistaken. I am not so much in love with spiritualism but that I could give it up without a regret if I could receive satisfactory proof that it is a delusion; but if the weight of

sound credible evidence is in support of it, I must (notwithstanding that a mass of roguery and imposture may also have collected around it) yield it belief. I have written, I hope, not like a fanatic, but as one who is as ready to hear reason from one side as from the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



A RHYME OF ONE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
 Your race begun,
 A welcome, long a wish'd-for guest,
 Whose age is One.

A baby-boy, you wonder why
 You cannot run;
 You try to talk—how hard you try!—
 You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce;
 You'll eat your bun,
 And fly your kite, like folk who once
 Were only One.

You'll rhyme, and woo, and fight, and joke,
 Perhaps you'll pun;
 Such feats are never done by folk
 Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,
 And envy none;
 Yes, you, yourself, may own a boy
 Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do
 As you have done:
 (You crown a happy home, tho' you
 Are only One.)

But when he's grown shall you be here
 To share his fun,
 And talk of days when he (the dear!)
 Was hardly One?

Dear child, 'tis your poor lot to be
 My little son;
 I'm glad, though I am old, you see,—
 While you are One.

Cornhill Magazine.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE long bright morning hung heavily on Kate's hands. She wrote a description of the previous day's adventures to her friend and partner; but that did not fill up all the time, though it carried her on well towards her midday chop. She tried to read, but an odd nervous anticipation distracted her attention. That Hugh Galbraith would make his appearance, she was quite sure—the only question was, when? Kate was too wise and womanly a woman, however, to be without the resource of needlework, which, as many a weary sister could testify, has a calming, satisfying influence of its own. She had carried with her a large piece of cloth appliqué work, and the intricacy of the pattern served to divert her thoughts. She had, however, hardly thus disposed of an hour, when the sound of a rapidly-approaching cab woke the echoes of the dull little street. The sound came near, ceased an instant, and then the conveyance seemed to drive away. An uncomfortable, uneasy beating of the heart made Kate's fingers unsteady.

"What folly and weakness!" she exclaimed to herself. "I must conquer both."

"A gentleman for you, ma'am," said the landlady, throwing open the door, and the next moment her hand was in Hugh Galbraith's.

"I had hoped to be here earlier, Mrs. Temple," he said, in the easiest tone possible; for all his native pertinacity was roused and concentrated on preserving the character of friendship which he had adopted, until it led him—where?—well, he did not at present care to ask. "I had hoped to be earlier, but I was kept waiting for an immense time in Scotland Yard, and then sent to another office; however, here I am at last." He laid aside his hat as he spoke, and sat down, uninvited, at the opposite side of the table.

"And I fear," said Mrs. Temple, taking courage as she noticed his manner, and the tranquil glance with which he

met her eyes—"I fear you have had your trouble for nothing."

"Not absolutely. The police are not quite without hopes of recovering your money. They know that a certain swell-mobsmen was at a sale of somebody's stud, near Lillington, and they are on his tracks. If you knew the number of your note, I fancy it might be all right."

"It is very unfortunate! I drew it out of the bank the afternoon before I started for London, last Monday, and as I was very busy, I omitted to enter the number—a disgraceful oversight for a woman of business," she added smiling.

"I fear you will have to pay a rather heavy forfeit in consequence. By the way, the bank people would know the number! Why don't you telegraph to them? I'll go to the nearest office and do it for you—they can telegraph back directly—and if you send me a line to-night, I can see the inspector to-morrow, the first thing." He stretched out his hand towards his hat as he spoke.

"Stop, stop!" cried Kate, "let me think for a moment."

"There is really nothing to think about," said Galbraith, who could not understand her hesitation, while she confusedly thought of all the mischief that would possibly and probably arise from his becoming mixed up with her affairs. It would be better to telegraph herself, so she said, looking earnestly into Galbraith's grave eyes, and then she remembered her bankrupt condition.

"But the nearest office is a long way off," he urged—"somewhere near Oxford Street, I suspect" (it was before the days of postal telegraphs)—"better leave it to me."

"But the bank people will not tell you anything—they will only do so to me."

"I will telegraph in your name, and give your address."

"Then telegraph to Fanny!" cried Mrs. Temple eagerly. "She can go to the bank; they know her, and will give her the information, and she will lose no time."

"What's the hour now?" said Galbraith, looking at his watch—two-thirty

—barely time. I wish I had not sent off my cab. I will drive down to the office as quickly as I can and return immediately."

"I am sure, Sir Hugh——" began Mrs. Temple, but he was gone, and a vigorous slam of the front door announced his exit. "He is really very good," thought Kate. "It is a great pity we ever became enemies, or that he made the ridiculous mistake of fancying himself in love with me. He has evidently got over it, and is anxious I should think so. I must not on any account seem to look on him as a lover, but accept his friendship frankly! I wonder why he is coming back—he has said his say, and we really have very few topics in common? Perhaps he will not return. He is wonderfully alert—quite another creature!"

But he did return, and sooner than she thought possible.

"I have accomplished my errand," he said cheerfully, reseating himself in the place he had occupied, and throwing open the front of his overcoat, as if he intended staying.

"But you must forgive me for exercising a little discretionary variation from your instructions. I sent the message straight to the bank—there was really no time to spare."

"I suppose it was best; but I trust you used my name. The whole of Pierstiffe would be hysterical with curiosity if you telegraphed on my behalf!"

"I am not quite blockhead enough to do so," replied Galbraith a little indignantly. "I daresay," looking at his watch, "you'll have the answer before six."

"I hope and trust he is not going to sit there and wait for it," thought Kate. His next words reassured her,—

"If you can post to me by six, I shall get the note to-night. There is my address," laying his card on the table; "and I know yours is the pen of a ready writer."

Mrs. Temple smiled, and tried to keep back a slight blush that would come in spite of her.

"It's so unfortunate that I—I mean my friend Mr. Tom is away, or I should not have given you all this trouble; but indeed, Hugh" (the name slipped out quite unnoticed by her, so accustomed had she been for years to think and

speak of him as "Hugh." He shot a quick, keen glance at her, saw her unconsciousness, and shaded his face with his hand for a moment while she finished her sentence) — "indeed, you need do nothing further in the matter. To-morrow I shall be liberated, for I am certain to have money from Fanny, and I can follow up the quest myself, if you will be so good as to tell me the proper quarter to apply to."

"Ah," said Galbraith, looking at her, "then you did not go down to your solicitor as you said you would?"

"No," she returned; then, laughing at his suspicious air, added, "I *have* one, nevertheless, I am sorry to say; but on second thoughts I resolved to send home for what I required."

"I suspect you had not the wherewithal to charter a cab," said he, laughing. "That came of being too proud to borrow a little filthy lucre from me."

"A cab, indeed!" cried Kate. "Do you suppose a hard-working tradeswoman like myself, up in town on troublesome business, would indulge in cabs? No; an omnibus is the extent of my luxury. At any rate, I shall be in funds to-morrow, and able to manage my own affairs, so pray take no further trouble. I do not see why I need write to you to-night. I can see the inspector and give him the number of the note myself."

"You must not think of doing so," replied Galbraith, very earnestly. "It is not pleasant for a delicate, refined woman to go about alone to these places. I cannot allow you to do so, unless, indeed, you will let me accompany you. Besides, as I began the affair, you had much better let me finish it. Two inquirers will only create confusion."

Kate thought a moment. "Has my name appeared at all?"

"No," said Galbraith; "there was no necessity to mention it. A lady had lost her purse, and I was the agent in the matter."

If, then, no one was to know of her being even temporarily mixed up with her enemy, she would not mind so much.

"Well, then, as you are so good," she said slowly, and looking down, fairly beaten by his pertinacity and resolution. "I suppose a day or two will see it ended one way or the other? If not, you must promise me to give it up. I can

always get my solicitor to assist me, you know."

"Ay, and he will charge no end of six-and-eightpences! Believe me, you had better leave it to your unpaid *attaché*."

"Let me substitute unattached assistant," said Kate, laughing and coloring most becomingly, "and I agree."

"So be it," returned Sir Hugh thoughtfully, "so be it;" after an instant's pause he added, "and you will write, then, this evening?"

"Yes, I will write."

"As soon as I have seen the police people in the morning, I will come here. In the meantime, what a frightfully dull day you will have of it!"

"I do not mind being alone—at least I should not if I had not an interview with a solicitor before me," she replied with a little sigh.

"How long do you remain in town?" asked Galbraith, standing up and taking his hat, yet lingering still.

"That depends on my solicitor. I hope to leave on Tuesday. It is not very cheerful here."

"I should think not. I must say good-morning, Mrs. Temple."

"Good morning, Sir Hugh. By-the-by, I shall be out to-morrow morning, so pray do not take the trouble of coming all this way—a note will tell me all that is necessary."

His face clouded over. "I believe you are frank enough to speak the real truth," he said. "Do you distinctly wish me to stay away?"

Kate hesitated; she half wished he would, but only half. Moreover, if she forbade his visits, would it not be confessing that she did not consider him emancipated from his character of a lover? No, she would secure his kindly, friendly feeling—that would be some provision against future difficulties. So looking straight into his eyes, she said, with a bright smile,—

"No, I do not. You know we can be friends for a few days while the shop is out of sight, and inequalities forgotten," and she held out her hand.

Galbraith took it quickly, pressing it for an instant almost painfully tight. "Friends, anyhow," said he, "shop or no shop!" Then, turning away with the words, "Till to-morrow, then," he left the house.

When he was gone, Kate sat down, leaning her elbows on the table and burying her face in her hands. "I wonder if I am doing right in letting him have so much of his own way? Will he think me a treacherous wretch by-and-by? What can I do? I cannot forego my rights to save his feelings. I am almost stupid enough to do so; but what would Tom and Fanny say! I could not be so weak; besides, I may never succeed, and if I fail I shall hate him again—there is such unreasoning prejudice in his contemptuous disregard and disbelief in any caste save his own. He chooses from some whim to credit me with an ancestry, because he knows nothing about it. I almost wish I had no drop of so-called gentle blood in my veins, were it only to contradict his theories. How out of place such a feudal individual is in the middle of the nineteenth century, and yet—" What extenuations her intellect or heart might have urged on Hugh's behalf remained unsuggested, for the landlady put in her head.

"I was thinking, ma'am, as the gentleman is gone you'll be wanting your tea."

"Thank you, Mrs. Small, I shall be glad of some."

Meantime Galbraith walked away south-eastwards, in deep self-communing.

There was no mistake about it. Mrs. Temple had called him "Hugh" familiarly, unconsciously; and never had the harsh name sounded sweetly to him before. It was impossible she could have made such a mistake (as she would have considered it) had she not thought of him tolerably often; not as Sir Hugh Galbraith, Bart., of Kirby Grange, but as one near enough, if not dear enough, to be enshrined in her memory as "Hugh" simply. What did it mean? When he so abruptly, and almost rudely, asked her to be his wife, her tone and manner indicated complete freedom from the least tendency to reciprocate his feelings. The most conceited blockhead that ever curled his whiskers and waxed his moustaches could not mistake it for concealed preference or any other sentimental indication. It was as downright a refusal as ever man received, though not unfeeling. Yet—she called him "Hugh!" Was she coming round to him? Galbraith's veins thrilled at the

idea. Though by no means a self-conceited man, like most others of his stamp, it never occurred to his mind that any woman in the world was too good for him. Still Mrs. Temple had hitherto been an unattainable good; and now a gleam of hope, faint though it was, seemed to dazzle him. But how about those battles which he had fought with himself during his lonely rambles and cruises in the north? He had then come to the conclusion that it was well, after all, he had been rejected, though he should never again have the chance of finding such a glorious helpmate as Kate would be; but that past of hers, which she was so unwilling to reveal, what did it contain? Nothing really bad—nothing. Of that his whole heart acquitted her; but something brought upon her by others, that was possible, and would he not brave that for her sake? Yes, if she had loved him; but was it not well that she did not? Hugh Galbraith was sensitively alive to the honor of the family name. True, his father had somewhat tarnished it, but not in the world's estimation, for he (Hugh) had helped him to pay his debts; but to marry a woman who was in any way touched by disgrace, no weakness would tempt him to such a step he once thought, and now accident, the drift of a woman's fancy, was perhaps his only safeguard. If, therefore, the unconscious use of his name was an indication that the tide was turning in his favor, would it not be wise to seek safety in flight, instead of courting danger by every means in his power? Common sense had no hesitation in answering, but passion, imagination, and self-will are a troublesome team; and if Galbraith could have brought himself even to will obedience to the dictates of prudence, I doubt if he could have followed them, though it is a moot point. "To will" anything is, I suppose, to do it; but this is not a metaphysical treatise. Willing or not, Galbraith determined to see the present act of the drama played out. "If I impress her with an idea of my friendly interest, she may open her heart and tell me her story. She is evidently very much isolated; and at any rate for the next three or four days I shall have her all to myself in this wilderness of brick and mortar."

So reflecting, Galbraith hailed a hansom and rattled away to his club.

The next morning, having been relieved from her embarrassing penniless condition by a post-office order from Fanny, enclosed in an effusive letter, full of dismay and sympathy, Kate sallied forth to leave a note she had written, requesting an interview the following morning at Mr. Wall's office, intending to assure herself that he had arrived the previous night.

Her note to Galbraith had cost her much thought. The "reply wire," as it is familiarly termed in busy offices, did not reach her till seven o'clock the evening before; and she decided to enclose the telegram as it was, which she did, merely saying, "This moment received. Yours, with many thanks, K. T."

She felt a joyous feeling of relief at being able once more to walk boldly forth, and this buoyancy carried her lightly and rapidly to her destination.

She was recognised by the clerk, who sat in a sort of wooden cage near the door, where he noted down the entrances of the seekers of justice or injustice, and he paid her immediate and polite attention.

"Note for Mr. Wall, madam? Certainly, it shall be given to him directly he arrives."

"I am told he was to return last night."

"Unfortunately he is detained at Dieppe by a severe cold, and fears he cannot travel till Monday."

"I am very, very sorry for every reason;" and Kate felt almost choked with a lump that would rise in her throat.

"Will you step in, madam, and speak to Mr. Wreford?"

"No, thank you; it would be of no avail." She turned away, all her buoyancy gone—everything seemed against her. Five pounds lost, and another costly week in London probably before her, while her presence was so sorely needed at Pierstiffe. She felt too much cast down to face the long walk back, so she took refuge in an omnibus.

The next day was Sunday, a rather wearisome day under any circumstances, but doubly so in a small temporary London lodging.

Kate was half amused, half angry with herself for the sort of disappointment she had felt at the nonappearance of Galbraith on the previous day. She was naturally anxious, though not very hopeful, about her five pounds; but over and above this motive she would have been thankful for the seasonable break in the depressing monotony of the day, which his presence, and perhaps a little argument, would have afforded.

To-day he would not of course come. Men like him generally went away somewhere to avoid the sepulchral aspect of a London Sabbath. Moreover, a Sunday visit implied a certain degree of intimacy. "To be sure," thought Kate, as she tied on her bonnet before going to church, "our acquaintance is altogether exceptional—a sort of byway not amenable to the rules that govern the turnpike-roads of good society."

She walked some distance to hear a celebrated preacher, and then, as the weather, though not wet, was dull and chill and misty, resigned herself to remain indoors, made up a bright fire, and drawing a low folding-chair—the only tolerably comfortable seat in the room—near the hearth, selected the toughest book of those provided by Tom Reed's kindly thought, and settled herself for a few hours' reading. But her attention was not quite so steady as she expected; she caught herself listening to the passing vehicles, which were few and far between, although she had quite made up her mind that Galbraith would not come on Sunday.

Half an hour had hardly passed thus, when something drove up very rapidly and stopped suddenly. Then an impatient rap with the diminutive knocker, which sounded on the thin, unseasoned wood more like "the woodpecker tapping on the hollow beech tree" than the regulation "thunder claps" which "Jeames" used to discharge upon aristocratic entrances before bells had superseded knockers. The next moment Galbraith was bidding her "Good morning."

"Could not manage to come up here yesterday till it was later than you might have liked," he began, drawing a chair opposite her, as she resumed her seat, making herself quite at home, to Kate's amusement; yet her amusement was tinged with shades of compassion and

regret. "I did not get your note till nearly twelve o'clock yesterday," continued Galbraith. "I stayed at the club till after the last delivery the night before, and began to think you had changed your mind, and were going to cast me adrift. However, your note explained all, short as it was. I have received very few letters from ladies in my life, and I have always understood that brevity is not their characteristic, but yours was literally but three words."

"Yet it told you all that was necessary," said Kate smiling.

"Very true. Well, when I got down to the — Street Station the inspector was gone away somewhere, and I had to wait some time. He was very glad to get the number of the note, and said he thought they might manage it now. That is literally all I have to tell you, Mrs. Temple."

"Thank you very much." Then, after a little pause, she added, "Of course I must give some reward; there will be something to pay?"

"A mere trifle. The police are paid for their work by Government, and I dare say you contribute quite enough in the shape of taxes towards their maintenance."

There was a pause—neither knew exactly what to say next, though their hearts were full enough.

"And are you off on Tuesday?" asked Sir Hugh at last.

"No. I am sorry to say I find the solicitor I wanted to see does not return till Monday, and" (with a sigh) "he may not return even then. So I have not a very lively prospect before me; and I want so much to return."

"It is very annoying," said Galbraith sympathisingly, though a subdued smile lit up his eyes. "However, I hope you will have as little as possible to do with lawyers and law."

"I am on the brink of a lawsuit, I believe," replied Kate, urged by she knew not what impulse to approach the deep but narrow gulf between them, of which her companion was so unconscious.

"Well, pull up before you are absolutely over," said Galbraith earnestly. "I was once very near going in for one myself."

"Why did you not?" she asked, gazing away into the fire.

"Because I got what I wanted without it."

"I will give up mine on the same terms," retorted Kate, with a thoughtful smile. "Perhaps my adversary may come to some accommodation, as it is termed. Tell me, have you ever found any trace of the lady you were in search of?"

"What lady?" asked Galbraith, looking puzzled.

"Perhaps I am indiscreet in alluding to the subject; but in a letter I once wrote for you, you made some inquiries about your uncle's or some relation's widow."

"Yes, yes, of course. I am not in the habit of thinking of her as a lady. You mean Mrs. Travers. No; we can find no trace of her whatever. It is very curious," he continued musingly, "the way she has vanished. I mean, I cannot account for her rejection of my offers; it is not in keeping with what I imagine the character of her class."

"What was her class?"

"Tradespeople; at least, I heard she was niece or relation to a man who used to supply old Travers with fishing-tackle. I think Travers took the lodgings, where he met her, through him. She was daughter to the woman of the house. Whether she acted as servant or not, I do not know; at any rate, she fascinated my deluded relative; but if the right will had not turned up she should have had a tussle for the property."

"Do you imagine she will ever try to disturb your possession of it?" asked Kate, leaning forward to replace a piece of coal which had fallen from the fire.

"No; that is quite out of the question. The will could not be upset; but I confess it is very hard lines for her to be sent adrift upon the world without a rap, after living in luxury for a few years."

"It seems cruelly unjust."

"It does," returned Galbraith thoughtfully; "and I always fancy poor old Travers must have found out some wrongdoing of hers to induce him to make so great a change in his intentions. My own idea," he went on, as if speaking to himself, "is that there was something going on between her and that clerk."

"What clerk?" asked Kate quietly.

"Ford, the manager. He knew her

before her marriage—knew her well, from what he has admitted to me; and there was always something devilish queer, a sort of sentimental kind of restraint in his tone when speaking of her, that suggested the notion that all was not right. Then there was the five hundred pounds bequeathed to Ford in the first will, and never mentioned in the second. I think it is all very suspicious!"

"What do you suspect?" said Kate, rising and taking a paper screen from the chimney-piece to shade her face.

"Various delinquencies," returned Galbraith with a grim smile. "Perhaps they agreed to marry, and share the money after the poor old fellow's death. If such a thing came to his knowledge—and a stray letter or a moment's incaution might betray them—such a will as Travers left would be the best sort of revenge."

"But have they married—this Mr. Ford and your friend's widow?" asked Kate.

"No—not that I know of; though they may. I can hardly believe Ford to be as ignorant of her whereabouts as he pretends. They may have married privately, but in any case I do not think either can disturb *me*. I hope you are as safe to win your cause, whatever it may be, as I am in my possession!"

"I should expect any wickedness from a woman base enough to plan marriage with another during her husband's lifetime."

"Well it is only my supposition, Mrs. Temple, and you must remember her perception of right and wrong was no doubt much less delicate and acute than that of a woman of your class. It is absurd to attribute the feelings and motives of our grade to those in a lower strata."

"My class, 'our grade,'" repeated Kate, turning her eyes full upon him. "What difference is there between your cousin's wife and myself? I keep a small shop—I let lodgings——"

"With as fatal a result," put in Galbraith, an unusual sparkle of fun gleaming in his eyes. The remark was irresistible.

"Hush, hush," returned Kate good-humoredly, pleased at the lightness of his tone. "We have agreed to forget all temporary insanities; but why should,

not this lady—well, this young woman—not possess as keen a sense of honor as you credit me with?"

"Because it's not natural. She might be honest enough to keep from any wrongdoing during her husband's lifetime, but not have the delicacy to resist planning what would do him no actual material harm. It is the associations, the habits of life, the tone of every one and everything around that makes a gentlewoman what she is, or ought to be."

"'Ought to be,' is well put in, Sir Hugh. Does nature, which is, after all, the groundwork for our embroideries—forgive a professional illustration—does nature count for nothing? The true kindly instincts of the heart—and, remember, the highest good breeding is but the outward and visible sign of this inward grace—will often make the humblest woman act with both delicacy and tact. Have you never met with absolute vulgarity in high places? And let me assure you, though you choose to imagine me—I scarce know what—my people are and were what I am, shopkeepers, not on a large scale."

"I do not care what they were. I only know you look like a princess very slightly disguised." As Galbraith said this he leant his arms upon the table, looking straight at her, pleasantly, frankly, but not in the least like a lover.

"I claim to be more than a princess, whatever my faults may be," returned Kate, speaking softly as if to herself. "I claim to be a true-hearted woman."

A silence ensued, which both felt to be dangerous, yet Galbraith dared not speak. At length Kate's thoughts, having shot along some curiously interwoven lines of association, suddenly stopped on the topic of Galbraith's antagonism.

"But why have you so strong an antipathy to this woman—this widow?"

"I certainly had a very strong antipathy to her."

"Had?" repeated Kate. "Is it, then, passed by?"

"Well, yes; one generally feels more amiable to a defeated enemy."

"True; still why did you hate her? Did she injure you?"

"She did. She extinguished the hopes of my whole life," returned Galbraith earnestly. "Travers always led me to suppose I was to be his heir, and I had

perfect trust in his justice. He was as cold and dry and hard as a piece of granite, and he was a gentleman of the same blood as myself; if it did not sound absurd to talk of sympathy (I have picked up the word from you, Mrs. Temple) between two such men as Travers and myself, I should say there was a good deal. I really felt like a son, or rather a younger brother, towards him. If he had come to grief, I would have shared my last shilling with him; not as a mere duty, for I owed him that much, but gladly; and then to find him throwing me over for a mere bit of vulgar prettiness, a girl nearly young enough to be his granddaughter—not even a gentlewoman!—at his age! I never felt so disgusted, by heaven! I was as much cut up at having my respect for the old man destroyed, as at seeing my prospects go overboard. Nor do I believe Travers would ever have been so unjust, so unlike himself, if a strong pressure had not been brought to bear upon him. I think his ultimate action proves that he found he had made a mistake, and was anxious to atone. Still he must have had some strong reason for disinheriting the wife; and they lived peacefully together to the last. That is the strangest part of the story," added Galbraith thoughtfully.

"It is, indeed," said Kate, who had listened with avidity and a beating heart to this long speech—unusually long for Galbraith—and now only forced herself to speak, lest her silence should permit him to wander from the subject. "I cannot, indeed, wonder at your hating this obnoxious woman." She was unconscious of the earnest, appealing gaze she poured into his eyes as she spoke, but it riveted his attention, and swept the wicked widow and his wrongs out of his thoughts. "Still," urged Kate, speaking soft and low, "she may have been innocent of any intention to harm you. She might have been very poor and desolate, as I think I suggested to you once before, and poverty is more terrible than you can know—real poverty. When your kinsman asked her to be his wife, she knew nothing of you or your hopes; she may never have influenced him against you. Are you sure that in your anger you did nothing to offend this Mr. Travers?" How strange it was to speak thus of her dead husband to her foe!

"Why, yes. I certainly wrote a letter on the spur of the moment which could not be exactly pleasant to him or the female he had been pleased to bestow his name on. But I don't regret it; I should do the same thing again. However, he did not like it, for he never replied, and I only heard vague reports of him for the next two or three years. Then came the news of his death, and of that infamous first will. The widow wrote me an insolent letter through her solicitors, offering me a third of the property as a free gift; but the idea of being under an obligation to her for what ought to have been my own, was more than I could stand," and Galbraith, warming with his subject, started up as if to pace the room; but its narrow limits forbid that favorite exercise, so he resumed his seat, and listened attentively to his companion's words.

"It was not such an illiberal offer after all," she was saying thoughtfully.

"I grant that. It was more; it was rather an extraordinary offer, and meant to keep me quiet; for I fancy she knew the second will existed, or feared I might find a flaw in the first. Of course, had I agreed to accept her terms, I could have made no move against her under the first will; and no one could have foreseen that a curious accident should have led Ford to discover the second one. Fortunately he was an honest man, or, rather, rational enough not to risk a felony, so he handed it over to my solicitors or her solicitors, and it was all right."

"For you—yes! Then, the sum of your opinion is, that this Mrs. Travers strove to alienate your benefactor's affections from you; was found out in some disgraceful intrigue; was ready to bribe you to silence, and to destroy the will made by her husband under the influence of his just indignation against her?"

"Yes; that is a tolerably accurate outline."

"Never say again that you are an unimaginative man, Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Mrs. Temple slowly, in an altered voice. "You have built up an ingenious theory on very small foundation."

"Perhaps so. I confess this woman's disappearance has puzzled me. Sometimes I think it shows that she is all right, with more in her than I gave her

credit for. Sometimes I think her keeping out of my way a confession of guilt; still I don't like to think of her being in want or difficulty. And, by Jove, I will find her! But I must have bored you with my affairs, Mrs. Temple. One of the privileges of friendship, you know! I can't tell how it is, but I think I talk more to you than to any one else."

"I am interested in your story, Sir Hugh; that is the reason. But I tell you candidly I am disposed to take sides with the widow against you."

"That of course. You are always in opposition. Still I fancy I am right in the main. I have heard traits of Mrs. Travers—small indications of the current that show she is grasping and selfish and mean. She cannot be so pretty either! Ford said she had reddish hair, and of course she was bad style."

"I suppose she was," said Kate composedly; "but if she were to make any attempt to disturb you?"

"Oh, I should fight every inch of ground. If my whole fortune went in law, she should have none of it."

"Would you resist a *just* claim?"

"It could not be just, you see. Nothing could upset the last will."

Kate sighed.

"I have been trespassing on you unconscionably," said Galbraith. "The shades of evening are closing, and I had better go. If you admit me to-morrow, I will promise not to prose about myself."

"To-morrow," returned Kate dreamily. "Are you coming to-morrow?"

"Yes, of course," cried Galbraith boldly, though for half a second he had hesitated whether he should say so, or ask permission to come. "I hope to bring you your money to-morrow. When is this solicitor of yours to return?"

"To-morrow, I hope," said Kate, with a sigh.

"I suspect you will be in the down-below until you see him."

"And perhaps after," she said smiling. "Good-bye, Sir Hugh."

"The fight will be a bitter one," thought Kate, as she sat alone after her tea. "But I am bound to carry it through. In justice to myself I must show that my poor husband never for a moment doubted me. I wonder if Hugh

Galbraith's friendship,"—even in her thoughts she emphasised "friendship,"—will stand the test of discovering my identity with 'the female to whom his cousin was pleased to give his name!' Will not the surreptitious winning of his—well—regard, be my crowning iniquity? Oh, Hugh! I do not want to rob you of what ought, indeed, to be your own."

But Monday brought no Mr. Wall, nor Tuesday, nor Wednesday; nevertheless they brought Hugh Galbraith with almost undeviating regularity to the commonplace little cottage, which was a corner of paradise, [though an uneasy paradise to him.

Kate felt a little worried by his visits. She felt she ought not to allow them; but she was an exceedingly unconventional woman, and a fearless one. Moreover, she was interested in her visitor. She did not acknowledge it to herself, but she would have missed him. There was a subtle pleasure to her in the sense that she was charming to him; that Kate Temple was thus revenging the injuries of Catharine Travers. Yet she did not intend any cruelty, any real revenge. "When he knows who I am, he will find the knowledge sufficiently repulsive to give me no more trouble," she thought; "and if he is brought to confess that he did Mrs. Travers injustice, he may agree to reasonable arrangements with Mrs. Temple."

It was very strange to have him sitting there familiarly with her by the fireside in the dusk of the October evenings, just as he might have sat with her in her more stately home had he come back from India on good terms with her husband. No, not exactly. Hugh Galbraith would never have permitted his eyes and voice to speak the language they often did—friendship notwithstanding—had he known her as his cousin's wife; and as she thought so, her heart leaped up in a great throb of delight to know that she was free.

It was very strange to be thus swept by the eddy of her life's current into this still pool for an instant's rest before she was hurried on again into the rapids. Strange, but also delightful—more delightful than she confessed even to her-

self. But then it was only an instant's lull. It must not, should not, last longer.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE only result of Mrs. Temple's daily visits of inquiry to the office of Messrs. Wall and Wreford was the promised communication from Captain Gregory enclosing a letter of his late father's with his signature, which she placed carefully with the documents Tom Reed had left her for Mr. Wall's information. Kate felt greatly tempted to proceed to Doctors' Commons and compare the writing with that upon the will, but she feared to take any step without either Reed's or Mr. Wall's knowledge. She therefore strove to possess her soul in patience till the moment for action came.

Tom wrote also. He had paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of his chief, and hoped to be in London within another week. So far there was a slight movement in her enforced stagnation. At last, on Thursday morning, when she had gone down to the office more mechanically than hopefully, she found good tidings. Mr. Wall had arrived the night before, had been at the office that morning for half an hour, had read his letters, and left word that he would be happy to see Mrs. Travers the next day at eleven. (She had left no address, not liking to acknowledge that she bore a feigned name at her lodgings.)

This sudden fulfilment of her long-delayed hope sent her back to her temporary abode somewhat tremulous, with a curious confusion of thought seething and bubbling round one central idea. "To-morrow I am to lay the first charge in the mine that is to shatter Hugh's fortunes! Will he ever accept the fragments back from the hands that wrought the mischief?"

She felt that in her present mood she could not meet Galbraith, so purposely made a long *détour* in order to reach her lodgings after his usual hour for calling.

"The gentleman has been here, ma'am," said the landlady, as she opened the door. "He was very sorry to miss you, and asked to come in and write a note: it's on the table."

Kate walked in, looked at it, and then stirred the fire, took off her bonnet and wraps, and even folded them up with me-

chanical neatness before she opened the missive. How would this straightforward, rather rigid nature judge her? Would she not seem false and double-dealing in his eyes? Would not his idea of his cousin's widow be on the whole confirmed by the line of conduct she had adopted? What did he write about? Perhaps to say he was obliged to leave town and should not see her again. She hoped so; it would be better and wiser. She opened the note, and colored with pleasure to find her conjecture wrong.

"So sorry not to find you," ran the epistle, in large, ugly, but legible writing; "for I cannot call to-morrow. Obligated to run down to see my sister at Richmond; but hope to call the day after with some intelligence of your five pounds. I trust you have caught the lawyer at last, and found all right.—Yours very truly, HUGH GALBRAITH."

Something had been begun below, and had been carefully obliterated. She had to-morrow, then, perfectly clear for her interview, and for reflection afterwards; but the day after she would see him for the last time as a friend, probably for the last time in any character. Soon he would be a bitterer, probably a more contemptuous foe than ever. And then the thought arose—ought she to see him again? Would it not be wiser and kinder to avoid any further interviews? She blushed to think she had not hitherto avoided them as she ought—she might! Well, now she would check the culpable weakness; she would be firm. If it were possible, after her interview with Mr. Wall the next day, she would leave town on Saturday, and send a few lines of polite acknowledgment to Galbraith. Of the lost five pounds they had almost ceased to speak. She felt it was now but an excuse for meeting. Not altogether blinded by his tolerable assumption of friendliness, Kate had formed but a faint idea of the depth and reality of Galbraith's passion for her. In truth, though mature in some ways, especially in a genial mellowness, resulting from richness of nature rather than the ripening of time, Kate was only learning the A B C of love. As yet she did not quite recognise the direction in which her own feelings were drifting. The ice of an uncongenial marriage closing over the warm currents of

her heart kept it pure and free from all the false mirage-like shadows of the real deity, but ready to receive the fullest, deepest, most indelible impression of the true god once he either smiled or frowned upon her.

As to her lover, whatever chance of recovery he might have had before, the last week of quiet, delicious intercourse had utterly swept away; and with all the force of his will he resolved that nothing but her own resolute rejection of him should separate them. Her past might be doubtful. He felt certain she could explain everything. That any shadow of dishonor should ever dim those frank, fearless eyes, he would not for a moment believe. Whatever was in the past or future, the spell of her presence had struck the imprisoned fountain of youth and joy that had so long lain congealed in the dark recesses of his soul, and all the world was changed to him.

Having fully determined to explain everything to Mr. Wall, and arrange, if possible, to leave town the next day without seeing Galbraith, Kate started to keep her appointment. It was nearly two years since she had gone into that well-remembered room with a suppressed sensation of bitter wrath and defeat, to place the will that laid her fortunes low in the hands of the lawyer, and now she was taking the first step towards the recovery of her rights with feelings not a whit less painful.

"Well, Mrs. Travers," said Mr. Wall a little stiffly, "this is a very unexpected visit indeed. I thought you had disappeared altogether."

"And you are not the least glad to see me?"

She took the lawyer's wrinkled hand as she spoke, smiling with pleasant reproachfulness.

"I confess I should have been better pleased had you treated me with more confidence, of which I flatter myself I am not undeserving," replied Mr. Wall, visibly relaxing.

"You deserve, and you have my confidence, my dear sir. I know you are displeased at my concealing my abode from you."

"I am, and naturally. Nor was it judicious to have for your sole confidant

a young man—a young man of attractive manners and appearance," he interrupted.

"Instead of one older, certainly, but similar in other respects."

"Ah, my dear lady, that will not do," returned Mr. Wall, smiling in spite of himself, so sweetly and brightly was this morsel of transparent flattery offered.

"Well, well, Mr. Wall, let us speak seriously. I am going to tell you everything—everything—under the seal of confession. Had you known my abode you would have persecuted me to accept Sir Hugh Galbraith's splendid offer of three hundred a year, would you not?"

"I certainly would have urged your acceptance of it," he returned, entrenching himself behind his professional manner once more.

"Well, you see I have escaped *that* by concealing my whereabouts," resumed his client. "Moreover, my chief reason for hiding it was to save you the shock you would have probably felt had you known that I had made up my mind to keep a shop, instead of adopting any genteeler method of earning my bread."

"A shop!" echoed Mr. Wall, infinitely surprised, not to say horrified. "My late respected friend and client's name over a shop!"

"Considering that you believe your respected client capable of leaving the wife he professed to love unprovided for, penniless, to battle alone with the world, you have no right to exclaim at any honest use I may put his name to," said Kate very quietly. "But as I have a higher opinion of him than you have, and never will believe that he was guilty of the cruel will *you* accept, I preserved the respect due—you would say to his name, I say due to his natural prejudices—and did *not* put his name over my—shop," a little pause, an arch smile as she pronounced the obnoxious word. "Nay, more, Mr. Wall; I dropped the name altogether."

"Have you been living under a false name, then?" asked Mr. Wall drily, in a tone which implied the highest moral disapprobation, and not only expressed his real feeling, but was a *quid pro quo* for the tone of quiet rebuke she had adopted, and which nettled the orthodox lawyer, as showing too high a spirit of independence for a woman, and a poor woman

to boot. Mr. Wall was a very good, honest man, but thoroughly imbued with the "respectability worship" which pervades so large and so valuable a section of English life. He flattered himself that he had the presumptuous young widow, who was after all only reduced to her original nothingness by her husband's eccentric will, at his foot, morally, by the admission she had just made. "You have been living under a false name, then?"

"Precisely," she replied, looking straight into his eyes, with an expression he did not quite like, and very different from the smile that played upon her softly-curved lips.

"And may I ask if you consider such a proceeding respectable?"

"I really never thought about it," she said, slightly raising her eyebrows. "I don't suppose *you* think so. Our habits of thought are no doubt widely different. At any rate, I adopted the name of Temple, and started in the Berlin-wool and fancy-work line. You see, my intercourse with poor Mr. Travers developed my commercial faculties," she went on rapidly. "I established myself at the little seaside town of Pierstofte; and I have succeeded fairly. I determined to wait there in humble independence until I could find some evidence on which to found an attempt to upset the will that robbed me. I have found it; and I am come to lay it before you."

As she spoke she drew forth a paper, in which she had written as shortly as possible an account of Tom Reed's interview with Poole—the expert's opinion; Captain Gregory's assertion that the will his father signed must have been executed before the 10th of March, and drawing the lawyer's attention to the great improbability that another totally different will had been made within ten days of that drawn out by Gregory. This she placed upon his desk.

"You are really a wonderful woman, Mrs. Travers," said Mr. Wall, with a sort of reluctant admiration. "Before I look at this, may I ask who supplied the capital for your undertaking?"

"I did, myself. You know Sir Hugh Galbraith could not claim my jewels. I have been completely on my own resources; and I owe no man, or woman either, anything."

Strange! in that office she could speak

of Galbraith with something of her old enmity.

The lawyer applied himself to the memoranda she had handed him, without another word: even in the eyes of respectability, a woman who can make money is free of this world's guile.

Kate sat very patiently while her adviser perused her statement slowly; oh, how slowly! She even forced herself to take up a morning paper which lay on the office table, that Mr. Wall might feel himself at liberty to take his time. But she did not follow the arguments of the leader with much attention. She kept repeating to herself, "I must not be cast down by anything he says; he will be sure to decry the value of this information." She kept very still, just speaking the exact words necessary to answer an occasional question.

At last, after what seemed a whole hour of suspense, Mr. Wall laid down the paper, stared for a moment or two across the room at vacancy, then, putting his hands in his pockets, he exclaimed, "This is very curious, very!" Kate refrained from speaking, although he was looking to her for words. "I suppose it seems to you proof positive that the will under which Sir Hugh Galbraith takes—is a forgery?"

"Presumptive, at any rate. What does it seem to you?"

"Well—" long drawn out—"strongly presumptive, but not conclusive; far from conclusive. Has Mr. Reed seen this man Poole?—seen him, I mean, on this subject?" tapping the paper.

"No. He rather fears opening it up to Poole, who is a silly sort of man, and still in the office. I suppose I must say Hugh Galbraith's office."

"I must see him. Though I do not wish to encourage any false hopes, Mrs. Travers, this matter must be looked into."

After some pertinent questioning and discussion, from which Kate gathered that the dry old lawyer was more favorable to her views than she had dared to hope, he observed: "It would be folly to open up the subject without securing ample proof, for it will be a costly battle. I need hardly remind you that justice is a costly commodity."

"It is; but in this cause I am prepared to sacrifice all I possess."

"And suppose you are beaten; how afterwards?"

"With these, and this," holding out her hand, and then touching her brow, "I shall never starve." Then, after a moment's pause, "But we must not stir openly till we are certain of victory."

"When does your friend, Mr. Reed, return?"

"On Tuesday or Wednesday next, I am almost sure."

"I think I shall wait for him before I take any step; he is a shrewd fellow, as well as I remember, and remarkably interested in you."

"He is," returned Kate, smiling at the suspicion of her adviser's tone. "He has taken up my cause almost as warmly as if it was his own."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Wall, drily. "I shall, then, have an able and willing assistant in him. Meantime I shall look over these papers quietly this evening at home; and I think I should like to see you to-morrow, when I have digested the pabulum you have brought me. Can you call about the same time?"

"Certainly, Mr. Wall; and if you are not likely to want me any more, I think I shall return to Pierstoffe to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes, to be sure. How do you manage about your shop when you are absent?"—a little emphasis on "shop."

"I have a very capable assistant."

"Well, it was a curious idea to adopt that line of business."

Kate smiled.

"However," continued Mr. Wall, "there is no reason why you should not return to-morrow. I wish to see you only because I wish to give you a more careful opinion than I can offer after such a cursory glance at your case; and I am most anxious to prevent your exciting yourself with unfounded hopes. These will cases are most difficult, most doubtful; and, you see, your adversary is in possession. However," rising in token of dismissal, "I am sincerely interested in you, Mrs. Travers, though perhaps not so ardently as your friend Mr. Reed, for I acknowledge you have been hardly dealt by; still, if I could have matters arranged as I should wish, I would not have Sir Hugh Galbraith disinherited either. I always looked upon him as Mr. Travers's adopted son—a fine, hon-

orable, well-conducted young man! and if you change places with him, the hardship will be shifted to his shoulders."

"I think with you," returned Kate very earnestly. "Believe me, my motive is not to rob Hugh Galbraith, but to right myself. But when I succeed, my dear sir, I shall trust to your good offices to make a juster division between us than will then be legally possible. You know my theory——"

"There, there, there," interrupted the lawyer; "just as I thought; on this slender suggestion, rather than evidence, you think you have the property in your hand again! And pray what is your theory?"

"I am not quite so sanguine, I assure you," said she smiling; "though I confess to believing that at the other side of a range of difficulties we shall find success. As to my theory, I believe my late husband did make a second will, and one far more just, probably providing well for me, but leaving the bulk of his property to Hugh Galbraith; and it is for this that the present will has been substituted."

"But by whom, my dear madam, by whom? There is not a soul interested in the matter save yourself and Sir Hugh."

"That is just what we must find out," replied Kate. She could not bring herself to reveal her true convictions to that dry old lawyer. She was always so ashamed of acknowledging Ford's feelings towards her, it seemed such a lowering of herself. "But I must not keep you," she added hastily, and bidding Mr. Wall good-morning, she walked slowly down B—— Street, settling her plans in her own mind. There was a train to Stoneborough at 1.20, which would enable her to catch a little, sleepy, local one to Pierstofte at six, and so she would be ready for a quiet, peaceful Sunday at home, without any chance of a disturbing, interesting, irritating visit from Hugh Galbraith, whose sombre eyes had of late acquired such a variety of expression, and had begun to produce an effect upon herself she could neither account for nor resist. Small chance indeed of ever meeting him on any terms again. Soon he would be plunged into trouble enough to obliterate any fanciful notions about herself. And

then when he knew all! She would not try to imagine his possible condition of mind.

Coming back to the present, Kate remembered she had put a list which Fanny had sent, of divers and sundry articles required for the "Bazaar," in her pocket, and she would now go on to the City and procure them, so that, after her interview with Mr. Wall the next day, she should have nothing to do but drive to the train. She accordingly made her way to Holborn, and took "omnibus" to Cheapside.

It was past four o'clock, and already dusk when Kate neared her abode. She felt weary and utterly cast down. True, Mr. Wall was on the whole less unfavorable than she ventured to hope; true, she would be to-morrow in her safe, quiet home; still her native buoyancy seemed to have deserted her. As she walked rather slowly along, she turned over in her mind the terms in which she would write to Hugh Galbraith. Her note must be friendly, neither too warm nor too cold; slightly playful, she thought, would be best. Here a hansom dashed by; the occupant glanced through the window, stopped the driver, descended, and paid him hastily; turning in the opposite direction from whence he came, he was speedily face to face with Mrs. Temple, who had recognised the tall, straight figure directly he had sprung to the ground.

"This is a bit of good fortune for an unlucky fellow, as I generally am," said Galbraith, raising his hat and speaking with a degree of animation that formerly was very unusual to him. "If I had not been looking this side, I should have driven on to your lodgings and missed you again."

"I thought you were to be at Richmond to-day," said Kate, whose composure was severely tried by his unexpected appearance, the color coming up in her pale cheek, and then leaving it paler than before.

"My sister writes to me to go to-morrow instead, so I have run up to see you to-day," returned Galbraith, walking on beside her, his eyes riveted on her face for a few unguarded seconds.

"And I suppose there is no news of my purse?" said Kate quickly.

"None, I am sorry to say; in fact, I have come to tell you there is nothing to tell." Galbraith twisted his moustaches and smiled as he spoke.

"It is a long way to come for nothing," exclaimed Kate incautiously, and wished immediately she had not spoken, though Hugh only remarked—

"For nothing—yes."

A few minutes' silence, and they were at Mrs. Temple's lodging. Galbraith, without waiting for any invitation, followed her in very deliberately.

"Dear, dear, your fire is near out, ma'am," cried the landlady, as she threw open the door of the little front parlor. "I will bring a few sticks and make it burn up in a jiffey."

"Do, Mrs. Small," said Kate, a chill feeling striking through her with a visible shiver. "I am cold and tired."

The landlady lit the gas, and bustled away.

"You look tired and pale," said Galbraith, advancing to the hearth-rug and leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece while he gazed kindly and gravely upon her. "I suppose I ought to leave you?" He spoke with the curious familiarity which had grown up between them.

"You may stay a while, if you like," she returned in the same tone, and urged to the words by a strange reluctance to part with him all at once, without a little more talk, perhaps a last argument. The return of Mrs. Small and the lighting up of the fire were a seasonable diversion; and while the operation was in progress Kate loosened her cloak and took off her bonnet, with the easy graceful naturalness that was one of her great charms in Galbraith's eyes, seating herself in her favorite low chair, her hands clasped upon her knee, without once looking in the glass to see if her hair was rough or smooth.

"And you," began Galbraith, drawing a chair opposite—"have you seen this absentee lawyer of yours yet?"

"Yes; I have had a long interview with him to-day."

"Hence these—not tears, but pale cheeks?" said Galbraith.

"No, indeed; my interview was less crushing than I feared."

"That is, you are encouraged to go to law?"

"Almost."

"If it is 'almost' only, take my advice and don't."

"Your advice! You are not much of a lawyer, Sir Hugh."

"Perhaps not." A pause followed.

"Do you know," resumed Galbraith, "it was only a week yesterday since I met you at H——?"

"Only a week! It seems a year ago," said Kate dreamily.

"It does," he returned; "and it seems two or three since I looked up and met your murderous glance the day you were first good enough to write a letter for me at Pierstoffe."

This was dangerous ground, and Kate determined to lead away from it as soon as possible.

"How can you persist in such absurdity! It was a sickly fancy of yours that I looked murderously at you. Why should I?—you, a stranger I had never seen in my life before."

"It was no fancy, Mrs. Temple! I shall never forget your look, and I have seen something like it since in your eyes."

"There is no use in arguing with you, I know, on that subject. Pray, do you ever feel any inconvenience from your arm now, Sir Hugh?"

"No; it is all right when I do not think of it. But sometimes when I do, I hesitate about using it;" and he stretched it out and bent it. "And when are you to be released from your solitude here, and restored to your pretty little partner and Mrs. Mills?"

"I am not perfectly sure yet; not till I see the lawyer to-morrow: but soon, I am sure. By-the-way, Sir Hugh, you had better give me the inspector's name and address, that I may send him mine at Pierstoffe, in case he should recover my money."

"I can do that for you. It is just possible he might not like to give you your own except through me."

"Will you do this for me then?"

"I will."

"Are you going to make any stay in town?" she asked next, to break the silence.

"My movements are very uncertain.

I find my friend Upton is going into your neighborhood next week. He is going to stay with Lady Styles, who is some relation of his."

"Oh, indeed!" in a rather dissatisfied

tone; "and are you to be of the party?"

"No, I am not invited. I suppose I shall drift away back to the very tumble-down home of my fathers, if no good reason arises for staying in the south."

"And have you given up all idea of going into parliament?"

"Far from it, but I have postponed that project. Next year I shall think of adding myself to the 'obstructives,' as I think I heard you once say, Mrs. Temple."

"I hope you will not! I do hope not!" she exclaimed. "You really must look about you and read, and convince yourself that it is a terrible waste of time and strength to attach yourself to the Conservative faction. It is impossible to stand still."

"Is it not rare to meet so decided a democrat as you are, Mrs. Temple, among women?"

"I do not know; and I do not think I am what is generally considered a democrat—that is, I am more disposed to raise up than to pull down." She spoke carelessly, without the earnestness and animation she usually displayed when discussing any topic that interested her. Galbraith noticed this, and persisted with his subject, fearing that if any long pause ensued he would be compelled to leave her.

"And how far down would you extend your raising system?"

"To any depth where human life exists."

"And then when all are masters, how would the work of the world go on?"

"Ah, Sir Hugh, you ask that because you do not take the trouble to think! Obedience is not the virtue of the ignorant. Who, in all dangerous or difficult expeditions, bears hardship and privation best? Who is the most subordinate, submitting cheerfully, for the sake of discipline, even to regulations the wisdom of which he doubts? The cultivated gentleman."

"Yes, that is true enough; but in ordinary life cultivated gentlemen would not be satisfied with rough labor—ploughing fields and making railways; and we *must* have hewers of wood and drawers of water."

"By the time all men are wrought up such a pitch we shall have found

some substitute for hard manual labor, which, by-the-way, has nothing in it degrading; and God knows we are at so great, so enormous a distance from even a decent platform of education and habit—I mean among our lower classes—that the most rigid Tory among you might safely give a helping hand without fearing that a day of disabling cultivation will arrive too soon. But it is always the same. I suppose when slavery began to die out in England the Galbraiths of that day (I suppose there were Galbraiths then) thought the country was going to the dogs, and that law, order, property, were endangered."

Galbraith smiled. "Still, if men are raised to a higher state of intelligence and cultivation, they will demand political power, and we know what *that* is in the hands of the multitude."

"Not a cultivated multitude," she replied; "we have never seen that. I do not think you make sufficient allowance for the natural common sense of Englishmen. Besides, I have a sort of dim notion that political rights are an education in themselves; a sense of responsibility makes a man think—teaches him self-respect. If a child is forever in leading-strings he cannot learn to stand alone. The French were in leading-strings all the hundreds of years of their national life, till the supreme moment when, with mature passion but childish intellect, they burst their bonds, and gave Europe a picture awful and horrible enough, but not worse than might have been logically expected."

"You think, then, that we ought to have no political privileges beyond those of our laborers and artisans?"

"My ideas are crude," said Kate thoughtfully; "but I do believe that the key to the real position of what is termed the ruling class was given to us more than eighteen hundred and fifty years ago in the sentence, 'Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'"

"You are quite original, Mrs. Temple!"

"I wish I could think so," she said smiling; "but I don't suppose I ever had an original idea in my life. My highest attainment is to understand other people's ideas. However, I have not converted you—I can see that, nor do I

expect it; but I should be pleased if I could persuade you to believe there are two sides to the conservative question. Your opinions are of some importance, mine have none, except to myself."

"I'm not quite so pig-headed a fellow as you imagine," returned Galbraith laughing. "I shall not bind myself hand and foot to any leader; but, though I do not like to see the people oppressed, as long as I live I shall do my best to keep them in their place."

"What is their place?" asked Kate. "Would you go back to the caste system of Egypt?"

But Galbraith had gained his point. He had drawn her out to talk and smile with animation and interest; and odious as political women generally, indeed always, were, there was a simple sincerity about Mrs. Temple's opinions that made them not only bearable, but pleasant to listen to. He did not pursue the subject. "You have great facilities for studying politics. I remember you take in lots of newspapers at Pierstoffer. By-the-way, how does Miss Lee get on without you?"

"Very badly, I imagine, which makes me so impatient at being kept so long here; and I miss her much! We are great friends."

"Yes; you gave me that idea. Do you never quarrel?"

"No; do you and—who is your great friend?—Colonel Upton?"

Galbraith bent his head.

"Do you and Colonel Upton never quarrel?"

"No; but I don't know how it would be if we were shut up in a small room or shop together all day, like Miss Lee and yourself."

"Well, we are always good friends. To be sure, Fanny gives up to me in everything. I am afraid I am rather imperious."

"I am afraid you are," said Galbraith gravely.

"You cannot possibly know!" she returned, in some surprise.

"At any rate," continued Galbraith, "two imperious people never could get on; but when I hear Upton say that no such thing as friendship exists between women (he is a shocking heathen, Mrs. Temple), I always think of you and Miss Lee. He is equally sceptical, I

am sorry to say, about friendship between men and women," and Galbraith stole a glance at her as he spoke.

"One doesn't often see it, I am afraid," she said frankly, looking straight into the fire; "and it is such a loss. Women will never be in a right position until hearty, honest friendships with men are of everyday occurrence."

"I am afraid, then, your right position is a long way off. It is all very well to discuss opinions and exchange ideas with an old; woman, or an ugly one; but," continued Galbraith, with a mixture of fun and admiration, "when one is talking to a lovely creature, or even a pretty girl, one's thoughts are apt to be distracted by the beautiful eyes that meet your own, or the sweet lips that contradict you!"

"Ah, Sir Hugh," exclaimed Kate, "you make me understand how it is that plain women have called forth the deepest, truest, highest love! The feeling that is always being influenced by the accident of personal gifts is ignoble and unworthy."

"Perhaps so," returned Galbraith, "but it is uncommonly natural; though I will not allow you to set me down as a devotee of merely physical beauty! I could not care for a beautiful fool. Indeed, I do not believe a fool could be beautiful; but I confess that, with me, friendship for a lovely, companionable woman would very soon warm into love—unless, indeed, I had already given that love to another."

"Is he warning me that he is provided with a safeguard?" was the thought that flashed through her brain as he made a slight pause, and then resumed.

"But in that case I doubt if I should have even friendship to spare." And as he spoke Galbraith leant his folded arms on the table, bending his head towards her with wistful eyes that set her heart beating, and turned her cheek pale with apprehension.

"It is a vexed question," she said coldly. "Let us hope the happy solution may be found in the future perfection which some think our race will reach."

The severe composure of her tone checked Galbraith. He kept silence for a moment, telling himself he must not spoil his chance by precipitation; and she looked so sad and quiet, and

unlike her own frank, fearless self, that a tender dread of disturbing her unnecessarily, held him back. He was learning and developing rapidly in Love's school. Then he would see her again, and again—and win his way at last!

Meantime Kate looked at her watch. "I am going to treat you unceremoniously, as an old acquaintance," she said, smiling away the abruptness of her words; "but I have letters to write, and——"

"And I have kept you too long from them," interrupted Galbraith, rising, but not in the least ruffled. "I shall see you to-morrow."

"You are going to Richmond, are you not?"

"True; well, on Sunday, then—and hear when you leave."

"It all depends upon the lawyer," she returned, in a low voice. "Good-bye, Sir Hugh Galbraith."

He took the hand she held out, pressing it close, tighter than he knew, and kept it, still not daring to trust himself to speak. Kate strove to withdraw it, and grew so deadly white, while she compressed her lips with a look of pain, that a sudden sense of coming evil struck him. He relinquished her hand, and with a hasty "Good-bye—God bless you!" turned quickly away.

[To be continued.]

ORDEALS AND OATHS.

BY E. B. TYLOR.

In primitive stages of society the clanish life of rude tribes may well have been more favorable to frank and truthful relations between man and man than our wider and looser social intercourse can be. Yet one can see from the habits of modern savages that already in early savage times society was setting itself to take measures against men who broke faith to save themselves from harm or to gain some coveted good. At the stage of civilization where social order was becoming regular and settled, the wise men turned their minds to devise guarantees stronger than mere yes and no. Thus the ordeal and the oath were introduced, that wrong-doing should not be concealed or denied, that unrighteous claims should not be backed by false witness, and that covenants made should not be broken.

The principles on which these ordeals and oaths were invented and developed may to this day be plainly made out. It is evident that the matter was referred to the two intellectual orders of early times, the magicians and the priests. Each advised after the manner of his own profession. The magician said, With my symbols and charms I will try the accused, and bind the witness and the promiser. The priest said, I will call upon my spirits, and they shall find out the hidden thing, and punish the lie and the broken vow. Now magic and religion are separate in their nature and

origin. *Magic* is based on a delusive tendency arising out of the association of ideas, namely, the tendency to believe that things which are ideally connected in our minds must therefore be really connected in the outer world. *Religion* is based on the doctrine of spiritual beings, souls, demons, or deities, who take cognisance of men and interpose in their affairs. It is needful to keep this absolute distinction clear in our minds, for on it depends our finding our mental way through a set of complicated proceedings, in which magical and religious elements have become mixed in the most intricate manner. Well they might, considering how commonly the professions of sorcerer and priest have overlapped, so as even to be combined in one and the same person. But it seems from a general survey of the facts of ordeals and oaths, that on the whole the magical element in them is earliest and underlying, while the religious element is apt to come in later in history, often only taking up and consecrating some old magical process.

In the series of instances to be brought into view, this blending of the religious with the magical element will be repeatedly observable. It will be seen also that the ordeal and the oath are not only allied in their fundamental principles, but that they continually run into one another in their use. Oaths, we shall

see, may be made to act as ordeals, and ordeals are brought in as tests of oaths. While recognizing this close connection, it will be convenient to divide the two and take them in order according to their practical application, ordeals being proceedings for the discovery of wrongdoers, while oaths are of the nature of declarations or undertakings.

The association of ideas which serves as a magical basis for an ordeal is quite childish in its simplicity. Suppose it has to be decided which of two men has acted wrongfully, and appeal is had to the ordeal. There being no evidence on the real issue, a fanciful issue is taken instead, which can be settled, and the association of ideas does the rest. Thus in Borneo, when two Dayaks have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given them to drop together into water, and the one whose lump is gone first is in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate, one for each disputant, and squeeze lime-juice over them, the verdict being given according to which man's champion-mollusc moves first. This reasoning is such as any child can enter into. Among the Sandwich Islanders, again, when a thief had to be detected, the priest would consecrate a dish of water, and the suspected persons, one by one, held their hands over it, till the approach of the guilty was known by the water trembling. Here the connection of ideas is plain. But we may see it somewhat more fully thought out in Europe, where the old notion remains on record that the executioner's sword will tremble when a thief draws near, and even utter a dull clang at the approach of a murderer.

Starting with the magical ordeal, we have next to notice how the religious element is imported into it. Take the ordeal of the balance, well known to Hindu law. A rude pair of scales is set up with its wooden scale-beam supported on posts; the accused is put in one scale, and stones and sand in the other to counterpoise him; then he is taken out, to be put in again after the balance has been called upon to show his guilt by letting him go down, or his innocence by raising him up. This is pure magic, the ideal weight of guilt being by mere absurd association of ideas transferred to material weight in a pair of scales. In this pro-

cess no religious act is essential, but in practice it is introduced by prayers and sacrifices, and a sacred formula appealing to the great gods who know the walk of men, so that it is considered to be by their divine aid that the accused rises or falls at once in material fact and moral metaphor. If he either goes fairly up or down the case is clear. But a difficulty arises if the accused happens to weigh the same as he did five minutes before, so nearly at least as can be detected by a pair of heavy wooden scales which would hardly turn within an ounce or two. This embarrassing possibility has in fact perplexed the Hindu lawyers not a little. One learned pundit says—He is guilty, unless he goes right up! A second suggests—Weigh him again! A third distinguishes with subtlety—If he weighs the same, he is guilty, but not so guilty as if he had gone right down! The one only interpretation that never occurs to any of them, is that in may be an imponderable. We may smile at the Hindu way of striking a moral balance, but it should be remembered that a similar practice, probably a survival from the same original Aryan rite, was kept up in England within the last century. In 1759, near Aylesbury, a woman who could not get her spinning-wheel to go round, and naturally concluded that it had been bewitched, charged one Susannah Haynokes with being the witch. At this Susannah's husband was indignant, and demanded that his wife should be allowed to clear herself by the customary ordeal of weighing. So they took her to the parish church, stripped her to her under garments, and weighed her against the church Bible; she outweighed it, and went home in triumph. Here the metaphor of weighing is worked in the opposite way to that in India, but it is quite as intelligible, and not a whit the worse for practical purposes. For yet another case, how an old magical process may be afterwards transformed by bringing in the religious sanction, we may look at the ancient classic sieve and shears, the sieve being suspended by sticking the points of the open shears into the rim, and the handles of the shears balanced on the forefingers of the holders. To discover a thief, or a lover, all that was required was to call over all suspected names, till the instru-

ment turned at the right one. In the course of history, this childish divining ordeal came to be Christianized into the key and Bible, the key of course to open the secret, the Bible to supply the test of truth. For a thief-ordeal, the proper mode is to tie in the key at the verse of the 50th Psalm, "When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him;" and then when the names are called over, at the name of the guilty one the instrument makes its sign by swerving or turning in the holders' hands. This is interesting as being almost the only ordeal which survives in common use in England; it may be met with in many an out-of-the-way farm-house. It is some years since English rustics have dared to "swim" a witch, that is, to put in practice the ancient water-ordeal, which our folk-lore remembers in its most archaic Aryan form. Its essential principle is as plainly magical as any; the water, being set to make the trial, shows its decision by rejecting the guilty, who accordingly comes up to the surface. Our ancestors, who did not seize the distinction between weight and specific gravity, used to wonder at the supernatural power with which the water would heave up a wicked fellow, even if he weighed sixteen stone.

Mediæval ordeals, by water or fire, by touch of the corpse, or by wager of battle have fallen to mere curiosities of literature, and it is needless to dwell here on their well-known picturesque details, or to repeat the liturgies of prayer or malediction said or sung by the consecrating priests. It is not by such accompanying formulas, but by the intention of the act itself, that we must estimate the real position of the religious element in it. Nowhere is this so strong as in what may be called the ordeal by miracle, where the innocent by Divine help walks over the nine red-hot ploughshares, or carried the red-hot iron bar in his hand, or drinks a dose of deadly poison and is none the worse for it; or, in the opposite way, where the draught of harmless water, cursed or consecrated by the priests, will bring within a few days dire disease on him or her who, being guilty, has dared to drink of it.

Looking at the subject from the statesman's point of view, the survey of the ordeals of all nations and ages enables

us to judge with some certainty what their practical effect has been for evil or good. Their basis being mere delusive imagination, when honestly administered their being right or wrong has been matter of mere accident. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that fair-play ever generally prevailed in the administration of ordeals. As is well-known, they have always been engines of political power in the hands of unscrupulous priests and chiefs. Often it was unnecessary even to cheat, when the arbiter had it at his pleasure to administer either a harmless ordeal like drinking cursed water, or a deadly ordeal by a dose of aconite or physostigma. When it comes to sheer cheating, nothing can be more atrocious than this poison-ordeal. In West Africa, where the Calabar bean is used, the administrators can give the accused a dose which will make him sick, and so prove his innocence, or they can give him enough to prove him guilty, and murder him in the very act of proof; when we consider that over a great part of that great continent this and similar drugs usually determine the destiny of people inconvenient to the Fetish-man and the Chief—the constituted authorities of Church and State—we see before us one efficient cause of the unprogressive character of African society. The famed ordeal by red-hot iron, also, has been a palpable swindle in the hands of the authorities. In India and Arabia the test is to lick the iron, which will burn the guilty tongue but not the innocent. Now, no doubt the judges know the secret that innocent and guilty alike can lick a white hot iron with impunity, as any blacksmith will do, and as I have done myself, the layer of vapor in a spheroidal state preventing any chemical contact with the skin. As for the walking over red-hot ploughshares, or carrying a red-hot iron bar three paces in the palm of the hand, its fraudulent nature fits with the fact that the ecclesiastics who administered it took their precautions against close approach of spectators much more carefully than the jugglers do who handle the red-hot bars and walk over the ploughshares nowadays; and, moreover, any list of cases will show how inevitably the friend of the Church got off, while the man on the wrong side was sure to "lose his

cause and burn his fingers." Remembering how Queen Emma in the story, with uplifted eyes walked over the ploughshares without knowing it, and then asked when the trial was to begin, and how, after this triumphant issue, one-and-twenty manors were settled on the bishopric and church of Winchester, it may be inferred with some probability that in such cases the glowing ploughshares glowed with nothing more dangerous than daubs of red paint.

Almost the only effect of ordeals which can be looked upon as beneficial to society is that the belief in their efficacy has done something to deter the credulous from crime, and still more often has led the guilty to betray himself by his own terrified imagination. Visitors to Rome know the great round marble mask called the *Bocca della Verità*. It is but the sink of an old drain; but many a frightened knave has shrunk from the test of putting his hand into its open "mouth of truth" and taking oath of his innocence, lest it should really close on him as tradition says it does on the forsworn. The ordeal by the mouthful of food is still popular in Southern Asia for its practical effectiveness: the thief in the household, his mouth dry with nervous terror, fails to masticate or swallow fairly the grains of rice. So in old England, the culprit may have failed to swallow the consecrated cor-snaed, or trial-slice of bread or cheese; it stuck in his throat, as in Earl Godwin's in the story. To this day the formula, "May this mouthful choke me if I am not speaking truth!" keeps up the memory of the official ordeal. Not less effective is the ordeal by curse still used in Russia to detect a thief. The *babushka*, or local witch, stands with a vessel of water before her in the midst of the assembled household, and makes bread pills to drop in, saying to each in order, "Ivan Ivanoff, if you are guilty, as this ball falls to the bottom, so your soul will fall into hell." But this is more than any common Russian will face, and the rule is that the culprit confesses at sight. This is the best that can be said for ordeals. Under their most favorable aspect, they are useful delusions or pious frauds. At worst they are those wickedest of human deeds, crimes disguised behind the mask of justice. Shall we wonder that the world,

slowly trying its institutions by the experience of ages, has at last come to the stage of casting out the judicial ordeal; or shall we rather wonder at the constitution of the human mind, which for so many ages has set up the creations of delusive fancy to hold sway over a world of facts?

From the Ordeal we pass to the Oath. The oath, for purposes of classification, may be best defined as an asseveration made under superhuman penalty, such penalty being (as in the ordeal) either magical or religious in its nature, or both combined. Here, then, we distinguish the oath from the mere declaration, or promise, or covenant, however formal. For example, the covenant by grasping hands is not in itself an oath, nor is even that widespread ancient ceremony of entering into a bond of brotherhood by the two parties mixing drops of their blood, or tasting each other's. This latter rite, though often called an oath, can under this definition be only reckoned as a solemn compact. But when a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered over with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word, or when in our police-courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness box, signifying, as the interpreter then puts it in words, "if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like this saucer," we have here two full oaths, of which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in pantomime before us. By the way, the English judges who authorised this last sensational ceremony must have believed that they were calling on a Chinaman to take a judicial oath after the manner of his own country; but they acted under a mistake, for in fact the Chinese use no oaths at all in their law-courts. Now we have to distinguish these real oaths from mere asseverations, in which emphatic terms, or descriptive gestures are introduced merely for the purpose of showing the strength of resolve in the declarer's mind. Where, then, does the difference lie between the two? It is to be found in the incurring of supernatural penalty. There would be no difficulty at all in clearing up the question, were it not that theologians have set up a distinction between oaths of imprecation and oaths of witness.

Such subtleties, however, looked at from a practical point of view, are seen to be casuistic cobwebs which a touch of the rough broom of common sense will sweep away. The practical question is this: does the swearer mean that by going through the ceremony, he brings on himself, if he breaks faith, some special magic harm, or divine displeasure and punishment? If so, the oath is practically imprecatory; if not, it is futile, wanting the very sanction which gives it legal value. It does not matter whether the imprecation is stated, or only implied. When a Bedouin picks up a straw, and swears by Him who made it grow and wither, there is no need to accompany this with a homily on the fate of the perjured. This reticence is so usual in the world, that as often as not we have to go outside the actual formula and ceremony to learn what their full intention is.

Let us now examine some typical forms of oath. The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a weapon, that the sun may burn them, or the mountain crush them, or the weapon wound them, if they lie. The even ruder savages of the Brazilian forests, to confirm their words, raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons. These two accounts of savage ceremony introduce us to customs well known to nations of higher culture. The raising of the hand toward the sky seems to mean here what it does elsewhere. It is in gesture calling on the Heaven-god to smite the perjurer with his thunder-bolt. The touching of the head, again, carries its meaning among these Brazilians, almost as plainly as in Africa, where we find men swearing by their heads or limbs, in the belief that they would wither if forsworn; or as when among the Old Prussians a man would lay his right hand on his own neck, and his left on the holy oak, saying: "May Perkun (the thunder-god) destroy me!" As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness swearing to speak the truth takes in his hand a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remain-

ed so common in Christendom, that it was expressly forbidden by a Synod; even in the seventeenth century, to swear on the sword (like Hamlet's friends in the ghost scene) was still a legal oath in Holstein. As for the holding up the hand to invoke the personal divine sky, the successor of this primitive gesture remains to this day among the chief acts in the solemn oaths of European nations.

It could scarcely be shown more clearly with what childlike imagination the savage conceives that a symbolic action, such as touching his head or his spear, will somehow pass into reality. In connection with this group of oaths, we can carry yet a step further the illustration of the way men's minds work in this primitive stage of association of ideas. One of the accounts from New Guinea is that the swearer, holding up an arrow, calls on Heaven to punish him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way, the oath can be neutralized. This is magic all over. What one symbol can do, the reverse symbol can undo. True to the laws of primitive magical reasoning, uncultured men elsewhere still carry on the symbolic reversal of their oaths. An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue, and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make it, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath, or he puts his left hand to his side to neutralize what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our "over the left;" but so far as I know this has come down with us to mere schoolboy's shuffling.

It has just been noticed that the arsenal of deadly weapons by which the natives of Aracan swear, includes a tiger's tusk and a crocodile's tooth. This leads us to a group of instructive rites belonging to Central and North Asia. Probably to this day, there may be seen in Russian law-courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostyak is to be sworn, a bear's head is brought into court, and the man makes believe to bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth. Now the meaning of this act goes beyond magic and into religion, for we are here

in the region of bear worship, among people who believe that this wise and divine beast knows what goes on, and will come and punish them. Nor need one wonder at this, for the idea that the bear will hear and come if called on is familiar to German mythology. I was interested to find it still in survival in Switzerland a few years ago, when a peasant woman, whom a mischievous little English boy had irritated beyond endurance, pronounced the ancient awful imprecation on him, "The bear take thee!" (*der Bär nimm dich!*) Among the hill tribes of India a tiger's-skin is sworn on in the same sense as the bear's head among the Ostyaks. Rivers, again, which to the savage and barbarian are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn on in strong belief that their waters will punish him who takes their name in vain. We can understand why Homeric heroes swore by the rivers, when we hear still among Hindus how the sacred Ganges will take vengeance sure and terrible on the children of the perjurer. It is with the same personification, the same fear of impending chastisement from the outraged deity that savage and barbaric men have sworn by sky or sun. Thus the Huron Indian would say in making solemn promise: "Heaven hears what we do this day!" and the Tunguz, brandishing a knife before the sun, would say: "If I lie, may the sun plunge sickness into my entrails like this knife." We have but to rise one stage higher in religious ideas to reach the type of the famous Roman oaths by Jupiter, the Heaven-god. He who swore held in his hand a stone, praying that, if he knowingly deceived, others might be safe in their countries and laws, their holy places and their tombs, but he alone might be cast out, as this stone now—and he flung it from him. Even more impressive was the great treaty-oath where the pater patrus, holding the sacred flint that symbolized the thunderbolt, called on Jove that if by public counsel or wicked fraud the Romans should break the treaty first—"in that day, O Jove, smite thou the Roman people as I here to-day shall smite this swine, and smite the heavier as thou art the stronger!" So saying, he slew the victim with the sacred stone.

These various examples may be taken

as showing the nature and meaning of such oaths as belong to the lower stages of civilization. Their binding power is that of curses, that the perjurer may be visited by mishap, disease, death. But at a higher stage of culture, where the gods are ceasing to be divine natural objects like the Tiber or Ganges, or the Sun or Sky, but are passing into the glorified human or heroic stage, like Apollo or Venus, there comes into view a milder kind of oath, where the man enters into fealty with the god, whom he asks to favor or preserve him on condition of his keeping troth. Thus, while the proceeding is still an oath with a penalty, this penalty now lies in the perjurer's forfeiting the divine favor. To this milder form, which we may conveniently call the "oath of conditional favor," belong such classic phrases as "So may the gods love me!" (*Ita me Dii ament!*) "As I wish the gods to be propitious to me!" (*Ita mihi Deos velim propitios!*) I call attention to this class of oaths, of which we shall presently meet with a remarkable example nearer home. We have now to take into consideration a movement of far larger scope.

Returning to the great first-mentioned class of savage and barbaric oaths, sworn by gestures or weapons, or by invocation of divine beasts, or rivers, or greater nature-deities—the question now to be asked is, what is the nature of the penalties? They are that the perjurer may be withered by disease, wounded, drowned, smitten by the thunderbolt, and so forth, all these being temporal, visible punishments. The state of belief to which the whole class belongs is that explicitly described among the natives of the Tonga Islands, where oaths were received on the declared ground that the gods would punish the false-swearer here on earth. A name is wanted to denote this class of oaths, belonging especially to the lower culture: let us call them "mundane oaths." Now it is at a point above the savage level in culture that the thought first comes in of the perjurer being punished in a world beyond the grave. This was a conception familiar to the Egyptians in their remotely ancient civilization. It was at home among the old Homeric Greeks, as when Agamemnon, swearing his mighty

oaths, calls to witness not only Father Zeus, and the all-seeing Sun, and the Rivers, and Earth, but also the Erinnys who down below chastise the souls of the dead, whosoever shall have been forsworn. Not less plainly is it written in the ancient Hindu Laws of Manu—"A man of understanding shall swear no false oath even in a trifling matter, for he who swears a false oath goes hereafter and here to destruction." To this higher stage of culture then belongs the introduction of the new "post-mundane" element into oaths. For ages afterward, nations might still use either kind, or combine them by adding the penalty after death to that in life. But in the later course of history there comes plainly into view a tendency to subordinate the old mundane oath, and at last to suppress it altogether. How this came to pass is plain on the face of the matter. It was simply the result of accumulated experience. The continual comparison of opinions with facts could not but force observant minds to admit that a man might swear falsely on sword's edge or spear's point, and yet die with a whole skin; that bears and tigers were not to be depended on to choose perjurers for their victims, and that in fact the correspondence between the imprecation and the event was not real, but only ideal. How judgment by real results thus shaped itself in men's minds we may see by the way it came to public utterance in classic times, nowhere put more cogently than in the famous dialogue in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. The old farmer Strepsiades asks, Whence comes the blazing thunderbolt that Zeus hurls at the perjured? "You fool," replies the Sokrates of the play, "you smack of old Kronos' times—if Zeus smote perjurers, wouldn't he have been down on those awful fellows Simon, and Kleonymos, and Theoros? Why, what Zeus does with his bolt is to smite his own temple, and the heights of Sunium, and the tall oaks! Do you mean to say that an oak-tree can commit perjury?" What is said here in chaff full many a reasonable man in the old days must have said to himself in the soberest earnest, and once said or thought, but one result could come of it—the result which history shows us did come. The venue of the judicial oath was gradually changed,

till the later kind, with its penalties transferred from earth to the region of departed souls, remained practically in possession of the field.

As a point in the science of culture which has hitherto been scarcely if at all observed, I am anxious to call attention to the historical stratification of judicial oaths, from the lowest stratum of mundane oaths belonging to savage or barbaric times, to the highest stratum of post-mundane oaths such as obtain among modern civilized nations. Roughly, the development in the course of ages may be expressed in the following two classifications—

Mundane.	} Oaths.	{ Curse.
Mixed.		
Post-Mundane.		
		{ Conditional Favor.
		{ Judgment.

Though these two series only partly coincide in history, they so far fit that the judicial oaths of the lower culture belong to the class of mundane curse, while those of the higher culture in general belong to that of post-mundane judgment. Anthropologically, this is the most special new view I have here to bring forward. It forms part of a wider generalization, belonging at once to the science of morals and the science of religion. But rather than open out the subject into this too wide field, we may do well to fix it in our minds by tracing a curious historical point in the legal customs of our own country. Every one knows that the modes of administering a judicial oath in Scotland and in England are not the same. In Scotland, where the witness holds up his hand toward heaven, and swears to tell the truth as he shall answer to God at the Day of Judgment, we have before us the most explicit possible example of a post-mundane oath framed on Christian lines. In contrasting this with the English judicial oath, we first notice that our acted ceremony consists commonly in taking a New Testament in the hand and kissing it. Thus, unlike the Scotch oath, the English oath is sworn on a *halidome* (Ang'o-Saxon *hæligdōm*, German *heiligtum*), a holy or sacred object. Many writers have fallen into confusion about this word, mystifying it into sacred judgment or "holy doom;" but it is a perfectly straightforward term for a sanctuary or relic, as "On tham halig-dome swerian"—to swear by the relic.

Now this custom of swearing on a halidome belongs to far præ-Christian antiquity, one famous example being when Hannibal, then a lad of nine years old, was brought by his father to the altar and made to swear by touching the sacred things (*tactis sacris*) that when he grew up he would be the enemy of Rome. In classical antiquity the sacred objects were especially the images and altars of the gods, as it is put in a scene in Plautus—"Touch this altar of Venus!" The man answers, "I touch it," and then he is sworn. When this ancient rite came into use in early Christian England, the object touched might be the altar itself, or a relic-shrine like that which Harold is touching with his right forefinger in the famous scene in the Bayeux tapestry, or it might be a Missal, or a book of the Gospels. In modern England, a copy of the New Testament has become the recognized halidome on which oaths are taken, and the practice of kissing it has almost supplanted the older and more general custom of touching it with the hand.

Next, our attention must be called to the remarkable formula in which (in England, not in Scotland) the invocation of the Deity is made, "So help me God!" or "So help you God!" Many a modern Englishman puzzles over this obscure form of words. When the question is asked what the meaning of the oath is, the official interpretation practically comes to saying that it means the same as the Scotch oath. But neither by act nor word does it convey this meaning. So obvious is the discrepancy between what is considered to be meant, and what is actually done and said, that Paley, remarking on the different forms of swearing in different countries, does not scruple to say that they are "in no country in the world, I believe, worse contrived either to convey the meaning, or impress the obligation of an oath, than in our own."

This remark of Paley's aptly illustrates a principle of the science of culture which cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all who study the institutions of their own or any other age. People often talk of mystic formulas and mystic ceremonies. But the more we study civilization in its earlier stages, the more we shall find that formulas and cere-

monies, both in law and in religion, are as purposeful and business-like as can be, if only we get at them anywhere near their origin. What happens afterwards is this, that while men's thoughts and wants gradually change, the old phrases and ceremonies are kept up by natural conservatism, so that they become less and less appropriate, and then as their meaning falls away, its place is apt to be filled up with mystery. Applying this principle to the English oath-formula, we ask what and where it originally was. It was Teutonic-Scandinavian, for though corresponding formulas are known in Latin (*Ita me adjuvet Deus*) and in Old French (*Ce m'aït Diex*, &c.), these are shown by their comparatively recent dates to be mere translations of the Germanic originals. Now although ancient English and German records fail to give the early history of the phrase, this want is fortunately supplied by a document preserved in Iceland. Some while after the settlement of the island by the Northmen, but long before their conversion to Christianity, the settlers felt the urgent need of a code of laws, and accordingly Úlfiot went to Norway for three years to Thorleif the Wise, who imparted to him his legal lore. Úlfiot went to Norway A.D. 925, so that the form of judicial oath he authorised, and which was at a later time put on record in the Icelandic *Landnámabók*, may be taken as good and old in Norse law. Its præ-Christian character is indeed obvious from its tenor. The halidome on which it was sworn was a metal arm-ring, which was kept by the godhi or priest, who reddened it with the blood of the ox sacrificed, and the swearer touching it said, in words that are still half English, "Name I to witness that I take oath by the ring, law-oath, so help me Frey, and Niörðr, and almighty Thor (*hialpi mer svá Freyr, ok Niörðr, ok hinn almuðki Áss*) as I shall this suit follow or defend, or witness bear or verdict or doom, as I wit rightest and soothest and most lawfully," &c. Here, then, we have the full and intelligible formula which must very nearly represent that of which we keep a mutilated fragment in our English oath. So close is the connection, that two of the gods referred to, Frey and Thor (who is described as the Almighty God) are the old English gods whose names we

commemorate in Friday and Thursday. The formula belongs, with the classic ones lately spoken of, to the class of oaths of conditional favor, "so help me as I shall do rightly," while Frey and Niördh are gods whom a Norse warrior would ask for earthly help, but who would scarcely concern themselves with his soul after death. It is likely that the swearer was not indeed unmindful of what the skalds sang of Nāströnd, the strand of corpses, that loathly house arched of the bodies of huge serpents, whose heads, turned inward, dripped venom on the perjurers and murderers within. But the primary formula is, as I have said, that of the oath of conditional favor, not of judgment. With the constituents of the modern English oath now fairly before us, we see that its incoherence, as usual in such cases, has a historical interpretation. What English law has done is to transplant from archaic fetish-worship the ceremony of the halidome or consecrated object, and to combine with this one-half of a præ-Christian formula of conditional favor without the second half which made sense of it. Considering that to this combination is attached a theological interpretation which is neither implied in act nor word, we cannot wonder if in the popular mind a certain amount of obscurity, not to say mystery, surrounds the whole transaction. Nevertheless we may well deprecate any attempt to patch up into Scotch distinctness and consistency the old formula, which will probably last untouched so long as judicial oaths shall remain in use in England.

Being in the midst of this subject it may not be amiss to say a few words upon old and new ideas as to the administration of oaths to little children. The Canon Law expressly forbade the exacting of an oath from children under fourteen—*pueri ante annos XIV non cogantur jurare*. This prohibition is derived from yet earlier law. The rough old Norsemen would not take oaths from children, as comes out so quaintly in the *saga of Baldur*, where the goddess made all the beasts and birds and trees swear they would not harm him, but the little mistletoe only she craved no oath from, for she thought it was too young. Admitting the necessity of taking children's evidence somehow, the question is how best

to do it. In England it must be done on oath, and for this end there has arisen a custom in our courts of putting the child through an inquisition as to the theological consequences of perjury, so as usually to extract from it a well-known definition which the stiffest theologian will not stand to for a moment if put straight to him, but which is looked upon as a proper means for binding the conscience of a little child.* Moreover, children in decent families learn to answer plain questions some years before they learn to swear, and material evidence is often lost by the child not having been taught beforehand the proper answers to make when questioned as to the nature of an oath. I heard of a case only lately, which was expected to lead to a committal on a charge of murder, and where an important point rested on the evidence of a young lad who was, to all appearance, truthful, but who did not satisfy the bench that he understood the nature of an oath. Those in whom the ceremony of swearing a child arouses the feeling of physical repugnance that it does in myself, may learn with interest a fact as yet little known in England, and which sufficiently justifies my bringing forward the subject. Hearing that there was something to be learnt from Germany, I applied to the eminent jurist, Dr. Gneist, of Berlin, and hear from him that under the new German rules of procedure, which are expected shortly to come into force, the evidence of children under sixteen may be received without oath, at the discretion of the judge. In these days there is a simple rule which an Englishman will do well to act up to

* Two illustrative cases are given me by a friend learned in the law. In court lately, a little girl was asked the usual preliminary question as to the consequence of swearing falsely, and answered in due form, "Please, Sir, I should go to burning Hell!" Unluckily, however, the unusual question was then put, how she knew that? which brought the reply, "Oh, please, another girl outside told me I was to say so!" It is Bar tradition, though there may be no record in print, that years ago the most sarcastic of English judges put the whole matter in a nutshell. The question having been asked of a child-witness, if she knew what would become of her when she died, she answered simply, "Don't know, Sir!" whereupon the judge said, "Well, gentlemen, no more do I know—but the child's evidence cannot be taken."

and that is, "Don't be beaten by a German!" Let us live in the heartiest fellowship with the Germans, and never let them get ahead of us if we can help it. In this matter of children's legal evidence, they are fairly leaving us behind, by introducing a plan which is at once more humane and more effective than ours.

If now, looking at the subject as one of practical sociology, we consider what place the legal oath has filled in savage, barbaric, and civilized life, we must adjudge to it altogether higher value than to the ordeal. At certain stages of culture it has been one of the great forces of society. There was a time when Lycurgus could tell the men of Athens that the oath was the very bond that held the democracy together. There was a time when, as Montesquieu insists, an oath was so binding on the minds of the Romans, that for its observance they would do more than even patriotism or love of glory could draw them to. In our own day, its practical binding power is unmistakable over the consciences of a numerous intermediate class of witnesses, those who are neither truthful nor quite reckless, who are without the honesty which makes a good man's oath superfluous, who will indeed lie solemnly and circumstantially, but are somewhat restrained from perjury by the fear of being, as the old English saying has it, "once forsworn, ever forlorn." Though the hold thus given is far weaker than is popularly fancied, it has from time to time led legislators to use oaths, not merely in special and solemn matters, but as means of securing honesty in the details of public business. When this has been done, the consequences to public morals have been disastrous. There is no need to hunt up ancient or foreign proofs of this, seeing how conspicuous an instance is the state of England early in the present century, while it was still, as a contemporary writer called it, "a land of oaths," and the professional perjurer plied a thriving trade. A single illustration will suffice, taken from the valuable treatise on Oaths, published in 1834 by the Rev. Jas. Endell Tyler:—"During the continuance of the former system of Custom-house oaths, there were houses of resort where persons were always to be found ready at a moment's warning

to take any oath required; the signal of the business for which they were needed was this inquiry, 'Any damned soul here?'" Nowadays this enormous excess of public oaths has been much cut down, and with the best results. Yet it must be evident to students of sociology that the world will not stop short at this point. The wider question is coming into view—What effect is produced on the everyday standard of truthfulness by the doctrine that fraudulent lying is in itself a minor offence, but is converted into an awful crime by the addition of a ceremony and a formula? It is an easily-stated problem in moral arithmetic; on the credit side, Government is able to tighten with an extra screw the consciences of a shaky class of witnesses and public officers; on the debit side, the current value of a man's word is correspondingly depreciated through the whole range of public and private business. As a mere sober student of social causes and effects, following along history the tendencies of opinion, I cannot doubt for a moment how the public mind must act on this problem. I simply predict that where the judicial ordeal is already gone, there the judicial oath will sooner or later follow. Not only do symptoms of the coming change appear from year to year, but its greatest determining cause is unfolding itself day by day before observant eyes, a sight such as neither we nor our fathers ever saw before.

How has it come to pass that the sense of the sanctity of intellectual truth, and the craving after its full and free possession, are so mastering the modern educated mind? This is not a mystery hard to unravel. Can any fail to see how in these latter years the methods of scientific thought have come forth from the laboratory and the museum to claim their powers over the whole range of history and philosophy, of politics and morals? Truth in thought is fast spreading its wide waves through the outside world. Of intellectual truthfulness, truthfulness in word and act is the outward manifestation. In all modern philosophy there is no principle more fertile than the doctrine so plainly set forth by Herbert Spencer—that truth means bringing our minds into accurate matching with the realities in and around us; so that both intellectual and moral

truth are bound up together in that vast process of evolution whereby man is gradually brought into fuller harmony with the universe he inhabits. There need, then, be no fear that the falling away of such artificial crutches as those whose history I have here been tracing should leave public truth maimed and halting. Upheld by the perfect fitting of the inner mind to the outer world, the progress of truth will be firmer and

more majestic than in the ancient days. If, in time to come, the grand old disputation before King Darius were to be re-enacted, to decide again the question "What is the strongest of all things?" it would be said, as then, that "Truth abides, and is strong for evermore, living and conquering from age to age." And the people as of old would say again with one voice, "Truth is great, and prevails!"*—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SPELLING.

IN one of the early numbers of this Magazine—in Hogarth's Biography, if the writer be not mistaken—some severe remarks were made touching the orthography of the conqueror at Ramillies and Oudenarde, nor indeed was that of his Duchess allowed to escape uncensured. Very derogatory were these remarks to the brave warrior and his generous wife, but unfortunately also very true. It must not, however, be supposed that these sinners were sinners above all those of their own time, or before and after them, that they suffered such things from the able writer of that article. The tower of Siloam which fell on them might also have fallen on many more that once upon a time dwelt in merry England. In the reign of Henry V. good spelling and clean shirts were equally rare luxuries. Leicester, says Disraeli, spelt his own name in eight different methods, while the family appellation of Villers, in deeds and documents relating to the house, is spelt in at least a dozen. Mainwaring passed through 131 orthographical permutations, and is even now, if spelling have aught to do with pronunciation, spelt incorrectly at last. The immortal bard himself, not to speak of what others did for him, changed his own mind some thirty times, according to Halliwell, as to the letters and the sequence of the letters composing his illustrious patronymic. Elizabeth wrote sovereign in as many ways as she knew languages—that is, seven. The young Pretender, following his own sweet will, and entirely free from any servile bondage to the letter, writes of his father as a certain Jems or Gems. In those palmy days, when every man was his own speller, when military examinations were not, little astonish-

ment would have been raised by such arbitrary orthography as lately adorned the paper of a candidate for one of her Majesty's appointments in the line. That candidate spelt elegy *leg*, and ingeniously evolved *pashshinger* out of passenger. Much ingenuity, nay imagination, inspired another, who framed *Indian ears* out of engineers. But what are such trifling irregularities as these to the caprice of—say, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk? The Duchess of Norfolk was one of the most accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, the friend of scholars, the patron of literature. She wrote to Cromwell, Earl of Essex, thus:—"My ffary gode lord—her I sand you in tokyn hoff the neweyer a glasse hoff Setyl set in Sellfer gyld. I pra you tak hit An hy wer habel het showlde be bater," &c. The patron of literature has ingeniously contrived to spell *I* and *it* each in two different ways in as many lines. What this friend of scholars intended the Earl to understand by Setyl is very obscure. There is a Scotch word something like it, signifying "a disease affecting sheep in the side," but this the most accomplished lady can scarcely have meant. Nor was French spelling much better than English in the olden time. Royal letters of the last century are distinguished by such heterodox combinations as *J'avioient* and *J'ell*. Indeed good spelling seems to have formerly been considered a vulgarity, mere yeoman's service. "Base," might many a Louis have said, parodying the ancient Pistol—"base is the soul that spells." So in effect said Will Honeycomb, when some errors were de-

* 1 Esdras iv. 41: *μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια, καὶ ὑπερσχύει*—*Magna est veritas, et prevalet*.

tected in the letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. He never liked pedantry in spelling, and spelt like a gentleman and not like a scholar. So probably did all the ladies, the Picts, Idols, and Blanks of the society of his time. Sunday superfine spelling was left to servants and scholars and such low folk, or consigned by power of attorney to the compositor's care. The whole of the ancient world seems to have suffered from heresy and schism, and heterography was universal. Spelling primers were not, or their occupation was gone. A dive into old books and papers, but especially papers, is a dive into a chaos as dark and full of confusion as that which, if Milton be believed, was disagreeable to the devil (which, says Johnson, were more properly written *devil*) himself.

The wide tract of literary common in which early writers generally expatiated was considerably closed in by the composing stick. But even the press seems sometimes to have added errors rather than taken them away. Chaucer, as well as the poet of the "Ormolum," has left on record his solicitude about the correct spelling of his works, yet we find the same word printed in half a dozen different ways on the same page. Notoriously too the printers adjusted their orthography only too often by no higher or more scientific consideration than the length of their lines. The Orientals are wont to lengthen a final letter, to avoid an unseemly hiatus at the end of a line, and our early printers were licentious enough to add or take away letters for the same purpose. Printed English literature became a garden of lopped and grafted growths; exogens and endogens flourished there in abundance. The printer's galley was a Procrustean bed for most of the unhappy words that were fated to fall therein. So in the New Testament translated by the talented Tyndale we have it—one poor little word tortured in seven ways—spelt *itt*, *yt*, *ytt*, *hit*, *hitt*, *hyt*, and *hytt*. This, indeed, may be owing to the love of change in Tyndale himself; but it seems evident that in the edition of our holy Bible, published in 1611, hot is also printed *whot*, *hote*, *ye yee*, *hadst haddest*, with a thousand similar variations, for no other reason than that which induced a compositor

to set up master-piece as *Mr. Piece*—convenience of spacing. Poetry is found to be usually more correct, as there was less need for this device. The press played with words as the antiquated devices of poetic altars, eggs, wings, and axes, those combinations of caprice and industry, played with good sense.

The confusion of J and I in the edition of 1611 as *Iesus* for *Jesus*, and of u and v as *euery* (every) and *vnto* (unto), together with a capricious use of capitals, are not strictly variations of spelling, but they lend a weird appearance to the text.

The normal changes which English orthography has undergone, as opposed to these, resulting from the license of printers and the humor of private individuals, are not so many as might be well imagined. The conclusion of the Lord's Prayer appears in Alfred's Anglo-Saxon *Ac alyse us ef yfele* in the 12th century, *ac alys fram yfele* in the 14th century, in Wyclif's version *But dehyvere us from yfel*, and in the Authorised Version of 1600 as we now write it. The Bible has indeed been a great conservative power in the domain of English orthography.

Dictionaries restrained in their turn the vagaries of printers, and comparative order rose out of chaos. But even dictionaries, though they arrested, could not nor can retard evolution. Spelling changes continually, like life or a river. A living language never becomes petrified—*omnia mutantur*. Cotgrave's Dictionary, which was published in 1650, contains spellings now comparatively rare. *Abbesse*, *abhorminable*, *abisme*, *abricot*, *accademie*, *accrew*, *accroch*, *accoast*, with many more, may be found in the first two pages, old coins more than once called in, melted down and reissued before they assumed their present form. It may perhaps be fairly said that about half the words spelt as Cotgrave spelt them a little over two centuries back, are now spelt differently, or altogether dropt out of our language, long dead and forgotten. More than half of his definition of "coquette" is for this reason unintelligible. But his words evidently convey reproach, and seem to proceed from the mouth of one who has suffered. A coquette, says Cotgrave, is a *fisking or slipperous minx*, a *cocket*, a *titisill*, a *stiebergebit*.

Only a hundred years elapsed between Cotgrave and Johnson, but in these years how great a change! Johnson's Dictionary is indeed, owing probably mainly to the printing press, far nearer in its spelling to our present fashion than Cotgrave's spelling was to that of Johnson. Nearer still would it have been were it not for some of the Doctor's eccentricities. Music, physic, were before Johnson's time spelt without a final k. The word was at first *musicke*, then *musick*, then music. Johnson objected to the apocope of the k—for that of the e he seems to have little cared, though he affectionately preserved this letter in *male-content* and *maladministration*—and returned to the old form, though he ventured not to write *musickal* or *acatalectick*. "Sir," might the good doctor have said, addressing some stickler for *music*, "Where shall we conclude? Shall we for the convenience of the idle and the expedition of the ignorant curtail our verbal inheritance of its prescribed proportions? Shall we humorously unsettle the orthography of our fathers, and teach our children to write *Dic gave Jac a kic and a knoc on the bac with a thic stic*?" Custom, however, the ultimate arbitress of orthography, has disdained to take that one ewe lamb from the poor: she has left the k to these monosyllables though she has ruthlessly robbed their richer congeners.

It was the desire of this lexicographer to regulate confusion and disentangle perplexity. Therefore he presents us with *ambassadour* but sculptor, *anteriour* but posterior, *interiour* but exterior, *horror* but stupor. These -ours and -ors are to the present day bones of contention. More will be said of them hereafter. At present it may be presumed that as all or most of this class of words are derived from the Latin through the French, the same fashion of spelling should be adopted throughout, did not custom say us nay; and it would be better perhaps to write honour, but honorable, as entire but inquire. Dr. Johnson professed to expunge inconsistencies and absurdities, and so we have *moveable* but immovable; *reconcilable*, *tameable*, *saleable*, lose the e in compounds; *chastely* but chastness, *blustrous* but boisterous, *aberruncate* but averruncate, *amasment* but embarrassment, *dissolvable* but indis-

solvable, *chilifactory* but chyle, *sackcloth* but haircloth, *hemistick* but distich, *pars-nep* but turnip, *bias* but unbiass, *docil* but indocile, *miscal* but recall, *waterfal* but snowball, *dunghil* but molehill, *downhil* but uphill. Again, we have *lodgement*, in which, says Walker, rectitude of habit corrected the errors of criticism, but judgment, and the reader who verifies this fact will probably wonder why in a work intended to delight him with facilities of immediate reference, J and I and U and V, whether initials, medials, or finals, are so curiously commingled. Dr. Johnson is followed by Walker in his spelling, 'skeptick,' though with a remonstrance of the latter—who, however, does not spell *sc-leton*—against the conformation of spelling to a pronunciation contrary to analogy, as pregnant with the greatest evils that can befall a language. The learned doctor has in the same way preserved the old landmark, which at any time might guide the original proprietors in a resumption of their property, by writing "skirrhus," a word by the way spelt by Bailey and Fenning somewhat eccentrically, and altogether incorrectly—*schirrhus*. The terminations -ize and -ise have caused much perplexity. Some tell us to use -ize where the word is derived from the Greek, or from another English word, but -ise where the word is not so derived, or with respect to us is primitive. Thus we shall write systematize, fertilize, but surprise, assise; size, prize, apprise, and many other words must then be regarded as the exceptions which abundantly prove every rule in English orthography. Webster simply says that -ize is most affected by American, -ise by English printers. Johnson's rule, if he possessed any, must have been extremely subtle, since he gives us bastardize but dastardise. He is supported: by Nares in his preference of such spellings as *affraid*, *agen*, *ake*, *anthymn*, *causey*, *cimeter*, *devest*, *gelly*, and *indeable*.

Walker, who published his dictionary in 1791, gives us *daub* but *bedaub*, and proposes, though he does not introduce it into the body of his work, *judgement* on analogy of *lodgement*, *bluty* on the analogy of *truly*, *whotely* on the analogy of *solely*, and as, he says, there is no hope of restoring the double l to *talness*, &c., he would write *ilness*, &c., making

the less numerous class follow the majority. But the contrary of this has, as we know, taken place. Analogy is the rock on which most of our lexicographers have incurred damage, but it is in English orthography what moral considerations are in law—nothing. Letters, says the author of *Epea Pteroenta*, like soldiers, are apt to fall off in a long march; they are seldom added on as in latchet, upholsterer, scent, whole, redoubt, vineyard, leather, tongue, launch, &c.; but lexicographers have cashiered several before they have manifested any symptoms of fatigue. This injustice has been perpetrated in *waterfal*, &c.; but Walker was unwilling to lose the u in *favor* and *honor*, those two servile attendants—as he was very angry with them he said this—on cards and notes of fashion. In his time, however, favour and honour were looked upon as gauche and rustic in the extreme, while *error* and *authour* were decidedly antiquated though quite correct in the days that were accustomed to see “*sewer*” and “*skeleton*.” Johnson’s capricious behavior has been already alluded to, and he has been followed by Walker with a touching fidelity. Walker’s reverence for so great a man would not allow him to spell the final syllable of anterior and posterior alike. The tendency to drop the u is obvious, and will, if anything can be predicted in so unsettled a matter, at last prevail. Webster, who succeeded Walker, left it out in every case. In *neighbor* he has delivered a good old Saxon subject from French tyranny, but he looked a long way off when he wrote *Savior*, a word which, from its sacred associations, will probably long continue a solitary exception.

Webster went so far in dropping the final k, that he introduces us to *bishopric* and *hassoc*, a spelling which in this country would be regarded, if not as faulty, at least as a startling singularity. On the ground of etymology alone he enriched our tongue with *bridegroom*, *fether*, *melasses*, and some other words which, though highly applauded by German critics, and in his own opinion very desirable changes, met with rude treatment from the English public. Among some 2,000 words, which according to him may be spelt differently, we find *cosey*, *hookey*, *jutty*, and *leggin*. None of these fashions have as yet been duly appreciated

or cordially received, and some dozen years after the publication of his first dictionary, Webster ceased in his endeavors to sweep out, like Mrs. Partington, the Atlantic with a broom, and *insted* of the *pretense* of his *exquisit doctrin*, restored to us most of our old words, the fair humanities of present orthography, the intelligible forms of our modern poets.

The English atmosphere proving uncongenial to the strange exotics he ventured to acclimatize, Webster departed without being desired, and Worcester reigned in his stead. This gentleman, who, dreading the improprieties and absurdities which it is the duty of a lexicographer to correct or proscribe, has introduced us to such expressions as *unperriwigged*, *skrimpy*, *scrimption*, *kittle-busy*, *shopocracy*, *unleisuredness*, *weisism*, *unwormwooded*, *wegotism*, *solivagous*, did little more besides than clip the orthographical wings of Webster when they soared a little too far off for the public eye. In the meantime, this enlightened public, consulting the various lexicographers in their various emergencies, and meeting with very various information, concludes that nothing can be dearer to dictionary writers than contradiction, and that the whole body is animated by the father of perversity and lies. Mr. Jones is justly indignant when he is informed, on no small authority, that Dr. Johnson has nearly fixed the external form of our language, and that his dictionary may be regarded as an authoritative standard for all time to come. Comparing this with the uphill and the downhill, the bastardize and the dastardise, the agen, gelly, and affraid, the worthy Jones concludes that he is going out of his mind, or that these and the like matters are some of those mysteries which heaven would not willingly have earth to know. “Why,” ejaculates Jones, “should one dictionary spell program, another programme, but never a one of them epigramme or telegramme? Why should we organise but civilize, chlorine but tannin, biped but centipede? Which is right, saddler or sadler, fatterer or fatner? And to return to Johnson, why should he insist on spelling coddle with one d, and thus destroy the distinction between a fish and a boiling apple?” How is it that, if Johnson may be trust-

ed, Bacon spelt *wecil*, Dryden *weazon*, Shakspeare *wesand*, Spenser *weasand*, and Dr. Johnson himself *wesand*, and how is Mr. Jones to spell it? Why is uniformity sacrificed to custom in convey and inveigh, deceit and receipt? Which of the four is the right way to spell the legal term for calling on men to serve as a jury? And so Mr. Jones ends, like the devils, in trembling, though he cannot, like them, believe.

Seldom have there been wanting ingenious speculators in language, who endeavored to crystallize that which must ever remain in solution, to make constant quantities which must always be variable. The dust of centuries has kindly concealed the efforts of Probus and Priscian, of Capser and Manutius. What learned arguments supported *solicito* and *solicito*, *stylus* and *stilus*! How many tongues wagged and pens quivered ere we agreed—if indeed we have yet agreed—to write *adscisco*, not *ascisco*; *adolescens*, not *adulescens*; *Africa* not *Aphrica*; *alitus*, not *altus*: for which last the Latin student, it may be, is seldom grateful to Diomedes; *allium*, not *alleum*; *Apollo*, not *Appolo*, all for sound reasons which the reader will no doubt willingly excuse? In France, Joubert in 1570 was for writing *tems*, *uvres*, like D'Alembert wrote *home*, on that principle—old like love, and yet ever new—of accommodating spelling to pronunciation, and which would, were it adopted in French, leave no distinction to the eye, as already there is none to the ear, between poise, peas, and pitch. The change attributed to Voltaire of *avait*, *était*, from *avoit*, *étoit*, has indeed prevailed. How energetic were the endeavors of Ménage, that stupendous etymologist, who penetrated into the derivation of *laquais*! It is, said he, derived from *verna* thus: *verna*, *vernacula*, *vernaculaio*, then cut the word in two, cast away *verna* as of no consequence, and you have *culaco*, *lucaio*, *laquais*! Can anything be more simple, more obvious, more convincing? In England how many spelling reformers, how many architects of uncouth words have done their best to deserve well of their country by ruining its language for ever! Most or all aimed at uniformity, and, by the introduction of new signs, a virtually phonetic system. The result of their endeavors may be briefly shown

by that indigenous monster a pronouncing dictionary, or a *prurnounshing dikshonairi*, or a *pronounshing dikshunare*, which would transform our tongue, the tongue of Shakspeare, &c., around which cluster so many hallowed associations, &c., into the dialect of some tribe of North American Indians. There are who, in their desire of shortness and facility, would have uprooted Saxon, Greek, and Latin landmarks alike, while others less unreasonable were for retrenching only those letters which were of no etymological or other apparent service, for example, the *a* in accroach, which, as has been seen, Cotgrave spelt, with every argument on his side, *accroch*. But all who endeavor to accommodate orthography to pronunciation have indeed forgotten that this is, as Dr. Johnson says, to measure by a shadow, by a model which is changing even while it is applied. Such men would imitate that which varies in every place and at every time, would seek to fix the color of the chameleon—town and country, city and court, would each exhibit a distinct spelling-book. Had such an attempt prevailed in the last century, Rome would have been now *Room*, broil, joint, and poison, *brile*, *jint*, and *pison*; fault would have become *fort* or *fought*; all fashionable folk would have written obliged *obleeged*, great *greet*, key *kay*, and tea *tay*, with dozens of other differences.

Chief amongst these literary pioneers, melancholy scarecrows to reforming innovators, is the learned Cheke. This gentleman should have published a vocabulary for his re-translation of Matthew, which is quite unintelligible without such assistance. Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State to Elizabeth, by such spellings as *kiks*, *kap*, *kis*, brought a grateful pupil to acknowledge—in Latin—that his master had introduced him into another and a better world, where all things were new and true alike. He adds that he must have passed all his antecedent existence in some Platonic cave, where shadows did duty for substance, and concludes his compliment by beseeching the said Smith to continue his instruction, and so extricate him from that *Limbo Patrum* or Purgatory in which he is at present involved. Bullokar, who was as considerate enough to have regard for the feelings of posterity, a

rare virtue among his class, kindly introduced but few symbols among his fables which he published in London towards the close of the sixteenth century. Therefore, a specimen may be given in which some wandering stars of night, in the shape of accents, have been, it is trusted, discreetly omitted. *The hous cok found a precios ston, whilst he turned the dung-hil: saying, what! doo I find a thing so briht?* But still the heart did need a language, and a certain Dr. Jones stepped forward. This excellent scholar proposed with God's help to sweeten our tongue by writing *Disxary* for Dictionary, with other like amendments which would from the beginning prevent all those ill habits of sounding amiss, which create such insufferable trouble to remedy them afterwards. To prevent this trouble, following the fashionable pronunciation of his time, he wrote *poticary, obstropulous, sparrowgrass, chaw, lorum, and cubberd*, thus annihilating the etymological diagnosis of the original words as completely as that of sciatica, palsy, dropsy, and proxy. Though the gh in plough and slaughter, and the h in white and what, are as much neglected as the monuments of our fathers in a churchyard, still they are monuments, and should not be lightly destroyed. In these matters the head followed the tail sufficiently already without the leading of the learned Jones. He, after scattering a few other suggestions such as *hevvy, pleshure, côte, tucky, square, blò, wel, dauter, and coff*, retired from the stage, thinking these improvements enough for the present, and encouraged by a panegyric from a friend which represents him as the tamer of a wild orthography, and the suggestor of a clew to follow her into her most confused labyrinths. So Dr. Jones died, with the proud consciousness of leaving this world when he was summoned out of it, as one who had not lived in vain; and Bishop Wilkins, though with but faint hopes of seeing his practice generally prevail, succeeding him, wrote the Lord's Prayer thus: *Yâr Fâdher hûtsh art in héven, halloëd be dhyi nám, dhyi cingdym, &c.*

Such orthography would indeed have made our language "that precious deposit" which we wot of. Such surely was the English which Charles V. preferred for conversation with his horse.

But none of these rackers of orthography, as Holofernes calls them, came at all near to Mr. A. J. Ellis. The words of this gentleman were assuredly like those of Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing*, a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. Noting very justly, as so many had equally justly noted before him, that the darkest ciphers and most abstruse hieroglyphics are not better calculated to conceal the sentiments of those using them than our customary orthography to conceal true pronunciation, remembering the words of Murray, that the orthography of the English language is attended with much uncertainty and perplexity, but forgetful of the fate of those, his predecessors, and how impatient the ungrateful British public is of any change for the better, and that its ears are, to adopt the language of Demosthenes, orthographically diseased past cure, this gentleman rendered his name remarkable by the production of what he was pleased to describe as the *Fonetik Nuz*. His alphabet contained some two score characters, each with one and only one sound. It was modelled on that of Lipsius, containing 286 characters. Each sound was supposed in Ellis's system, which, it is said, had been before offered to Webster by Dr. Franklin, to have its equivalent sign, each sign its equivalent and single sound. By this phonetic alphabet—relatively phonetic, for speaking generally all alphabets are phonetic which are not ideographic or pictorial—the writing of such diverse conceptions as "I saw the man whet the knife," and "I saw the man who ate the knife," would be identical; so of such single words as reign, rein, rain. To Ellis, *ewe*, whose vulgar pronunciation generally prevails, and *aye*, the respective sounds of which words are not produced by any of their letters separately or in combination, must have been a terrible eyesore. Nor could we have been well content with the economical use of a in *father, fall, fatal*. Whether he had his revenge in writing *yowwitch* for usage, in which no single letter of the original word remains, or whether this be a tale of a man delighting in his own conceits more than in the truth, it is certain that, esteeming the spelling of his day an absurd conventionality, he produced an

orthography of his own as little connected with it as a treatise on the Digamma with the sources of the Nile. What would a French Ellis have made out of his mayor, his mother, and his sea? his green, his glass, and his worms?—what of such a sentence as this: "*cinq cent sincères et simples capucins ceints de leurs saints coussins scindaient dans leurs seins, leurs seings et leurs cymbales qui donnaient une symphonie synchronique*?" or of that cacophony of the French officer, who, wishing a rope placed across the street to keep back the crowd eager to bask in the sunshine of the royal eyes, cried repeatedly, "*qu'attend-on donc tant? que ne la tend-on donc tôt?*" What, if Ellis's system were adopted, would become of the nobility (orthographic) of the celebrated families of the Smijth and the Ffrench? Written in the heterotypic character, what would remain but the ignoble Smith and French?

Owing to certain hideous and mystic symbols with which this system was interlarded, a specimen of it cannot be here reproduced; the types of that new tongue which was pleasantly called by its promoters a rational object of the greatest importance to all members of the community, have long ago been melted down into serviceable capitals and italics, pica and nonpareil. The conflagration of ignorance was not extinguished by the waters of Phoneticism. That boon from heaven, that inestimable blessing was not made common, but reserved only for a chosen few, who, it may be, still practise it in congenial privacy. No unseen path ever opened among the hills, and Mr. Isaac Pitman, the coadjutor of Ellis, laid down his own life on the altar of phonetic truth in vain. Alas! whether it was that the country was not yet prepared to receive so exquisite a present, or that the subscriptions lagged a little, it was announced in the infancy of a journal devoted to its interests, that, in obedience to the strict injunctions of his physician, the editor regretted to inform his readers that he was obliged to intermit the publication of his journal till perhaps the close of the year. There is no list of subscriptions in this number, and the journal never appeared again. Somewhere in the limbo of the moon may be found that forthcoming number among good intentions unsuccessful on

this earth. Lecturers in its interest despised, it is to be hoped, gold and silver, for many received nothing but a Prayer-Book, roan gilt, in phonetic spelling, and the reward of their own conscience. *Peas*, as *Punch* said somewhat cruelly, *peas 2 iz hashes!*

Such was the end of the modest proposal to the English nation to deface its orthographical escutcheon, to place the wise at the feet of the ignorant, and to make all its old learning comparatively useless. Its authors forgot, as their predecessors had forgotten, that words had become conventional signs, Chinese characters, less musical utterances than algebraical symbols, and that no educated person goes through the form of spelling when he reads. Such "silly affectation and unpardonable presumption," as it has been, perhaps, not too harshly called, was not that reform which Mr. Max Müller hopes for in our "unhistorical, unsystematic, unintelligible, unteachable, but by no means unamendable spelling."

Although we have *dore* for *door* in a line of Gower, quoted by Ben Jonson in his grammar, the changes which have taken place in spelling have happily seldom been made on any phonetic system. Prove and move are still written thus, though retaining the sound of the French words from which they came. They have mostly arisen from considerations of etymology, from caprice, from desire of distinction, from affectation or from that lazy love of uniformity, to which we owe our modernized ancient authors. Though Bacon and Shakspeare, not to mention Gower and Chaucer, would be caviare to the general in their proper clothing, it is difficult to say that this change of ancient orthography does more good than harm.

The printers, as has been seen, have also contributed their share to orthographical alterations, and the desire of familiarizing the unknown has not been without effect. No lapse of years can conquer the tendency to phonetic endeavor. A simplification of the system of Ellis translated a passage of Shakspeare thus:—

¿Hwol! ¿iz de dje mor precezs dan de lark
bikwz hiz federz ar mor biutiful;
or ¿iz de ader betar dan de il,
bikwz hiz pented skín kontentz de ei.

What would become of our glorious and inestimable privilege of speaking that tongue which Shakespeare or Shakspeare or Shakspeare, or &c. spoke, if this sort of thing were to be allowed?

The least objectionable plan was that of Mr. Bell, who, to show sound without destroying orthography, and teach the former while the eye was still accustomed to the latter, wrote de^bt, plou^{ch}, &c. How he could have expressed cough is not clear. So this best laid scheme, like the rest, went a-gley, and Mr. Bell has remained, like Diogenes in Raphael's picture of Philosophy, alone.

In our own time, Dr. Brewer, who has rendered himself so justly dear to the rising generation by his collection of such inquiries as "Why do we poke the fire?" and "What blackens the saucepans?" is perhaps the heresiarch of schismatic orthographers. In sober seriousness he suggests the following reforms—*thiefs, calfs, loafs, wives, negros, danse, flowerist, entranse, innocence, excede, changable*, with very many more than a whole page of this magazine could contain in pearl types. It is but justice to say that he has supported all these eccentricities with which he would enrich the Queen's English and earn the heartfelt gratitude of every school-girl with very able arguments. He expects to be condemned heartily, *odium orthographicum* being only second, as might be expected, to *odium theologicum*, but follows the example of Demosthenes or Themistocles, or whoever it was that faced the many-headed beast with the words "Strike but hear!"

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary proceedings after that of Ritson, who wrote *flys, i, il, wel, and horsées*, was that of Pinkerton, who may be surnamed the consonant hater. He, thinking English was defective in music, owing to the infrequency of vowel endings, on comparing it with the Greek, set about briskly to some reformation. All plural s's he turned at once into a's, an Icelandic plural, and thus consonant to the genius of our tongue, so dogs became *doga*. Next the radical s, an innocent letter which he seems to have regarded with inveterate hatred, was where possible converted into z, as *azz*; thus he substituted the melodious buzz of the bee for the harsh hissing of the serpent. O, a

fine and rare close, was introduced to impart sublimity to the period, thus *cato* for cat. He, quoth Pinkerton, who would hesitate to write *tric* or *cot* need never attend a concert or look at a picture. The general effect of this permutation its proposer himself allowed might be at first astonishing, but maintained that in half a century it would become not only familiar but elegant. "Luckilizime," observed a witty fellow who had liberally caricatured the system, "this propozalio of the abzurdizzimo Pinkertonio was noto adoptado by anybodyino whateverano!" Then the ingenious author angrily observed that all things in nature might be ridiculed by the feeble faculties of sciolists employed on unusual objects, and quoted Montesquieu, who is ungallant enough to say that women are the supreme judges of the absurd, owing to the general imbecility of their understandings. He might have earned the praise of posterity, had he not in all innocence printed the *Vision of Mirza* in his own tongue. It survives him bound up in his book, a sempiternal scarecrow!

It will probably by this time be apparent to the ingenuous reader that "not to know how to spell" is not so great a disgrace as it is usually supposed to be. Let him try any of his most learned friends with Massachusetts, Mississippi, or Pennsylvania—with the sounds expressed by those excellent masquerades, yacht and phthisis—with liquefy and rarify—and he will find with sorrow or with satisfaction that humanity is imperfect. Monographic riddles are inherent in the nature of our language, and men do not conceive of its difficulties as they ought. They enter the portals of spelling, that labyrinth of infinite complexities, with insufficient reverence. As Archbishop Laud is reported to have gracefully observed in the Star Chamber, alluding to the careless behavior of Christians in Church, "they enter it as a tinker and his bitch the ale house." Cacography is like the seven deadly sins; men commit both every day without being aware of it. Universal disfranchisement would be the result of making good spelling the qualification of a voter. Orthography is the least satisfactory point of English grammar, with the exception perhaps of orthoepey. In no

part of it are there more anomalies. This indeed might be expected in an irregular and fortuitous agglutination of two irregularities, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman French. Our language is a Joseph's coat of many colors, a wall in which many different stones are bound together. Our alphabet is notoriously redundant in k and x, and defective in sounds of sh, ng, &c. The number of different combinations of letters producing one sound is only to be compared with that of the different sounds arising from the same combination of letters. The indefatigable Ellis is said to have discovered 6000 different ways of spelling scissors, e. g. *schissers*, *scissaughs*, *cisers*, and so forth. For this wide field of possibility of error, this appendix to the curse of Babel, candidates for the civil and military service, those youthful and unskilled laborers in the vineyard of English philology, are no doubt devoutly thankful. And what shall be said of the unfortunate foreigner who dares attempt our tongue, and finds on the threshold that we speak what we do not write, and write what we do not speak? How will he conquer those ugly-headed monsters, though, tough, &c., which conceal like devilish and complex masks the innocent and simple *tho* and *tuff*, &c.? We have heard of a Spaniard who received, for his first lesson in English spelling and pronunciation, the mnemonic lines—

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough
me through,

O'er life's dark lough I still my way pursue.

He, feeling his native pride wounded, and his natural love of congruity outraged by such an assemblage of contradictions, quitted his master in disgust, and pursued his way no farther into the penetralia of our language. The trusting confidence of our children is well shown by their not accusing us of the basest fraud when we introduce them to these and the like peculiarities of our speech.

Many celebrated persons, without entering into an orthographical crusade and revolutionizing the English spelling, like James Elphinstone, a man of considerable learning—who commenced a treatise on that subject thus: "*To those who possess the large work, a succinct view of English orthography may be as pleasing, as to others indispensabel*"—have nevertheless in a quiet way entered their protest against the

fashion of their time. Milton wrote *souvan*, for instance, *therefor*, *highth*, in which last he was followed by Landor, who also wrote *Aristotles* on analogy of Empedocles, which is rarely, except in a young ladies' finishing school, pronounced Empedocle, though he hesitated to write *Brute* or *Lucrece* on the analogy of Terence, nor on the analogy of Pliny did he venture to speak of Marius by that name for which Byron confesses his preferential passion. Tennyson has adopted *plow*. The timid Cowper was bold enough to write *Greecian* in his translation of Homer, after the fashion of Greece. Lardner wrote *clandestin*, *famin* (in words of this kind the final e seems not only useless but injurious), *persue*, *sais*, *præface*. A sample of Mitford's peculiarities is *iland*, *endevor*. He considered the 's' in the former word, what indeed it is, a graft of ignorance. Hare, lately followed by Furnival, held it so much of a baseness to spell fashionably, that he roundly abused such pot-bellied words as spelled for *spell* in the preterites of weak verbs, and gave us *preacht*, &c., with such genitive plurals as *geniuses*, and threw into the bargain *invey* and *atchieve*. He also maintained that mute 'e' should be expunged when not softening a preceding consonant, or lengthening a preceding vowel. Byron finding it impossible to determine but from the context, whether "read" be past or present, wrote *redde*, though he might have written *red* like led, there being little fear of its being confounded with the color. Thirlwall inveighed against our established system, if the result of custom and accident may be called system, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of ignorance and chance, equally repugnant to good taste and common sense. But notwithstanding the good bishop's tirades, the British public never, never will be slaves, even to an Academy. They cling to their old spelling with an impulsion proportioned to its inconvenience, and are as jealous of any encroachment on their prescriptive domain as of a trespass on their right in the public parks. We know what would become of English loyalty if her most Gracious Majesty were to take it into her royal head to close St. James'. Tyrwhitt, aware of this, contented himself with but few varieties, such as *rime*, a spelling which derivation, analogy, and ancient

use alike support, and *could*, which being obviously derived from *can* adds in its present state to the unnecessary anomalies in our language. The obtaining orthography arose out of uniformity probably with *would* from *will* and *should* from *shall*, and even in these words the 'l' has unfortunately long ceased to be pronounced. With regard to *rime*, it were perhaps better written *ryme* to distinguish it from hoar-frost. The Elizabethan impurity of the 'h' has been traced to Daniel. It is never found in Milton or Shakspeare. It arose most likely from the notion that the word was connected with rhythm. The learned Trench in his *English Past and Present*, 1868, curiously enough discards "y" in *ryme* as a modern mis-spelling.

The unsettled nature of our language has made its variations much more remarkable than those in other countries. Petrarch is still understood fairly by the modern Italian, but the modern Englishman can bring up little from the well of English undefiled without a glossarial bucket. Lest he should fall into the same evil plight with Spenser, Swift was sanguine enough to propose a scheme to the Earl of Oxford for curbing any further variations in orthography; but that, as we have seen, was a work beyond the King and his Ministers. The son of the Prince of Wales may not now "chaste" his schoolmaster as Robert the Devil effectually "chasted" his with a long dagger, when the unlucky pedant suggested that the spelling of Robert was exceptional; and in that case we have no ground to suppose that the "Devil's" spelling ultimately prevailed. Cæsar was a greater than he, and yet could not introduce a word; Claudian also, and yet could not introduce a letter. Kings and scholars must alike succumb to the tyranny of custom, and of that tyrant women chiefly are the executive and the body-guard. Their love of variety has probably produced as many new spellings as their love of eloquence has begotten new words. What are the dry rules of etymology to them when the usual spelling offends the delicacy of their ear? We have heard of a lady at a Spelling Bee—at present a silly, and so very popular entertainment—a pretty young lady who spelt myrrh thus: *murr*. What could be more simple, more novel, more ingenious?

At least three-fourths of the male portion of the audience went away with the secret conviction that, although the dry little old gentleman who presided as referee, and a big dictionary to boot, were adverse to the candidate, the pretty young lady had a great deal which might be said on her side, and that if the word was not by some prejudiced people spelt as she had elected to spell it, it ought decidedly in future to be spelt so. The graceful appearance of our written language is indeed mainly owing to our women. These are at the head of what Chesterfield called the polite as opposed to the pedantic orthography. In the former they rule supreme. Learning here is rather disadvantageous than otherwise; it curbs the freedom of their imagination. *Sit non doctissima conjux*, says Martial—who might have rested well content in our island home. Who but a woman first dared to spell cap-à-pie *apple-pie*, or farsed-meat *forced-meat*? Would any man have enriched her favorite ornament with four changes of costume, as *riband*, *ribon*, *ribbon*, *ribband*? Who but one of these eminent rebels first wrote *exiccate*, or introduced that arbitrary but interesting diversity between *laggard* and *braggart*? To whom are we indebted for the perihelion of those capricious stars—*kicksey-wicksey*, *welsh-rabbit*, *cuddle*, *poppet*, *higgledy-piggie*, and *tootsicums*, or the aphelion of *soupe*, *conjobble*, *warhable*, *smegmatick*, *screeable*, *ablaqueation*, *moble*, *hamble*, *drumbl*, *nubble*, which it may well be Johnson was barbarous enough to forge himself, in jealous rivalry, in order to spite the sex; but his efforts were, as they deserved to be, quite unavailing? No one, however, of mortals is happy on all sides. Our fair reformers have sometimes suffered inconvenience from their auricular orthography. Instances have been quoted of a lady writing to a gentleman to inquire after his health in such bold eccentricity of spelling as excited suspicion of an assignation in the breast of that gentleman's wife; of another who exercised her right and privileges so capriciously in the composition of a domestic receipt that a whole family were nearly poisoned by partaking of the ingredients of what was entitled a new *soup*, but which in ordinary orthography would have been a new *soap*.

Soyez de votre siècle, is a motto which women seldom forget in fashion; it is one which neither men nor women should ever forget in spelling. We must not be the first, as Pope says in his "Essay on Criticism," to try the new words nor yet

the last to lay aside the old. But after all it will not be among the least of the blessings of heaven, that spelling probably will not there be necessary.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



MRS. THRALE: THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

BY MRS. MASSON.

PART II.—1780-1781.

SUCH was the little Welshwoman's first reception of her future husband, and her friends and foes remembered it long afterwards. It was not, however, until August 1780, and then at Brighton, that she made Signor Piozzi's acquaintance.

Brighton was dull enough for her that season. Dr. Johnson was in hot, empty London, dining at Sir Joshua's with Mrs. Cholmondeley, busy with his *Lives*, and writing letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I stay at home to work," he told her, "and yet do not work diligently; nor can tell when I shall have done, nor perhaps does anybody but myself wish me to have done; for what can they hope I shall do better? Yet I wish the work was over and I was at liberty. And what would I do if I was at liberty? Would I go to Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Porter, and all the old places, and sigh to find that my old friends are gone? Would I recall plans of life which I never brought into practice, and hopes of excellence which I once presumed and never have attained? Would I compare what I now am with what I once expected to have been?" And he adds: "If you please, madam, we will have an end of this, and contrive some other wishes. I wish I had you in an evening, and I wish I had you in a morning; and I wish I could have a little talk and see a little frolick. For all this I must stay; but life will not stay." Miss Burney was also in London, drinking tea in Bolt Court, calling upon Sophy, and picking up gossip among her high friends about Lord George Gordon, who was now safe in the Tower. The prim little worldling would, in spite of her airs, be fine company now at Brighton. "My master," Mrs. Thrale writes to her, "is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothes; after which the Steyne

hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent; and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest, but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K—, too, sister to the Duchess of M—, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Thimbridge*. These, however, are all the people we ever speak to,—oh, yes, the Drummonds—but they are scarce blest with utterance." But, while she complains of mere tedium, her heart is heavy with a sense of coming evil. Another parliamentary election is pending, while her husband's health causes her hourly anxiety for his life; her letters to Johnson are few and far between, and with but little "frolick" in them. The philosopher grows captious. "I hope," he wrote, "you have no design of stealing away to Italy before the election, nor of leaving me behind you, though I am not only seventy, but seventy-one. Could you not let me lose a year in round numbers? Sweetly, sweetly sings Dr. Swift:

'Some dire misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.'

But what if I am seventy-two? I remember Sulpitius says of St. Martin (now that's above your reading), *Est animus victor annorum et senectuti cedere nescius*. Match me this among your young folks! If you try to plague me, I shall tell you that, according to Galen, life begins to decline from *thirty-five*." And again, in still more irritable mood: "You write

of late very seldom. I wish you would write upon *subjects*; anything to keep me alive. You have your beaux and your flatterers, and here am poor I, forced to flatter myself; and any good of myself I am not very easy to believe, so that I really live but a sorry life. What shall I do with Lyttelton's life? I can make a short life and conclude. Why did not you like Collins, and Gay, and Blackmore, as well as Akenside?" The lady takes up her pen at last, and can write brilliantly enough when she chooses, and whet his appetite for more. She has been reading his last *Lives*, and has some piquant criticism for each of them. Then:—"And now, if you call this flattery, I can leave off in a minute without bidding; for, since you *lions* have no skill in dandling the kid, we *kids* can expect but rough returns for caresses bestowed upon our haughty monarch. So be diligent, dear sir, and have done with these men that have been buried these hundred years, and don't sit making verses that never will be written; but sit down steadily and finish their lives who *did* do something. And then, think a little about mine, which has not been a happy one, for all you tease me so concerning the pleasures I enjoy, and the flattery I receive, all which has nothing to do with comfort for the present distress; and sometimes I am angry when I read such stuff."

It was about the time when these letters were travelling to and fro between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale that, walking with Queeney early one morning on the cliff at Brighton, Mrs. Thrale saw Piozzi standing at the library door, and accosted him in Italian. Her impromptu proposal that he should give Miss. Thrale a lesson or two was on that occasion coldly declined. He had come to Brighton for his health, was composing some music, and lived in great retirement. He did not remember her, in fact; and the ladies continued their walk, disappointedly. On their way home, passing again the library door, Piozzi, no doubt instructed in the meantime by the gossiping librarian, started out of the shop, apologised for not knowing Mrs. Thrale before, and protested his readiness to obey her commands. And so their acquaintance began. In her diary occur the following jottings:—"Brighton, July

1780. I have picked up Piozzi here, the great Italian singer. He is amazingly like my father: he shall teach Hester." And again:—"13th August, 1780. Piozzi is become a prodigious favorite with me. He is so intelligent a creature, so discerning, one can't help wishing for his good opinion; his singing surpasses everybody's for taste, tenderness, and true elegance; his hand on the *forte piano*, too, is so soft, so sweet, so delicate, every tone goes to the heart, I think, and fills the mind with emotions one would not be without, though inconvenient enough sometimes. He wants nothing from us; he comes for his health, he says; I see nothing ail the man but pride."

Towards the close of this eventful August, soon after their return to London, Mr. Thrale was attacked with apoplexy. Sir Lucas Pepys, being with them at Brighton, had observed symptoms of danger in his patient, and had sent him home, not to Streatham, but to a furnished house in Grosvenor Square, to be within easy reach of himself. It was too late, however; the crisis came, and the brewer's life was saved only by bleeding him till he fainted. Once more Mrs. Thrale's energy for business is called into play. She is at the counting-house daily, chases a clerk who has absconded with money, discovers new ruinous speculations of her husband, and does her best to straighten matters around him. The election too is not far off. In March 1781 she writes to Johnson:—"I am willing to show myself in Southwark or in any place for my master's pleasure or advantage, but have no present conviction that to be re-elected would be advantageous, so shattered a state as his nerves are in just now. Do not you, however, fancy for a moment that I shrink from fatigue, or desire to escape from doing my duty. Spiting one's antagonist is a reason that never ought to operate, and never does operate with me. I care nothing about a rival candidate's innuendoes; I care only about my husband's health and fame; and, if we find that he earnestly wishes to be once more member for the Borough,—he *shall* be member, if anything done or suffered by me will help to make him so." The dying man, heavy half his time with apoplectic sleep, still made love to Sophy, and was

intent on enjoying his life. Grosvenor Square was gayer than ever Streatham had been. "Yesterday," writes Mrs. Thrale, "I had a *conversazione*. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well. The way to his heart is connoisseurship, it seems; and for a background and contour—who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know!"

On Sunday, April 1st, there were at dinner, at Grosvenor Square, Boswell, Johnson, Sir Philip Jennings Clark, M.P., and Mr. Perkins, the head clerk at the brewery. The talk was of the American war; and Johnson's "boisterous vivacity," says Boswell, "entertained us. Presently Mrs. Thrale chanced to praise highly a witty friend of her own. 'Nay, my dear lady,' replied Johnson, 'don't talk so,' and proceeded to turn her friend into ridicule, and to scold her for her habit of *blasting by praise*. 'Now there is Pepys' (Mr. Thrale's physician); 'you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet,' looking to her," says Boswell, "with a leering smile, 'she is the first woman in the world could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers; she would be the only woman could she but command that little whirligig.'" Mr. Perkins must have felt himself much edified by this discriminating censure of his master's wife, while Boswell, no doubt, strained every nerve to fix the delicious words upon his memory. But the end of it all was near. On April 4th, 1781, in the midst of preparations for a magnificent concert and supper, another sudden stroke of apoplexy ended poor Thrale's life, and ended too, in Dr. Johnson's life, its happiest episode.

When the brewer's will was read it was found that Mrs. Thrale had the interest of 50,000*l.* for her life, with

Streatham Park and the town-house in the Borough—the Brighton house falling to the share of the daughters. The business might be carried on conjointly by Mrs. Thrale and the executors, among whom was Dr. Johnson, or sold for what it would bring. Dr. Johnson is said to have wished to keep on the brewery; but Mrs. Thrale was the better man of business of the two, and it was sold, in June 1781, for 135,000*l.* to Mr. Barclay the Quaker, and her old friend Mr. Perkins, the head clerk; the dwelling-house in the Borough being thrown in at the last as a gift from Mrs. Thrale to Mrs. Perkins.

For fifteen years Johnson had called Streatham his home. The white house on the common had come to be dear and familiar to the old man beyond what he or the world knew; and he would willingly have continued a fixture there to his life's end. Any change was for him simple loss. His dear "mistress," saddened but not quite broken-hearted, with the pretty Queeney growing into womanhood at her side, and himself in her cosiest easy-chair, or presiding among the wits and notables at her sumptuous board:—this was the pleasant picture he had drawn for himself of what might still be. "Let us pray for one another," he had written to her in the early days of her widowhood; "when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us." The sale of the brewery and subsequent retrenchments disturbed to a considerable degree the magnanimity of Johnson's sorrow. His dream fabric tottered visibly. "The diminution of the estate, though displeasing and unexpected, must," he said, "be borne, because it cannot be helped." He and she were to make good resolutions before they met, which on his side he hoped to keep; but such hopes are very deceitful, and "I would not willingly think the same of all hopes," he added, very ambiguously. From Lichfield, with poor dying Lucy Porter at his side, palsied Mrs. Aston, and other aged and ailing friends, he wrote to her:—"There is little of the sunshine of life, and my own health does not gladden me. But, to scatter the gloom, I went last night to the ball, where, you know, I can be happy even without you. On the ball, which was very gay, I looked a while, and went away." What dreams of the pre-

posterosely happy, what visions of far-off sunny Streatham, filled the old man's mind as he stood watching the dancers through dim half-closed eyes on that last night of October 1781, are not now to be recorded. The little widow's replies to his constant letters are sprightly and trim, with here and there a touch of filial tenderness, or of half-concealed pain, as when she says, "Come home, however, for 'tis dull living without you. . . . You are not happy away, and I fear I shall never be happy again in this world between one thing and another." Their reunion at the close of the year did not bring to either the comfort they expected. Signor Piozzi the singer, sent for by the Queen of France, had also been absent, and was now also returned, "loaded with presents, honors, and emoluments." "When *he* comes, and *I* come," Johnson had said in one of his letters, "you will have two about you that love you; and I question if either of us heartily care how few more you have." The philosopher was already jealous; and still more so when Mrs. Thrale's pleasure in Piozzi's society increased day by day. To make matters more difficult, Johnson, now in his seventy-third year, was already sinking into an unhealthy old age. The huge frame was tortured by symptoms of asthma, dropsy, and other painful diseases, partly inherited, partly the result of unwholesome habits of living. His rich, full mind and big heart had as much of vitality as ever, or more; but the temper, never a gentle one, had become, to those who loved him most, captious, fretful, and extortionate. He had reached a period in his life when the most unfit companion for him in the world was a lady, herself weighed down with suffering and domestic anxiety, but with a spirit of joy in her that rebelled at the prospect of sorrow. By a process too natural to require explanation, Johnson's residence at Streatham became less habitual than formerly. But he continued to write from the dusky retreat of Bolt Court, *dunning*, as she expressed it, his old friend for kindness, wishing himself back with her at Streatham, detailing his complaints and medicines, and peevishly repining at his own old age. The tie of many years was hard to break; and, when Streatham Park was let on lease, in 1782, to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, Dr.

Johnson accompanied Mrs. Thrale and her family to Brighton, returning with them in the winter to Argyle Street, London, where Boswell found him, very ill, but kindly tended, in the following March.

Between this last date, however, and June 17th, 1783, an irremediable break had occurred in the friendship of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. No sooner had her husband been laid at rest beside his little son in Streatham Church than the gossips had set themselves to map out his widow's future. She was angry enough at them for fancying her "such an amorous idiot." Lord Loughborough, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Piozzi, Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Johnson, every man that came to the house, she complained, was put in the papers for her to marry. She wrote to the *Morning Herald*, begging it to say no more about her, good or bad, took refuge in the country, and had more than half a mind to leave England altogether. "One day," she writes in her diary, "the paper rings with my marriage to Dr. Johnson, one day to Crutchley, one day to Seward. I give no reason for such impertinence, but cannot deliver myself from it. Whitbread, the rich brewer, is in love with me too: oh, I would rather, as Anne Page says, be set breast deep in the earth and be bowled to death with turnips." Still, though incensed at this random gossip, Mrs. Thrale had a fair consciousness of her own eligibility and power. She remembered her wealth, her ancient lineage, her reputation for wit and learning, and triumphed to herself, between the pages of her diary, that to marry for love would be rational in her, who wanted no advancement of birth or fortune; and, "till I am in love," she added, "I will not marry, nor perhaps then." That she did eventually promise her hand to the singer Piozzi has puzzled her biographers as it at first puzzled, nay, astounded her family and friends. They regarded the act as little less than a crime against society, her children, and herself. What could a woman with three thousand a year, half a dozen daughters, and a considerable reputation for talent, care for a man who was known only for his music? True it was, the singer had long since lost his voice, that he was neither poor nor very handsome, nor in any sense an adventurer. He was in fact eminently respect-

able and harmless; and—she loved him. This fact constituted his greatest virtue and her most unpardonable folly. Johnson and Burney bemoaned together with wet eyes the weakness of their former hostess and their own loosened hold of her affection. The two drove into London from Streatham on one occasion together—Burney in the secret of the love affair, and very grave and sad; Johnson either innocent of it or pretending to be so. But the heart of the old man was none the less heavy. "His look," says the lady, "was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle;" and he was overcome with emotion as, with a shaking hand and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving, and, when they faced it from the coach window as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaimed, "That house . . . is lost to me—*for ever!*" Too long indeed had the "Streathamites" dreamt that Mrs. Thrale and all that was hers belonged to them; and now it was a bitter thing to find that she was strictly and wholly free, and knew it. Could some one among that crowd of literary men and women, who had feasted and paraded all those years in the gardens and gay rooms of Streatham, have been sufficiently heroic to think and say that she was in the right! And, still more, could that single-handed champion have been the great and revered Dr. Johnson! A word from him at that time would have silenced the whole midge swarm of discontents, with Burney at their head. And might it not have been? Might he not, sitting over his fire on his two-legged stool in Bolt Court, have called to mind her long and spirited service to her "master," her tears over her dying babies, her bright and innocent wit, which had so often dispelled for him the gathering clouds of gloom and sickness? And might not he, the wise old man, have given due weight to the fact that all her tenderness, all her devotion, all her vanity, had hitherto been called into play only by old men, by children, by strangers! But other and less kind thoughts rankled in the heart of the old lexicographer. He joined, alas, the midge swarm; hated Piozzi with his plain face and broken English, despised Mrs. Thrale, and let the inquisitive world know that he did so. There are few

more ugly stories on record than that of Johnson's quarrel with the little widow.

Early in 1783, Mrs. Thrale was induced by the persecution of her children and the public to bid good-bye to her lover, who at her request at once gave up her letters to her eldest daughter, and prepared to leave England. The poor lady's health appeared at this time completely broken, and she was moreover much harassed by debts, the heaviest of which had been incurred by her father, and fell now upon her as his heir. Placing her younger children at school in Streatham, she left Argyle Street, and went with the elder ones to Bath, where she hoped to live in retirement, out of reach of her "friends," and to pay her debts. The little Streatham school-girls, however, fell ill in the spring of measles and whooping-cough, and one of them died. The poor mother, herself seriously ill, started from Bath, to visit them. She lodged in Streatham, avoiding "hateful London," "for fear of encountering Piozzi's eyes somewhere." Nor did she know, until Piozzi told her long after, when all their troubles were over, that he had been sitting at a front window of a public house on the road "all that dreadful Saturday," to see her carriage pass backwards and forwards to where the children resided. She had maintained her resolution not to see him again, and returned to Bath with a heavier heart than ever. When her child died, she had written to Dr. Johnson to inform him of her trouble; but the old friends did not meet whilst she was at Streatham; and his reply to her letter beginning, "I am glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear pretty little girl," went on at once to relate how he had been dining at the opening of the Exhibition, with a splendid company, and other irrelevant gossip. A few more letters passed between them; he telling her the news of the day, and praising her "placid acquiescence" in her present mode of life; she writing back in a softened, broken-hearted strain, "very sick," she says, and a little sullen, and disposed now and then to say like King David, *My lovers and my friends have been put away from me, and my acquaintance hid out of my sight.*" These words were probably on their way from Bath to Bolt Court when Johnson was struck dumb

by paralysis on the early morning of June 17th, 1783. It was a strange impulse which made him, within a few hours of his visitation, write an elaborate and eloquent account of it to Mrs. Thrale; and this was followed up for some time by a regular diary of his disease addressed to her. Her replies amused him, and she, in her bitter solitude, accepted his lectures in a humbled spirit, and was "obliged, consoled, and delighted" by them. "You are now retired," Johnson tells her, "and have nothing to impede self-examination or self-improvement. Endeavor to reform that instability of attention which your last letter has happened to betray." Oh, soul of Quintilian! Here was stuff for your copy-book headings, with a vengeance!

Mrs. Thrale's miserable life during the year 1783, at Bath, was varied by a visit to Weymouth in the autumn, illnesses of her children in the winter, and correspondences with Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney. The last was in some sort her confidante; to her she could speak of her sufferings and their cause, and the two ladies regretted that they lived so far apart. Mrs. Thrale's daughters were now growing up about her, a bevy of proud, handsome girls, with fortunes of their own, and no little ambition of a small kind. "I have read to them," she tells Miss Burney in March 1784, "the Bible from beginning to end; the Roman and English histories; Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and Young's works, from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's criticisms on the poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and the classics—I mean English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; *Rollin des Belles Lettres*, and a hundred more. But my best powers are past; and I think I must look out a lady to supply my deficiency to attend them, if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath!" Here at least she had her physicians about her, who knew how ill she was, and would do their best not to let her die; but of what other friends could she say as much? Her children's utter lack of sympathy with her, and Dr. Johnson's flagrant egotism, at length exasperated the poor lady into something like vigor of speech. "You

tell one of my daughters," she wrote to Johnson, "that you know not with distinctness the cause of my complaints. I believe she, who lives with me, knows it no better." The lady then scolds him roundly, and in English as eloquent as his own. "It is kind in you to quarrel no more," she says, "about expressions which were not meant to offend; but unjust to suppose I have not lately thought myself dying. Let us, however, take the Prince of Abyssinia's advice, and not add to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy. . . . All this," she continues, relenting again, "is not written by a person in high health and happiness, but by a fellow-sufferer, who has more to endure than she can tell or you can guess; and now let us talk of the Severn salmon, which will be coming in soon: I shall send you one of the finest, and shall be glad to hear that your appetite is good." The lady did not forget her promise, and three weeks later Dr. Johnson wrote: "The Hooles, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hull (Wesley's sister), feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, but I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left."

While Dr. Johnson was enjoying an interval of comparative good health among his London friends, Mrs. Thrale was becoming each day more ill and more unhappy; until at length her good physician, taking the matter into his own hands, informed her daughters that he must write to Signor Piozzi concerning their mother's health. Piozzi, who was living in Milan, received Dr. Dobson's welcome epistle; and in eleven days he was at her side. In the meantime Mrs. Thrale had made up her mind to be broken-hearted no more. The guardians whom Mr. Thrale had placed over her children were formally acquainted with the fact; and that the three eldest, having heard that Mr. Piozzi was coming back from Italy, had left Bath for their own house at "Brighthelmstone." But Dr. Johnson received, in addition to the "circular," the following letter:—

"BATH, June 30.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The inclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for

concealing from you a connexion which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments; and, though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

"Your faithful servant."

This was Dr. Johnson's reply:—

"MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours,

"July 2, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON.

"I will come down if you permit it."

Mrs. Thrale lost no time, but despatched a letter by the coach, "the more speedily and effectually to prevent" the Doctor's visit. She was very angry now, and bid him rather a fiery farewell. The next post brought to her a softer missive, "one more sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere." Her old irascible friend did not forget, he told her, in this moment of final separation, "the kindness which had soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." His last advice was, however, that she should induce Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, "where her fortune would be more under her own eye;" his last peroration enforcing that advice was an eloquent allusion to the story of Queen Mary, who had crossed the fatal Solway in spite of a similar warning, and—suffered for it.

The marriage which all the world was execrating was solemnised at Bath on July 25, 1784, and in a few weeks the Piozzis were on their way to Italy. Here, among her husband's own people and friends, Mrs. Piozzi found him popular and respected, while the proud Lombardians were at first disposed to doubt whether his wife whom he had brought to visit them could be a gentlewoman by

birth, since her first husband was a brewer! The travellers were feasted and honored wherever they went. When dukes, duchesses, marquises d'Araciel, and princes of Sisterna showered kindness on her for Piozzi's sake, Mrs. Piozzi took good care to let her English friends hear of it. "Here's honor and glory for you!" she wrote home, in the joy of her heart. But it was not long before she had forgiven her enemies. To her children she lost no opportunity of sending presents and letters; and on December 7th, 1784, she wrote to a young law student Samuel Lysons, afterwards Keeper of the Tower Records: "Do not neglect Dr. Johnson; you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney." A week later, and her old friend had breathed his last in his dingy home in Fleet Street, London. No sooner was the event known, and the old philosopher at rest under the stones of Westminster Abbey, than the printers were busy issuing "*Anecdotes*." Everybody who had a story of the dead lion was in a hurry to tell it; and of course Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi were looked to by all the world for the largest and most interesting collections. Her *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, during the Last Twenty Years of his Life*, were written in Italy immediately after the news of his death reached her, shipped off to England from Leghorn, and published in London in 1786, young Samuel Lysons making her bargain for her with Mr. Cadell the publisher. "Judge my transport and my husband's," she wrote nearly thirty years afterwards, "when at Rome we received letters saying the book was bought with such avidity that Cadell had not one copy left when the King sent for it at ten o'clock at night, and he was forced to beg one from a friend to supply his Majesty's impatience, who sat up all night reading it." Boswell, who was preparing his "pyramid," as he called his *Life of Johnson*, was outraged at this sudden flare of feminine popularity, and strove to undermine his rival's position by accusing her of inaccuracy and untruth. His efforts were in vain. The whole of the first impression of her little book was sold on the first day it was published; 300*l.* were lying ready for her in her publisher's hands;

and her "Anecdotes" were the gossip of the whole town, although Walpole sneered at them, Hannah More yawned, and Peter Pindar grew funny.

During their residence in Italy, the Piozzis visited Salzburg in Bavaria, the ancient seat of the little Welshwoman's race; and the heralds there, examining her "schedule," acknowledged her, "to the triumphant delight of dear Piozzi," a true descendant of their own Prince Adam. Mrs. Piozzi, though this was perhaps no great feather in her cap, shone with some *éclat* among the stars of the Della Crusca Academy in Florence, and wrote a preface to their "Miscellany" of verses, which Walpole called "short, sensible, and genteel." On their return to London in 1787, Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi lived first in Hanover Square, and afterwards at her old home at Streatham Park. In the meantime her children had become partially reconciled to their Italian stepfather; and Cecilia, the youngest, afterwards Mrs. Mostyn, remained constantly resident with her mother. Mrs. Piozzi's old friends discovered by degrees that her marriage was after all no very dire misfortune to her or to them. Her dinners were as good as formerly, and her drawing-room was as much as ever the resort of notables and eccentrics. After a few years, Piozzi, having become enraptured during a tour with the scenery of North Wales, built an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwydd, near to his wife's ruined mansion of Bachygraig, to which they gave the pretty hybrid name of Brynbella; and to this spot he and his wife retired in 1795. The French war in Italy in 1799 having involved Piozzi's relations in great difficulties, Mrs. Piozzi rescued from the general wreck a nephew of her husband, whom his parents had christened John Salusbury, after herself. The little Lombardian, with recollections in his baby head of bloody scenes in fighting cities, was brought to England; and Mrs. Piozzi adopted him as her heir. When he was old enough, she placed him at the school where her own son Henry Thrale had conned his Latin grammar some thirty years before; and the young Salusbury-Piozzi was reared by Henry's mother with exceptional tenderness and care.

Mr. Piozzi died at Brynbella in 1809,

and was buried at the little church there. Legends of the courteous Italian linger in the neighborhood—of his broken English, and gentle, kindly manners. A portrait of him is preserved among the family pictures at Brynbella, which represents him as good-looking, about forty years old, in a straight-cut brown coat, with frill and ruffles, and some leaves of music in his hand; and one wing of the Italian villa which he built is still said to be haunted by the sounds of his violin. During his life Mr. Piozzi had attended with much prudence and economy to the somewhat confused money-matters of his little wife. He had steered her safely through her debts; and at his death he left her mistress of everything he possessed, except a few thousands which he had saved before their marriage, and which he bequeathed to his relatives in Italy.

The loss of her husband left Mrs. Piozzi once more solitary in the world; but no sorrow, not even the greatest sorrow of remembering happier things, could quench now the sunshine which filled her life. During the twelve years which remained for her, we see her, in her letters, and in the records of her friends, still happy, still triumphant, still supremely satisfied. For her, old age was no uglier, no sadder, than a plucked flower that lies doomed and sweet in the sunlight. She had had her full share of earthly joy, and the brightest day in her calendar was ever the anniversary of her second marriage. "No, my dear sir," she wrote to a friend from Bath in 1817, "I will not stir from home till after the 25th of July, which day made me happy thirty-three years ago, after the suffering so many sorrows; and here will I keep its beloved anniversary, always remembering

"St. James's Church and St. James's Day,
And good Mr. James that gave me away."

Until 1814 she had continued to live at Brynbella, visiting occasionally both Bath and Streatham. But at this date young Salusbury left the university and married, and Mrs. Piozzi very generously relinquished to him and his young wife her little Welsh estate and its revenue. To compensate her daughters for their loss of it, she set to work to improve Streatham Park, which they would in-

herit at her death, and landed herself by this means in new and serious money difficulties. Nevertheless she jogged on, as light-hearted as ever, in her Bath lodging, with her two maids, and with a drawing of Brynbella over her chimney-piece—often, in spite of her 2,000*l.* a year, without 5*l.* of ready money to spend on herself. She almost rejoiced in her self-imposed poverty. When bills were thronging in upon her every hour, she told a friend that a certain heavy account for expenses concerning her nephew's marriage had just been sent in from a solicitor, and added, "I call that the *felicity* bill." Her devotion to Piozzi's nephew was not ill rewarded. He was made sheriff of his county, and knighted in 1817; and he and his wife were uniformly dutiful and kind to their benefactress, and at least added no one pang to those she had previously suffered. In 1819 Tom Moore visited Mrs. Piozzi, and found her "a wonderful old lady." "Faces of other times," he wrote, "seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, &c., &c. Though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman." It was about this time that she became acquainted with the young actor, Conway, and interested herself so enthusiastically in his fortunes that people laughed at her, and said she was in love again. Her eightieth birthday, Jan. 27, 1820, was made the occasion of a brilliant *fête* at Bath, to which the Salusburies from Wales, and friends from all parts of the island, gladly flocked. A concert and supper to between six and seven hundred guests, in the public rooms of Bath, commenced the proceedings; and she led off the ball herself at two in the morning with her adopted son Sir John Salusbury, dancing, said those who were present, with astonishing elasticity and true dignity.

The autumn and winter of that year were spent quietly at Penzance, where she had been told the blasts of winter never came. There she whiled away what she called "six months of exile," looking out over the sea, observing Cornish human nature, with its adjuncts vegetable and mineral, writing witty anecdotic letters to her absent friends, and longing to return with the swallows to her own beloved Bath. But that Cor-

nish winter of 1820-1 was exceptionally severe, and the poor little lady found it hard to maintain her cheerful mood. "Conway," she wrote to a friend, "is in high favor at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's value will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along." On her way homewards to Bath in the spring of 1821, Mrs. Piozzi met with an accident. Recovered from this, she reached Clifton, where an attack of illness overtook her; and she died there, after very little suffering, on May 2nd, 1821. To her nephew, Sir John Salusbury-Piozzi Salusbury, she left her Welsh estates, and all that she possessed, with the request to her executors that they would be careful to transmit her body, wheresoever she might die, to the vault constructed for their remains by her second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, in Dymmerchion Church, Flintshire. And accordingly this last act completed the story of a long and not too happy life. Her three daughters, Lady Keith, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Thrale, summoned at the last, were round her dying bed. By her written wish the portrait of her mother by Zoffany was given to Lady Keith, who alone of her family could remember her; and that of Mr. Thrale was given to the one daughter who still bore his name. Two days before her death she had sent the actor Conway a draught for 100*l.*; which he, like an honest man, returned to her executors. The act speaks warmly in his favor, and one is sorry that he was not quite so great a genius as his warm-hearted patroness believed him to be. He drowned himself in 1828. Among his books was found a copy of the folio edition of Young's *Night Thoughts*, in which he had made a note that it was presented to him by his "dearly attached friend, the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi."

Of Dr. Johnson it may be said that his personality and talk were more memorable than anything he ever wrote, and the same is true of his friend Mrs. Piozzi. Her "Anecdotes" were popular, but they scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same category with Boswell's splendidly full and compactly arranged "Life." Her *British Synonymy*; or, *An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation*, published in 1794, was a compendium of bright table-talk

and anecdote; but its pretentious name put the critics and Gifford out of temper. The *Retrospection; or, A Review of the most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences, which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented to the View of Mankind*, was published, in two quarto volumes, in 1801, and consists of rather more than a thousand pages. "It would," says Mr. Hayward in his interesting account of her life and writings, "have required the united powers and acquirements of Raleigh, Burke, Gibbon, and Voltaire to fill so vast a canvas with appropriate groups and figures." She was indeed too ambitious; and we have to fall back on her letters and what we know of her life, that we may once more understand and believe in her genius and good sense.

Mrs. Piozzi's verdict concerning her own personal appearance was a severe one. "No," she used to say, "I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty." And she would boast that she owed her "vigorous black manuscript" to her large and too muscularly built hand. Boswell called her "short, plump, and brisk;" but Dr. Burney was more polite when in 1782 he included among his lady "wits,"

"Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
Sits a soul above disguise."

The little half-length miniature of her painted in Bath in 1817, in a closely fitting dress and hat very nearly resembling the present fashion, represents her as small, well built, with features finely cut, and a clear brave glance in the eyes.

It was impossible that she should have lived for so many of her best years in the society of Dr. Johnson without retaining through life many of the results of that companionship. Few women among her younger contemporaries could

vie with her in extensive reading and retentive memory, or in readiness of wit. Dr. Johnson had taught her to hate cant; and her honesty both in speech and action was among her most striking characteristics. But he failed utterly to hem her mind round with the prejudices and perversities which beset his own. Her "piety" was less sententious, less methodical; but her charity was undoubtedly of a better sort.

Her sweet temper, also, her vivacity and unselfishness, increased as she grew old; and her last years contrasted most remarkably in this particular with Dr. Johnson's gloomy and hypochondriacal decay. Some of our contemporaries can remember her as far back as 1813—a kind little old lady, who used to walk in her garden on Streatham Common and hand cakes through her park palings to fair-haired little boys. When the oft-recurring birthday reminded her how old she and the world were growing, she welcomed it with a good grace. "*My jour de naissance* is coming round in a few days now," she wrote in 1816, and quoted some pretty lines of Pope, adding, "Yet I will not, like Dr. Johnson, quarrel with my birthday." On the seventy-sixth anniversary, she wrote gaily to her kind friend Sir James Fellowes, about the new fashions that were deforming the world, and added, "Do not suffer yourself to be too sorry that I am so near out of it." Three years before her death she was quoting in a letter to the same friend some verses of Cowley upon the old sad subject; and this was her brave comment:—"Meanwhile, let us die but once, and not double the pang by cowardice, or poison the dart by wilful sin, but meet the hour with at least as much deference to God's will as every Turk shows to that of the Grand Signior. 'It is the Sultan's pleasure,' says he, 'and so ends the matter,—here's my head.'"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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SOCIETY.

THE philosophy which is set before young minds in copy-books is generally expressed with a stern absoluteness which gives it a special character of its own amongst the elements of teaching. The attention of the copier is rarely distracted

from the beauty of the writing by any competitive beauty in the form of the thought set forth in it: that thought is usually stripped stark naked, as if it were on the point of tubbing; not only are no clothes allowed to it, but it is, further—

more, deprived of all natural ornament whatever ; its very hair is cut off short in order to save room. The result is that it is invariably regarded as a scarecrow by all boys and girls who come in contact with it. Yet, notwithstanding its inveterate ugliness, it must fairly be acknowledged that the literature of copy-books, taken as a whole, has, at all events, the merit of vague veracity ; that the sententious coagulated affirmations of which it is composed are tolerably correct expressions of recognised truths ; and that though it would be imprudent to adopt them as infallible guides in all the accidents of life,—though they possess neither the unvarying certainty of axioms, nor the precisely contrary merit of fitting themselves to changing circumstances,—they do deserve the degree of confidence which is habitually accorded to approximate truisms. 'It cannot reasonably be denied, for instance, that, in an ordinary way, "Knowledge is power;" that "The Dead Sea is a lake in Palestine;" or that "Comparison forms judgment." Of course it may be urged that, though knowledge frequently gives some sort of power, it is not power in itself ; that a sea cannot, grammatically, be a lake ; and that, in practice, judgment may be acquired by other means than comparison. But still, notwithstanding all objections, it is just to own that, in general terms, and for everyday purposes, these allegations and their fellows are substantially and sufficiently exact. This being so, let us generously forget the legitimate animosities which are awakened in us by the memory of the countless repetitions of them which we were once forced to pen, and let us revert to the last of these three quotations, and use it for our present purpose. "Comparison forms judgment." Now, if that is a real law, the people who have the most abundant means of comparison on any given subject ought, necessarily, to be the surest judges of that subject. Putting aside all the other manners of forming an opinion, and taking this one by itself, comparers ought, if there is reality in this assertion, to be competent arbitrators on all the disputed questions to which they have directed their powers of comparison. To take an example : we English live and travel abroad far more than any other race ; we are in perpetual contact, in all

parts of the earth, with all the forms which social existence assumes—with all the habits, all the fashions, all the shapes of conduct which varying moral influences and various material surroundings have produced. We have had, in that way, occasions which may be regarded as special to ourselves, of closely studying the systems and the usages of foreign life, and of comparing them with each other, and with those in force in England. If we have profited by our opportunities, we ought, according to the copy-books, to have acquired a markedly widened power of estimating the true character, the true meanings, the true uses of those systems and those usages ; we ought to be far ahead of everybody else in our faculty of rightly measuring their value ; our judgment on them ought to be as sound as multiplied experience can make it ; we ought to be the most logical of all critics on the subject ; our views upon it should be the largest, the most thoroughly considered, the least prejudiced that exist. And, more than all, our application of this experience at home should show the practical results of comparison on so vast a scale, and should enable us to prove to the world how admirably we English use the knowledge which we extract from our dealings with it.

Unluckily for the credit of the copy-books, it does not altogether seem that we really do all this. The judgment of the great majority of our fellow-subjects^a as to social usages, as to the organisation of "society," does not appear to reach the heights of applied wisdom which—according to the comparison theory—it might have been expected to attain : it does not show signs of being affected, in any conspicuous degree, by our widespread and continual contact with foreign practices and foreign principles of action. With that resolute adherence to our own customs which is manifestly one of the great sources of our national strength, we continue, most of us, to contemplate with convinced contempt nearly everything that we see elsewhere : with the exception of one special category of observers, whose testimony we shall come to presently, we scarcely think of judging foreign usages at all, excepting to condemn them ; the notion of fairly examining them, either on the spot or by the

evidence of trustworthy witnesses, comes into the heads of very few of us indeed ; the mass of us calmly and conscientiously deride them, without looking at them, as a duty which true Englishmen are bound to discharge ; we remain anchored, stem and stern, to the stiff holding-ground of habit ; we stand solidly on what we conceive to be the platform of our unapproachable pre-eminence.

Let us acknowledge at once that there is something strong in this unhesitating prejudice. Though we might still continue to be the vigorous race we are, even if we troubled ourselves with curiosities as to the possible merits of other people, or with doubts as to ourselves, it is difficult, all the same, to deny that to cleave stedfastly to our ways, solely because we consider them to be "English," is, in itself, an element of English force. But, when we have granted that, without discussion,—when we have proclaimed the remarkable value, from a national point of view, of obstinate fidelity to local ideas and local forms,—we find ourselves reflecting that, after all, the force would be just as sturdy, just as lasting, just as unifying, if it were applied to the steady maintenance of any other usages than those which actually exist amongst us. The usages themselves have nothing to do with the force that preserves them ; their peculiar shape, whatever it be, is no more a source of strength to us in itself, than contrary forms of usage are a source of weakness to other nations : it is in the tenacity with which we hold to them that the strength is found ; the habit itself is, nationally, of no importance. What we, as patriots, have to seek to retain is, not the habit, but the tenacity, for the self-same tenacity can be exercised, with the same fortifying effect, in favor of any other habit whatever.

It may therefore be fairly argued that our actual idea of what English society ought to be should not be necessarily regarded, like the lion and the unicorn, as a sacred and unassailable dogma, but simply as an accidental theory, unessential in itself, and capable of being replaced by any other theory, without the slightest damage or danger to the cohesive vigor of the three kingdoms.

If the subject were not approached with these respectful precautions, if the

way up to it were not opened out by deferentially lifting aside the blocks of patriotic prejudice which encumber it, a good many people might indignantly protest against any discussion at all on a question which, to some eyes, is almost holy in its untouchableness. It may indeed be prudent to go further still in the same direction, and to supplement these preliminary considerations by the additional observation that, if our actual system of society is to be regarded as an inherent and indisputable part of British grandeur, it would follow rationally that, in like manner, the systems of all other countries must equally be considered to form part of the national splendor of those countries, and to constitute, in each country, a fetch as worthy of local adoration as our own system is here. So that, to avoid the puzzling difficulty of having to recognise that the special system of society adopted in each country must necessarily be the only right one—in the eyes of the inhabitants of that country—we are obliged to confess, on the contrary, that no system whatever can be regarded as altogether right.

This last impression will in no way meet the views of persons who live in that calm conviction of superiority which is so abundant and so sweet a fruit of ignorance ; but it is none the less likely to be true because it is in contradiction with popular conviction. The general notions about society in this country are based upon such a total indifference to the rules which guide it in other lands, that however competent we may be to define what we like because it is "English," scarcely any of us seem to be capable of going beyond that purely local view, and of judging society in its larger meanings, in its general characters, in its universal uses. If we had really profited, nationally, by the almost limitless field of social study which travel and facilities of observation open out to us, we should, all and every one, have discovered by this time, directly or from each other, that a certain number of general rules apply everywhere to the subject. We should have learnt, amongst other things, that society is essentially a manufactured product of a most complex nature ; that all admixture of roughness and coarseness spoils irretrievably the delicate tissue of which the finished specimens of it are

composed ; that in order to obtain it in perfection, its ingredients should be sought for solely amongst the finer attributes and the brighter qualities of men and women. We should have discovered that it imperatively needs the discreetest selection of elements, the adroitest handling in the spinning, the carefulest manipulation in the weaving. But, alas ! we have become aware of nothing of the sort ; the great mass of us treat society as if it were a raw material complete in itself, to be used untrimmed as we find it, like coal or water ; we expect it to perform its functions, and to reach its natural development, without any help from art ; we do not seem to recognise that it requires the incessant application of skill to lead it to its full growth.

Yet, surely, of all the applications to which skill can be directed, there is scarcely one in which we have more reason for employing it than in the management of our daily contacts with each other ; for nearly all our joys, outside our hearths, depend entirely on that management. In no other direction do we find a more elastic field of action for crafty uses of our workmanship ; in no other do we encounter the same return for labor or dexterity. It is in "society" that we are forced to seek for all the pleasures which lie beyond pure home contentments ; it is in it that our whole external life is passed ; it is surely, then, worth while to cultivate it with close watchfulness, and to devote to it our experience, our ingenuity, our wit.

But, true as all this may be, it must be added at once that the sort of skill required for dealing ably with society is so intimately allied with simplicity that, in its most perfect realisations, the skill vanishes out of sight and the simplicity alone remains in evidence. Just as the very highest art is that in which all art is hidden, so does the very highest skill in social architecture disappear in the success which it creates. And as in nature, again, so are the completest ends attained, in this matter of society, without an appearance of an effort, without a symptom of a struggle. Both art and skill are there in unremitting application, but their all-pervading action is lost sight of behind the simple ease of the result ; the entire process of construction, with

its tools, its outlay, and its pains, remains invisible in the product. Such is the character of the science which real social artists set to work ; such is the secret of the end which they attain. Simplicity is their ideal of perfection.

Our present English system is not of that sort. Its springs of action are for the most part violent and conspicuous ; they glare out staringly amidst the effects which they produce ; its fabric is, as the French say, "sewn with white thread ;" we see the stitches ; our society is so generally based on artificial aids, it is so generally dependent on recognisable material supports, that the shortest-sighted looker-on can, if he will, detect the props on which it rests ; there is no illusion whatever about it. Its fundamental principle consists in an unceasing appeal to public aid ; it can do scarcely anything for itself ; it has but little inborn vitality or proper life ; it is perpetually calling out for help, perpetually crying for fresh alms, perpetually entreating passers-by to help it to get on. In its actual shape our society is a pauper who subsists principally on organised charity, who has scarcely any means of existence of his own, who is not quite reduced to the workhouse, but who is supported mainly by out-door relief. Putting aside the special exceptions, can it be pretended that English society suffices to itself ? Where can we discover in any quantity men and women who content themselves with each other, and who seek for no exterior assistance ? Is it not an almost universal rule amongst us that our society is dependent on emotions and distractions which are, directly or indirectly, purchased by money ? Is it not almost impossible to get people to come together at all unless they know that they are to be provided with something ready made to look at or something ready-made to do, which will save them the trouble of inventing anything for themselves ? The natural result is that, just as unused muscles lose their strength, so have the mass of English men and women lost their faculty of being "society" to each other. The immense majority of us have no longer the power of comprehending that "society" does not consist in games, in sports, in spectacles, or in purely physical excitements ; taking us as a whole, we have

become almost incapable either of intellectual efforts or of originality of thought in social matters; we can barely keep up a conversation, even on the purely material subjects which attract us. And, in this our women are even worse than our men, for they have adopted the amusements of men as being worthy of the admiration of women; they walk with the guns, they bet on races, they interest themselves in the sinews of their male acquaintances, and they call that "Society"! Music, almost alone, has the quality of rousing a general talk amongst them; for it has become one of our principles of action that talking, stupid as it is, is, after all, a lesser bore than listening to music in a drawing-room.

It cannot be seriously objected that this description of our condition is exaggerated, for not only can we see these things each day with our own eyes, in the circles open to our personal observation, but—what is almost stronger proof than any individual experience can supply—the special newspapers which treat social questions publish, nearly every week, articles in which our English life is depicted, with an overflow of evidence, as becoming more and more animal and less and less intelligent. To describe it in close detail, by quotations from those newspapers would be a waste of words, for we all know exactly what it is.

And yet the narration would not occupy much space, for though, in some other countries, the idea expressed by the word "society" is so many-faced, so elastic, so capricious that it would need pages to define it, in this England, on the contrary, it has such a marked and special tendency to divest itself of its Protean qualities, and to assume certain clearly defined and limited phases, that a few lines would suffice to enumerate its main features. Nationally we scarcely know and practise more than two of its hundred shapes; with us it is either physical or stupid, putting aside the exceptions, which exist in England as elsewhere, it is either a romp or a gloom. That definition will, of course, be angrily repudiated, but what arguments can be seriously urged against its truth? We have never been a talking people as talking is understood in other lands; we have ceased to be, socially, an intellectual

people (if indeed we ever were so); we have drifted, somehow, into a condition in which our habitual relationship with each other has gradually shaken off the sentiment of reciprocal responsibilities; we—the people of all others who most thoroughly comprehend and most practically apply the principle of duty in its other aspects—have grown indifferent and insensible to its value and its applications in society. Society now arouses in us no idea of mutual effort for the common good; there is no partnership about it, no cordial association, no contribution to a general fund; all this is replaced by an unexpressed but distinctly evident sentiment that, as everybody pays for what society supplies to him, he has a right to his share of it without taking the slightest trouble about his neighbors. Comparison has not aided us to attain a higher end than this; but yet, at all events, it enables some of us to test English society as it is, and to measure the strange errors on which it is based.

The only excuse which can be made for us is that, notwithstanding all our means of judgment, we have not the slightest idea, nationally, what society ought to be. We have no conception whatever of the character it represents to those who have studied its possible perfections. It is not merely, in the sense in which we are considering it here, "an assemblage of men united by nature and by laws;" it is not even "an association for mutual profit, pleasure, or usefulness:" it is essentially composed of "the more cultivated portion of a community in its social relations and influences." Its object is to extract the utmost mutual satisfactions from those relations and those influences, and its highest form necessarily consists in the attainment of those satisfactions with the least effort, the least external aid, and the least expense. It seems unlikely that any reasonable person will deny the theoretical truth of that definition, however much it may be in antagonism with daily practice, and however it may clash with the sad reality that, in England, the pursuit of society is almost invariably attended by some sort of struggle and by some sort of money outlay. Like most of the other ingredients of our life at high pressure, our society—taken as a whole—has become a fight, not alone in the sense of a combat

upwards to know bigger people than ourselves, but a physical contention, a constant rushing about, a perpetual displacement in order to buy feverishly in public places diversions which we have become incapable of discovering quietly at home. The charm of graceful sympathies, the fervencies of intelligent discussion, the brightnesses of wandering talk, the winning seduction of the purely feminine qualities of women, the laughing gaiety which springs from itself alone and needs no outer stimulant, the tender, earnest calm of well-tried intimacies—these things have scarcely any hold upon us; we call them stupid. What we all need, whether we be men or women, is strong, rough excitement, ready-made for use, involving as little talking as possible and no thinking at all; and as we are both rich and muscular, we seek that excitement in physical efforts and expense.

Great patterns of true social merit have become rare in England; but still we find them in certain atmospheres congenial to their development. The realised conception is not quite lost amongst us; and when we do manage to get, for a moment, outside the noisy vulgarities of money, outside the self-assertion of vanities and strong limbs—when we branch off, for our joy, into certain houses that wise men and women know of—there at last we do discover the infinite fascinations, the gentle naturalnesses, the high-toned brilliancies of which society is composed in its theoretical and practical perfection; there at last we can contemplate admiringly the image of what society should be.

Look carefully at this rare Englishman and watch him. Mark the unassuming simplicity, the delicate tenderness, the overflow of interest and care for others, the deep, harmonious tide of words, the flashing of perpetually-renewed ideas, the unconscious pouring out of knowledge, the grace of bearing, the ease of movement, the lordly homage to the women round, the blending of grand manner, softness, intellect, and worldly wisdom. Mark that and study it, for it is of such unwonted attributes as these that true society is composed.

And the perfect Englishwoman, the pure splendor of the feminine ideal, with all the winning beauties of which

its very highest realisations are susceptible—we still can find her. We still can watch, if fortune favors us, the union of supreme aristocracy of form and tone, of all the imposing loveliness of the most majestic English type, of all the innate nobleness of attitude and motion, of all the sovereign grandeurs, with the childlike naturalness which indifference to self can alone produce. We still can see the gentle but eager sweetness, the ever-present sentiment of dignity and duty, the utter ignorance of frivolity and sham, the keen, absorbing sentiment of art, the glittering handling of varied talk, the fond devotion of the mother and the wife, the thousand exalted qualities which make up the true woman, as woman ought to be when she stands forward as an example for society. We still can find all this; it does exist. There are assuredly women amongst us who possess it; there are, most truly, men who have looked upon it, and who have thanked the fates for permitting them to reverently gaze. But not often. And to the question, "Where?" it would be impertinent to give a direct reply; it would seem indeed, to be almost like the breaking of a spell to point out the dwelling-places of men and women such as these. Yet gratitude and affection, when deeply felt, are often stronger than discretion; and it may be that, in one case at least, the thankful hearts of those who have had the privilege of knowing, in any of its resting-spots, a certain wandering home which is at this moment established in the foremost place in India, will murmur an instinctive answer to the repeated question, "Where?"

With models such as these to guide it, with central figures such as these to group itself around, English society is able to attain a rarity of completeness which is special to itself, for, in such unfrequent cases, it joins to foreign radiance a splendid calm, a stately peacefulness, which are almost proper to itself alone, or which, at all events, we seldom see in other houses than our own. How then is it that, possessing as we do, within ourselves, these most admirable types of all that the very highest idealisations of society can be imagined to attain, we leave them with indifference aside as if they had no value? There is, alas! but

one answer to be given to the question ; it is, that we do not care for these perfections : we need other satisfactions than those which they supply ; we seek the flesh, not the spirit—the spirit is "slow."

Let us take one single illustration of this strange tendency ; let us ask ourselves how it can possibly be that horses have managed to acquire the astonishing position which they occupy in English society. They do not come to dinner-parties or to balls—as yet, at least—but, so far as the absent can be represented by constant thought of them, by constant reference to them, by perpetual discussion of their merits and defects, by unflinching interest in their doings, they do most certainly constitute an integral part of our social organisation. To say that they have more importance than we possess ourselves would be, perhaps, an exaggeration ; but, most certainly, they stand on the same line with us, and are admitted by us to a place in our thoughts and in our daily life which is on a level with that which we accord to all but our very dearest friends. And in purely masculine societies—in regiments, for instance—the horse stands usually far above the friend, and is the object of a fondness which is not habitually enjoyed by any other creature than itself. This is, most certainly, not the spirit, it is the flesh—the flesh to which excessive money is conducting us all, as if we liked it.

To change the scene, to get another idea of what society may be, let us turn our eyes away outside England for a moment ; let us see how others deal with this same question ; let us try to recognise the main elements of the theory of society as it presents itself elsewhere. But few descriptions of it exist in books, and even these are so incomplete and patchy that little would be gained by quoting written evidence. Testimony of another sort can luckily be obtained by those who seek for it—the verbal testimony of the exceptional observers who were alluded to just now, of those rare wandering English men and women who, unlike the heap of their fellows here, have really studied foreign life, have learnt to know it in its inner ways, and have become capable by long practice and careful thoughtfulness of forming and expressing

an opinion on it. Such witnesses are found occasionally in our diplomatic service, and amongst the higher classes of English who have lived for years abroad. Their attestations will not, perhaps, have much value in the eyes of the true British enthusiast who believes as a matter of revealed faith that anything English is necessarily superior to everything foreign ; but to the less prejudiced and more inquiring portion of the community they ought to present a case which has at least a character of probability. It may be objected, of course, that those attestations are not correctly stated here, and that no proof of them is supplied. To that objection no answer can be given, excepting, perhaps, that amongst the readers of *Maga* a good many persons will be found who are themselves in a position to recognise the fairness and the accuracy of the statements adduced.

The two great features which strike English observers on the Continent are, firstly, that, without distinction of countries, society is everywhere a co-operative arrangement in which everybody contributes, according to his power, to the common end ; secondly, that end is attained almost exclusively by the use of personal capacities, with scarcely any utilisation or annexation of material adjuncts. Let us try to define this clearly, for it is the basis of the entire situation.

The want of money, which, in comparison with ourselves, is so universal throughout the Continent, does not permit foreigners to employ expensive amusements ; taking them as a whole, and excluding the relatively limited classes which, by exception, are able to purchase diversions for cash, it is evident that they are obliged, by sheer necessity, to create for themselves a system of social relationship in which the absence of all external distractions which involve outlay is compensated by a constant supply of gratifications produced by the combined personal efforts of all the members of each social group. As no foundation is supplied from the outside, the basis has to be created within ; consequently, being driven to it, most foreigners have learnt not only how to create that basis, but also to be content with it when they have got it. And from these two conditions has resulted, naturally, a third—the grad-

ual working up, on this basis, of the best superstructure which can be established on it, so as to render the general result more and more attractive to those who, for want of all other means of action, are exclusively dependent on it. That result habitually consists in conversation, and nothing else, but in conversation which is so gay and cheery that it often supplies the listeners with a pleasanter entertainment than they could get outside by paying for it. Of course there are stupid people all about the Continent; of course there are crowds of men and women there who cannot speak at all; of course we do not pretend that bright laughing talk is universal; but we do most certainly assert, on the evidence of many fair observers, that there is enough of social eloquence in European countries to justify the statement that eloquence is the rule and stupidity the exception. We do not argue that conversation has been adopted mainly in other lands as the customary occupation of society, solely because foreigners have discovered that intellectual satisfactions are superior, in quality or quantity, to material contentments; and even if that explanation of their motives could be supported in theory (which is very doubtful), there would still remain the fact that their conversation is not invariably intellectual, and that a good deal of it, on the contrary, is mere frothy babble. But what does seem to lie beyond denial is that, by long practice and by a singularly keen appreciation of the capacities of conversation as an always ready source of pleasure, the best amongst them really have succeeded in bestowing upon talk a brilliancy, a joyfulness, and a charm of which we have not the very faintest notion here. Like most other potentialities, this one has grown with use and exercise; it has now attained a vigor of development which, in its highest manifestations, astonishes inexperienced beholders. And, what is perhaps still more striking, there is no jealousy, no envy, on the part of those who offer least to the general fund against those who offer most. As each one subscribes according to his power, the widow is not ashamed of her mite; she does her little best, and if others do more and better, she has, at all events, the satisfaction of participating in the

feast which they supply. And, be it once more repeated, in this inequality of contributions there is absolutely nothing which is in any way analogous to our English system of borrowing from outlying and non-personal sources: the disparity of gifts is all interior; it is limited in its action to those who work together as associates; they borrow from each other, between themselves, but they never think of looking beyond their circle for satisfactions additional to those which they find within it. The varying values of their respective donations to the mutual purse supply them with no motives for seeking set-offs elsewhere for the insufficiencies of the poorer members of the group; the whole is accepted as constituting, in itself, an adequate satisfaction for all the parts; and, at the worst, if any of the individuals who compose the parts imagine that they offer too much and receive too little, it is open to them to go off elsewhere in order to obtain for themselves, with other allies, an equality of receipts and payments. They seldom adopt this alternative, however; the rule is, that everybody rests content with a situation which, as Plato said of Democracy, "gives equal rights to unequal persons."

This being, generally, the fundamental condition of educated Continental society, it follows, almost necessarily, that signs of effort can scarcely be detected in it. It is true that each one does his very best; but as each one knows that what he does will be accepted by his associates as sufficient, no motive exists for seeking effects which lie beyond his individual power. The idea of resorting to extraneous causes of amusement occurs to no one; for, as every one is relatively poor, the example of spending money for social satisfaction could not possibly be followed by all the members of a group, even if any one of them had the bad taste to offer it. It is, then, in the want of money (as we understand money here) that we must seek the origin and explanation of the system of social organisation which prevails generally throughout the Continent. Its brilliancy, its self-containing perfectness, its gaiety, its simplicity, are, in reality, the fruit of an admirably useful poverty which, by excluding the dangerous and misleading influences of much money,

confines ambitions to a form attainable by personal skill alone, with no admixture of purchased stimulants. Foreign society, regarded as a whole, is like Robinson Crusoe on his island: it is forced to do everything for itself; and as nothing is ever done for us by hired aid as completely as we can do it ourselves, the result is that, with long practice and experience to guide it, society has become able to extract from the simplest and most ordinary sources a quantity and a quality of satisfaction which seems, whichever way we look at the matter, to approach very closely to perfection.

There is, however, one other cause than want of money in all this; there is common-sense as well. There is a practical appreciation of relative values; a wise measuring of results; a thoughtful recognition not only of the character and the degree, but also of the reality of the pleasure created. No average Frenchman — taking a Frenchman as the typical representative of the idea which we are discussing — would consent to exchange his cheap social joys for others which would cost money and require physical effort. He would decline to admit that either money or muscle can possibly become, under any circumstances whatever, elements of "society;" he would acknowledge that both of them have their merits, in their place; but he would deny that that place can be in "society."

Of course the fast people of the Continent are not counted here. What is said refers not to the rare exceptions but to the mass—to the great social groups composed of the vast majority of the upper and middle classes, not to those few outlying members who set up special systems for themselves. Questions of this sort must be judged as a whole.

The social contrast between Continental Europeans and ourselves may be said, generally, to spring not from any special differences of capacity—for we may surely indulge the belief that we are as capable as other people, and that we need only practice to do as well as they—but from the monstrous influence which we have permitted money to assume over us, and from the utterly false views of life to which that influence has led us. Money is our great corrup-

ter, and unless we manage to shake off its action (which seems, alas! to be terribly unlikely), we shall get worse instead of better. Until we have recognised that society can not only be kept going, but also be made infinitely brilliant, without the expenditure of one shilling, except for tea and candles, we shall never crawl out of our actual degeneracy.

It is, however, humiliating to go on insisting on our fallen state; it will be vastly pleasanter to talk of what we might be than of what we are. So let us suppose, then, by an all-surmounting effort of imagination, that instead of learning absolutely nothing by our travels, we have, on the contrary, learned everything; that, instead of rejecting all aid from our experience, we are seeking to heartily and profitably employ it; that we are proceeding to raise up the current type of English society to the highest in the world, in order that the whole earth may accept it as an admirable result of fair comparison and of unprejudiced judgment, as a model of selected and compared perfection.

Now, first of all, in such a case, we should most naturally begin by forming an essentially English basis for our construction, not only in order to preserve to it such merits as we ourselves may really possess (and, with all our glaring faults, we have some merits still), but also, what would be still more essential, to bestow upon it a markedly English character, to make it absolutely and effectively national, and to prevent it from acquiring a cosmopolitan aspect in contradiction to our fundamental peculiarities. Let us begin, then, with that object, by examining the actual elements of our society from which a selection could be made. Foremost of them all stand field-sports—pure English field-sports—done as we do them here, done as no other nations do them, with their essentially English color, with their essentially English influence on society. There are field-sports all the world over, but there are none elsewhere which are exactly like ours; there are none in other lands which mix themselves so deeply with the movement and the habits of society; there are none outside our shores which must indispensably be taken into account as exercising a con-

stant and irresistible action on national life. With us field-sports constitute, indirectly, the guide of our whole existence; we stop in the country in the winter and in London in the summer—a process absolutely contrary to all common-sense—solely because field-sports are stronger than common-sense. A power of such force as this is not to be considered lightly; it exists, it is English, there is no discussing it—it is it which fashions the first outline of our society. It may be taken to be unchangeable; it would, at all events, be a pure waste of time to argue against it; field-sports must, of all necessity, be unanimously elected the first member of the Legislature which would impose laws on the newly-organised society which we are venturing to imagine. But however much weaker than field-sports common-sense may be in the actual fabric of our society, we must perforce suppose that it would exercise more action in the hypothetical system which we are conceiving,—not, of course, an action sufficient to bring Parliament together in November or to prorogue it in April—that is beyond all hope whatever—but an action which would limit field-sports to men, which would prevent women from hunting, which would keep them away from guns, which would make them comprehend that their first and greatest and noblest function in society is to remain women. With field-sports once circumscribed to men, no serious social objection could be raised against them; they would continue to spoil conversation somewhat, but at all events they would have ceased to introduce as they do at present an element of masculine roughness into the life of women, and to thereby gravely damage the tone of the society of which those women form part.

Next to sports come athletic diversions of all kinds. And here there is little more to be said than that, as the effect of these diversions on society is absolutely destructive, nearly all of them would have to be swept away if a real reform of society were undertaken. The association of men and women for laborious movements, without the faintest thought of any other objects than hard exercise, is in such preposterous contradiction with the whole signification of the word "society," that the notion of treating the two as syno-

nymes is altogether comical. Yet rinks, and jumping-matches, and boat-races, and half-a-hundred other analogous drudgeries, are seriously attended by men and women of our time as social meeting-places! Muscle replaces thought, effort does the work of courtesy, women copy men! The stupidity of croquet may be left to those who like it; but as for all the rest, it will have to be abandoned to the men, as battle, money-getting, and tailoring already are. The universal principle of the division of labor will be the starting-point of our dream; men will go on with athletic exercises until they are tired of them; but women will leave them alone during the process, and will cease to seek their own joys in things that belong to men. This does not absolutely mean that women need abandon Hurlingham, or that they must oblige cricket to lose its hold over their imagination, or that they are to totally give up rinking—no such flagrantly unrealisable exaggerations are suggested; but it is altogether indispensable, if we are ever to create true society in England, that all these things, and others like them, shall cease to be regarded as social functions; that they shall be looked upon as what they really are,—as coarse, unfeminine distractions, antagonistic to intelligent or delicate existence, and only to be performed occasionally, as an unpleasant duty, just as most people go to church on Sunday.

Of our usage of receiving nobody in the evening without an invitation, very little could be retained, for nothing is more destructive of pleasant gaiety than our actual rule of barring all our doors to everybody that we have not specially admitted in writing. Open receptions have the immense merit of bringing together unanticipated elements, and of thereby producing contrasts and discussions. Madame de Genlis, who knew well how true this is, said of us: "*Il y a très peu de société en Angleterre, parcequ'il faut être invité pour aller dîner et souper chez ses amis les plus intimes.*" And our whole manner of ordaining parties would have to be modified in nearly all its details, for there is scarcely anything in it which could be usefully preserved. People would have to come exactly at the hour for which they are asked, and would not be waited for if

they were late; everything that implies mere senseless money would be ruthlessly suppressed; expenditure would be forced to become intelligent, to have an invariably useful object, to cease to serve as an advertisement of the wealth of the entertainer, and to strictly confine itself to the pursuit of satisfactions for the entertained. Conversation would become both obligatory and general; the art of talk would be fostered and encouraged; mothers would educate their children to use their tongues so as to fit them for the hitherto unknown duties which our remodelled society would require from them; fathers would begin to be polite to their own wives, and would remember that nothing is more grossly rude to a woman than to go to sleep in her presence after dinner.

Our system of relationship between men and women contains one element which, in another form, might be utilised in a new scheme. It has the merit of being based on liberty, on the most powerful of modern forces; and if we could anyhow manage to solve the problem, which exists in society as in politics, of preventing liberty from degenerating into licence, we should certainly possess, in liberty, the most solid and most reliable foundation for our building. But liberty means not only free will and personal independence—it implies responsibility as well, a responsibility which grows proportionately with the liberty which produces it. Now, in our English social practice, we take the liberty and we reject the responsibility; we do as we like ourselves, without taking the trouble to inquire what others like: our liberty is not, it is true, exercised in every case in the form of licence, but it is almost invariably employed in the shape of selfishness, of calmly unconscious indifference to our neighbor's rights. Society, as we now practise it, means *us*—not other people. And when this odious attitude is applied by men to women, it demolishes, totally and hopelessly, all possibility of real society; for—repeating what has been already said—no society, in its true sense, can exist without willing and unflinching deference towards women. The young Englishmen of the period have done their very utmost to drag down girls to their own type, to form the coming mothers of the race by

first converting them into boys. It would almost seem as if the special situation of women were offensive to the younger members of the generation, as if their object were to level all superiorities into a common mediocrity parallel to their own, so that English society may be made as much as possible like war, in which personal value is so suppressed by the machinery of destruction that a coward may kill a hero three miles off without even seeing him. This is not the sort of liberty we should utilise in our scheme; we want the liberty of dignity, of mutual respect—not the liberty of roughness or of contempt for modesty and innocence. We should take the former; we should leave the latter; and if some young gentlemen of the period were dissatisfied with the change, we should ask them to kindly withdraw themselves from society until they had arrived at other views. Strange as it might appear to them, it would probably be found that the world could get on without them.

But all this revolution could be brought about by our women only. Is it beyond their power to effect it? Are they, in reality, so inferior to foreign women that they cannot even keep their husbands awake as foreign women do? Are they really incapable of asserting their own rights, their own privileges, their own influence? Let them answer these questions themselves; let them proclaim, if they feel capable thereof, that they have a duty of their own to discharge, not a work of men to copy; let them call men to their sides in places where women ought to be, and let them refuse to follow men elsewhere where women ought not to be. Let them claim the homage which is due to them; let them reject republican equality; let them inaugurate and lead. And out of this changed attitude of our women will spring a true "society,"—a union of delicate, intelligent enjoyments, maintaining all the vigorous merits of our English nature, but banishing all coarseness, excluding pitilessly all that unbecomes a woman.

It may perhaps be objected by certain persons that this new condition of society would be "slow;" but that objection, if it were really made, would only supply additional proof of the necessity of change. If the adoption of simplicity, of respect for women (by themselves as

well as by men), of bright talking and of contempt for money, be "slow," then surely the situation must be even worse than we have ventured to suppose. Our generation could not condemn itself more completely than by attempting to defend its practices on the ground that as they are "fast," all other practices would be "slow." The idea of life conveyed by such an argument would be so lamentably false, so contemptibly unworthy, that it is patriotic to pretend to think that no one could be found to seriously invoke it; for the credit of Great Britain we must struggle to believe that the English are not yet incapable of appreciating delicacy, gentleness, and intelligence, and of finding joy in them. Those attributes are still cherished in certain holes and corners amongst people who have not yielded to current tendencies. Why, then, should we despair of seeing them spread out victoriously, some day, from their present hiding-places, to upset the impostors which have for the time dethroned them?

The alternative is evident. If we go on much longer as we are, "society" will virtually cease to exist in England; for the little that may remain of it will shrink still further out of sight in order to avoid the coarse contacts to which it is becoming more and more exposed.

All this may be indignantly denied, or be contemptuously laughed at; but neither denial nor laughter can alter the facts. It can, however, of course be urged that the facts have been wildly overstated; that, so far as they exist at all, they constitute exceptions, not rules; that they are vastly less general, and, consequently, vastly less grave than has been pretended here. Yet, though each individual man may measure them according to his personal experience, there will still remain, whichever way the subject is turned, a great glaring mass of public evidence in support of the accusation as a whole. Differences of opinion may exist as to the degree, but they can cast no reasonable doubt on the fundamental truth of the charge. And it would be difficult to mend the matter by arguing that, as most of us are quite satisfied with things as they are, we should gain nothing by a change, for that is just the sort of logic which is invoked against progress in general. The demolition of

the preponderating elements of our present social organisation, and the substitution for them of higher and more intelligent bases of action, would most manifestly constitute a "progress," and a progress of enormous value. It could not fail to exercise the happiest influences on both our moral and our intellectual position; and we may presume, without much risk of error, that if we carefully tried it we should find ourselves as capable as other people of extracting enjoyment from it. Indeed, if we allowed ourselves to be really influenced by comparison, the spectacle of the enjoyment of those other people could scarcely fail to rouse up within us that peculiarly British disposition which inclines us, instinctively, to beat our neighbors with their own weapons. There seems to be no serious reason why—just as we compete successfully with so many of the special manufactures of other countries, and often sell our copied wares to their original inventors more cheaply than they can produce them themselves—we should not, with equal facility, imitate the practices of others in their organisation of society as well. It can scarcely be pretended that it is more difficult for Englishmen to talk intelligently and amusingly than to introduce a new industry into the country—more difficult for English ladies to give up rowdiness than for English work girls to fabricate laces which beat analogous Continental products out of their own home-market—more difficult for us nationally to adopt the higher foreign forms of social intercourse than to sell our coal along the entire European seaboard against all local producers. Surely it is not the power that we need, but the will—the will based on a thorough comprehension of the defects of our actual situation, and on an honest appreciation of the advantages to be derived from a cordial application of other ways.

Of course it is humiliating to have to own that we are wrong; but in this special case—taking the nation as a whole—the wrong is so undeniable, so outrageously self-evident, that even the most hopelessly prejudiced English man or woman must, perforce, perceive that the mass of our society has become coarse, dear, and heavy. It is not indispensable, for that purpose, to possess experience of foreign drawing-rooms: com-

parison is certainly essential to enable us to prudently select a remedy for our state; but, alas! we need no comparison whatever to aid us to recognise the state itself. To attain completely that uncomfortable end, we have but to open our eyes and ears.

The difficulty in the matter is to find an initiator. Just as we have taken to rinks and spelling-bees, so should we, as naturally, try our hands at intelligence, delicacy, simplicity, and cheapness, provided somebody in power would set us the example. At least it is pleasant to think so. But where is the beginner? where is the woman—it is a woman's work—who has the courage to declare that she will admit to her drawing-room no other woman who goes to Prince's? Where is the woman who will print on her invitations, "People who do not talk will not be asked to my house a second time"? Where is the woman who will say outright to her guests, "I supply you with fire, light, tea, and flowers; supply the rest among yourselves"? Where is the woman who will exclude from her receptions every man

who has the insolence to treat women as his comrades?

That woman certainly exists in England—a good many times over; it would, indeed, be a joyful and an encouraging act to enumerate a dozen such, who are known and revered in what still remains of English society. But their names belong to themselves and to their husbands; they are not public property. They would, however, become a public property, to be even more honored and cherished than they are already, if their owners would begin the revolution that is asked for here; and what brighter title could a woman dream of than that of restorer of the society of her time?

Women such as these are really capable of comparison; by position and by habit they wander and they judge; they know the merits and the faults of so many systems, that the work of constituting a new type of English social life could be trusted, in all safety, to their hands. Of them, at all events, it is true to say that "Comparison forms judgment."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

GIPSIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

ONE day, four hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts, there knocked at the gates of the city of Lüneburg, on the Elbe, as strange a rabble rout as had ever been seen by German burgher. There were three hundred of them, men and women, accompanied by an extraordinary number of children. They were dusky of skin, with jet-black hair and eyes; they wore strange garments; they were unwashed and dirty even beyond the liberal limits tolerated by the cold-water-fearing citizens of Lüneburg; they had with them horses, donkeys, and carts; they were led by two men whom they described as Duke and Count. These two alone were dressed in some kind of splendor, and rode richly caparisoned horses; they were most courteous in manner; they seemed careful to conciliate; they talked among themselves a strange language, and they understood the language of the country. All they asked was permission to camp for a few days outside the gates. All the Lüneburgers turned out to gaze open-

moued at these pilgrims, while the Duke and the Count told the authorities their tale, which was wild and romantic; even *had they invented* a story to suit their own objects, no other could so well have enlisted the sympathies of a credulous, kindly, uncritical, and soft-hearted folk. Many years before, they explained, while the tears of penitence stood in the eyes of all but the youngest children, they had been a Christian community, living in orthodoxy, and therefore happiness, in a far-off country known as Egypt. The Lüneburgers had heard of Egypt. Crusades had not been out of fashion more than two hundred years, and people still told of dreadful things done in Egypt as well as in the Holy Land. Egypt, indeed, was about as well known to mediæval Europe as it was to the Israelites under the Judges. The strangers came from Egypt. It was the land of the Phoenix. It was not far from the dominions of Prester John. It was the country of the Saracen and the Infidel. They were then a happy Chris-

tian flock. To their valley came the Saracens, an execrable race, worshipping Mahound. Yielding, in an evil hour, to the threats and persecutions of their conquerors, they—here they turned their faces and wept aloud—they abjured Christ. But thereafter they had no rest or peace, and a remorse so deep fell upon their souls that they were fain to anse, leave their homes, and journey to Rome in hope of getting reconciliation with the Church. They were graciously received by the Pope, who promised to admit them back into the fold after seven years of penitential wandering. They had letters of credit from King Sigismund—would the Lüneburgers kindly look at them?—granting safe conduct and recommending them to the protection of all honest people.

The Lüneburg folk were touched at the recital of so much suffering in a cause so good; they granted the request of the strangers. They allowed them to encamp; they watched in curiosity while the black tents were pitched, the naked babies rolled out on the grass, the donkeys tethered, and the brass kettle slung over the newly kindled fire; then they went home. The next day the strangers visited the town. In the evening a good many things were missed, especially those unconsidered trifles which a housewife may leave about her doorway. Poultry became suddenly scarce; eggs doubled in price; it was rumored that purses had been lost while their owners gazed at the strangers; cherished cups of silver were not to be found. Could it be that these Christian penitents, these remorseful backsliders, these seekers after holiness, these interesting pilgrims, so gentle of speech, so courteous and humble, were cut-purses and thieves? The next day there remained no longer any doubt about the matter at all, because the gentle strangers were taken in the act, red-handed: While the Lüneburgers took counsel, in their leisurely way, how to meet a case so uncommon, the pilgrims suddenly decamped, leaving nothing behind them but the ashes of their fires and the picked bones of the purloined poultry. Then Dogberry called unto him his brother Verges, and they fell to thanking God that they were rid of knaves.

This was the first historical appearance of Gipsies.

It was a curious place to appear in. The mouth of the Elbe is a long way from Egypt, even if you travel by sea, which does not appear to have been the case; and a journey on land not only would have been infinitely more fatiguing, but would, one would think, have led to some notice on the road before reaching Lüneburg. There, however, the Gipsies certainly are first heard of, and henceforth history has plenty to say about their doings.

From Lüneburg they went to Hamburg, Lübeck, Rostock, Griefswald, travelling in an easterly direction. They are mentioned as having appeared in Saxony, where they were driven away, as at Lüneburg, for their thievish propensities. They travel through Switzerland, headed by their great Duke Michael, and pretending to have been expelled from Egypt by the Turks.

Their story in these early years, though it varied in particulars, remained the same in essentials. In Provence they called themselves Saracens; in Swabia they were Egyptians doomed to everlasting wanderings for having refused hospitality to the Virgin and Joseph; at Bâle, where they exhibited letters of safe conduct from the Pope, they were also Egyptians. Always the Land of the Nile; always the same pretence, or it may be reminiscence, of sojourn in Egypt; always, to soothe the suspicions of priests, faithful and submissive sons of the Church.

From the very first, their real character was apparent. They lie, cheat, and steal at Lüneburg; they lie and steal everywhere; they tell fortunes and cut purses, they buy and sell horses, they poison pigs, they rob and plunder, they wander and they will not work.

They first came to Paris in the year 1427, when more people went to see them, we are told, than ever crowded to the Fair of Laudet.

"Nearly all had their ears pierced, and in each ear were one or two rings of silver, which they pointed to as the sign of noble birth. The men were very black, with frizzled hair; the women were the ugliest and blackest creatures ever seen, with hair like a horse's tail, and no other covering than a single shaggy robe tied at the shoulders with a cloth or cord. In the

company were fortune-tellers, who looked into the hands of people, told them what had happened, and what was going to happen, so introducing discord into many families. The worst was, that while they were thus engaged they contrived, either by magic or by the help of the Devil, or by pure skill, to empty the pockets of everybody."

They remained at St. Denis for a month, when they received peremptory orders to quit for the usual reason.

Lacroix gives an engraving of a picture of the sixteenth century, representing the march of a Gipsy troop; it is an animated and spirited drawing. The central figure is a stalwart, well-dressed Gipsy, evidently the leader. The hair, the features, the eyes, the whole bearing of the man, have a rakish, devil-may-care expression, which somehow or other, for we never see it now, we associate with the Gipsy. He is typical, and he is unmistakable. This striking Gipsy face is, moreover, very remarkable, because, in the many mediæval pictures which illustrate Jewish life and persecutions, the Semitic face is hardly ever caught at all; and yet the Jewish features would seem at first more marked than those of the Roman. After this wandering chieftain follow his people: the women on horses and donkeys, with little naked children in baskets; troops of boys and girls are on foot; there are dogs, there are cats, there are baskets; you have a tribe complete as it was three hundred years ago, and as it might have been in England within the memory of man.

In the sixteenth century trouble began for the Roman folk. By this time their character was perfectly well known. They were called Bohemians, Heathen, Gitanos, Pharaohites, Robbers, Tartars, and Zigeuner. They had abandoned the old lying story of the penitential wanderings; they were outcasts; their hand was against every man's hand; their customs were the same then as they are described now by Leland or Borrow; they were godless, having no religion; they lived without law, having no morality; they lived without order, having no social bonds; they received into their ranks all comers without question; they were predatory in their habits; they would do no manner of work.

Persecution first began in Spain, and in 1492 they were ordered to quit forth-

with. Spain is a country beautifully adapted for the imitator of Ishmael, abounding as it does in wild mountain retreats, such as those in which Don Quixote retired to lament his Dulcinea. The Gipsies left the roads and sought the mountains. When the order was forgotten they came out again. What they are now, and have been for generations, to Spain, Borrow has told us.

In France they were ordered to leave the country by Francis the First, by Charles the Ninth, and by Louis the Thirteenth, in succession. Here they seemed to have gradually amalgamated with the *matois*, *mercetots*, and *gueux*, the tramps and beggars. Duke Michael and Count Andrew gave way to "*le grand Coesre*," the chief of all the *truands*: they found hospitality and shelter in the Cours des Miracles of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux; and, with their brother rogues, they made the yearly pilgrimage to pay homage and tribute to their chief at Ste. Anne d'Auray in Brittany.

In Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Sweden, repeated Acts were passed for their expulsion. In Germany the persecution against them was the longest and the most severe. It is not a hundred years since forty Hungarian Gipsies were quartered alive, broken on the wheel, and otherwise put to horrible deaths, on a charge of murder and cannibalism, for which another one hundred and fifty were put in chains. But, like the Jews, whatever persecutions were instituted against them, their numbers did not decrease. If Hungary refused to receive them, they tried Poland; if Poland ordered them away, they marched over the frontier into Russia. Maria Theresa tried to make them settle down. She caught eighty thousand, and ordered them by the strictest injunctions to live in houses and work. We have not heard how the experiment succeeded.

In general, however, the persecution was a bloodless one. There was a good deal of whipping at the cart's tail, and a few hangings, but as a rule the injunction was simply what it is now—to move on.

"Pack and be out of this forthwith!

D'you know you have no business here?"

'No; we haint got,' said Samuel Smith,

'No business to be Anywhere.'

So wearily they went away,

Yet soon were camped in t'other lane;

And soon they laughed as wild and gay,
And soon the kettle boiled again."^{*}

There were exceptions. In Flanders, a Gipsy who was found in the country after Charles the Fifth's edicts, was sentenced to have his nose slit, his head shaven, his beard cut off, to be well flogged, and then to be driven across the frontier. One poor wretch who had suffered these accumulated buffets three times, came back with a request that they would be good enough to hang him. And in the same country Gipsy women were known to give themselves up with a despairing entreaty that they might be put to death, even by the stake and the fire. But the Inquisition did not interfere with them, as being too poor and contemptible; and in religious persecutions the Gipsies were kindly allowed by all sides to have no religion at all.

The English Gipsies are first described in an anonymous work published in 1612. The author, S. R., dates their appearance in the country to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, as he says, "Certain Egyptians banished their country, belike not for their good conditions, arrived here in England, who, for quaint tricks and devices not known here at that time among us, were esteemed, and had unjust admiration, in-somuch that many of our English loiterers joined with them, and in time learned their crafty cosening." They rode through the country headed by Giles Hather their king, and Callot, their queen. They went about in bands of thirty to ninety families, with light carts and donkeys; they told fortunes; stole any little thing that lay about; killed pigs with a poison which did not prevent their eating the flesh; doctored and dealt in horses. They were suspected in Elizabeth's reign of harboring priests; they were confounded by the statutes with the English tramps—those Abraham men and Pikers who still exist, despised by the Roman folk, under the name of Chorodies and Kora-mengre; they are described in the 'Adventures of Merritun Latrun.' As early as 1522 they were ordered to quit the country, and a fine—enormous for that time—of £40 was im-

posed on those who should import them. The last fact is suggestive, showing that they were in some popularity. No doubt the dancing of the girls and the palmistry of the women were the chief attractive qualities of the Gipsies. In the last century they were suspected of stealing children; and in 1740 two men were sentenced to be hanged, and two women burned in the hand, for kidnapping a wretched girl named Elizabeth Canning, who had hidden herself for a very good and sufficient reason, and, on her return to the social circle which she adorned, made up a story of kidnapping. It is satisfactory to know that she was sent to His Majesty's plantations for perjury.

The English Gipsies have had the honor of producing several men of mark, especially in the annals of the P. R. They have also produced—at least, we like to think so—one great, very great man, John Bunyan. What else can the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' mean when he says, "My father belonged to that rank which is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land"?

Such, briefly told, are the annals of the Gipsies. They are a separate, distinct, and persecuted race, like the Jews. Like them, too, they have their own language, their own facial and cranial peculiarities; like them, they are scattered over the whole of the world. Professor Palmer met them in Moab, and talked Rommany beside the black tents of the Bedawin. In Egypt, their pretended home, Mr. Leland found three distinct tribes of this people, though they could not or would not understand his Rommany. Like the Jews, too, they come from Egypt; everybody has noticed the resemblance, only it must not be carried too far. The Rommany is a pariah, and descended from pariahs; the Jew is an aristocrat. If the Rommany ever had a place of their own in the world it has been forgotten; the Jew never loses sight of his heritage among the hills of Judah. The Rommany has no vestige of religion, except when a little has been infused into him by his modern friends; from the Jew have come the two chief religions of the world. At best the Rommany is but a mockery of the Jew. Mr. Leland seems to go too far when he says:

* Gipsy Ballads, by Charles Leland, Professor Palmer, and Miss Tuckey.

"The poor Gipsies would seem to a humorist to have been created by the Devil, whose name they almost use for God, a living parody and satanic burlesque of all that human faith, doubt, or wisdom, have ever accomplished in their highest forms. . . . All over the world this black and God-wanting shadow dances behind the solid Theism of the 'People.' . . . How often have we heard that the preservation of the Jews is a phenomenon without equal? And yet they both live—the sad and sober Jew, the gay and tipsy Gipsy, Shemite and Aryan—the one so ridiculously like and unlike the other, that we may almost wonder whether Humor does not enter into the Divine purpose, and have its place in the destiny of man."

There have been other races kept apart from the world and preserved, a separate caste. The Cagots of France lived for centuries beside their countrymen, and neither married nor consorted with them. They had their own place in church, their own door of entrance, their own holy water, their own place of burial: they married only with each other, were marked by certain physical peculiarities, especially a malformation of the ear, had their places of resort, their dances, their songs, and their customs.

The Cagots, much more strongly than the Gipsies, resembled the Jews. For they were a sedentary people; their occupations took them among the rest of mankind, from whom they were separated by no lack of common interests, but solely by the barrier of an ineradicable prejudice. It seemed as if the distinction was so strongly rooted that it would endure until the last Cagot was placed in the Cagot's corner of the churchyard. But Cagotterie has passed away, and is forgotten save in proverbs.

And in the same way the Gipsies are gradually disappearing before influences which doom them to destruction. The Crystal Palace, with the city of villas round it, covers the spot where, thirty years ago, the King of the Gipsies held his court; the "Potteries" of Latimer Road are gone, and there is a station of the District Railway in their place. I believe that the Shaftesbury Estate covers the fields where the Gipsies loved ten years ago to pitch their winter tents. The inclosure of commons, the reclamation of waste land, the improvements in farming, and, above all, the rural police, are rapidly driving these nomads off the roads and into the towns, where they will

soon enough be absorbed in the population round them. Already the old black blood has been crossed and recrossed; the pure Gipsy is as scarce as a black swan; the old customs have been perverted; the old language has been nearly lost; the traditions are forgotten; and, more extraordinary still, among these godless tribes there has been awakened the semblance—call it the first rudimentary glimpse—of religious belief; and they like to be buried in consecrated ground. It is the beginning of the end, and in a few more years the Gipsy encampment, picturesque with its tents, its bits of color standing out against the green hedge, its wood-fire smoke curling up among the trees, and its bright-eyed girls, will be a memory and tradition of the past.

Where did the Gipsies really come from? In what country was the cradle of this race of wanderers? A question which has been answered in a hundred ways; the wildest theories have been advanced, and on the slenderest grounds. They wandered from the province of Zeugitana in Africa; they were fugitives from the city of Singara in Mesopotamia, driven out by Julian the Apostate; they came from Mount Caucasus; their name "Zigeuner," is a corruption of Saracener; they are the Canaanites whom Joshua dispossessed; they are Egyptians; they are Amorites. All these theories are based upon their names. Other origins are assigned them from the peculiarities of their customs and language: they are faquirs; they are the remains of Attila's Huns; they are the descendants of Cain; they are German Jews, who, during the dreadful persecution of the fourteenth century, betook themselves to the woods and remained there till the troubled times passed over; they are Tartars separated from Timur's hosts about the beginning of the fifteenth century; they are Circassians driven away from their homes by this very Timu with his Tartars; they are Bohemians; they are Sudras from India. All these opinions and many more are enumerated at length in Grellmann, and quoted by everybody who has written on the subject. As we write these lines, we read that M. Bataillard, who has made the Gipsies his study for many years, has in the press a paper in which he attri-

butes altogether a new origin to them. Mr. Charles Leland's opinion is that they are the descendants of a vast number of Hindus of the primitive tribes of Hindustan, who were expelled or emigrated from that country early in the fourteenth century, and that they were identical with the two castes of the Doms and Nāts—the latter being at the present day the real Gipsies of India.

The people have drawn around them a whole literature of inquiry and research. The names of Simson, Borrow, Pott, Grellmann, Liebich, Paspatis, Smidt, which are readiest to our hand, have been quite recently supplemented by the addition of Mr. Charles Leland and of Professor E. H. Palmer. Rommany literature is like the Homeric ballads, inasmuch as it is entirely oral—unlike the *Iliad*, it is extremely limited in extent. Borrow in his latest work gives a few songs and pieces in verse, but the Rommany folk are not given to poetry. On the other hand, they are full of proverbs, parables, and quaint stories, of which Mr. Leland has collected a great number. For instance,—

"When I was sitting in the forest under great trees, I asked a little bird to bring me a little bread, but it went away and I never saw it again. Then I asked a great bird to bring me a cup of brandy, but it flew away after the other. I never asked the tree overhead for anything, but when the wind came it threw down to me a hundred ripe nuts."

The Gipsy, observe, does not think of working for his bread, or his brandy, or his nuts. He asks in vain for the first two, and the third he gets without asking. The moral of this parable seems to be that luck is everything.

Here are two others, each with its own moral appended :

"Once the cat went to see her cousin the hare. And there came a hunter, and the cat scrambled up the hill, further up, up a tree; and there she found a bird's nest. But the hare ran down the hill, far down into the country.

"Bad luck sends a poor man further down, but it causes a great man to rise still more."

"On a day a poor man had a dog that used to steal things and carry them home for his master—meat, money, watches, and spoons. A gentleman bought the dog, and made a great deal of money by showing him at fairs.

"Where rich men can make money honestly, poor men have to steal."

More of the wisdom of the Egyptians

has been collected by Mr. Borrow. Here is some of it :

"My father, why were worms made? My son, that moles might live by eating them. My father, why were moles made? My son, hat you and I might live by catching them. My father, why were you and I made? My son, that worms might live by eating us.

"The true way to be a wise man is to hear, see, and bear in mind.

"What 'good is there in the Rommany tongue? There is plenty, plenty of good in it, and plenty, plenty of our people would have been transported or hung but for the old, poor Roman language. A word in Rommany said in time to a little girl, and carried to the camp, has caused a great purse of money and other things which had been stolen to be stowed under ground; so that when the constables came they could find nothing, and had not only to let the Gipsy they had taken up go his way, but also to beg his pardon.

"The man who has not the whip-hand of his tongue and his temper is not fit to go into company.

"It is not a wise thing to say you have been wrong. If you allow you have been wrong, people will say, you may be a very honest fellow, but you are certainly a very great fool."

Add to these pithy sayings some of the proverbs and clearer phrases collected by Mr. Leland. They are as wise as Captain Burton's Syrian Proverbs :

"When the wind is high, move your tent to the other side of the hedge; *i.e.*, change your side according to the circumstances.

"Never buy a handkerchief or choose a wife by candle light.

"Nice reeds make nice baskets.

"It's like a kiss, good for nothing unless divided between two.

"Don't ask for a thing when you can't get it.

"It is always the largest fish that falls back into the water.

"There may be adversity in a large house as well as in a small one.

"Keep it a secret in your own heart and nobody will know it.

"Clean water never came from a dirty place.

"Behind bad luck comes good luck.

"There is a sweet sleep at the end of a long road.

"Wait till the moon rises.

"An ass that carries you is better than a horse that throws you off."

The result is small, when the most ardent admirer of the Gipsies has set down all he knows, and he learned from them. They have few traditions, and those of no importance; their literature is the very scantiest that ever adorned a people, and their proverbs, though some of them as we have seen are good, amount, when they are all written down, to no more than Sancho Panza would reel off in

the course of a ten minutes' sitting on the seat of justice in Barataria. Their latest admirers, Messrs. Leland and Palmer, doubtless feeling that the belongings of Gipsydom wanted completeness, have attempted to remedy this baldness by the creation of a Rommany literature. There was once a French poet who married, not all at once but in succession, no fewer than three servant-girls. Partly to escape the obvious ridicule which attached to so literal an obedience to the well-known Horatian advice, this divine bard gave out that his third wife was a genius, and published verses, written by himself, under his wife's name. No one failed to see through the trick, but the poet's vanity was gratified. This is not quite what Charles Leland, Professor Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey have done, but it is something like it. We could almost have wished that they had published these volumes as a professed collection of genuine Rommany songs, translated by three Gorgios. Then we might have had a very pretty controversy like that over Ossian. It may not yet be too late. Meantime they have produced a book full of their own poems in Rommany and English, which reminds one of Sterne's celebrated tale from the collections of Slawkenbergius, inasmuch as it is impossible to tell whether the English or the Rommany was written first. Let us take one as an example of the poetry a Gipsy *might* make—if he was not a Gipsy, and knew how. It is a spirited little sketch by that learned pundit who, when he is not reading Sinaitic inscriptions, loves to sit on the grass and talk to the Rommany folk :

"Mebbe you've heard it's the Rommany way
To say that religion is lies;
But I know it's all true what the parsons say,
For I saw the Devil himself one day,
With these 'ere blessed eyes.

"I was campin' out in a field one night,
But I couldn't sleep one wink;
For I suddenly got a sort of a fright,
And I fancied the donkey warn't all right—
Now 'twas prophecy, that, I think.

"Then I says 'I'll take a look around,'
So out in the air I went,
And then in the dim half light I found
That the donkey was standin' safe and sound,
A grazin' outside the tent.

"'Come hup,' I says, says I, to the moke,
For him and me was friends;
An' he allus knew me when I spoke,

An' he used to canter up and poke
His nose into my hands.

"But this 'ere time, and I needn't say
That I thought it rather rum,
Though he stood as still as a lump of clay,
Yet the furdur he seemed to get away
The nigher I tried to come.

"At last he wandered out of sight,
And I knew, when day came round,
That the donkey I'd followed all through the
night
Was the Devil himself—for when 'twas light
I saw my own in the pound.

"It's a wrong idea most folks have got,
That Rommany chaps like me
Haven't any dear God to look after the lot;
For the Devil he tempts us quile as hot
As any one else, you see."

This is a real story told by a Gipsy in Suffolk, who firmly believed that he had actually seen the devil in the likeness of his own donkey. Why not?

The little volume of verse is full of good reading. The three writers seem to have divided their work on a regular plan. Miss Tuckey took the sentiment. She tells how the lady of the Gorgios, the Queen, sent knitted socks and blankets for the twins born in Windsor Park. She touches the fountain of tears, and tries, not unsuccessfully, to show how these ignorant wanderers may feel what beauty, picturesqueness, and pathos lie along their lives. It is overdone, perhaps; if Gipsies talked and felt as Miss Tuckey's do, they would not be Gipsies any longer. Professor Palmer, on the other hand, gives his Gipsies as they are, without any varnish. The Roman folk, with him, are the grown-up children which Leland calls them. One of them has his hatchet taken from him, and cries over it like a child over a toy. They tell their tricks and cheateries to each other, and look for applause :

"'Oh! where have you been, my bonny lad?'

'Oh! I have been up at the fair, my boys,
With a hack to sell,
And I cheated a swell,
And all for the love of the Gipsy boys.'

"'Oh! where have you been, old mother,
to-day?'

'Oh! I have been up at the farm, my boys;
And I needn't say how
I doctored a sow,
And all for the love of the Gipsy boys.'"

They have a dance, and a most enjoyable free fight; they show themselves in their true colors, as innocent of a conscience or a soul as Panurge; as utterly

devoid of morality, shame, or religion as any animal of the field; they live in terror of the law, and lament the absence of friends who are in trouble :

"You knows Mat Lovell, sir, of course,
Who lost his wife some years ago?
He's took for stealin' of a horse,
And got three years for doin' so.

"But—hang them magistrates, I say!—
By my dead father this I swears:
The chap as took that horse away
Ain't in the shirt that Matthew wears!

"Why didn't I give evidence,
If I knew that? Ah! there's the rub;
I couldn't speak for the defence,
'Cos my old man had done the job.

"He oughter proved a hall bi,
Said where he'd been and what about?
Poor fellow! Ah! he dursn't try;
They'd hang him if they found that out."

I think these verses unrivalled in their suggestiveness, especially the last.

Mr. Leland's contributions to this unique volume partake of Professor Palmer's realism and Miss Tuckey's sentiment. He is the philosopher of Rommany; he *thinks*, which no Gipsy ever did yet. Thus, is this a likely sort of thing to find in Rommany? The Gipsies, turned out of one encampment, make themselves equally happy in another :

"And as they settled down below,
I could but think upon the bliss
T'would be to many men I know,
To move as lightly 'out of this.'
Out of this life of 'morning calls,'
And weary work and wasted breath;
These prison cells of pictured walls,
When they are always 'bored to death.'"

Charles Leland tells his stories—racy stories, too, most of them—with the *entrain* and vigor which belong to him, but he adds to the Gipsy narrative that indescribable touch which marks the Gorgio.

He has not been able to escape from himself. We can hardly hope that the Rommany folk will take this book to themselves and assimilate its contents. That would be a literary phenomenon without a parallel. Poems have been written in the Creole patois of Mauritius, Bourbon, and Trinidad, but the negroes and mulattoes have not taken to singing them. Still, the work deserves to live as a monument of literary ingenuity, and a tribute to the possibilities of the Rommany tongue.

Before many years the book will be a funeral monument, a sepulchre in which the language of an extinct race will lie enshrined. Our grandchildren will never see the Gipsy tent; the kettle—that kettle which suggests unbounded richness of flavor—slung up over the fire of sticks; the barefooted, brown little children; the black-eyed "juvas"; the old crone who hobbled to the front, equally ready with a blessing or a curse; the donkey and the cart. What will they sigh after, those bereaved grandchildren, when their civilisation sits heavy as lead upon them, heavier than 'it is upon us? In these times, when the "world is too much with us," we can turn our thoughts to the careless rovers who have no care about getting or spending, who live for the day, and perish like the leaves; but in what vague envy will posterity take refuge. Perhaps there will be no more leafy lanes allowed by farmers; perhaps there will be no green spaces left uncultivated; perhaps there will be no forest glades in England; certainly, and without any doubt, there will be no more tramps, Abraham men, routers, or Rommany folk. They will all belong to that land of shadows where the soulless Autolycus chants his ditty.—*Temple Bar.*

VERSES IN OLD FRENCH FORMS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

I.—"ON LONDON STONES."

ON London stones I sometimes sigh
For wider green and bluer sky;—
Too oft the trembling note is drowned
In this huge city's varied sound;—
"Pure song is country-born"—I cry.

Then comes the spring,—the months go by,
 The last stray swallows seaward fly;
 And I—I too!—no more am found
 On London stones!

In vain!—the woods, the fields deny
 That clearer strain I fain would try;
 Mine is an urban Muse, and bound
 By some strange law to paven ground:
 Abroad she pouts;—she is not shy
 On London stones!

II.—LOVE'S FAREWELL.

"No more!" I said to Love. "No more!
 I scorn your baby-arts to know!
 Not now am I as once of yore;
 My brow the Sage's line can show!"
 "Farewell!" he laughed. "Farewell! I go!"—
 And clove the air with fluttering track.
 "Farewell!" he cried far off;—but lo!
 He sent a Parthian arrow back!

III.—THE BEGGARS.

"PRINCES!—and you, most valorous,
 Nobles and Barons of all degrees!
 Harken awhile to the prayer of us,—
 Beggars that come from the over-seas!
 Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
 Harry us not with the hounds we pray;
 Lo,—for the surcote's here we seize,—
 Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Dames most delicate, amorous!
 Damosels blithe as the banded bees!
 Harken awhile to the prayer of us,—
 Beggars that come from the over-seas!
 Nothing we ask of the things that please;
 Weary are we, and old, and gray;
 Lo,—for we clutch and we clasp your knees,—
 Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Damosels—Dames, be piteous!"
 (But the dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
 "Hear us, O Knights magnanimous!"
 (But the knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
 Nothing they gat or of hope or ease,
 But only to beat on the breast and say:—
 "Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
 Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

Envoy.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
 Many there be by the dusty way,—
 Many that cry to the rocks and seas
 "Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

IV.—AN ANTIQUE GEM.

THE stone thereof was green chrysoprasus,
Engraven thus:—A blind Philosopher,
Under the broad leaves of a platanus,
Discoursed of Pluto and Diespiter.

But two there were that heedless seemed to hear;
For, by the first, a rose-crowned Shape did stand,
That twitched his robe, and drew his nerveless hand;
And, by the next, a Figure veiled as night,
Who touched him with imperious command.
And Life was one, and Death the other hight.

Evening Hours.

STUDIES OF MATTER AND LIFE.

BY HENRY J. SLACK, F.G.S., SEC. R.M.S.

THE discoveries of recent science have greatly affected the notions we are able to form concerning the relations of force and matter, and likewise of the connection between physical agencies and manifestations of life. In studies of this description we are struck with the amount of force that lies potentially in extremely minute quantities of matter ready for vigorous action the moment the right stimulus is applied, and by the way in which quickness of motion makes up for smallness of weight. The physical inquirer is not obliged to tarry for the curious and important investigations of the metaphysician; he need not attempt to settle the fundamental questions—what is matter? and what is force?—in the ultimate constitution of either. To the experimentalist, matter is known by what it does; and whether the problem before him relate to mechanics, chemistry, electricity, light, heat, or gravitation, it is with matter in motion and exhibiting force, because in motion, that he has to deal. The same may be said of all the physical processes and manifestations of life, though we seem no nearer than the ancient Greeks were when we try to understand the connection between motions of particles and the phenomena of feeling and thought.

Light, heat, electricity in its various forms, chemical force and nerve force, are not only now classified as "modes of motion," but the motion in each manifestation of these forces appears to be wave motion; and it is probable that gravitation, the correlation of which with other forces is not yet established, may

at last be found to be a wave motion also. In wave motion each particle moves pendulum-wise, backwards and forwards in a small curve, transmitting the motion to the particles before it in more or less rapid succession, the motion becoming weaker as the original impulse is divided amongst more and more particles, until at last it is so enfeebled that it cannot be observed. The common illustration of throwing a stone in a still pond and watching how, as the outward circling wavelets spread, they grow weaker and weaker, and if the space is large enough, at last seem lost in the calm beyond—this affords a good notion to begin with of wave forms and wave force; but suppose, instead of a stone striking the surface of water, a sudden explosion took place of a particle of dynamite at some depth below. Here we should have waves in all directions, ascending, descending, and spreading on every side. Such waves would bear somewhat the relation to the pond-waves that a well-known toy composed of balls within balls would do to a mere section of the whole concern. Wave beyond wave in consecutive series, spreading in all directions from a point, must be conceived as spherical shells one outside the other like the coats of an onion, each expanding and contracting within narrower limits, and sending the wave force and the wave form onwards to an indefinite extent.

The quantities of matter acted upon by these wave forces may be very small, and yet the power exerted very great.

Thus "Faraday found the quantity of electricity disengaged by the decomposition of a single grain of water in a voltaic cell to be equal to that liberated in 800,000 discharges of the great Leyden battery of the Royal Institution. This, if concentrated in a single discharge, would be equal to a flash of lightning. He also estimated the quantity of electricity liberated by the chemical action of a single grain of water on four grains of zinc to be equal in quantity to that of a powerful thunderstorm."* Tyndall himself also beautifully illustrates this subject in his remark: "I have seen snowflakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity which a child could carry of that tender material, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them twice the height from which they fell."†

When galvanic electricity is employed to decompose water, the constituent elements, oxygen and hydrogen, are not merely *allowed* to separate, but they are pulled apart with great force, and Gasiot showed that if the water were confined in iron bottles an inch thick, a small battery gave force enough to split them asunder. The directive force which the particles of water obey in the act of freezing, and which leads to its expansion, has similar power; and, as is well known, a very small quantity of water will burst a strong shell or split a great rock.

Although heat sets the molecules of all sorts of matter in motion, not purely wave motion, it comes to us in a wave motion from the sun, conveyed like light by a material so attenuated as almost to reach the supposed condition of spiritual existence. This ether of space, which we can neither see nor feel, approximates to the conception, if such can be formed, of an immaterial substance. It must be so thin, and so light, that an inconceivable quantity would be required to weigh a pound, and yet when in motion the marvellous speed of its oscillations enables it to exert gigantic force.

It can act so mildly that we are utterly unconscious that any substance strikes our eye when we see, or have a sensation of, violet light, in consequence of 700 million millions of its minute waves dashing against it in a second. But light can also cause chlorine and hydrogen to rush together with enormous force, and it can instantly tear to pieces chemical compounds held together by forces equivalent to prodigious mechanical powers.

Professor Josiah Cooke reckons that if this ether (of whose existence he is not quite satisfied) were as dense as common air, it would resist pressure on each square inch of seventeen million million pounds, just as air balances one of about 15 lbs. without suffering compression. He also tells us that if we could confine ether in a cylindrical vessel of sufficient strength to bear the pressure, and put upon it "a cubic mile of granite rock, it would only condense the ether to about the same density as that of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth."*

In consequence of its wonderful elasticity, ether can convey light waves about a million times quicker than air can convey sound waves, and some of the pulsations that reach us from the sun, and which lie beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum, must make their extremely short wave oscillations much quicker than the 700 millions of millions of violet light. Should, contrary to probabilities, the theory that space is filled with ether, and that ether has the properties mentioned, be ultimately found untenable, the measures of wave lengths and wave velocities must still refer to something positively existing. Light comes to us from the sun at the rate of about 190† millions of miles in a second, whatever it is; and when physicists say a wave of red light is about $\frac{1}{250000}$ of an inch long, and a violet one about $\frac{1}{37500}$ long, no doubter of the existence of ether, like Professor Cooke, hesitates to assume that they are quantities of something.

* "The New Chemistry," p. 23.

† The exact distance can never be known as some residual error is unavoidable. When all the Transit of Venus calculations are finished and compared with the experimental methods adopted in Paris, the average result will probably be not far from 190 millions.

* Tyndall, "Notes on Electricity," p. 15.

† "Heat as a Mode of Motion," 4th edit., p. 147.

The probabilities are, however, enormously in favor of the theory that ascribes certain properties to ether, and that light and heat consist in its undulations. All known facts coincide absolutely with this theory, and it has been the means of leading physicists and mathematicians to fresh discoveries.

What is this ether, that it possesses properties so extraordinary, and that, to speak in common language, a mere nothing of it in point of quantity can be the source or the vehicle of enormous powers? Professor Tyndall says it must be a material substance, but perhaps not a form of ordinary matter. If it is composed like common matter, its particles or molecules do not touch; and in that case it will be difficult to avoid the belief that there is a still more subtle kind of matter filling up the interspaces. If it be matter not divided into atoms or molecules, but continuous, we may expect to find that it will exhibit many properties and peculiarities not yet discovered, differentiating it from matter in ordinary forms.

Faraday followed Newton in feeling an invincible objection to the notion that matter could act through empty spaces, and, as we find in his life by Dr. Bence Jones, he was fond of quoting the following passage from a letter of Newton to Bentley:—"That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a *vacuum*, and without the mediation of anything else, by and through which this action and force may be conveyed from one to another is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has, in philosophical matters, a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent be material or immaterial, I have left to the consideration of my readers."

Faraday's own views on this subject were never very clear to other people. He recognised "lines of force," and spoke of "atoms" as centres of force, and not as so many little bodies surrounded by forces. The force was the atom extending indefinitely in all directions. According to these conceptions, "water is not two particles of oxygen

(and hydrogen) side by side, but two spheres of power mutually penetrated, the centres even coinciding."* In the same place he said, "The force or forces constitute matter; there is no space between the particles distinct from the particles of matter."

We need not for present purposes pursue these speculations further. The wave forces mentioned communicate immense velocities to the molecules of matter, and these velocities are, in fact, their powers. A gas—or common air, which is a mixture of gases—resists pressure and exerts pressure, because its particles are in vigorous, rapid, and ceaseless motion. Substances that are translucent, or transcalorescent, are so composed that ether waves go through them as water goes through a sieve. Bodies that do not allow light or heat to pass in this way, have their molecules set in motion by the impulse of the ether waves, and thus new forms of force are generated.

Tyndall's beautiful experiments on the powers of various substances to absorb heat and stop its radiation offer most instructive instances of the power exerted by small quantities of matter. Taking the absorption of one atmosphere of common air to be unity (1), it was found that this power was augmented thirty-fold when the same quantity of air was permeated by a little vapor of patchouli; lavender vapor raised it to 60 times, camomile to 87, cassia to 109, and aniseed to 372. Upon these results Tyndall remarks "that the number of atoms in the tube (experimented with) must be regarded as almost infinite in comparison with those of the odors. . . . It would be idle to speculate on the quantities of matter implicated in these results. Probably they would have to be multiplied by millions to bring them up to the pressure of ordinary air. Thus—

The sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor,

owes its sweetness to an agent which, though almost infinitely attenuated, may be more potent as an interceptor of terrestrial radiation than the entire atmosphere from bank to sky."†

* "Life of Faraday," vol. ii. p. 178.

† Tyndall, "Heat as a Mode of Motion."

Wherever we find power exhibited, matter is in motion, and if the quantity of matter is infinitely small, and yet the power great, it is because the motion is infinitely quick. The waves of chemical force streaming from the sun are very short, and the quantity of matter acting in each oscillation, and tapping at the molecules on which it acts is inconceivably minute, but the taps are as inconceivably numerous and rapid. They are also rhythmical, and we know how the stone walls of a large building may be set in vibrating motion when an organ tone of the right pitch impels air waves to go on tap, tap, tapping till the whole fabric shakes.

We learn from these and similar facts that the wave forces can give great powers to infinitesimally small portions of matter, and that, as we are not able to place any limit that we can comprehend to the possible velocities of atoms and molecules, so we are not able to assign any limit to the minuteness which would be incompatible with the exercise of effective force.

Becquerel has shown that when a membrane is moistened on each side by a different liquid, an electric wave force is set up, able to effect chemical decomposition. Thus the minutest part of the minutest gland, or of the smallest organism that is capable of assimilating external matter, is enabled to change the chemical condition, and pull asunder molecules or atoms that would resist the mechanical force of a steam-engine or a hydraulic press.

Unfortunately, we have no chance of seeing the ultimate atoms or molecules of matter. Chemists use the term molecule to denote the smallest quantity of any substance capable of existing alone; but the definition is not quite satisfactory, because they have reason to believe there are many compound molecules that only exist in parts of more complicated combinations. Could we, by help of any apparatus, see ultimate molecules, the sight would be an astounding one; for an extremely minute portion of any substance, however solid and quiet it might appear to ordinary vision, would be exhibited to us as composed of infinitely more particles than all the stars we can perceive in a clear sky, and all in motions as harmonious as those of the

celestial bodies. When either compositions or decompositions are going on we should see hosts, by the myriad, rushing together, or springing apart, as the case might be. Eternal motion is the condition of life, whether of the smallest unit or of the entire universe. Nature, as Humboldt said, is ever arranging herself in new forms, and absolute stillness would be cessation of being.

The limits of visibility was one of the topics brought before the Royal Microscopical Society in February by the President, Mr. H. C. Sorby, in a remarkably able, and admirable, Annual Address.* Omitting the estimation of unavoidable errors in the construction of microscopical apparatus, and referring to researches, by Pigott, Helmholtz, and Woodward, it seems that it is possible to distinguish the most favorable objects—alternate dark and bright lines such as in Nobert's test-plates—when they are as near each other as to be only $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch apart, provided that several circumstances, which need not now be explained, are favorable. Minute spheres of about $\frac{1}{80000}$ to $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch may also be seen if their refractive power differs sufficiently from the fluid, or other medium in which they are immersed. It may, however, be affirmed that few objects less than $\frac{1}{80000}$ of an inch in diameter can be seen; and of that size those only that are favorably placed. Mr. Sorby proceeded to inquire what sort of relation this power of microscopically assisted vision bears to the probable size of molecules of matter. He cited the results obtained by Stoney, Thompson, and Clerk-Maxwell, in attempts to calculate from different data the number of ultimate atoms in a given volume of any permanent and perfect gas at 0° C. and a pressure of one atmosphere. Thompson assigns as the greatest possible limit 98,320,000,000,000 in one-thousandth of an inch cube, which is $\frac{1}{1000000000}$ of one cubic inch. Clerk-Maxwell, estimating the true number indicated by the phenomena of the interdiffusion of gases, made it 311,000,000; and Stoney, from his point of view, 1,901,000,000,000. The mean of these numbers is 50,260,000,000,000. In a

* See "Monthly Microscopical Journal," for March 1876.

letter received by the writer from Mr. Sorby, since the publication of his address in the "Monthly Microscopical Journal" for March, he assigns double weight to Clerk-Maxwell's calculations, for reasons that we need not stop to explain, and considers the number of atoms in a cubic $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch of gas to be about 6,000,000,000,000, and that in the same space of liquid water the number of water atoms would be 3,700,000,000,000,000.

Water is essential to organic life: if an organism is thoroughly deprived of it, death ensues, though some creatures may be dried so as not to exhibit the least appearance of moisture, then pass into a dormant state, and become active again when more water and an appropriate temperature are supplied. The common rotifer and the *Anguillula tritici* have this property, and it is exhibited to some extent by that curious vertebrate, the Mud Fish, which survives an amount of drying that would be fatal to most animals as highly organised, though the baked mud in which it passes the hot dry season appears to prevent the desiccation from being carried too far for continuance of quiescent life.

If we say water is so valuable to organic creatures on account of its dissolving so many substances they need to be supplied with in a fluid state, we may be asked why water has such power, and it seems probable that they depend upon the immense number of its molecules, as well as upon their mode of aggregation. Each atom or molecule in motion tends to set adjacent atoms or molecules in similar motion; and a great number of small impulses, rhythmically repeated, easily set considerable masses of such bodies in fresh motions, differing more or less from those which belong to their own constitution. A child with a little hammer, tapping at a great log of wood, will in time set all the particles vibrating, and though each particle may move only through a small fraction of an inch, when the whole log vibrates, the total quantity of motion is enormous, because the small motion of each particle is multiplied by millions and millions—that is, by all the particles the log contains.

Among the complex substances which chemists are acquainted with, no one could be named more important to orga-

nic life than albumen, which we all know in the condition of white of egg; and its remarkable powers of utility in the growth and development of plants and animals depends upon its extremely complicated structure. It contains a multitude of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and sulphur. It is usually found slightly alkaline; and some chemists, like Gerhardt, consider white of egg as a definite compound of an albumen acid with sodic hydrate, and believe other sorts of albumen have an analogous composition. Omitting, however, the alkali, Mr. Sorby takes as a probable composition of albumen $C_{111}, H_{111}, N_{11}, SO_{11}$; the letters representing the substance above named, and the figures the number of atoms which they contribute to the structure. With this view of albumen he finds that in a cubic $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch of horn there are about 71,000,000,000,000 molecules of albumen. A molecule of this substance, though much larger than one of water, is far removed by its minuteness from any possibility of human vision; and as Mr. Sorby explains in his paper, light is too coarse a medium to enable them to be seen, even if we could add sufficiently to the powers of our microscopes.

When so many atoms of various substances are built up together to form a new substance, there is reason to believe that they are arranged in groups, each group having a definite constitution, and being a distinct entity, at the same time that it has an appointed place and a definite relation to the whole. Each group may be regarded as a system in which the atoms composing it are in ceaseless motion, exerting force upon their neighbors, and keeping within certain bounds, just as the planets do that circle round the sun. Each group acts as a whole upon other groups, and thus there are motions of groups as well as motions of atoms, subject to the same conditions of keeping within bounds.

Now, it is evident that the wave forces of which we have spoken have great opportunities of effecting changes in such complex structures. One form or mode of wave motion may strike with its myriad pulsations at a group of atoms, another may strike at certain atoms in the group, and by such means some atoms or groups may be thrown out of their

courses, and then the rest may form a new pattern, or, if suitable atoms of another sort are at hand, may take them in to what may be called their social system, and modify it accordingly.

The phenomena of the nourishment and growth of plants and animals depend upon actions of this sort brought about by the wave motions of heat, light, electricity, and so forth. Reproduction is, as Claude Bernard explains, intimately connected with nutrition. A particle capable of germination or growth receives an impulse from a particle of an opposite sex, that is, of one in a different molecular condition, and development is stimulated and caused to take place so as to repeat with minor variations the parent forms. The well-known facts of inheritance show that, although the female germ and the stimulating male element—the ovule and pollen grain of a plant, for example—are very minute, they are big enough to contain, in some form, or way, forces which cause all fresh matter that is assimilated to arrange itself so as to reproduce a series of parts repeating for generations with marvellous fidelity the parental types.

The same thing is noticed with animals in which the same species or the same race is reproduced from one generation to another with remarkable accuracy, extending to minute and often unexpected detail. For information on this subject the reader must be referred to the works of Darwin and other writers. What we have now to consider is whether the germ particles and sperm particles can possibly be conceived to contain enough molecules built up in definite patterns, so that, as Darwin in his theory of Pangenesis supposes, they can supply *parents* enough to enable us to regard each portion of a complex organism, plant or animal, as composed of their lineal descendants. "If," says Darwin, "one of the simplest Protozoa be formed, as appears under the microscope, of a small mass of homogeneous gelatinous matter, a minute atom thrown off from any part, and nourished under favorable circumstances, would naturally reproduce the whole; but if the upper and lower surfaces were to differ in texture from the central portion, then all three parts would have to throw off atoms, or gemmules, which, when aggregated by mutual affinity, would form

either buds or the sexual elements. Precisely the same view may be extended to one of the higher animals, although in this case many thousands of gemmules must be thrown off from the various parts of the body."*

To compose a plant under this theory, the seed must contain gemmules which attract suitable matter to form root fibres; other gemmules that in like way cause cells to grow and aggregate to make a fibrous stem, others to supply the sap, others to cause the growth and development of the leaves, flowers, and finally to supply the ovule and the pollen with a complete set of gemmules to carry on the process from one generation to another; and as certain peculiarities of distant ancestors sometimes suddenly appear in their descendants, the ancestral gemmules must be sufficient in number to last for many generations, or they must act as parent cells and produce other cells.

Mr. Sorby applied himself to this problem, and sought to find what quantity of molecules existed in the quantities of matter that acts as germs and sperms. Supposing each gemmule contained a million molecules of the albuminous compound that is the physical basis of life, Mr. Sorby finds that "one thousand such gemmules massed together would form a sphere just distinctly visible with our highest and best magnifying powers." "If," he adds, "the gemmules were of much greater or much less magnitude, it appears to me very probable that Darwin's theory would break down from two opposite causes, or would need very considerable modification, because, if much greater, their number would be too few to transmit sufficiently varied characters, and if much less, they would scarcely contain enough of the ultimate atoms of matter to have a sufficiently varied individual character to transmit, since, of the assumed million ultimate molecules, only eighteen thousand would be of a true protoplasmic nature, the rest being water in molecular combination." Taking the $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of an inch as the mean diameter of a single mammalian spermatozoon, Mr. Sorby calculates it might contain $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of such gemmules,

* "Animals and Plants under Domestication," vol. ii. chap. xxvii.

and, "if one of them were lost, destroyed, or fully developed at the rate of one in each second, this number would be exhausted in about one month; but since a number of spermatozoa appears to be necessary to produce perfect fertilization, it is quite easy to understand that the number of gemmules introduced into the ovum may be so great that the influence of the male parent may be very marked, even after having been, as regards particular characters, apparently dormant for many years."

Again, taking the germinal vesicle of the mammalian ovum as $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter, "it might contain 500 millions of gemmules," and "if these were lost or fully developed at the rate of one in each second, this number would not be exhausted until after a period of seventeen years." If the whole ovum, about $\frac{1}{16}$ in diameter, were all gemmules, the number would be sufficient to last, at this rate of one per second, for 5,600 years! This is, however, not probable; but Mr. Sorby's remarks have completely removed all doubts as to its physical possibility from the Darwinian theory, and they prompt us to a wonderful conception of the powers residing in minute quantities of matter.

The student of nature stands surrounded on all sides by infinities. He can imagine no bounds to space or time; see no traces of a beginning, discover no symptoms of an end. There is an eternal flow and motion throughout the universe, a ceaseless change from power in the potential to power in the active form, and back again from the active to the potential—nothing added, nothing stationary, and nothing lost. Such is the aspect of the physical world, but what of the world of thought and will? Here we pause before a door of difficulty, and have no key to open. Let Du Bois-Reymond point it out:—

"Suppose we had arrived at an astronomical knowledge of the human brain, or even of an analogous organ in an inferior creature whose intellectual activity was limited to the sensations of well-being and discomfort. So far as regards the material phenomena of the brain our comprehension would be perfect, and our intellectual need to seek for causes would be satisfied in the same degree as it would be in regard to contraction and

secretion, if we possessed astronomical knowledge of a muscle and a gland. The involuntary acts which emanate from nervous centres, without being necessarily connected with sensations, such as reflex and associated movements, respiration, tonicity, and lastly, the nutrition of the brain and spinal marrow, would be entirely known to us. It would be the same with the material changes that always coincide with intellectual phenomena, and which probably are conditions indispensable to them. And surely it would be a great triumph of science if we could affirm that such intellectual phenomenon was accompanied with certain movements of atoms in certain ganglionic cells and certain nerve tubes. What could be more interesting than to direct our intellectual vision inwards, and see the cerebral mechanism in motion corresponding with an operation of arithmetic, as we can watch that of a calculating machine; or to perceive what rhythmical movement of the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, &c., corresponds with the pleasure we feel from musical harmony; what eddying currents of the like atoms attend the acme of delight, and what molecular tempests accompany the horrible suffering that ensues from irritation of the trigeminal nerve . . . ; but as regards the mental phenomena themselves, it is easy to see that, after acquiring an astronomical knowledge of the brain, they would remain just as incomprehensible as they are now. In spite of such knowledge, we should be arrested by those phenomena as things that are incommensurable. The most intimate knowledge of the brain to which we can aspire would only reveal to us matter in movement; but no arrangement, and no movement of material particles, can form a bridge to conduct us into the domain of intelligence. Motion can produce nothing but motion, or enter into the condition of potential energy. Potential energy in its turn can produce nothing besides motion, the maintenance of an equilibrium, the exertion of pressure on traction. The total quantity of energy remains always the same. In the material world nothing can go beyond this law, and nothing can do less than it requires. The mechanical effect is precisely equal to the mechanical cause

that exhausts itself in producing it. Thus the intellectual phenomena which flow from the brain beside of, but in addition to, the material changes that occur in it, are, to our intelligence, want-

ing in a sufficient reason. These phenomena remain outside the physical law of causality, and that is sufficient to render them incomprehensible."*—*Popular Science Review*.

GREAT GUNS AND ARMOR-PLATING.

THE 'wooden walls' of Old England are declared to be wholly useless for naval attack or defence. Nothing will now do but vessels coated with thick iron plates, and carrying guns of enormous dimensions. Very good; but here comes the dilemma. Some other nations are just as able and disposed to adopt these ponderous and costly novelties as England. And, in point of fact, there is now going on an extraordinary rivalry as to who shall have the thickest armor-plated war-vessels and the biggest engines of destruction. It is altogether a queer struggle, dating from about the time of the Crimean War, when guns of large size began to be experimentally made, before there were suitably strong ships ready to receive them. Nasmyth's big gun was the talk of its time; Horsfall's gun was looked upon as a marvel, because it could fire a ball of two hundred and eighty pounds through four and a quarter inches of iron; and Clay's gun triumphed with a three-hundred-pound shot. Then came the beautiful inventions of Sir William Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth, carrying the art of gun-construction to a degree of perfection never before attained. Next occurred the American Civil War, which startled our Admiralty by shewing that no ship whatever, unless thickly jacketed with plates of iron, could resist the shots fired by the *Monitor* class of vessels. Therefore, we rushed into two expensive adventures at once—building *Monitors* armed with a small number of very heavy guns; and clothing a large number of our ships, some timber-built and some iron-built, with armor-plates. As, happily, we have not had to fight any great naval battle for twenty years, we could not try our big guns against an enemy's ships; and, therefore, targets were built up for the shot to bang away upon. Meanwhile, the navy-yards were required to construct ships of war that would carry the largest guns: mechanical

skill could produce, and the thickest armor-plates that Sheffield could send forth. So matters have gone on year after year; ships, guns, shot, and armor-plates aiding in the struggle to determine whether the attacking power can be made greater than the defensive, or the defensive greater than the attacking.

Loud was the jubilation when, after the construction of several half-clad ships of the *Warrior* class, the Admiralty set afloat three fully plated iron-clads of the *Minotaur* class, with the enormous length of four hundred feet. It was fondly believed that no fighting-ships in the world would ever excel these. Experience showed, however, that such very long ships are not handy for steering and turning; and the Admiralty adopted a shorter standard for the *Hercules* and *Bellerophon*. Then came Captain Cowper Coles's revolving turrets in which to place the guns, instead of ranging them broadside. Then the announcement by Sheffield firms that, by rolling instead of hammering, they could produce armor-plates tougher and thicker than any before known. Then the completion of magnificent arrangements at Woolwich whereby the Fraser guns (a modification of the Armstrong) could be made of vast size and enormous strength, on account of being wholly wrought, not cast. The 'Woolwich Infant' has become a favorite epithet for the monster gun of the present day; and a most extraordinary sight was presented to the Czar of Russia, when he visited our great Arsenal in 1874, in the 'Infant School,' where were ranged a selection from all the great modern guns that Woolwich could shew.

And so matters went on stage by stage—ships, armor, guns, and shot becoming alike larger and more powerful—until the momentous days of the *Devastator*.

* Du-Bois Reymond, "Revue Scientifique," Oct. 10, 1874, p. 342.

tion arrived. Men really did think that at length we had arrived at such a pitch of destructive and defensive force combined, that further progress would hardly be sought. We shall see presently how far this supposition was correct; meanwhile it may be well to give some account of the points of difference between this famous iron-clad and those that preceded it.

Towards the close of 1869, the First Lord of the Admiralty, with all the pomp that usually distinguishes such a ceremony, laid the first keel-piece of the *Devastation* at Portsmouth. The theory of very long iron-clads had gone so much out of favor, that the length of the *Devastation* was settled at two hundred and eighty-five feet—more than a hundred feet shorter than some of its predecessors; the breadth sixty-two feet, rather more than one fifth of the length. Its displacement—that is, the weight of the water which it displaces—exceeds nine thousand tons; and the steam engines are capable of working up to six thousand horse-power. An ugly affair it is, without any masts proper, having a mass of ironwork on deck which would have puzzled Nelson or Howe beyond measure. This ironwork marks the strange changes which have been made in the arrangement of the armament of such vessels. The earlier iron-clads were broadsides, with a horizontal row of big guns peeping out on each side. Then came the revolving turret on a flat ship rising but a very little way above the surface of the water—a ‘cheese-box on a raft,’ as some one called it, with two enormous guns mounted in the ‘cheese-box.’ After various modifications and combinations of the broadside and the turret, Mr. Reed, the Chief Constructor for the navy, introduced something new in the *Devastation*. There is a kind of armored wall inclosing a space in the middle of the upper deck; the space occupies nearly three-fourths of the length, and one-half the breadth of the entire area of the deck, and the iron wall around it is seven or eight feet high. Within this space are two turrets or circular towers, and various structures and gangways connected with the navigation of the ship and the accommodation of the officers and crew. Each turret rotates, not on a central spindle, but on

numerous rollers which work on the deck; and each, thirty feet in diameter, contains two ‘Woolwich Infants’ of formidable character. No wonder that the entire mass has been compared to ‘a raft with a heavy deck-load in the centre.’ Upwards of twenty steam-engines are provided for working the ship in various ways.

We have said little yet about its armor and armament. When the *Devastation* had been a few months in hand, the nation was distressed by the loss of the costly turret-ship *Captain*, with all hands—including Captain Coles himself; and the Admiralty caused a thorough investigation to be made into the probable merits of the different classes of iron-clad. The result was favorable to the *Devastation*, but certain changes of plan were deemed desirable. When laid down, it was believed that the armor would resist the shot of a twenty-five-ton gun, the largest at that time ventured on in any navy; but improved gunpowder, in cubes, called ‘pebble-powder,’ had so increased the velocity and force of the shot as to render greater resisting power necessary, and so the *Devastation* was clothed with armor no less than twelve inches in thickness, carried down five feet below the water-line; the turrets have armor averaging thirteen inches thick; while the wall or breastwork around the inclosed space on deck is also formed of armor-plates. Compare this with the five-inch armor of the once-mighty *Warrior* and *Minotaur*, and we see what a stride has been made; no wonder that such a ship displaces nine thousand tons of water! Two guns of thirty-five tons were planned for each turret; but by introducing hydraulic gear for moving the turrets and their contents, thirty-eight-ton guns have been introduced—the heaviest adopted down to the time at which we are writing, with a twelve-inch bore, carrying a seven-hundred-pound shot. The *Thunderer* and the *Devastation* are sister ships (if such savage monsters deserve to be called by so gentle a name as sister); and with alterations gradually made, they are approaching the maximum of twelve-inch armor at the sides, fourteen-inch armor around the turrets, carrying two guns in each turret, the guns thirty-eight tons weight, twelve and a half

inches calibre, firing shot of eight hundred pounds.

And now, what do we hear? Woolwich pooh-poohs her own thirty-eight-ton 'Infants,' and is bringing others into existence more than double the weight—namely, eighty-one tons—a *hundred and eighty thousand pounds of iron and steel* in each gun! If told that these will cost five thousand pounds per gun, need we marvel?

When anything goes wrong in life, we are prone to ask who's to blame; and when told that the thirty-eight-ton gun is now looked down upon, a similar question suggests itself to the sorely perplexed tax-payer who has to provide the money for all these luxuries. The truth appears to be, that armor-plate makers can now go very far beyond the twelve inches of thickness that was lately their maximum; and that unless armor is eventually to defeat guns and shot, the Woolwich Infants must be more Brobdingnagian than ever. And so we come to the *Inflexible*, destined to be released into the water by the fair hands of a princess. This mighty ship will be double-screw, double-turret, with a load displacement exceeding eleven thousand tons. The length between the perpendiculars, three hundred and twenty feet, and breadth seventy-five feet (almost equal to one fourth of the length). Each turret will carry two guns of eighty-one tons, twenty-seven feet long, and sixteen inches bore, firing a shot of twelve hundred and fifty pounds! Those in the secret assert that such a shot, coming from such a gun, and fired with the improved gunpowder now manufactured, will have an impact of momentum equal to the whole ramming force of the *Iron Duke* that ran down the luckless *Vanguard*. The steel tube that forms the innermost part of each gun excels in size every single piece until now made, being twenty-five feet long, and twenty-five inches external diameter. When coil upon coil of tough iron have been wound round the middle and breech of this steel tube, the exterior diameter will vary from twenty-five inches to six feet. The government pay Messrs. Firth of Sheffield sixteen hundred pounds for the solid mass of steel to make one inner tube, the boring out being done at Woolwich. It was last September that the

first of these huge guns was tried in the marshes at Woolwich; how long a time must elapse before all four will be ready to be mounted in the *Inflexible*, the future must shew.

When we are told that the original estimate for the hull and engines of the *Inflexible* was five hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and that the armament and fittings are not included; and when we bear in mind that the actual outlay always exceeds the estimates in these matters—we may guess, if we can, how far this ship will go to affect the pockets of John Bull.

Have we even now come to the end of this costly contest between the attacking and the defensive power of ships of war, this rivalry between guns and armor-plates? Engineers and naval constructors do not believe in any such finality. Their fertile brains are teeming with new schemes—more especially on the part of the makers of great guns, who manifest an increased confidence that they can more than keep pace with any increase in the thickness of armor-plates. Russia has established a naval arsenal at Nicolaieff, near the mouth of one of the rivers flowing into the Black Sea, where iron-clads of the largest dimensions can be constructed; and she has also provided herself with a factory in which great guns and ponderous armor-plates can be fabricated. Indeed, we owe to Russia (for good or for bad) the incentive to the planning of the eighty-one-ton gun. The *Peter the Great* (an appropriate name for the Czar's mighty ship) has been planned to carry twenty-inch armor, at a time when a shot from our thirty-five-ton guns could only penetrate a fourteen-inch plate. What was to be done? Woolwich was consulted, and replied that a gun of something like eighty tons weight would be required to carry a shot which would pierce twenty inches of armor. There was no existing furnace that would heat, no existing steam-hammers that would forge the masses of iron necessary for such a mighty gun. New furnaces and new hammers were there-upon set up at a cost which we are afraid to mention; the guns are being made, and perchance—who knows?—may one day try their strength against the iron sides of *Peter the Great*. Russia

has already a vessel carrying guns exceeding our *Devastation* and *Thunderer* guns—namely, the *Admiral Popoff*, the strange circular ship, with six keels, eighteen-inch armor, and two guns of forty-two tons each.

Sir W. G. Armstrong is trying his skill on a seventeen-inch gun that will carry a two-thousand-pound shot. Mr. Fraser at Woolwich has broached the idea of a one-hundred-and-sixty-ton gun, to carry a shot of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, with such velocity as to smash in the side of any ordinary iron-clad even at a mile distant; while Sir Joseph Whitworth, using an

hexagonal bore of compressed steel, and a flat-headed elongated shot, entertains a firm belief that a gun on his construction, far less weighty than eighty-one tons, would vanquish an armor-plate even twenty-four inches in thickness.

Since writing the above, we learn that M. Krupp, the famous gun-manufacturer of Essen, has actually commenced making a monster of one hundred and sixty tons—an 'infant' double the size of those designed for the *Inflexible*. It is as well, however, to add, that no ship large enough to accommodate this piece of colossal ordnance has been as yet designed.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SAINTE PERINE, OR THE CITY OF THE GENTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GHEEL, THE CITY OF THE SIMPLE.'

NINE-TENTHS of our readers will, we feel pretty sure, be as unconscious as we ourselves, till recently, were of the existence close to Paris of an institution as peculiar in its object as valuable in its results, which has been unobtrusively carrying on its beneficent work during the greater part of a century, within the reach of thousands of our countrymen whose footsteps must have passed its gates.

The building is extensive and imposing, at the same time that it is elegant in external elevation, and commodious in internal construction and arrangements. It stands within its own pleasure-grounds of seven or eight acres in extent, tastefully laid out around the house in gravel walks, gay flower-borders, and soft lawns; while the various gradients it offers are taken advantage of to form sloping turf-banks down to a beautiful bit of forest-land intersected by well-kept paths and winding streamlets; arbors and summer houses and shaded seats, tempting retreats, whether during noonday heat, or the cool of summer evenings.

The house consists of a double semi-quadrangle, one side of each square garden thus formed being open to the sun, but sheltered from the road by a thick plantation. All round these gardens runs a verandah terrace, the roof supported by light columns, up which luxuriant creepers are trained and festooned. Wide, light, and well venti-

lated corridors paved with tiles, and—like every part of the institution—shining with cleanliness, give access to the ground-floor rooms. One side is appropriated to the refectory, a handsome hall fitted with five-and-twenty tables, each to accommodate ten guests; and another to the *salon de conversation*, or drawing-room. There are also a library and reading-room, a chapel, two infirmaries, hot and cold baths, a dispensary, and an admirable suite of household offices. On the floor above are more private rooms, the house being constructed to receive 250 inhabitants. These rooms are contrived with much thought and taste, and are arranged so as to form bed-room and sitting-room in one, [the bed and washing-apparatus being shut off within an alcove by folding-doors.

The originator, or rather originatrix, of this valuable institution was the Empress Josephine, who in 1805 devoted a fund for the purpose of subsidising a house which should provide an honorable and attractive retreat for persons of the higher class fallen into comparative poverty—*pauvres honteux*, as they are untranslatably termed—but principally those who had held unpensioned offices in the civil service of the country, comprising, therefore, members of the *haute bourgeoisie* and of the *noblesse*.

The *entrée* was to be limited to persons (of either sex) who had attained sixty years, and who had resided during two

consecutive years in Paris. To soften as much as possible the idea of charitable support, the inmates are required to prove themselves in a position to meet the stipulated annual payment, which was originally fixed at 750 francs, but has now been increased to 950. The advantage of this united expenditure is immense, as it would be quite impossible for the individuals who thus contribute to a common fund to live even respectably on the separate incomes which, thus combined and subsidised, provide an almost luxurious existence, exonerating those who enjoy it from all the labor, thought, vexation, and responsibility of housekeeping. Every detail of life is provided for on their behalf, and of its cares they know nothing but the name. The service of the house is included in their payment; and if, through illness or infirmity, they require extra personal attendance, it is supplied to them, whether by day or by night; even the doctor (for there is one residing on the premises) bestows his care, his vigilance, and his advice, and they have not so much as the trouble of handing him his fee. This blessed immunity, alone, should add ten years to their lives. We who are not thus protected can appreciate the relief it must be to them to take no heed as to the external or internal condition of their dwelling; to be spared the trouble and perplexity of engaging servants, with the labor of providing for and waiting upon them; to live in paradisiacal exemption from the annoyances of over-reaching work-people and cheating tradesmen; to have to take no thought of gas or water-rates, and to be able to whistle in the very beard of the tax-gatherer!

For aught they need care, after the manner of housekeepers, the snow may accumulate six feet deep, or the roof or the slates may be all blown off bodily; every pipe in the house may burst, every ceiling may fall in, the kitchen chimney may take fire every day. It is somebody else's business to see to such things immediately. Their minds, unburdened with preoccupations of this character, may soar above these contemptible and degrading *banalités*. They have not so much as an account-book to keep, or a washing-bill to write; and may live in joyous emancipation from the petty vexations which weigh down the spirits, crush the energies,

spoil the temper, and poison the peace of mind of 'the free and independent' householder.

They are gently roused in the morning by the chirping of birds and the scent of summer flowers. They are not tormented for orders; every detail of life has its established time and place. The fragrant cup of early coffee awaits their waking moments; at twelve, the more substantial *déjeuner*; at seven the well-served dinner is announced in the elegantly-appointed dining-room; flowers decorate the table and the damask is snowy white. The guests, born and bred amid the refinements of their class, and faithful to the prestige of their traditions, are by no means neglectful either of their appearance or their manners; and their regard for their antecedents bespeaks itself in their toilette as well as in the reciprocation of *petits soins* which marks their intercourse.

Liberty complete and unrestricted is of course the order of the day; and they can not only receive their friends whether during the day or in the evening, but can, and often do, absent themselves on visits during any period they please, though, if they return home at night, it must of course be within a given hour.

In the summer evenings it is the wont of the little world of Sainte Perine to spend the time between dinner and bed on the lawns and in the *bosquets* of the beautiful grounds at their disposal. In the winter the social meetings in their common *salon* recall the *soirées* of the best society in the larger world.

As the inmates are composed of single persons of either sex, as well as of married couples, our readers must not be surprised to learn that the interchange of good offices between them often soars beyond the limits of friendship, and that marriages are the frequent result. At the same time it is scarcely possible that the little world of Sainte Perine, like the larger one outside, should not find itself broken up into parties and even cliques; but although this diversity of feeling keeps the mind from stagnating and imparts a certain amount of vitality and spirit to the association, it also, unhappily, leads to differences and coolnesses which are only kept from disturbing the common peace by the forbearance and self-control of gentle breeding.

As, however, among this great variety of dispositions and characters, meeting daily under circumstances in which all have a common sympathy, there are many persons not merely of rank and social position, but also of distinguished ability and moral value, the general tone of feeling which animates the little community is genial and enlivening. There is, however, one inevitable circumstance acting to a certain extent as a damper to the spirits of the inmates—we allude to the frequency with which Death asserts his inexorable claims, and comes to summon away first one and then another from the place they had assumed and the friends they had made. Among a community of 250 souls, all more or less over sixty—most of them rather more than less—these calls can be neither few nor far between. At the same time, if there are some losers by their recurrence there are as many gainers, for, as may be supposed, there is always a long list of candidates aspiring to the places thus left vacant; though, let us try to think, without any malicious hopes that the slender thread of life on which their own brief future hangs may be snapped at an early moment. Alas! they must have their own lurking misgivings that the place they now covet must at no very distant period become the object of another's longing. On the day of our visit Death was at his grim work; the corpse of the Comtesse de — lay coffined in the chapel, while the Baron de —, who had been insensible some hours, was not expected to pass the day.

We were told that an English lady was an admitted member of the 'Réunion,' and that she added to her small means

by giving lessons in her own language, her pupils attending and receiving instruction in her room. Among the number are several *ci-devant* members of the literary world, writers for the press and *feuilletonistes*, also artists and musicians. Very delightful little *soirées* are often periodically given by such gifted and cultivated persons, and to these their friends of the outer world are invited. Several of the literary ladies have succeeded in organising *salons* to which all who can obtain access consider it a privilege to be admitted.

The appointment of the Directeur and subordinate officials who conduct the establishment of Ste. Perine rests with the Bureau de l'Administration de l'Assistance Publique; but the inmates of the institution are so far concerned in these appointments that a large ledger lies open to receive their observations on any matter of management or question of diet, &c., to which they may think fit to take exception.

Our readers may be curious to know whence was derived the name by which this institution has been called since its foundation until the recent date, when it received the more appropriate nomenclature of "Villa de la Réunion." They need consult no etymological dictionary, nor yet examine the Calendar of the Saints, to discover why Ste. Perine has been selected to be the patroness of the institution. It is simply that the house originally adapted to this use at Chaillot had formerly been a convent under that dedication; and, when the Genteel Pensioners removed to the site they now occupy at Auteuil, the ancient name followed them thither.—*Fraser's Magazine*.



GLAMOUR.

THE breath of flowers was on the breeze,
And all the odors of the spring;—
Amid the gently-budding trees
We heard the throstle sing;—
We watched the tender leaflets curl'd,
No green seemed half so gay before;—
A hundred springs may deck the world,
But those green leaves no more;
No, never, never more!

The sun drank up the tears of night,
 The happy tears of early dew,
 Each drop became a globe of light
 With golden-green shot through.
 We shook them off the primrose flowers,
 No dew seemed half so bright before;—
 Now winter rain may fall in showers
 But those bright drops no more;
 No, never, never more!

Within the blue, unblemish'd skies
 The infant cloudlets cradled lay,
 Like new-born souls in Paradise,
 All clad in white array;
 And in our happy eyes that met
 There shone a light unknown before;—
 Now suns may rise, and suns may set,
 But that love-light no more;
 No, never, never more!

LITERARY NOTICES.

LESSONS FROM NATURE, AS MANIFESTED IN MIND AND MATTER. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., F.R.S. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In this book Mr. Mivart undertakes to refute the entire school of Darwinians and Evolutionists, addressing himself in particular to Mr. Darwin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Mill, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall. He restates in detail his old objections to the Darwinian theories of natural selection, sexual selection, and the origin of species, declares that Mr. Darwin has himself accepted such modifications as to amount to their practical abandonment, and accuses him of had faith in allowing the public to suppose that his present idea of the function of Natural Selection is the same as that propounded in the "Origin of Species," and now generally understood by that phrase. He also conducts independent controversies with Professor Huxley and the late Chauncey Wright, who on different grounds had assailed the position taken by him in his "Genesis of Species;" and on various points joins issue, as we have said, with Mr. Spencer, Mr. Wallace, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Mill. All this part of the work deals, or purports to deal, with the phenomena presented by physical nature; but as a preliminary to the argument on the evidence he devotes several chapters to establishing certain general principles or primary truths to which all questions concerning the meaning or bearing of phenomena must ultimately be appealed. These primary truths are substantially those which, under the de-

signation of "facts of the mind," have long been urged by the so-called intuitional school of philosophy, the corner-stone of the system being embodied in the proposition that "knowledge must be based on the study of mental facts, and on undemonstrable truths which declare their own absolute certainty, and are seen by the mind to be positively and necessarily true." It can hardly be said that Mr. Mivart contributes anything fresh or important to the familiar arguments by which these propositions are enforced; but he gives a concise and telling summary of them, with special applications to the great questions as to the origin of species and the relation of man to the brute creation.

Mr. Mivart's argument is at variance throughout with the prevalent philosophical and scientific theories, and many of his positions will doubtless be strongly controverted; but the book should be read by all who wish to determine for themselves what lessons Nature really does teach.

VILLAGE COMMUNITIES IN THE EAST AND WEST. Six Lectures delivered at Oxford. To which are added other Lectures, Addresses, and Essays. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The first six lectures, which give the title to this volume, have been before the public long enough to establish their reputation as one of the most valuable of existing aids to the study of historical and comparative jurisprudence and of sociology; and the author has taken advantage of the appearance of a

third edition of these lectures to add to them several other lectures, addresses, and essays, not belonging to the same course, but all, save one, bearing upon the same subjects. These additions amount in quantity to nearly as much as the original "Village Communities," and are of such importance that those who are already in possession of that volume will find it necessary, or at least eminently desirable, to possess this one also. Besides the celebrated lecture on "The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought," it includes two elaborate essays on "The Theory of Evidence" and "Roman Law and Legal Education," and three addresses to the University of Calcutta, of which the author was at one time vice-chancellor. These latter have never before been printed in a form accessible to English or American readers, and though they deal with special circumstances, and were addressed to a special audience, they will be found to elucidate several of the topics broached in what is perhaps the most interesting of the original six lectures—that on the "Sources of Indian Law."

We have already spoken of the value of these lectures—of the whole book in fact—to students of historical and comparative jurisprudence and sociology, but we should add that it is hardly less valuable to the student of political economy. The artificial laws of society are found to have many points of "incidence" with those so-called natural laws with which political economy undertakes to deal, and Sir Henry Maine has shown that he is capable of applying his masterly method of treatment to both.

Thanks are due the publishers for the elegant style in which they have issued this and Sir Henry Maine's other works. It is doubtful, perhaps, if such taste and liberality contribute as much as they ought to the salableness of a book, but they certainly enhance both the pleasure of reading and the satisfaction of possession.

THE LIFE, LETTERS, AND TABLE-TALK OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. Sans-Souci Series. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The Sans-Souci Series, according to the announcement of the publishers, "is based upon the same general idea that secured such sudden and deserved popularity for the Bric-a-Brac Series," and we may add that it is, in fact, simply a continuation of the old series under a new name. Readers who have enjoyed the "Infinite riches" that were compressed into the "little room" of the Bric-a-Brac volumes may betake themselves to the "Life, Letters, and Table-Talk of Benjamin

Robert Haydon" in the full confidence that they will secure a feast neither different in character nor inferior in quality. The materials used by Mr. Stoddard in the preparation of the volume were drawn from a voluminous memoir of Haydon by his son, recently published in London, and embracing the correspondence and table-talk. Mr. Stoddard believes himself to have retained "the marrow" of Mr. Frederick Haydon's volumes, and he has certainly produced a very interesting and, on the whole, satisfactory book. The melancholy circumstances of Haydon's life render the biographical portion a trifle depressing, but the correspondence (including letters from Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Goethe, Mrs. Browning, Benjamin West, Wilkie, and others) is full of interest, and the table-talk excellent. Mr. Stoddard's preface, too, is, as usual, one of the most entertaining features of the volume.

The binding of the new series hardly possesses the dainty elegance that distinguished the Bric-a-Brac volumes, but it is novel and pretty, and less likely to show the effects of use. Among the attractions of the present volume are portraits of Haydon, Wilkie, Keats, and Wordsworth, and a fac-simile of an autograph letter by Haydon.

STRAY STUDIES IN ENGLAND AND ITALY. By John Richard Green. New-York: Harper & Bros.

The great success achieved by Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People" causes a good deal of interest to attach to his earlier and less ambitious efforts, and for this reason the collection here brought together has a value which would hardly be accorded it on grounds of absolute merit. The volume contains twenty-two papers of a highly miscellaneous character. A third of them, perhaps, are of a character which one would have expected of Mr. Green; that is, they discuss historical or literary subjects, or places in their historical aspects. Of these one of the most noteworthy, "Lambeth and the Archbishops," was reproduced in the ECLECTIC several years ago, and those who recollect that paper will have a general idea of Mr. Green's essay style at its best. The greater number of the papers, however, are merely descriptive sketches of Italian winter resorts and the like, contributed originally to the *Saturday Review*, and retaining in their present form a not altogether agreeable reminiscence of that periodical. Most of these, we are inclined to say, are hardly worthy of Mr. Green's present reputation; but there is one particular in which the entire book keeps the author of the "Short History" before us. It exhibits the same rich, flowing, animated,

vigorous, and vivid style; the same picturesque treatment; and the same ripe and generous culture. It is hard to find fault with a book which is so pleasant to read; and we do not allow ourselves to forget that the very qualities which we are disposed to criticise, are precisely the ones that will secure for the volume a wider circle of readers.

GERMAN POLITICAL LEADERS. By Herbert Tuttle. (*Brief Biographies.* Edited by T. W. Higginson.) New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The gentlemen whom Mr. Tuttle selects as representative German political leaders, are nineteen in number and are classified as follows: "The Chancellor," Prince Bismarck; "Ministers," Dr. Falk, President Delbruck, and Herr Camphausen; the "Diplomatic Service," Prince Hohenlobe and Count von Arnim; the "Parliamentarians," Herr von Bennigsen and Dr. Simson; "Party Leaders," Herr Lasker, Herr Windthorst, Dr. Loewe, Herr Schuler-Deilitzsch, Herr Jacoby, Herr Hasseimann, and Herr Sonnemann; "Scholars in Politics," Professor Gneist, Professor Virchow, Professor Treitschke, and Professor von Sybel. As remarked by Mr. Tuttle in his preface, the fame and authority of Prince Bismarck are so overshadowing that the greater number of the men described in the volume are here introduced to American readers for the first time; and this very fact, which is unquestionably true, demonstrates the need of just such a book. In fact, all students of current European history have good reason to be grateful to Mr. Tuttle, for he not only acquaints us with the character and career of some of the men who are most prominent in the "making" of this history, but gives us a remarkably clear idea of the practical working during the past few years of Germany's experiment in constitutional government.

Mr. Tuttle has resided for several years in Berlin, and is otherwise well qualified for his task. He is well-informed and scholarly, is evidently keenly interested in political questions, is a skilful and practised writer, and has the advantage of knowing both the men of whom he treats and the audience he addresses. His book is the best that has yet appeared in the "Brief Biography Series," and may be recommended as both interesting and instructive.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has in the press a new poem, said to be the most ambitious he has ever written.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON will shortly publish a full account of his expedition, in a volume to be entitled "Across Africa." The work is in course of preparation.

MR. A. H. HUTH, one of two fellow-travellers of the late Mr. Buckie, who accompanied him from the beginning of his tour, and was with him when he died, is writing a life of the historian.

THE monument erected to Schiller at Marbach, his native place, was unveiled on the 9th of May. The ceremony seems to have excited only a local interest, few people even from Stuttgart being present.

HARDLY has the correspondence of Goethe with the brothers Humboldt appeared, than the conscientious editor of that interesting volume, Herr Bratranek, has brought out some more of the treasures hidden by the poet's descendants. This is Goethe's correspondence with Aug. W. and Friedrich Schlegel, Tieck, and others.

A HISTORY of that important branch of the followers of Wesley, vulgarly called Ranters, but bearing, in the connection, the more accurate designation of Primitive Methodists—a section of the main body, which has had a separate vitality since 1810—has been commenced by Mr. W. H. Yarrow, who has accumulated considerable materials concerning the London district, its circuits, and its members.

THE Rev. E. R. Hodges is bringing out a new and enlarged edition of Cory's "Ancient Fragments," which will contain an introduction on "The Origin, Progress, and Results of Hieroglyphic and Cuneiform Decipherment," as well as one on "Phœnician Literature." New extracts will be included in the volume from Trogius Pompeius, Agathias, Hecateus of Abdera, Agatharcides of Cnidus, Nicotas of Damascus, and others, and the book will be dedicated to Dr. Birch.

THE veteran author of "Philip van Artevelde" has been writing his autobiography. His dramas show, combined with true poetic feeling, the broad views and knowledge of human nature which have illustrated his long and useful official career; while, owing to a union of rare personal qualities, he has enjoyed the intimacy of many of the most distinguished men and women of two generations. His "Memoirs," therefore, which, it is to be hoped, may be given to the world during his lifetime, should be of more than ordinary interest.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE ROTATION OF THE SUN.—The observations of positions of sun-spots made by Carrington's method at the Toulouse Obser-

vatory, in 1874 and 1875, have been discussed by M. Tisserand, who has deduced the time of rotation of the sun given by each spot, and compared his results with the values found for corresponding latitudes by Carrington and Spoerer respectively. It was one of the most important results of Carrington's splendid series of observations that, independently of minor irregularities, there appeared to be a well-marked drift in the sun-spots, varying with the distance from the sun's equator, so that the greater the latitude of the spot the more it would lag behind. The time of rotation of a spot in latitude 45° would thus be more than a day longer than that of one on the equator, a fact which at once accounted for the very discordant values of the sun's rotation deduced by different observers. M. Tisserand's observations agree well both with Carrington's and Spoerer's results, the average discordance being about one hour in the period of the sun's rotation. There appear, however, great irregularities in the motions of some of the less permanent spots, and M. Tisserand instances one in particular, which appeared to drift more and more rapidly in the opposite direction to that of the sun's rotation, so that after six days its daily motion had diminished by one tenth, on account of its more rapid drift backwards. As we have no means of knowing what the drift of any particular spot really is with reference to the body of the sun, the accurate determination of the rotation of the sun itself is a very difficult matter, though it is tolerably certain that it lies between twenty-five and twenty-six days.

EFFECT OF THE SEASONS ON THE BODY.—

The curious fact has recently been pointed out by Dr. B. W. Richardson that the changes of the seasons have a potent physical influence upon the body. Some years ago, in a convict establishment in England, a number of men were confined amid surroundings (of clothing, room, food, etc.) practically the same for each individual. The medical superintendent of the gaol undertook investigations, extended over some nine years, and during which over 4000 individuals were weighed. It was found that during the months of winter the body wastes, the loss of weight varying in increasing ratio: that during summer, the body gains, the gain varying in an increasing ratio: and that the changes from gain to loss and from loss to gain are abrupt, and take place, the first at the beginning of September, and the second at the beginning of April. This is shown in the following figures, indicating the ratio of loss or gain: Loss: January, 0.14; February, 0.24; March, 0.95. Gain: April, 0.03; May, 0.01;

June, 0.52; July, 0.08; August, 0.70. Loss: September, 0.21; October, 0.10; November (exception), a slight gain; December, 0.03.

THE VALUE OF A MAN.—No animal (observes the *Medical Press and Circular*) works harder than man, and as a working or domestic animal man may be valued. Dr. Farr has made some curious and interesting calculations as to the value of the agricultural classes. The calculations are not made to correspond to the working years of man, but allowance is made for the infant and child, who, though not able to work, are valued prospectively; and so, again, in old age, when the labor period is passed, and, as an animal, he consumes more than he produces, his value is considered a minus quantity. The calculations are based upon the Norfolk agricultural classes, in which county the infant labor is worth, at the time of birth, £5. When he has survived the first dangers of infancy, and has advanced five years nearer the time at which he will become a productive agent, his price rises to no less than £56; and this, again, in five years more, is something more than doubled. At the age of twenty-five years, he has attained his maximum value, £246; and he declines afterward steadily but slowly, down to £138 at fifty-five years of age, and £1 at the age of seventy. After this age he produces little or nothing, but still he consumes, and when he is eighty years old, he is valued at minus £31.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—By plunging the negative wire of a powerful induction-coil in a vessel of water, and bringing the positive wire into contact with the surface of the water, or slightly below it, M. Planté has succeeded in reproducing the most marked phenomena of the aurora, especially the streamers and the dark arc round the electrode; and he concludes from this that the aurora is produced by a flow of positive electricity (since no streamers are seen round the negative pole) through the upper regions of the atmosphere into planetary space, the fact that lightning and electrical phenomena are not so frequent at the Polar regions showing that the discharge is not towards the earth. M. Planté holds that all the planets are charged with positive electricity, and that the electricity flows out from the neighborhood of the magnetic poles, either in the form of obscure rays when no resistance is interposed, or as an aurora when it encounters masses of water, whether liquid or solid, in either case vaporizing the water with a loud noise and precipitating it in the form of rain or snow.

PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.—Professor Perrey, of Toulouse, has devoted many years

to the study of earthquakes, and has communicated the results to the Académie des Sciences at Paris. In his last Report he states that there are more shocks at new and full moon than at the quadratures, and that, of the earthquakes reported between 1843 and 1872, 3290 occurred when the moon was nearest to, and 3015 when she was farthest from, the earth.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUN AND MOON ON THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.—Mr. J. A. Broun, F.R.S., has been investigating the effect of the sun's rotation and the moon's revolution on the earth's magnetism. The effect is variable, and depends on the position of the moon, as well as on the movement of the sun. Cases have occurred of large and sudden diminutions of the earth's magnetic force, and these are found to fall at intervals of twenty-six days, which is about the time of the sun's rotation on its axis. Mr. Broun thinks that there is some ray-like emanation from the sun, which causes these changes in the earth's magnetism; and he finds that the moon has something to do with them, for they occur mostly when she is farthest from the equator.

STRANGE NATURAL CISTERNS.—In the rough granite country back from Mossamedes, on the west coast of Africa, are some very remarkable natural cisterns. The country itself is peculiar, huge single rocks rising out of the nearly level plain in some places, and in others hills of rock, in several of which deposits of water are found at the very top. A recent traveller visited one of these, and describes it as a natural tank with a narrow entrance, containing some three or four hundred gallons of exquisitely clear and cool water. It was covered by vast slabs of granite, from which the rain drained into it during the rainy season, shading the water so that it could not be seen without a torch, and so protecting it that the sun can not evaporate it during the dry season. Thus a bountiful store of excellent water is preserved while there is not a drop to be had elsewhere for miles. A still more remarkable cistern of this sort is that of the Pedra Grande, or Big Stone, some thirty miles from Mossamedes, a huge rounded mass of granite rising out of the sandy plain. On the smooth side of this rock, 20 or 30 feet above the plain, is a circular pit about 10 feet deep and 6 feet across. The rainfall on the rock above the pit drains into it, filling it completely every rainy season. The walls of the pit—which is shaped like a crucible, narrowing gently to the bottom—are perfectly smooth and regular, the enclosing granite being of the closest and hardest description. The cistern will hold several

thousand gallons of water. Near by are smaller pits of similar character. Their formation is unexplained. The water of this strange well furnishes the natives and travellers with an abundant supply during the dry season; consequently it is a noted halting-place.

HERMIT CRABS.—Professor Alexander Agassiz records a series of observations on hermit crabs, which may be interesting to general readers. He reared a few of the creatures from their youngest stages to the time when they require a shell for their protection and further development, and took pains to watch their behavior when shells were first placed in the glass dish in which they were living. "Scarcely," says the Professor, "had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, carefully examining them, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity; and after stretching backward and forward, they settled down into their shells with immense satisfaction." Others of the shells contained a living mollusc, and the crabs which could not find an empty shell waited till the molluscs died, when they tore them out, devoured them, and immediately took possession of the shells. Professor Agassiz questions whether this is to be regarded as a case of instinct.

THE PLANTS OF GUADALOUPE ISLAND.—At a recent meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Mr. S. Watson presented a paper on a collection of plants recently made by Dr. E. Palmer, in Guadeloupe Island, off Lower California. It was found to contain 119 species, including twenty-one belonging to the higher cryptogamic orders, besides a dozen of probably recent introduction. The number of new species is twenty-two, with two new genera, almost all nearly allied to Californian species and genera. Of those before known, all are Californian, and most have a wide range through that State. The flora of Mexico is scarcely represented; but on the other hand some fresh indications are found of a connection between our western flora and that of South America.

THE LOCUST PLAGUE.—Last year, Switzerland was afflicted by swarms of locusts; and a learned professor who surveyed the scene of their devastations recommended the government to use all available means to destroy the young which are deposited in the ground, and if left undisturbed come forth with voracious appetite in the following summer. Spain, as we learn by recent advices, is suffering from a visitation of the devourers in some of the

southern provinces, and there, in like manner, the eggs are hatched in the earth, and with marvellous quickness. It is said that if a packet of the eggs be carried in a man's pocket, the heat of his body will hatch them in twelve hours. The Spanish government has sent soldiers into the threatened districts with orders to dig and destroy. They must be active, for the numbers of the enemy are almost incredible. It is on record that two years ago a train was stopped by masses of locusts piled up, like driven snow, along the railway. A Frenchman has discovered that pounded locusts squeezed up into round lumps are an attractive bait for fish.

VARIETIES.

FAMILY LIKENESSES AND VITALITY.—In spite of certain alterations, the typical features peculiar to the houses of Guise and Lorraine were transmitted to all their descendants through a long series of generations. The Bourbon countenance, the Condés' aquiline nose, the thick and protruding lower lip bequeathed to the house of Austria by a Polish princess, are well-known instances. We have only to look at a coin of our George III. to be reminded of our present royal family. During Addison's short ministry Mrs. Clarke, who solicited his favor, had been requested to bring with her the papers proving that she was Milton's daughter. But as soon as she entered his cabinet Addison said, "Madam, I require no further evidence. Your resemblance to your illustrious father is the best of all." The Comte de Pont, who died in 1867, at nearly a hundred, told Dr. Froissac that during the Restoration he often met in the salons of M. Desmousseaux de Givry, prefect of Arras, a man at whose approach he shuddered as he would at the sight of an apparition, so wonderfully was he like Robespierre. M. de Pont confided his impression to the prefect, who told him, smiling at his prejudice, that the person in question passed for Robespierre's natural son; that, in fact, it was a matter of notoriety. Next to family likenesses vitality or the duration of life is the most important character transmitted by inheritance. The two daughters of Victor Amadeus II., the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister Marie Louise, married to Philip V., both remarkable for their hesuty, died at twenty-six. In the Turgot family fifty years was the usual limit of life. The great minister, on the approach of that term, although in good health, remarked to his friends that it was time to put his affairs in order; and he died, in fact, at fifty-three. In the house of Romanoff, the duration of life is short, inde-

pendent of the fact that several of its members met with violent deaths. The head of this illustrious race, Michael Federovitch, died at forty-nine; Peter the Great was scarcely fifty-three. The Empress Anne died at forty-seven; the tender-hearted Elizabeth at fifty-one. Of Paul's four sons, Alexander died at forty-eight, Constantine at forty-two, Nicholas at fifty-nine, and the Grand Duke Michael at fifty-one. In the houses of Saxony and Prussia, on the contrary, examples of longevity are far from rare. Frederick the Great, in spite of his continual wars and his frequent excesses at table, was seventy-four; Frederick William III. was seventy; the Emperor William, in his seventy-ninth year, is still hale and hearty. In all the countries of Europe, families of octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians may be cited. On the 1st of April, 1716, there died in Paris a saddler of Doulevant, in Champagne, more than a hundred years old. To inspire Louis XIV. with the flattering hope of living as long, he was made, two years previously, to present that monarch with a bouquet on St. Louis' day. His father had lived one hundred and thirteen years, his grandfather one hundred and twelve. Jean Surrington, a farmer in the environs of Berghem, lived to be one hundred and sixty. The day before his death, in complete possession of his mental faculties, he divided his property among his children; the eldest was one hundred and three, and, what is still more extraordinary, the youngest was only nine. Jean Golem-hiewski (the oldest man in the French army, if still alive), who accompanied King Stanislas Leczinski into France, belonged to a family of centenarians. His father lived to be one hundred and twenty-one, his grandmother one hundred and thirty.—*All the Year Round.*

THE SECRET OF MACAULAY'S POPULARITY.—The first and most obvious secret of Macaulay's place on popular bookshelves is that he has a true genius for narration, and narration will always in the eyes not only of our squatters in the Australian bush, but of the many all over the world, stand first among literary gifts. The common run of plain men, as has been noticed since the beginning of the world, are as eager as children for a story, and like children they will embrace the man who will tell them a story, with abundance of details and plenty of color, and a realistic assurance that it is no mere make-believe. Macaulay never stops to brood over an incident or a character, with an inner eye intent on penetrating to the lowest depth of motive and cause, to the furthest complexity of impulse, calculation, and subtle incentive. The spirit of analysis is not in him, and the divine spirit

of meditation is not in him. His whole mind runs in action and movement; it hushes itself with eager interest in all objective particulars. He is seized by the external and the superficial, and revels in every detail that appeals to the five senses. "The brilliant Macaulay," said Emerson, with slight exaggeration, "who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that good means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." So ready a faculty of exultation in the exceeding great glories of taste and touch, of loud sound and glittering spectacle, is a gift of the utmost service to the narrator who craves immense audiences. Let it be said that if Macaulay exists in the details that go to our five senses, his sensuousness is always clean, manly, and fit for honest daylight and the summer sun. There is none of that curious odor of autumnal decay that clings to the passion of a more modern school for color and flavor and the enumerated treasures of subtle indulgence.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

HOW TO BREATHE PROPERLY.—Most people breathe properly, often more by accident or instinct than by design; but, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this present moment are suffering from more or less severe affections of the lungs or throat, owing to a faulty mode of respiration—in other words, because they breathe through the mouth instead of through the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking, and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs—namely, smelling and breathing. In summer-time the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as at the present season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits this mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channel, the nostrils, the air passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs; but if he takes in air between the lips and through the mouth, the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membrane of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a local chill, frequently ending in inflammation. Many persons, without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over the mouth in winter, if they happen to go out of doors. By doing this they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips, and virtually compel themselves to breathe through the nostrils. But they could attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces

to the proper and natural way of breathing. We believe that if people would only adopt this simple habit—in other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, "Shut your mouth!" there would be an immense diminution in the two classes of affections—namely, those of the lungs and throat, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year. Man is the only animal which has acquired the pernicious and often fatal habit of breathing through the mouth. It commences in childhood, and becomes confirmed in adult life, often engendering consumption, chronic bronchitis, relaxed sore throat, or some other disease of the lungs or throat, which is set down usually to a different cause altogether. In concluding this short article, we venture to ask our readers to judge for themselves. When they step out in the morning into the fresh but cold air, let them try the difference of feeling arising from the two modes of breathing—through the nostrils and between the lips. In the former case, they will find that they can breathe easily and freely, yet with comfort, while the fresh air, warmed to the temperature of the body by its contact with the nasal mucous membrane, is agreeable to the lungs; in the other case, if they draw in a few inspirations between the parted lips, the cold air, rushing in direct to the lungs, creates a feeling of coldness and discomfort, and an attack of coughing often comes on.—*Public Health*.

TWO SONNETS.

I.—WINTER SORROW.

A GREY and leaden sky, without a break,
Shuts in the narrow world whereon I look,
And, day by day, mine ears almost forget
To miss the babbling of the ice-bound brook.
The woods stand rigid, ghostlike, draped in snow,
Life is no longer there, nor pleasant sound,
No breath is stirring in the bitter air,
To bid them drop their burden to the ground.
The drift lies deeply piled before my door,
My little garden, touched by winter's breath,
Laid cold and smooth beneath his icy hand,
Looks stark and changeless as the bed of death.
'Tis thus, my Heart, thy desolation chill
Holds me, like cruel Winter, dumb and still.

II.—SPRING SORROW.

Spare me that clear, triumphant song of praise,
Sweet thrush, with which thou welcomest the morn;
It wakes too keen a sorrow in my heart,
Who sigh to think another day is born.
Ye opening buds, ye sounds and scents of spring,
So deeply interwoven with the past,
Ye touch the inmost fibre of my grief,
And bring the bitter memories thronging fast.
Not less the lilac crowns herself with bloom,
And bright laburnums shake their tasselled gold,—
Nor does the violet breathe one odor less
Because my life is left me dark and cold;
Only while earth and sky such joy express,
I fain would turn me from their loveliness.

A. E. J.



Estetika

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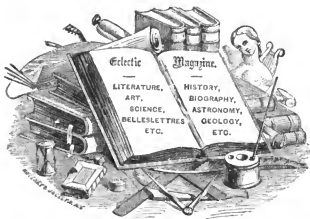
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THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

I HAVE been bold in my title; and, in order to convey a distinct idea, have promised what I cannot do more than most imperfectly perform.

My paper is a paper for the day. We live in a time when the interest in religious thought, or in thought concerning religion, is diffused over an area unusually wide, but also when the aspect of such thought is singularly multiform and confused. It defies all attempts at reduction to an unity, and recalls the Ovidian account of chaos:—

"Nulli sua forma manebat,
Obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus." *

At every point there start into action multitudes of aimless or erratic forces,

crossing and jostling one another, and refusing not only to be governed, but even to be classified. Any attempt to group them, however slightly and however roughly, if not hopeless, is daring; but, as they act upon us all by attraction and repulsion, we are all concerned in knowing what we can of their nature and direction; and an initial effort, however feeble, may lead the way to more comprehensive and accurate performances.

I shall endeavor, therefore, to indicate in a rude manner what seem to be in our day the principal currents of thought concerning religion; and as, in a matter of this kind, the effect can hardly be well considered without the cause, I also hope in a future paper briefly to touch the question, how and why these currents have been put into their present sharp and unordered motion.

* Ov. Metam. i. 17.

The channels in which they mainly run, according to my view, are five. But this Punjab differs from the Punjab known to geography, in that its rivers do not converge, although for certain purposes and between certain points they, or some of them, may run parallel. Neither do they, like Po and his tributaries, sweep from the hill into the plain to find their rest;* but, for the time at least, the farther they run, they seem to brawl the more.

My rude map will not reach beyond the bounds of Christendom. There are those who seem to think that, as of old, wise men will come to us from the East, and give us instruction upon thoughts and things. It will be time enough to examine into these speculations, as to any practical value they may possess, when we shall have been favored with a far clearer view, than we now possess, of the true moral and spiritual interior of the vast regions of the rising sun. We may thus, and then, form some idea of the relations both between their theoretical and their actual religion, and between their beliefs and their personal and social practice; and we may be able in some degree to estimate their capacity for bearing the searching strain of a transition from a stagnant to a vivid and active condition of secular life. At present we seem to be, for the most part, in the dark on these capital questions, and where, as in the case of Islam, we have a few rays of light, the prospect of any help to be drawn from such a quarter is far from encouraging.

Provisionally, then, I set out with the assumption that in handling this question for Christendom, we are touching it at its very heart. The Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, are the great, the imperial thought, tradition, and society of this earth. It is from Christendom outwards that power and influence radiate, not towards it and into it that they flow. There seems to be one point at least on the surface of the earth—namely, among the negro races of West Africa—where Mahometanism gains ground upon Christianity; but that assuredly is not the seat of government from whence will issue the

fiats of the future, to direct the destinies of mankind.

Yet other remarks I must prefix. One is apologetic, another admonitory. First, I admit that many writers, many minds and characters, such for example as Mr. J. S. Mill, and such as the school of Paulus, and such as many of those now called Broad-Churchmen, will not fall *clean* into any one of the five divisions, but will lie between two, or will range over, and partake the notes of, several. This must happen in all classifications of thought, more or less; and here probably more rather than less, for the distinctions are complex, and the operation difficult. Secondly, my aim is to exhibit principles, as contradistinguished from opinions. Let it not be supposed that these always go together, any more than sons are always like their parents. Principles are, indeed, the fathers of opinions; and they will ultimately be able to assert the parentage by determining the lineaments of the descendants. Men, individually and in series, commonly know their own opinions, but are often ignorant of their own principles. Yet in the long run it is the principles that govern; and the opinions must go to the wall. But this is a work of time; in many cases a work of much time. With some men, nothing less than life suffices for it, and with some life itself is not sufficient. A notable historic instance of the distinction is to be found in those English Puritans of the seventeenth century, who rejected in block the authority of creeds, tests and formularies. Their opinions were either Calvinistic, or at the least Evangelical. After three or four generations it was found that, retaining the title of Presbyterians, the congregations had as a rule become Unitarian; and yet that they remained in possession of buildings, and other endowments, given by Trinitarian believers. Upon a case of this character arose the well-known suit of Lady Hewley's charity. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who decided it, knew well that every hair of Lady Hewley's head would have stood on end, had she known what manner of gospel her funds were to be used to support; and he decided that they could only be employed in general conformity with her opinions. Satisfied with a first view of the case, the public applauded the judgment; and it has not

* Dante Div. Comm. v. 98.

been reversed. But the parties in possession of the endowments were not to be dislodged by the artillery of such pleas. They appealed to Parliament. They showed that their Puritan forefathers had instructed them to discard all intermediate authorities; and to interpret Scripture for themselves, to the best of their ability. It would indeed have been intolerable if those, who taught the rejection of such authority when it was ancient and widely spread, should, in their own persons, have reconstituted it, all recent and raw, as a bond upon conscience. The Unitarians contended that they had obeyed the lesson they were taught, and that it was not their fault if the result of their fidelity was that they differed from their teachers. Parliament dived into the question, which the Bench had only skimmed, and confirmed the title of the parties in possession.

And again. As men may hold different opinions under the shelter of the same principle, so they may have the same opinions while they are governed by principles distinct or opposite. No man was in principle more opposed to the Church of Rome than the late Mr. Henry Drummond. But he expressed in the House of Commons a conception of the Eucharistic sacrifice so lofty, as must have satisfied a divine of the Latin Church. Again, the doctrine of Transubstantiation was received in the thirteenth century on the authority of a Papal Council; but it is probable that many of the "Oid Catholics," who have renounced the dominion, may still agree in the tenet.

I think it will be found that these remarks will explain the cases already indicated of persons who do not fall into any of the five classes. They are I think, chiefly, either the indolent, who take up at a venture with narrow and fragmentary glimpses of the domain of religious thought, or the lovers of the picturesque, who are governed by exterior color and other superficial signs; or they are writers in a state of transition, who have received the shock which has driven them from their original base, but have not yet found a region suited to restore to them their equilibrium, a fluid of the same specific gravity with themselves.

I take no notice of the system termed Erastian. It can hardly, as far as I see, be

called a system of or concerning religious thought at all. Its centre of gravity is not within the religious precinct. The most violent Ultramontane, the most determined Agnostic, may alike make excellent Erastians, according to the varieties of time and circumstance. If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship, or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man.

"Non ragioniam di lui; ma guarda, e passa."

Lastly, it is plain that a Chart of Religion, such as I am endeavoring to present in outline, has reference to the *Ecclesia docens*, rather than to the *Ecclesia discens*; to the scientific or speculative basis of the respective systems, and the few who deal with it, not to their development in general life and practice, a subject far too difficult and invidious for me to consider.

I may now set out the five main schools or systems, which are constituted as follows. We have:—

- I. Those who accept the Papal monarchy: or the Ultramontane school.
- II. Those who, rejecting the Papal monarchy, believe in the visibility of the Church: or the Historical school.
- III. Those who, rejecting the Papal monarchy and the visibility of the Church, believe in the great central dogmas of the Christian system, the Trinity and the Incarnation. These will be here termed the Protestant Evangelical school.
- IV. Those who, professedly rejecting all known expressions of dogma, are nevertheless believers in a moral Governor of the Universe, and in a state of probation for mankind, whether annexing or not annexing to this belief any of the particulars of the Christian system, either doctrinal or moral. These I denominate the Theistic school.
- V. The negative school. Negative, that is to say, as to thought which can be called religious in the most usual sense. Under this head I am obliged to place a number of schemes, of which the ad-

herents may resent the collocation. They are so placed on the ground that they agree in denying categorically, or else in declining to recognize or affirm, the reign of a moral Governor or Providence, and the existence of a state of discipline or probation. To this aggregate seem to belong—

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| 1. Scepticism. | 5. (Revived) Paganism. |
| 2. Atheism. | 6. Materialism. |
| 3. Agnosticism. | 7. Pantheism. |
| 4. Secularism. | 8. Positivism. |

1.

Of these five main divisions, the first is much before any one of the others in material extension. Its ostensible numbers may nearly equal those of the second and the third taken together. The fourth and the fifth are made up of votaries who are scattered and isolated; or whose creed is unavowed; or who, if they exist in communities at all, exist only in such minute communities as to be but specks in the general prospect.

The Ultramontane system has also the great advantage for working purposes of by far the most elastic, the most closely knit, and the most highly centralized organization.

Again, it derives its origin by an unbroken succession from Christ and his apostles. No more imposing title can well be conceived; yet it naturally has no conclusive weight with such as remember or believe that a theistic system, given by the Almighty to our first progenitors, passed, in the classic times, and in like manner, through far more fundamental transformations. It was by a series of insensible deviations, and without the shock of any one revolutionary change, that in a long course of ages, after a pure beginning, there were built up many forms of religion, which, at the period of the Advent, had come to be in the main both foul and false. The allegation may possibly be made that the traditions, as well as the personal succession, of the Latin Church are unbroken. But this will of course be denied by those who regard the Council of 1870 as having imported at a stroke a fundamental change into the articles of the Christian faith. To the vast numerical majority, however, the Roman authorities seem to have succeeded in recommend-

ing the proposition, and the claim passes popularly current.

This singular system, receiving the Sacred Scriptures, and nominally attaching a high authority to the witness of tradition, holds both in subjection to such construction as may be placed upon them from time to time, either by an assemblage of Bishops, together with certain other high functionaries, which derives its authority from the Pope, or by the Pope himself, when he thinks fit to take upon himself the office. It is true that he is said to take advice; but he is the sole judge what advice he shall ask, and whether he shall follow it. It is true that whatever he promulgates as an article of faith he declares to have been contained in the original revelation; but by his vision alone can the question be determined whether it is there or not. To the common eye it seems as if many articles of Christian belief had at the first been written in invisible ink, and as if the Pope alone assumed the office of putting the paper to the fire, and exhibiting these novel antiquities to the gaze of an admiring world. With regard however, to matters of discipline and government, he is not restrained even by the profession of following antiquity. The Christian community under him is organized like an army, of which each order is in strict subjection to every order that is above it. A thousand bishops are its generals; some two hundred thousand clergy are its subordinate officers; the laity are its proletarians. The auxiliary forces of this great military establishment are the monastic orders. And they differ from the auxiliaries of other armies in that they have a yet stricter discipline, and a more complete dependence on the head, than the ordinary soldiery. Of these four ranks in the hierarchy, two things may be asserted unconditionally: that no rights belong to the laity, and that all right resides in the Pope. All other rights but his are provisional only, and are called rights only by way of accommodation, for they are withdrawable at will. The rights of laymen as against priests, of priests as against bishops, of bishops as against the Pope, depend entirely upon his judgment or his pleasure, whichever he may think fit to call it. To all commands issued by and from him, under this sys-

tem, with a demand for absolute obedience, an absolute obedience is due.

To the charu of an unbroken continuity, to the majesty of an immense mass, to the energy of a closely serried organization, the system now justly called Papalism or Vaticanism adds another and a more legitimate source of strength. It undeniably contains within itself a large portion of the individual religious life of Christendom. The faith, the hope, the charity, which it was the office of the Gospel to engender, flourish within this precinct in the hearts of millions upon millions, who feel little, and know less, of its extreme claims, and of their constantly progressive development. Many beautiful and many noble characters grow up within it. Moreover, the babes and sucklings of the Gospel, the poor, the weak, the uninstructed, the simple souls who in tranquil spheres give the heart and will to God, and whose shaded path is not scorched by the burning questions of human thought and life, these persons are probably in the Roman Church by no means worse than they would be under other Christian systems. They swell the mass of the main body; obey the word of command when it reaches them; and they help to supply the resources by which a vast machinery is kept in motion.

Yet once more. The Papal host has reason to congratulate itself on the compliments it receives from its extreme opponents, when they are contrasted with the scorn which those opponents feel for all that lies between. Thus E. von Hartmann, the chief living oracle of German Pantheism, says it is with an honorable spirit of consistency (*Consequenz*) that "Catholicism" has, after a long slumber, declared war to the knife against modern culture and the highest acquisitions of the recent mental development;* and he observes that, while he utterly denounces the mummy-like effete and religious incapacity of Ultramontanism, still "it ought to feel flattered by my recognizing in it the legitimate champion of historical Christianity, and denoting its measures against modern culture as the last effort of that system at self-preservation."† Accord-

ingly his most severe denunciations are reserved for "Liberal Protestantism," his next neighbor, even as the loudest thunders of the Vatican are issued to proclaim the iniquities of "Liberal Catholics."

I shall recite more briefly the besetting causes of weakness in the Ultramontane system. These I take to be principally: (1) its hostility to mental freedom at large; (2) its incompatibility with the thought and movement of modern civilization; (3) its pretensions against the State; (4) its pretensions against parental and conjugal rights; (5) its jealousy, abated in some quarters, of the free circulation and use of the Holy Scripture; (6) the *de facto* alienation of the educated mind of the countries in which it prevails; (7) its detrimental effects on the comparative strength and morality of the States in which it has sway; (8) its tendency to sap veracity in the individual mind. If this charge were thought harsh, I could refer for a much stronger statement to the works of the late Mr. Simpson, himself a convert to the Roman system from the English Church.

II.

Next in order to the Ultramontane school comes a school which may perhaps best be designated as Historical; because, without holding that all which has been has been right, it regards the general consent of Christendom, honestly examined and sufficiently ascertained, as a leading auxiliary to the individual reason in the search for religious truth. To this belong those "Liberal Catholics" who have just been mentioned, and who, unlike the "Old Catholics," remain externally in the Latin communion, bravely and generously hoping against hope, under conditions which must ensure to them a highly uncomfortable existence. Their position appears to be substantially identical with that of a portion of the Protestants of the sixteenth century, who in perfectly good faith believed that they were maintaining the true system of Christianity as attested by Scripture and

* *Der Selbstversetzung des Christenthums*, p. 15 (Berlin, 1874).

† *Ibid.* Vorwort, p. x.

* The latest specimen may be seen in a Pastoral of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, the hero of the remarkable and rather famous Guibord case. Published in the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of Feb. 10, 1876.

sacred history, but who had to uphold this as their own conviction in the teeth of the constituted tribunals of the Latin Church. The appeal now made, indeed, is from the Council of the Vatican to a Council lawfully conducted; but the right of appeal is denied by the living authority, and appears therefore, now that that authority has given a final utterance on the dogma of Infallibility, to rest on the ultimate groundwork of private judgment. The question here, however, is not so much their ecclesiastical position, as their form of religious thought, and their proper place in the general scheme or chart. Few they may be, and isolated they certainly are. But they are essentially in sympathy with many who do not wear the same badge with themselves, in short with all who, rejecting the Papal monarchy, adhere to the ancient dogma formulated in the Creeds, and who believe that our Lord and his Apostles acting under his authority, founded a society with a promise of visible perpetuity, and with a commission to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments. That Gospel is the faith once delivered to the saints; and, while some of these believers would admit that the Church may err, they would all agree in holding that she cannot err fatally or finally, and that the pledge of her vitality, if not of her health, is unconditional; unconditional, however, not to any or to every part, but to the whole, as a whole. They would agree that she is divinely kept in the possession of all essential truth. They would agree in accepting those declarations of it, which proceeded, now between twelve and fifteen centuries ago, from her as one united body, acting in lawful councils, which received their final seal from the general acceptance of the faithful. They would recognize no final authority subordinate to that of the united Church; and would plead for a reasonable and free acceptance of that authority on the part of the individual Christian. Or, if these propositions lead us too far into detail, they believe in an historical Church, constitutional rather than despotic, with its faith long ago immutably, and to all appearance adequately, defined; and they are not to be induced by the pretext of development to allow palpable innovations to take their place

beside the truths acknowledged through fifty generations.

If to those, who are thus minded, I give the title of historical, it is because they seem to conform to the essential type of Christianity as it was exhibited under the Apostolical, the Episcopal, and the Patriarchal system; and because they do not tamper in practice with that traditional testimony, of which in theory they admit the real validity and weight, and the great utility in conjunction with the appeal of the Church to Holy Scripture.

This, in its essential outlines, is the system which constitutes the scientific basis of the Eastern or Orthodox Churches. I do not speak of the defects, faults, and abuses, which doubtless abound in them, as in one shape or another they do in every religious body; but of the ultimate grounds, which, when put on their defence, they would assume as the warrant of what is essential to their system.

Great, without doubt, is in every case the interval between the written theory and the practice of ecclesiastical bodies. The difference is scarcely less between their authorized doctrine, in the proper sense, which they hold as of obligation, and the developments which that doctrine receives through the unchecked or little checked predominance of the prevailing bias in the works of individual writers, and in the popular tradition. It is with the former only that I have here to do. Inasmuch, however, as few or none of them are judged among us (in my opinion) so superficially and harshly as the Churches of the East, I would observe, on their behalf, that they know nothing of four great conflicts, which more than ever distract the Latin Church as a whole: conflict between the Church and the State; conflict between the Church and the Scripture; conflict between the Church and the family; conflict between the Church and modern culture, science and civilization.

While the largest numerical following of this scheme of belief is to be found in the Eastern Churches, a recurrence to the outline, by which I have described it, will show that it includes, together with the so-called Liberal Catholics whom the Papal Court regards as the parasitic vermin of its Church, and the Old Catholics whom it has

succeeded in visibly expelling, the classical theology of the English Church. This may be said to form one of its wings. The standard books and the recognized writers, that express the theological mind of Anglicanism, proceed throughout on the assertion or the assumption, that the Church is a visible society or congregation; and her leaders and episcopal rulers preserved with an unflinching strictness the succession of Bishops, at a time, and under circumstances, when the policy of the hour would have recommended their treating it as a matter of indifference. This proposition is by no means weakened by the fact that in most or many cases they made large allowance for the position of the Protestants of the Continent. Their position was then, to a great extent, undefined and provisional, and was capable of being regarded as, to a great extent, representing, with respect to government and order, a case of necessity. The changes made in England during the sixteenth century as to tenets and usages, they treat as having been within the competence of the local Church which accepted them,—used as never having been condemned by a legitimate authority; and they fear lest the general rejection of tradition should really mean contempt of history. These principles are treated by many who view them from an exterior standing point, for example by Lord Macaulay, as “the crotchets of the High Church party.” But it is an established fact of history that “The High Church party” is but another name, rough perhaps, but true, for the influence which has moulded the theology of the English Church, or rather of the Anglican Churches, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present hour.

Among non-episcopal Protestants, a small portion of the German divines are, perhaps, alone in sympathy with the system here described. As a recent, yet not too recent, specimen of this class, I would mention Rothe.* But in other times the description would have included many of the weightiest names of Protestantism, such as Casaubon and Grotius, and, towering even over these, the great Leibnitz.

The strength of this system lies generally, first in its hold upon antiquity, and in the authority and consent of the earlier Christian writers, known as fathers, every one of whom holds the visibility and teaching office of the Church, while it is only the wrenching of a word here and there from a very few of their works into forced prominence and isolation, that can bring any one of them so much as upon speaking terms with the Papal monarchy. At this point a distinction must be taken between East and West. Oppression and poverty have thrown the Churches of the East into a defensive attitude, and have of necessity limited the range of learning, and condemned them specially to the evils of stagnation. But their doctrinal continuity is not liable to the challenge which impeaches that of the Roman Church. In old times they appear as Protestant, in the most legitimate and historic sense of the word, against the innovations of the Papal supremacy, and of interpolation in the Creed of Nice and Constantinople. At the present day they are the most determined and the most dreaded of the antagonists to the Vatican Council. In the West, this scheme of religion has rested on learning and weight rather than on numbers and organization. But its respect for history and mental freedom, and the general moderation of its views of ecclesiastical power, had, at any rate, down to our own day, sensibly mitigated the violent asperities of the Roman system: and, under an Anglican form, have in some way enabled it to maintain, and in recent times even to strengthen, its hold upon a large portion of the most active and the most self-asserting among all the nations of the Old World. Lastly, the scheme has the advantage that it is not the mere profession of a school and a system on paper or in the brain, but is firmly, though variously, incorporated in the authentic documents, and historical traditions, of large ecclesiastical bodies, great limbs of Christendom.

If such be the strength of the second among my five schemes when impartially viewed, it has likewise marks of weakness properly its own. Its adherents, while they teach that Christians ought to be united in the visible organization of the Church, are *de facto* severed one from another, as well as (most of them) from the largest

* *Anfänge der Christlichen Kirche*. Wittenberg, 1837.

portion of the Christian world. What is still worse, in a merely popular sense—and it is only in the popular sense that I now presume to speak of strength or weakness—is, that it lies essentially in a mean: that it accepts the basis of religious belief in much the same fashion as we have all to accept those of Providential guidance and moral duty in practical life. It acknowledges the authority of the Church, but cannot, so to speak, lay its finger on any means whereby that authority can at any given moment be fully and finally exercised. It allows Holy Scripture to be supreme in matters of faith, but it interposes more or less of an interpretative sense, in controverted subjects, between the Divine Word and the individual mind. What men like most in religion is simplicity and directness. But this method does not speak with the directness or simplicity of either of its neighbor systems: whereof one directs inquiries straight to the priest, the bishop, and the Pope; and the other promises a private and personal infallibility which is to follow the pious exercise of the mind upon the Divine Word. The same thing happens to them in a great religious crisis, as to the moderate shades of opinion in times of revolutionary excitement. They are apt to disappear like the Presbyterians before Cromwell, or like Lafayette before the Gironde, which was, in its turn, to give place to the Terror. The most sharply defined propositions are those, which most relieve the understanding by satisfying the emotional part of our nature. Both on this side and on that the stammering lips are silenced; and adherents are individually liable, as experience has shown, to be hustled into the opposite camps, where such propositions are the watchwords of the rival hosts.

III.

The third to be noticed of the great powers* on the map of religious thought

* A remarkable effort has been made to incorporate the idea which I have described as the basis of this Third Division, in what was known as the Surrey Chapel. It was originally founded for the Rev. Rowland Hill, and now, under the ministry of the Rev. Newman Hall, the congregation is about to migrate to a larger and more stately building. The scheme rests upon a "Schedule of Doctrines," which excludes the visible Church as an his-

and feeling is that which I have made bold to term the Protestant Evangelical. For the pure and simple name Protestant is now largely and loosely used; sometimes even by men who, themselves believing nothing, nevertheless want countenance for their ends from among those who believe something, and who trust for this to the charm that still invests the early stages of its career, and associates it with a battle manfully fought for freedom against oppression and abuse. To fasten down its sense, the affix "Evangelical" may suffice. The phrase, thus enlarged, comprehends all who, rejecting the Papal monarchy, either reject, or at least do not accept, the doctrine of a Catholic Church, visible and historical; and who, without always proceeding to an abstract repudiation of all aid from authority or tradition, are on behalf of human freedom extremely jealous of such aid, and disposed rather to rely on the simple contact of the individual mind with the Divine Word. Such is their negative side. But they adhere to nearly all the great affirmations of the Creeds. They believe strongly, if not scientifically, in revelation, inspiration, prophecy; in the dispensation of God manifest in the flesh; in an atoning Sacrifice for the sin of the world; in a converting and sanctifying Spirit; in short, they accept with fulness, in parts perhaps with crude exaggerations, what are termed the doctrines of grace. It is evident that we have here the very heart of the great Christian tradition, even if that heart be not encased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, such as is maintained in principle by the ancient Churches. It is also surely evident to the unprejudiced mind that we have here a true incorporation of Christian belief to some extent in institutions, and to a yet larger extent in life and character. And this scheme may claim without doubt, not less truly than those which have gone before, to be a tree bearing fruit. It has framed large communities. It has formed Christian nations; or at least, has not un-formed them. It has sustained

torical institution or polity, but requires dogmatic belief of the character stated in the text; and it does not require, or include, connection with any particular persuasion of professing Christians.

an experience of ten generations of men. It may be that it does not generate largely the most refined forms of religion, or much of the very highest spirituality; but he would be a bold man who should attempt to fasten on it any clearly marked and palpable inferiority of moral results as compared with those of other Christian schemes. I do not enter on the disputable question of the claim it would probably advance to a marked superiority. My object is to establish on its behalf that it has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact: that it cannot be put out of the way by any expedient or figure of controversy, such as that it is a branch torn from the stem, with a life only derivative and provisional. Open to criticism it is, as may easily be shown: but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists in the world. It is eminently outspoken, and tells of its own weaknesses as freely as of its victories or merits: it rallies millions and scores of millions to its standard: and while it entirely harmonizes with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its seal in the work of all works, namely, in uniting the human soul to Christ.

The phrase I have employed would at the period of the Reformation have correctly described, with insignificant exceptions, the Reformed communities of the Continent. Now, in the nineteenth century, I apprehend it can only be considered to represent a party, larger or smaller, in each of those communities: a party, of which the numerical strength is hard to estimate even by conjecture. In the United Kingdom, however, it may claim nearly the entire body of Presbyterians and Nonconformists under their various denominations. Moreover, that section of the Church of England which is termed the Evangelical or Low Church, not now very large, but still active and zealous, seems in great measure to belong to it. Of the English-speaking population in the New World, that is to say, in the United States and the British Colonies, which may be roughly taken at fifty millions, it may claim perhaps as many as thirty for its own; nor does any portion of the entire group seem to be endowed with greater vigor than this, which has grown up in new soil and far

from the possibly chilling shadow of National Establishments of religion.

On its popular and working side, in its pastoral and missionary energy, in the almost unrestrained freedom of its movements, the group is strong. Nor need it suffer greatly from the reproach of severances in outward communion, when it is considered that the particular forms of religious organization are, in its view, matters of comparative indifference, and that the intermixture of ministerial offices, so incongruous and unseemly where enjoined principles draw the line of demarcation, is for its respective sections nothing else than a fostering and cheering sign of brotherly good-will. Its weakness is on the side of thought. 'This is the form of the Christian idea, which, and which alone, accepts the responsibility of upholding the main part of the dogmatic system of the first ages, but renounces, for fear of ulterior consequences, the immense assistance which its argument on the text and *corpus* of the sacred books derives from the living development, through so many ages, of the Christian system, and the continuous assent of the Church to one and the same faith. It is burdened with the necessities of an exclusive scheme; for it not only denounces as desertion from the faith the abandonment of the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, but likewise, in some of its sections, it interpolates new essentials of its own, such as personal assurance, particular election, final perseverance, and peculiar conceptions respecting the atonement of Christ and the doctrine of justification. In respect of this last, it has often ascribed to faith the character and efficacy of a work, seemingly not even aware that it was thereby cutting from beneath its feet the famous *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*. It has a logical difficulty in ridding itself of such excrescences; seeing that the excrescence and that to which it clings grow out of one and the same soil, as they are received upon one and the same warrant, whether it be that of a favorite religious teacher, or of a personal illumination. Most of all, it has very severely suffered from the recent assaults on the *corpus* of Scripture, which it had received simply as a self-attested volume; and on its verbal inspiration, a question which has never offered so serious a

dilemma to those who are content to take their stand on the ancient constitution of the Church, and to allow its witnessing and teaching office. Grounding itself with rather rigid exclusiveness upon the canon of the Bible, it is obliged to protest against the government and many of the doctrines of the Church at the very epoch when that canon was made up. Its repudiations are so considerable, and so far-reaching, that there remains hardly any adequate standing ground for the defence of that which it is not less decidedly set upon retaining. It is therefore, as might be expected, a school poor as yet in the literature of Church history, of dogmatic theology, and of philosophic thought. Its own annals, from the sixteenth century downwards, supply abundant proof of its lying open at many points to the largest disintegration. This disintegration is not, as in the last case, personal and atomic. It is not the mere occasional departure of individual deserters : it is the decrepitude and decadence of organic laws. Even now amidst its many excellences there are signs that danger is at hand. Indeed, were it not for the ground of hope, ever furnished by true piety and zeal, it seems hard to assign any limit to the future range of the destructive principle. Even the evanescence of Calvinistic crudities, once required as the very quintessence of the Gospel, may excite misgiving in the minds of friendly though extraneous observers, when they reflect that no higher or other authority, than that which these crudities have enjoyed, is allowed to the highest and most central verities of the ancient creeds.

IV.

We now pass away by a great stride into the region of Theism. We have quitted the zone, in which all alike adore the name and person of the Messiah ; in which Scripture is supreme ; in which is recognized a supernatural, as well as a providential order ; in which religion is authoritative and obligatory, and based on an objective standard. We have entered a zone in which the subjective instinct, the need or appetite of man for religion, is regarded as its title, and as its measure : in which, as far as religion is concerned (not, I presume, in other matters), truth is mainly that which a man

troweth : and in which the individual, growing towards maturity, instead of accepting and using the tradition of his fathers until his adult faculties see ground to question it, is rather warned against such acceptance, as enhancing the difficulties of impartial choice. We are here commonly introduced, at least in theory, to a new mode of training. In things touching his bodily and his intelligent life, the youth is indeed allowed to profit by the vast capital, which has been accumulated by the labor and experience of his race. But, in respect to the world unseen, and to its Author, he must not be imbued with prejudice ; there is no such thing as established or presumptive truth of which he can avail himself ; he is doomed, or counselled, to begin anew. What he attains, as it began with his infancy, so it will die with his death. He inherited from no one, and no one will inherit from him.

In making this transition, I confess to feeling a great change of climate. It is not simply that certain tenets have been dropped. The mental attitude, the method of knowledge, have been changed. Under the three former systems, that method was traditional and continuous : it is here independent, and simply renewable upon a lease to each man for his life.

Such a sketch is, I think, conformable to the theory of modern Theism, and such is its goal or final standing point in practice. But this is not the whole picture. It is time to show its positive side. It recognizes one Almighty Governor of the world ; and, if it has scruples about calling Him a Person, yet conscious of Him as one who will deal with us, and with whom we have to deal, as persons deal with one another, this Almighty Being has placed us under discipline in the world : and will in some real and effective manner bring it about that the good shall be happy, and that those who do evil shall surely suffer for it. These are truths of the utmost value in themselves. Nay, who shall say that, were the great disease of the moral world less virulent than it is, they would not, of themselves, supply it with a sufficient medicine ? But further, most of the Theists have come to be such, not by a rejection of Christianity, but by a declension from it :

and in quitting their ancient home, they have carried away with them a portion, sometimes a large portion, of the furniture: a deep personal reverence for the person of the Saviour, and a warm adhesion to the greater part at least of His moral teaching: nay, even, as for example in the writings of Mr. Martineau, a devout recognition of its higher spiritual aims.

There may be observed, however, on the part of this school of teachers, not exclusively but specially, a disposition to recommend their system by associating it with what is called universalism, or the doctrine that all human, or more properly all created being, however averse and remote it may now be from God, shall at some future time be brought into conformity and consequent felicity. There can be no doubt of the predisposition of very many to fall in with a notion of this kind. It gives the sort of pleasure which we may conceive to attend the removal of a strongly-constructed bit from the mouth of a restive horse. But it propounds a belief; and an affirmative proposition must have for its foundation something more solid than a mere sense of relief. In order that a scheme of this kind may attain to weight and authority, as distinguished from mere popularity, it seems requisite that some effort should be made, I will not say to support it from Scripture or tradition, but to establish for it a place among the recognized principles of natural religion; to sustain it by analogies and presumptions from human experience, and from the observation of life, character, and the scheme of things under which we live. When, by a solid use of the methods of Butler, it shall have been shown that a scheme of this kind takes hold of and fits into the moral government of the world, and the natural working of the human conscience, then indeed some progress will have been made towards obtaining a hearing for its claim to be accounted an article of religion. But till that time comes, it will not perhaps be a source to its advocates of great intellectual or moral strength.

Now, we have no right whatever to impute bad faith to the profession of the Unitarians and others, that they cannot and will not part with the name of Christians; that they are the true profes-

sors of a reformed Christianity; and that they have effected with thoroughness and consistency that reduction of it to the form of its original promulgation by its illustrious Teacher, which, in the sixteenth century, others were either too timid, or not enough enlightened, to effect.

Since the time of Belsham, considerable changes seem to have taken place in the scheme of Unitarianism. At the present day it probably includes much variety of religious thought. But I am not aware that it has abandoned the claim to be the best representative of the primitive Gospel as it was delivered by Christ Himself.

The Jews, who, taken together, are a rather large community, have hitherto believed themselves the stewards of an unfulfilled Redemption. But it seems that a portion at least of them are now disposed to resolve their expected Messiah into a typical personage, prefiguring the blessings of civilization. It may be doubted whether such a modification as is thus indicated would greatly add to the moral force of Judaism, or make its alliance more valuable to the scheme which I am endeavoring to sketch.

Now, since it was the doctrine of the Incarnation which gave to Love, as a practical power, its place in religion, so we might suppose that, upon the denial of that doctrine, that seraph would unfold its wings and quit the shrine it had so long warmed and blessed. But it is not so. Whatever be the cause, devotion and fervor still reside, possibly it should be said still linger, within this precinct of somewhat chill abstractions. There are within it many men not only irreproachable in life, but excellent; and many who have written both in this country and on the Continent with no less power than earnestness, in defence of the foundations of the belief which they retain. Such are, for example, Professor Frohschammer in Germany and M. Laveleye in Belgium; while in this country, without pretending to exhaust the list, I would pay a debt of honor and respect to Mr. Martineau, Mr. Greg, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Jevons. See, for example, Mr. Greg's last edition of the "Creed of Christendom;" Dr. Carpenter's address to the British Association at Bristol; the remarkable chapter with which Mr. Jevons has closed his

work on Scientific Method; and, most recent of all, the powerful productions contributed to this REVIEW, in which Mr. Martineau has exhibited the "theologic conception" of the great Causal Will, as the "inmost nucleus of dynamic thought."

The truth is, that the school consists not of a nation or tribe, with its promiscuous and often coarse materials, but of select individuals, scattered here and there, and connected by little more than coincident opinion. They are generally men exempt from such temptations as distress entails, and fortified with such restraints as culture can supply. It is not extravagantly charitable to suppose that a portion of them at least may be such as, from a happy moral, as well as mental constitution, have never felt in themselves the need of the severer and more efficacious control supplied by the doctrines of the Christian Church. In this sense, under the conditions of our human state, goodness itself may be a snare. In any attempt, however, to estimate the system as a system, it must be recollected that the moral standard of individuals is fixed not alone, and sometimes not principally, by their personal convictions, but by the principles, the traditions, and the habits of the society in which they live, and below which it is a point of honor, as well as of duty, not to sink. A religious system is only then truly tested, when it is set to reform and to train, on a territory of its own, great masses of mankind.

Still we should not hastily be led by antagonism of opinion to estimate lightly the influence which a school, limited like this in numbers, may exercise on the future. For, if they are not rulers, they rule those who are. They belong to the class of thinkers and teachers; and it is from within this circle, always, and even in the largest organizations, a narrow one, that go forth the influences which one by one form the minds of men, and in their aggregate determine the course of affairs, the fate of institutions, and the happiness of the human race. What for one I fear is that, contrary to their own intentions, while the aggregate result of the destructive part of their operations may be large, in their positive and constructive teaching, tried on a large scale, they will greatly fail.

It is not their numerical weakness alone which impresses me with the fear that, if once belief were reduced to the dimensions allowed by this class of teachers, its attenuated residue would fall an easy prey to the destroyer. It is partly because the scheme has never been able to endure the test of practice in great communities. The only large monotheism known to historic times is that of Mahomet; and, without wishing to judge that system harshly, I presume that none regard it as competent to fill the vacuum which would be left by the crumbling away of historical Christianity. The general monotheism, which many inquirers, and most Christians, trace in the most primitive times, did not live long enough to stamp even so much as a clear footprint on the ground of history. The monotheism of the Hebrews lived, upon a narrow and secluded area, a fluctuating chequered life, and apparently owed that life to aids altogether exceptional. The monotheism of the philosophic schools was little more than a declamation and a dream. Let us listen for a moment to Macaulay on the old philosophers:—

"God the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust." *

This system then is dry, abstract, unattractive, without a way to the general heart. And surely there are yet graver and more conclusive reasons why it should, in its sickly revival, add another failure to those which have hitherto marked, and indeed formed, its annals. It is intellectually charged with burdens which it cannot bear. We live, as men, in a labyrinth of problems, and of moral problems, from which there is no escape permitted us. The prevalence of pain and sin, the limitations of free will, approximating sometimes to its virtual extinction, the mysterious laws of interdependence,

* Essay on Milton. Essays, l. 22.

the indeterminateness for most men of the discipline of life, the cross purposes that seem at so many points to traverse the dispensations of an Almighty benevolence, can only be encountered by a large, an almost immeasurable, suspense of judgment. Solution for them we have none. But a scheme came eighteen hundred years ago into the world, which is an earnest and harbinger of solution: which has banished from the earth, or frightened into the darkness, many of the foulest monsters that laid waste humanity; which has restored woman to her place in the natural order; which has set up the law of right against the rule of force; which has proclaimed, and in many great particulars enforced, the canon of mutual love; which has opened from within sources of strength for poverty and weakness, and put a bit in the mouth and a bridle on the neck of pride. In a word, this scheme, by mitigating the present pressure of one and all of these tremendous problems, has entitled itself to be heard when it assures us that a day will come, in which we shall know as we are known, and when their pressure shall no longer baffle the strong intellects and characters among us, nor drive the weaker even to despair. Meantime no man, save by his own wilful fault, is the worse for the Advent of Christ, while at least many are the better. Then, in shedding upon us the substance of so many gifts, and the earnest of so many more, it has done nothing to aggravate such burdens of the soul as it did not remove. For adventitious, forced, and artificial theories of particular men, times and places, it cannot be held responsible. Judged by its own authentic and universal documents, it is a remedial, an alleviating scheme. It is a singular puzzle of psychology to comprehend how men can reject its aids, bounteous even if limited, and thus doom themselves to face with crippled resources the whole host of the enemy. For, as Theists, they have, to make all the admissions, to do battle with all the objections which appear to lie against the established provision for the government of the world; but they deprive themselves of the invaluable title to appeal either to the benevolent doctrines of historical Christianity, or to the noble, if only partial, results that it has wrought.

But it is now time to set out upon the last stage of our journey.

v.

I need not repeat the catalogue of schemes which appear to fall under my fifth and last head, and which have been given on a former page:

It is a social truism that to tell A he is like B in most cases offends him; and to tell B he is like A commonly has the same effect. I fear the classifications thus far attempted may have a similar consequence, and with more reason; for we are bound to think well of our beliefs, but not of our countenances. Still less acceptable may possibly be the bracketing, in which no less than eight systems will now be presented to view. Let me as far as may be anticipate and forego displeasure by stating anew that the principle of classification is negative; and that the common tie of the systems now to be named together is that they do not acknowledge, or leave space for, a personal government and personal Governor of the world, in the sense in which these phrases have recently been defined. Religion, in its popular and usual sense, they seem by a necessity of their systems to renounce; but to say that they all renounce it in its sense of a binding tie to something which is external to themselves, is beyond my proposition, and beyond my intention. Hartmann, in the work I have already referred to, gives us what he thinks a religion, to replace departing Christianity, under the name of Pantheism: Strauss offers us the worship of the *Universum* in his *Alte und Neue Glaube*: Comte claims to produce a more perfect apparatus in the Religion of Humanity. This profession is one which I may be unable to distinguish from an hallucination, but I am far from presuming to pronounce or believe it an imposture. But more than this: in the individual case, it may not be an hallucination at all. To many an ancient Stoic the image of virtue, to many a Peripatetic the constitution and law of his own nature as it had been analysed and described by Aristotle, may have constituted in a greater or less degree an object of true reverence and worship, a restraint upon tendencies to evil, an encouragement to endeavors after good, nay, even a consolation in adversity and suffering, and

a resource on the approach of death. In many a modern speculator images like these, nay, and systems far less rational than these, may at this moment live and open, or at the worst live without closing, the same fountains of good influence. But, as in wines, it is one question what mode of composition will produce a commodity drinkable in the country of origin, and what further provision may be requisite in order that the product may bear a sea voyage without turning into vinegar, so, in the matter of belief, select individuals may subsist on a poor, thin, sodden, and attenuated diet, which would simply starve the multitude. Schemes, then, may suffice for the moral wants of a few intellectual and cultivated men, which cannot be propagated, and cannot be transmitted; which cannot bear the wear and tear of constant re-delivery; which cannot meet the countless and ever-shifting exigencies of our nature taken at large; which cannot do the rough work of the world. The colors, that will endure through the term of a butterfly's existence, would not avail to carry the works of Titian down from generation to generation and century to century. Think of twelve agnostics, or twelve pantheists, or twelve materialists, setting out from some modern Jerusalem to do the work of the twelve Apostles!

But, whatever the systems in question may seem to me to threaten in their eventual results, I desire to avoid even the appearance of charging the professors of them, as such, with mental or moral lawlessness. I am not unmindful of the saying of an eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Norman Macleod, that many an opponent of dogma is nearer to God than many an orthodox believer, or of the words of Laertes on the dead Ophelia and the priest:—

"A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling."*

I shall not attempt to include in this paper, which has already perhaps exceeded its legitimate boundaries, any incisive sketch of these several systems, or to pass, indeed, greatly beyond the province of a dictionary.

By the Sceptic, I understand one who, under the pressure either of intellectual

or of moral difficulties, presented to him in the scheme of Revelation and Providence, makes that suspense of judgment, in regard to the unseen, universal, which the believer in Christ, or in some form of religion, may admit as partially warrantable; and who consequently, by conviction in part, and in part by habit, allows the influence of the unseen upon his mind to sink to zero. This outline would leave a broad distinction between the sceptic proper, and the questioner who is in good faith and with a practical aim searching for an answer to his questions; though the two may be agreed at the moment in their stopping short of all affirmative conclusions.

By the Atheist I understand the man who not only holds off, like the sceptic, from the affirmative, but who drives himself, or is driven, to the negative assertion in regard either to the whole Unseen, or to the existence of God.

By the Agnostic, again, is signified one who formulates into a proposition the universal doubt of the sceptic; agreeing with him, in that he declines to predicate the non-existence of the objects of religion, but agreeing with the atheist in so far as that he removes them, by a dogma, from the sphere open and possible to human knowledge, either absolute or practical.

Then comes the Secularist. Him I understand to stop short of the three former schools, in that he does not of necessity assert anything but the positive and exclusive claims of the purposes, the enjoyments, and the needs, presented to us in the world of sight and experience. He does not require in principle even the universal suspense of scepticism; but, putting the two worlds into two scales of value, he finds that the one weighs much, the other either nothing, or nothing that can be appreciated. At the utmost he is like a chemist who, in a testing analysis, after putting into percentages all that he can measure, if he finds something behind so minute as to refuse any quantitative estimate, calls it by the name of "trace."*

* The following paragraph is from the prospectus of a weekly periodical:—"The *Secularist* is an exponent of that philosophy of life termed Secularism, which deprecates the old policy of sacrificing the certain welfare of humanity on earth to the merely possible and

* Hamlet, v. i.

Next of kin to the secularist would be the professor of what I have described as a revived Paganism. I would rather have termed it Hellenism, were it not that there lies and breathes in the world of fact another Hellenism, with a superior title to the name. This scheme evokes from the distant past what at any rate once was an historical reality, and held through ages the place, and presented to the eye the shell, of a religion, for communities of men who have profoundly marked the records of our race. It may perhaps be called secularism glorified. It asserted, or assumed, not only the exclusive claims of this life, but the all-sufficiency of the life on behalf of which these claims were made. It was plainly a religion for Dives and not for Lazarus; a religion, of which it was a first necessity that the mass of the community should be slaves to do the hard rough work of life, and should be excluded from its scope; and of which it was an undoubted result to make the nominally free woman, as a rule, the virtual slave of the free man. But its great distinction was that it was a reality, and not a simple speculation. It trained men boldly, and completely, in all the organs of the flesh and of the mind, and taught them to live as statesmen, soldiers, citizens, scholars, philosophers, epicures, and sensualists. It had, too, its schisms and its heresies; an Aristophanes with a scheme more masculine, an Alcibiades, with one more effeminate. It had likewise a copious phantasmagoria of deities; a hierarchy above, represented in the every-day world by a priesthood without force either social or moral, yet supplying a portion of the grandeur required by the splendid and elaborate art-life of the people, and perhaps still partially serving the purpose of the legislator, by imposing the restraint of terror upon the lower passions of the vulgar. To the masses of men, this system did not absolutely prohibit

religion; a religion idolatrous in form, but not on that account wholly without value. To the educated life of the free citizen, the prohibition was as complete as it could be made; and the spectacle of that life in the classical age of Greece can hardly be satisfactory to those, who teach that we have, in the inborn craving of the human heart for religion as a part of its necessary sustenance, a guarantee for the conservation of all that is essential to it as a power, and as an instrument of our discipline. This, then, I dismiss as the religion of "the sufficiency of life;" with a debased worship appended to it for the ignorant, but with no religating, no binding power, between the educated man on the one side, and anything beyond the framework of the visible world on the other. Such a scheme as this could not but end in utter selfishness and degeneracy; still we must not forget, how long it takes our wayward and inconsequent race to work out the last results of its principles; and, so long as men were only on the way to moral ruin, there was space and scope for much patriotism, much honor, and even much love.

Materialism finds in matter the base and source of all that is. Perhaps this is properly and strictly a doctrine of philosophy rather than one touching religion. I am too slightly possessed of the real laws and limits of the conception to speak with confidence: but I do not at present see the answer to the following proposition. In our actual world we have presented to us objects and powers simply material; and we have also presented to us objects and powers *including* what is wholly different in fashion and operation from matter. If, then, upon a materialistic basis we can have "Hæmlet," and "Macbeth," the works of Aristotle, the *Divina Commedia*, the Imitation of Christ, the Gospels and Epistles, there may in the unseen world possibly be reared, on the same basis, all that theology has taught us. And thus materialism would join hands with orthodoxy. Such may be the scheme from one point of view. In common use, and in what is perhaps the most consistent use, I am afraid the phrase is appropriated by those who desire to express, in a form the most crude and crass, the exclusion of Deity from the world and the

altogether unknown requirements of a life beyond the grave; which concentrates human attention on the life which now is, instead of upon a dubious life to come; which declares Science to be the only available Providence of man; which repudiates groundless faith and accepts the sole guide of reason; and makes conduciveness to human welfare the criterion of right and wrong."

mind of man, and from the government of his life; and the eventual descent into matter of all that now idly seems to our eyes to be above it. Such a materialism is the special danger of comfortable and money-making times. The multiplication of the appliances of material and worldly life, and the increased command of them through the ever-mounting aggregate of wealth in the favored sections of society, silently but steadily tend to enfeeble in our minds the sense of dependence, and to efface the kindred sense of sin. On the other hand they are as steadily increasing the avenues of desire, and enhancing the absorbing effect of enjoyment. With this comes the deadening of the higher conception of existence, and the disposition to accept the lower and the lowest one.

A candidate in greater favor for the place which it is supposed Christianity and Theism are about to vacate is Pantheism. Meeting it often in its negative and polemical aspects I am not so well aware from what source to draw an authentic statement of its positive character. It sins perhaps in ambiguity of definition, more than any of the other symbols adopted to designate a scheme of religion. It may be understood to conceive of God as the centre of the system, by will and might, penetrating and pervading all Being to its outermost circumference, and immanent in each thing and each organism, in proportion to its constitution, capacity, and end. Or, this moral centre of all life and power may be resolved into the negative centre of the circle in mathematics, the point which hath position but not parts, and whose imagined gravitating power is but a name for the sum of forces not its own, which happen to find at that point their maximum, and which give it accordingly a conventional entity to denote in concentration what exists only in diffusion. In the former of these two senses I am by no means sure that Dante is not a Pantheist. For he thus speaks of the Divine will: and by the mouth, too, of a spirit in bliss:—

"In la sua volontade è nostra pace:
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove,
O ch' Ella cria, o che Natura face."*

* Div. Comm., Parad. c. III.

In this sense Pantheism is, or may be, the highest Christianity. But in the other sense of the phrase, the conception of God is diluted, not enlarged; the visible creation, which is called His robe, is a robe laid upon a lay figure; all by which He indicates a will, all by which He governs, all by which He inspires the awe, reverence, and love that cluster round a person; all that places us in personal relation to Him, and makes personal dealings with Him possible, is disintegrated and held in solution, and can no more fulfil its proper function than the copper which is dissolved in acid can before precipitation serve the purpose of a die.*

There now remains of this formidable octave only the subject of Comtism or Positivism, or, as it might be called, Humanism. In a general view, it seems to improve upon Pantheism by bringing into the account certain assets, which Pantheism does not stoop to notice, namely, the vast roll of the life and experience of the great human past, summed into an unit. In human characters, aggregate or select, it sees, or thinks it sees, a noble picture; in human achievement, a large accumulation of moral and social, as well as material capital: in the one a fit and capable object to move the veneration, and thus mould the moral being of the race; in the other, the means and appliances needful for continued progress in the future career. When this system is viewed from the standing ground of belief, nothing can redeem it from the charge of that great initial act of destruction, in which it partakes with the seven competitors: yet there is, one would think, much of faith and of chivalry in this constructive effort; and some sympathy will be felt for a gallant endeavor to build up a working substitute for the old belief, and to efface the Ichabod written on the tablets of a deserted shrine.

Several of the schemes, which I have presume to arrange in this fifth division, are, in the mouths of their more selfish and vulgar professors, mere names to

* The various possible senses of Pantheism are set out with clearness at the opening of Mr. Hunt's First Chapter in his Essay on the subject (Longmans, 1866). Of Mr. Hunt's proposition that personality involves limitation (p. 341) I have never yet seen a proof.

cover the abandonment of all religion; sometimes, perhaps, even of much moral obligation. With regard to the rest, I think it important to dwell upon the observation that they are, from one cause or another, exceptional and not ordinary men—men so conditioned that the relation between belief and life in their case affords no indication whatever of the consequences with which a like state as to belief, becoming widely prevalent, and in a measure permanent, would be followed among the mass of men. They are, for example, *rari nantes*; for though their aggregate number, in the circle of men devoted to intellectual pursuits, may be at this moment large, the number of those whose witness agrees together, who are (so to speak) in any positive sense of the same communion, is small; and small sects of opinion, not emboldened by wide and general countenance, do not rapidly develop, even in their own consciousness, the extreme consequences that their schemes would produce in practice. From many motives, good as well as inferior, they are content to breathe the moral atmosphere of the community around them, are governed by its traditions and its fashions, and wear its habiliments, which they oftentimes mistake for the work of their own hands. Again, they are men whose life is absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and who are saved by the high interest of their profession or their function from the mischiefs left to idle hands and idle minds, cursed as these so often are with unbounded means and opportunities of indulgence. Once more: I lately ventured, in this REVIEW, to propound an opinion comforting to some, and not offensive, I hope, to any, that in some cases the disposition to undervalue, or retrench, or even abandon the old Christian belief, may be due to a composition

happier than the average in the amount or energy of its tendencies to evil, and a consequent insensibility to the real need both of restraining and of renovating powers for the true work of life. While conscious, however, of no disposition to restrict admissions of this kind, but rather willing to enlarge them, I earnestly protest against the inference, in whatever shape, that no other fruits than such as are known to be reaped from the isolated and depressed existence of these schemes would follow upon their general adoption. Let me repeat it: I should as readily admit it to be possible that the life and health of an entire community could be sustained upon a dietary framed on the scale that has sufficed in those very singular cases, occasionally to be met with, of persons who are able to live, and in a manner thrive, on an incredibly small amount of aliment, and who seem already to have passed into an existence half-ethereal.

When dealing with the four first departments of this rude chart of religious thought, I have in each case attempted to indicate some of the special sources of their weakness and of their strength respectively. In regard to the fifth, I postpone any such attempt, as it would lead me into a general consideration of the causes which have recently brought about, and which are still stimulating, a great movement of disintegration in the religious domain. The patience of the reader has been too severely taxed already to allow of my entering on a new field of discussion. I therefore leave for the present as it stands this multitudinous array of dislocated, and to a great extent conflicting, force; sensible that it may wear in some eyes the appearance of an attempt to describe the field, and the eve, of the Battle of Armageddon.
—*Contemporary Review.*

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

WHEN the history of mediæval poetry comes to be written we shall understand, perhaps, what must remain very dark till then, how it was that during the marvellous twelfth century, amid all the chaos of the shattering and building of empires, such sudden simultaneous

chords of melody were shot crosswise through the length and breadth of Europe, interpenetrating Iceland and Provence, Aquitaine and Austria, Normandy and Italy, with an irresistible desire for poetic production. In that mysterious atmosphere, in an air so burdened with

electric force, the ordinary rules of germination and growth were set aside; out of barbarous races, and wielding the uncouthest of tongues, poets sprang full-armed, so many Athenes born suddenly adult from the forehead of the new Gothic civilization. That was an age of rapid movement and brilliant development, an age thirsting for discovery and invention, ready with one hand to fill the West with the new-found marvel of the pointed arch, with the other to push with sword and cross far into the fabulous East. It was at such a time, under such violent auspices, that poetry was born, full-grown, in Germany; the rude bud of folk-song blossoming in one single generation into the most elaborate art, only to wither again, as is the wont of such sudden blooms, in as short a time as it had taken to expand. No more such brilliant verse was written in German, until the time of Goethe, as was produced between the years 1150 and 1220, by a group of poets residing mainly at the courts of Austria and Thuringia. It would be out of place here to give any sketch, however slight, of the influences brought to bear upon them from without. We must hurry over the various cardinal points which demand mention before we can intelligibly introduce the subject of this memoir. It was about the year 1140 that an Austrian knight, whose name has not been preserved, gathered into epical shape the scattered ballads which form what we know as the *Nibelungenlied*. Somewhat later, another Austrian, of equally obscure personality, collected the priceless epos of *Kudrun*. The minnesong, the lyric of love, was at the same epoch invented or imported by the first great German lyricist, Heinrich von Veldeke, and his example was shortly followed by the simultaneous outburst of the four great poetic voices of mediæval Germany—the nightingales as they called themselves—Gottfried von Strassburg, Hermann von Ouwe, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Walther von der Vogelweide. The genius of the first three of these was essentially epical. In the *Tristan* of Gottfried, in the *Iwein* of Hermann, in the *Parzival* and the *Titurel* of Wolfram, we have the four great epics of romance literature, the four poetic pillars on which the whole structure of High-German language and literature

rests. In these unique works, steeped in the purest colors of knight-errantry and chivalry, and written in verse-forms of astonishingly delicate art, we have in its original and undiluted form that spirit of romance that has so often since fascinated and bewitched the youth of Europe into more or less fatuous imitation. But this epical literature was not the sole product of the age; a lyrical growth accompanied it, represented by myriads of minor singers and one man that by common consent ranks as high as the three great epicists. This first of mediæval German song-writers was Walther von der Vogelweide.

Over the earliest years of his life there rests an obscurity which is likely to remain impenetrable. We know neither the year nor the place of his birth, his rank in society, nor the name of his family. In lack of clearer data than his own verses give us, we may roughly put his birth down at about the year 1170, or nearly a century before that of Dante. That he was of gentle, but not noble birth is judged by the title given him by all of his contemporaries of *Meister Herr Walther*, the "Herr" being the token of the knightly middle class. Over his appellative "*von der Vogelweide*" a great deal of ingenious speculation has been expended. "*Walther of the Bird Meadow*" has been fancifully supposed to be a name adopted by himself, either to signify that he was born in some hamlet secluded in the midst of the forest, among the birds, or else merely in token of his own great love for wild places and little birds. But *Vogelweide* is understood to mean *aviarium* in old High German, that is to say, an enclosed space where birds are artificially confined. It would therefore be difficult to believe that the lover of wild things would take this name from choice, and fortunately the difficulty has been cleared up very lately by the discovery in an old manuscript of the 13th century, of the existence of an estate called *Vogelweide* in the Tyrol, now long since disappeared, and there is little doubt that it was hence our poet came, especially as one of his friends and followers, a sweet minor minne-singer of that time, Leutolt von Seven, was born, we know, in that very valley in Tyrol. This mountain province, even in that early time, had not a little thirst after literary

glory, and several of its poets, contemporary with Walther, have been fortunate enough to have their *Lieder* preserved, now to be piecemeal printed by modern admirers. Walther, however, was not satisfied with a local reputation, and very early in life he seems to have left the paternal home to seek his fortune in Vienna.

There was no more attractive city in Germany to a young man with his life before him than the capital of Austria in 1190. No part of the Empire was so prosperous or so devoted to the graceful arts as the neighborhood of the Viennese court, and, what would have special fascination for Walther, nowhere were the poets so brilliant, so popular, and so famous in their art. Jealous of the undisputed supremacy of Cologne, Vienna was taking advantage of its own security and prosperity to establish its position as the second city, at least, of the Empire, if it could not be the first. It seems that the raw lad from the Tyrol, with nothing to live on but his genius, came and put himself under the tuition of the most famous lyrist of that age, Reinmar the Old, and lost in the blaze of the Court and the noise of rival wits, we hear no more of him for eight years. It must not be imagined that he was idle during that time; it was no light task to learn to be a minne-singer. The poetry of that early age, so far from being the simple, wild-wood fluting that is idly and generally supposed, was a metrical art of the most elaborate kind, and one for the skilful performance of which a long and patient apprenticeship was needed. Out of the 188 poems of Walther's which exist, at least half are written in unique measures and all in forms of his own invention. He soon surpassed all his forerunners, even Reinmar himself, in the intricate mysteries of verse, and it is worthy of no small admiration how supple the stiff old High German becomes in his masterly hands. We shall return to this matter; for the present it may suffice to point out that the blank years 1190-1198 must have been full of laborious exercise, and that all in which he differs from other poets in this, is that he has not seen fit to hand down to us his *juvenilia*. At the same time, there is no reason against supposing that many of his most beautiful love-songs, which

carry no internal or external evidence of date, belong to this early period. However that may be, it is not till 1198 that we catch a distinct view of our poet for the first time.

Indeed there is a theory that almost all the naïve and spontaneous lyrics of Walther's minne-period date from this first Vienna life, and that it was the death of the Emperor Henry VI. that first woke the poet out of his dream of love and pleasure, and that aroused in him that noble spirit of patriotism which has made his name so fragrant ever since. Henry VI. had raised the Empire to a position of secure prosperity and dreaded power which it had never reached before; he was still in the flower of his age, and apparently at the opening of a brilliant career. Suddenly he died at Messina, on Sept. 28, 1197, and the earliest political poem of Walther's that we possess evidently marks the tide of feeling at home when the deplorable news was brought to Germany. With his head resting in the palm of his hand, and one knee over the other, and his elbow resting on the upper knee, the poet sits on a rock overlooking the world, and speculates, not without dismay, how fortune, honor, and God's grace are to be reconciled in this bereaved and helmless state. In the next strophe he sees a great water rushing by, with fish in it, and gazing past it he sees the forest: and these fish, and the birds, beasts, yea! and the very worms in the forest, have their order and their rulers, but Germany has none. In the third part he is gifted with prophetic sight, and sees all things done, and hears all things said, by all the men and women in the world, and behold! they all with one accord lift up their hands to God and cry "Woe! for the Pope is too young! Lord! help thy Christendom." In this first poem of political import we have some of the most characteristic utterances of Walther's muse: desire of order and hatred of anarchy, yearning for the unity of Germany, and deep-rooted suspicion of the Papacy. The mention of the youth of the Pope gives us a hint of the exact date of the poem, since Innocent III. was elected in January, 1198, at the unusually early age of thirty-seven.

The death of the great Emperor was

coëval with the breaking up of Walther's Viennese home. For some reason obscure to us, Austria was no longer favorable to his prospects. Perhaps the fate of Heinrich had less to do with it than the death of his beloved patron, Duke Friedrich, who was lingering in Palestine at the extreme end of the Third Crusade, and who fell, in April, 1198, a few months before his great rival Richard Cœur de Lion defeated the French in the battle of Gisors. It was an epoch of great deeds and names sonorous with romance. While Walther was learning the art of poetry under Reinmar, the terrible Sultan Saladin had died. To return to Vienna: in place of Friedrich, Leopold VII. ascended the Austrian throne, and in him Walther had at first to mourn an irresponsible patron. We possess an artful elegy over Friedrich, in which his successor is warned to imitate the generosity of the duke, but to so little purpose that we find Walther leaving Vienna precipitately, to offer his singing services to Philip, King of Suabia. As Friedrich died in April, and as we find Walther singing at Mayence on occasion of King Philip's coronation in September of the same year, we can hardly allow that he gave Leopold time to do justice to his powers. The poem is very flattering, but from a lyrical point of view particularly flat and inefficient. The excellent and handsome Philip responded, however, to our poet's praise of his magnanimity and his beauty, so far, at least, as to take him with him in 1199 to the Diet of Magdeburg, where Walther gives us a brilliant little picture of the procession of Philip and his Greek queen Irene to church, attended by a gay throng of Thuringian and Saxon nobles. Next year he was back again in Vienna, welcomed this time by Leopold, and rewarded for his songs by largesse from the hands of that young "glorious and liberal" prince. On May 28, 1200, when Leopold took the sword in solemn pomp as Duke of Austria, gifts of "not less than thirty pounds" were made in all directions, and Walther, who had complained in 1198 that the showers of fortune fell on all sides of him but left him dry, was plentifully moistened with golden rain, and had his debts paid. This brings us to the end of his first restless period.

From 1200 until 1210 he seems to have stayed quietly in Austria.

The only important event that occurred during this peaceful decade was the death of his great master in poesy, Reinmar the Old. This occurred in 1207. Reinmar, who originally came from Hagenau—that very Hagenau where, in Walther's early manhood, Richard of England was arraigned before a Diet of the Empire—was *par excellence* the poet of melancholy passion and tender reverie, and very unlike the joyous, manly figure of Walther. There is a tradition that they did not live together on the friendliest terms—a notion that is curiously borne out by the wording of a very musical and thoughtful elegy by the younger on the elder poet, in which he expressly says that it is not Reinmar he mourns, but his art. The death of Reinmar gave occasion to one of the most important contemporary notices of Walther which have come down to us. Gottfried von Strassburg, far away in Alsace, received the news as he was writing the eighth book of his great epic of *Tristan*. He broke off to celebrate and mourn "the nightingale of Hagenau," and to weave into his narrative a critical sketch of all the great poets of his time. Reinmar has fallen with the banner in his grasp, and the minne-singers are left without a leader. Gottfried takes up his prophecy:—

Who now shall lead our congregation?
Whose voice guide this dear singing nation?
I know full well whom ye will find
Bear best that banner to your mind;
That Vogelweide it must be
Whose clear high voice rings merrily
In fields and in the open air!
Who sings of wondrous things and fair,
Whose art is like an organ's tone,
Whose songs are tuned in Citheron
To please our goddess Lady of Love.

This testimony, from such a man, proves how far the young poet's fame had already reached, and how highly he was esteemed.

Except that in this same year, 1207, Walther was so frightened by comets and shooting stars that he was sure the Last Judgment was arriving, nothing seems to have occurred in his history until 1210, when we find him in the service of Duke Berhard of Karinthia, where he was so ill at ease that in 1211 he migrated again; and this time to the

very home of polite letters, Thuringia, where the young landgrave, Hermann, gathered around him all the most advanced spirits of the age. At the Thuringian court on the Wartburg, close by Eisenach, Albrecht von Halberstadt was busy with his German version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; Herbert von Fritslar was composing his epic on the tale of Troy; Heinrich von Veldeke, the greatest of Walther's predecessors, had just died, hard by in Naumburg; and, best of all, Walther learnt here to know the rare and exalted genius of Wolfram von Eschenbach, who was writing his deathless *Parzival*, amid the roaring joviality and hospitable freedom of the Wartburg, of which Walther, whom it suited less, gives a striking picture. This seems to have been a time of depression and morbid irritation with our wandering poet. His bitterest epigrams against Pope Innocent III. date from this period, and the merry life at Eisenach seems to have jarred upon his melancholy. He is plaintively humorous against a certain knight Gerhard Etze, who has stolen his horse, and on whom he revenges himself by describing him thus,

He rolls his eyes as monkeys do,
But most he's like the lewd cuckoo,

and other such uncouth pleasantries in the lumbering manner of the middle ages. From Thuringia the dissatisfied man turned to the service of Dietrich Margrave of Meissen, and remained with him till 1213. It is provoking, and a little humiliating, to read the verse-petitions addressed to one monarch after another, praying for protection and shelter, and urging liberality in the style of a charity sermon. Under Dietrich as under Hermann, Walther was a liege servant of the Emperor Otto IV., whose excommunication by the poet's pet aversion, Pope Innocent, provokes him to continual wrath. In all his poems against the Papacy, he writes with a freedom and a force that are truly remarkable, and Luther himself never spoke out more plainly than Walther von der Vogelweide in one little *Spruch* or sonnet, where he urges the division of all temporal and spiritual authority, that being given to God which is God's, and that to the Kaiser which is his. Germany was divided between rival Emperors. Otto IV. was pitted, to the great danger

of the whole Hohenstaufen dynasty, against the legitimate heir to the throne, Friedrich, the young son of Henry VI. The civil war between these princes was carried on for ten years, and by-and-by we find Walther growing impatient with his patron, and urging him, at any cost, to endanger the unity of Germany no longer. Presently he describes with enthusiasm the fine presence and masculine beauty of Otto, but pathetically wishes he were as mild as he is tall. Things rapidly get worse and worse, till at last Walther takes up his parable against Otto as a double-faced monster, and openly comes over to the cause of Friedrich. This was but the instinct of a wise rather than grateful man of the world, for the poem we have mentioned last seems to belong to the year 1215, in which Friedrich II. finally gained the day. A series of moving appeals to the clemency of Friedrich meet us next. If only the great man will smile, the poet's genius, now frozen as in winter, will re-blossom and revive. He says that—

Then will I sing again of little birds,
Of heather, and of flowers, as once I sang :
Of lovely women and their gracious words,
And cheeks where roses red and lilies
sprang.

Vienna seems once more to have become his settled home, and in 1217 we read his farewell to Leopold, who, with the flower of Austrian chivalry, was then starting for Palestine on the fifth Crusade. Their departure leaves the court and city as empty and dull, we are told, as the departure of the knights of the Table Round, when they parted on the quest of the Graal, left Arthur's fabulous city. The public of Walther's day, it must be remembered, were even more familiar than we are with the Arthurian legends. The humorous tone of this song, however, soon fades in genuine apprehension, and we have a poem in which, in a strain of the tenderest and most child-like piety, he begs God to guard him as Gabriel guarded Jesus in the crib at Bethlehem. To this period belongs a curious lyrical tirade against the roughness of the young knights, who have no care for courtesy and the dignity of women. For such licentious and froward mediæval youth, Walther has but one lesson, and he repeats it incessantly—

And wilt thou gild the round of life, of women
speak thou well?

The two years between Leopold's departure and his happy return in 1219 were lightened by brief visits to Styria and Bavaria, but he was back again in Vienna to welcome his prince, and to send a joyous note of congratulation after him when he set out once more, this time to be crowned at Rome in the winter of 1220. It must have been about the same year that he gained the friendship of Englebert, the stirring Prince Archbishop of Cologne, under whose special protection he flourished until 1225, when that gifted prelate was murdered by his own nephew. As time goes by, as the poet grows older, and as one friend and patron is taken from him after the other, he loses gradually the elasticity of intellect that had so long sustained him, and there comes to be something almost querulous in his tone. In cadences that become monotonous, he mourns the disappearance of honor, art, piety and virtue from the land, and it is not always that the sadness is tempered with so much sweetness as in the following poem, which we translate as literally as possible, with the poet's own rhymes and measure. He has been ill all through the winter, and only revives when spring is in the land once more:—

The hoar-frost thrilled the little birds with
pain,

And so they ceased their singing;

But now the year grows beautiful again,

Anew the heath is springing.

I saw the flowers and grasses strive amain

Which should the taller be—

I told my lady this sweet history.

O how I suffered through the wintry hours

And grievous frosty weather!

I thought I nevermore should see red flowers

Among the dark green heather;

Yet, had I died, 'twere grief to friends of ours,

Good folk who when I sang

So gladly danced about for joy and sprang.

Had I been dumb on this delightful day,

For me it were great sorrow;

And Joy, so smitten, would have fled away,

And for no happier morrow

Would Joy have said farewell, O well-a-day!

May God preserve you all,

So that ye pray that health may me befall.

The poet need not much longer detain us from the poems. After the murder of Englebert the religious tendency of Walther's character seems to have deepened

into pietism. It is, therefore, fitting that we meet with him next at the court of Hermann's successor, Ludwig, Landgrave of Thuringia, who, as husband of Saint Elizabeth and patron of the ecclesiastical party, was as fanatic as his predecessor had been dilettante. But Hermann's ring of poets was by this time broken up; one by one they disappear, as is the wont of mediæval poets, fading from our sight with no record of their death. Ludwig was a child of the new age, the characteristic man of the fanatic epoch just commencing. With the year 1226 a sudden accession of pietism was felt throughout Europe; the life-long devotion of St. Francis of Assisi was crowned by his mystical death, and France was at once consolidated and fully reconciled to the Papacy by the accession of a still sweeter because more human saint, St. Louis. The power of the Empire, on the other hand, was visibly shaken. In vain Friedrich, "the world's wonder," had trusted to the power of his individual tact and genius to frustrate the petulant intrigues of Pope after Pope. He was the most brilliant of the Hohenstaufen emperors, but under him the power of the dynasty faded into air. His independence of religious opinion was not shared by the tributary Princes of the Empire, and among the malcontents none was more ardent than this young Landgrave of Thuringia. At the court of Eisenach, in 1226, Walther must have often seen the slight pale figure of the austere girl who ruled the ruler of the Thuringians. Mystical, hysterical, a dreamer of dreams, the wife of the Landgrave Ludwig was among the most singular of the characters of that dramatic age. We know her best as Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, that very saint round whom some of the most charming myths of the middle ages cluster. Not, we may be sure, without strenuous help from her did Walther von der Vogelweide, in 1227, address a burning word of lyrical exhortation to Ludwig to start on a new Crusade, to win back Palestine once more. In all Walther's latest poems we may fairly trace the inspiring influence of personal intercourse with Saint Elizabeth, and the verses which breathe the fullest perfume of her pure devotion are among the deepest and most exalted that he has left. Always a child of his age and a representative man, we

see him in the early troubadour times throwing all his force into the courtly cultus of the Lady of Love, in the internecine struggles of the candidates for empire, preaching with a louder, clearer voice than any other the gospel of unity and independence; now in his old age rousing to the new religious fervor, and contributing to its psalmody the crown of spiritual songs. Ludwig obeyed the summons, and started under the banner of the Emperor Friedrich in the autumn of 1227. Two beautiful *Kreuzlieder* of Walther's—crusade-songs that manifestly belong to this pilgrimage—still exist, and from their wording it has been considered that one was composed after the melancholy delay at Otranto, where Ludwig and many others died of the plague, the other in Palestine itself. The present writer, however, holds with that most careful critic, the late Franz Pfeiffer, that these poems contain nothing that could not as well have been written in Germany as in the Holy Land. One strophe of the first will illustrate the measure and manner of them:—

O God, thy succor send us,
Thy saving right hand lend us,
Till all is done befriending us,
Till all this life is o'er;
In all our onward stations
Defend us from temptations:
We know the hellish nations
Are round us tempting sore;
O lead us with this ditty,
Right on to thy lone city!
Jerusalem, in pity,
We weep for evermore!

With the departure of the Crusade, Walther's last light seems to have gone out. Sad and weary he turned to his old Tyrolese home, and found all there changed and desolate after forty years of absence. It was probably then, and sore at heart to find himself forgotten, that the old world-weary poet composed his last and finest poem. The burden of life was never sung with more passionate sorrow; the very rhythm seems to have a wailing echo in it. We have essayed to render part of this exquisite elegy with as little loss as possible of its naïveté and pathos:—

Woe's me, where are they vanished, my years
Of life that flew?
O has my life been but a dream, or has it all
Been true?
Was that a lie I cherished, that truth I vaunted
so,

For, lo! it seems I've been asleep, and nothing
now I know.

Now have I awakened; all is dim! I cannot
understand

What, ere I slept, was plain to me as is my
either hand;

This folk and land amidst of which my life
arose so well,

Have grown my foes, and all is strange, and
why I cannot tell.

My life is bowed with burdens, 'tis more than
I can bear;

The world is full of sorrow and weary with
despair;

And when I think of time long past, of
wondrous vanished days,

Grief takes me like a sudden wave that breaks
on ocean-ways.

The very youth that were so gay, how sadly
now they fare,

Their eyes are bowed with wretchedness, their
lips are full of care;

All they can do is mourn and weep; alas!
why do they so?

Where'er I turn in all the world no happy man
I know.

Dance, laughter, singing, all forgot and sadly
put away,

No man throughout all Christendom has joy
in these to-day;

Mark how the women little heed the tiring on
their head!

The proudest knights are fain to lie in boorish
drowsihead.

* * * * *

O would that I might bear a shield and take
a sword in hand,

Would God that I were worthy found to fight
for his dear land!

Then should I, poor albeit I seem, myself a
rich man hold,

Yet not in acres have my wealth, nor master
be of gold.

But I should bear upon my head the bright
eternal crown

That one poor soldier with a spear can conquer
for his own;

O might I that dear voyage make, and wend
across the sea,

For ever would I "glory!" cry, and nevermore
"Woe's me,"

And nevermore "Woe's me!"

Such, or rather far sweeter and more musical than we have art to make it, is Walther's swan-song, and with it he fades out of our sight. The only traditional fact that can help us is, that he retired to an estate near Würzburg, in Franconia, which Friedrich had given him, and that he quietly passed away about 1235, having survived all the rivals and friends of his youth. It is said that he was buried under a linden in a grass-plot surround-

ed by the cloisters of Würzburg Münster, in a sweet poetic sanctity, shielded from the world, yet open to the sky and a leafy haunt of birds. Out of the great love he had for those his winged rivals of the woods, there arose a charming legend, that has done more than anything else to popularise his memory, to the effect that in his last testament he left a special provision that directed that every day the birds should receive food and drink upon his tombstone, so that the branches of the linden that hung over him should never cease to resound with the voices he had so tenderly loved and so exquisitely imitated. Many poets competed to write his praise when he was dead, but none with such a naïve felicity as Hugo von Trimberg in his well-known couplet:—

Hêr Walther von der Vogelweide,
Swêr des vergæz, der tæi' mir leide.

“Who thee forgets, does me a wrong!”

It is time now to examine the poems which remain to us of the work of this great man, whose troubled and unhappy life we have traced to its final repose. In the course of the previous narrative we have spoken of the political section of his verses, for it is from these that we have extracted, not without much labor, the greater part of the history of his life. Full of biographical interest as they are, however, they do not form by any means the most attractive or important section of his labor. In treating Walther as a political or as a religious poet, we must not forget that his great claim to remembrance rests, not on the lyrics which he composed in these capacities, but on the matchless *minne-lieder*, love-songs, which were the first-fruits of his youth. In reading these we find ourselves face to face with the earliest blossom of pure chivalry. As might be expected in the lyrical work of a generation that blended the sentiment of *Kudrun* with that of *Parzival*, the Scandinavian toleration of women, born of something like indifference, with the Provençal gallantry, born of poetic passion, the German love-songs of the school that culminated in Walther have a tender elevation, a serene sweetness more courtly than a Northern, less sensuous than the Southern erotic literature.

Friedrich Barbarossa had instituted

several Courts of Love in Germany, in the middle of the twelfth century, but they had not suited the grave temper of the nation; and while in Provence and France they flourished for a couple of centuries, becoming more and more fantastical and licentious, we hear no more of them in Germany after the death of Barbarossa. French influence on German literature was more epical than lyrical, more through such writers as Chrétien de Troyes than through the troubadours; but the laws of love, as settled by such potentates as the Countess of Champagne and Ermengarde, Lady of Narbonne, were accepted by the whole world of lovers, and are reflected in the simpler poems of the Minne-singers. What strikes us most prominently in the lyrics of Walther, and what gives them that inherent excellence which has kept them fresh after 600 years, is the resolute manner in which, in defiance of the artistic theories of the age, he constantly returns to the study of nature, and the folk-song as an inspired emanation from nature. His verse is full of clear little landscapes, warm with color and sunlight, like those that fill the backgrounds of the earliest German and Flemish painters. The great fault of mediæval poetry being that it is conventional, mannered, and artificial, the student of that poetry best knows how like a fountain in the desert such a clear trill of song as the following ballad of Walther's seems. There is a versified paraphrase of it by Thomas Beddoes, the author of *Death's Jest Book*; but so inaccurate is it, that we prefer to lay before the reader a translation in literal prose, the intricate harmony of the original measure seeming to defy translation:—

Under the linden
On the heath,
There our double bed we made;
There might you find
Fair as well as
Broken flowers and grass.
In front of the forest in a valley
Tandaradei!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

I wandered
To the field;
Thither was my beloved come.
There was I so taken,—
Blessed Lady!
That I shall evermore be happy.

Did he kiss me? O, a thousand times!
Tandaradei!
See how red my mouth is!

There had he made
So rich
A bed of flowers;
Had any one come by,
Inwardly
He would have laughed,
Since among the roses he might well
Tandaradei!
Have marked where my head had lain.

That he was there by my side
If any one were to know,
(God forbid it!) I might be shamed.
What there befell
No one knows
Except he himself and I
And one little bird,—
Tandaradei!
And she may well be trusted.

The innocent sweetness of these lines reaches at one bound the absolute perfection of such writing. In our own rich poetic literature we have equalled, but none could excel its divine simplicity and purity. In Germany it remains without a rival in its own peculiar class, the finest songs of Friedrich Rückert coming closest, perhaps, to it. The genius of the folk-song was never more exquisitely wedded to the art of accomplished verse. Among characteristics that Walther owes to his reverent study of the *folk-lied*, may be mentioned his manner of contemplating the seasons, and their natural phenomena. Spring is his favorite time, and he is divided between the joyous excitement of seeing the flowers break through the snow, delicate reminiscence, perhaps, of the gentians on his own Tyrolean mountain sides; and the still contentment of May, the month of blossoms, that links spring with summer. He has his flower of flowers; the heather is to him what the daisy was to Chaucer. His songs are full of references to the tender beauty of the rose-red bells that bud and break out of the dark-green sprays. He is never tired of this one flower; when he is ill and like to die in winter, it is the sight of the heather in bloom that brings back to him the desire to live. Some of his images give the heather a sweet significance; in one *minnelied* he says: "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing, so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy." But it is not the simple flower

of the wilds that can bewitch him in his excitable moments. Then the forest must receive him in its murmurous depths, to wander there till the poet's mood of restlessness is over. "I love the heather with all its manifold colors, but I love the forest better still, for within it there are many wonderful things. But for the winter he spares his hatred. Few men have said more petulant things about the winter-time than Walther. The first line of the first poem in the collected edition of his works reads: "The winter has done us all manner of harm: heather and forest have both lost their color, but many a voice will soon sound sweetly there again. As soon as I see the maidens playing at ball in the streets, then I know it is time to hear the birds again. Would that I might sleep away all the hours of winter! for watching and waiting, I grow angry that its power should spread so far and wide. God knows it must soon give place to May, and then we shall have flowers again where now we have frost." In another early poem he says: "I am grown as uncouth as Esau, my smooth hair has become all rough (with winter cold). Sweet summer, where art thou? I long to see how the fields lie once more. Rather than go on suffering as I am doing now, I would go and be a monk at Toberlû." Toberlû being, it seems, an excessively bleak and dreary Cistercian monastery in Westphalia. Once only does he speak well of winter. That one good word is to be found in the latest group of his *minnelieder*, where at last the obdurate lady of his love has rewarded his patient passion with a declaration of her submission. That first winter of bliss cannot be denounced as winters in general are. He blames the days for being so short, but satisfies himself with this true lover's philosophy:—

If the winter days be brief,
Longer last the winter nights;
Loved and lover find relief,
Rest and bliss in love's delights.
What have I said? Woe's me! In silence best
Such rapture were confessed.

There is one exquisite *Tag-lied*, or *aubade* as the French would call it, song of dawn and awakening, in which the Juliet finds a thousand plausible reasons why her Romeo should take no heed of the day-star that shines out of the grey

sky in testimony of the approach of morning. Fresh as dew or a newly opened flower, such poems as these, perfumed with gaiety, chivalry and romance, come down to us with the first principles of love and poesy upon their innocent rhythms. These earliest lisplings of the vernacular are naive with the simplicity not so much of a child as of some adult creature newly gifted with a voice, some Dryad or Oread just cumbered with humanity. Their sweetness is primitive and unaffected, and we listen to them with surprise to find the things they tell us so familiar and yet so freshly put. The Old High German, too, has a dreamy dignity about it that is lacking in the German of to-day; there are none of the harsh labial compounds that grate upon the ear, and mar so much of the melody even of Goethe and Heine; there is none of the garrulous flatness that mars its other child, the otherwise rich and graceful tongue of modern Holland. It is inherently, in all its distinction and its imperfection, the language of romance, as Old French is *par excellence* the language of chivalry.

All this while we have said nothing about the class of his poems for which Walther was most admired by his contemporaries, and in which they took most interest, the *minne-lieder*. Criticism loves above all things to linger around the peculiarities and individualities of a character, and shrinks from the needful task of considering its uniformities. Minne-singing was the fashion of the time, and of Walther himself we learn least from the love-songs. Yet, considered simply as poetry, and as the culmination of an interesting literature, they are worthy of our careful attention. The relative position of a poet and his mistress, of any knight and his liege lady, was but recently defined by the fantastic laws of chivalry. The elaborate system of gallantry that was instituted in the south of France, and out of which there gradually developed a passion for amorous litigation which was never equalled for frivolity before or since, had not penetrated as far as Germany. We meet with none of the nonsense of *tensons* and *arrêts d'amour* east of the Rhine, and there is an agreeable absence of the attacks upon conjugal duty in sentiment if not in fact which were so familiar to the French

courts of love. A simpler, sweeter fashion prevailed among the patrons of the minne-singers, and the new discovery of the lofty worth of woman was pushed to no foolish excess of affectation. It seems to have been customary for every minstrel who felt in himself a calling to sing of love, to choose a mistress to whom to pour out his ardor and his melancholy. Considering the roughness of the times, it is very singular that the ordinary tone of the verses produced should be so reticent, so delicate as it is. These are the words in which Walther first introduces us to the lady of his love:—"When the flowers are springing out of the grass, laughing up at the wanton sun, in a May morning early, and the little birds are singing in the very best way they can, what can be likened to that? It is well nigh heaven itself. Should we say what it likens, I could have said what I have seen much better, and I would say so still, could I only see that glorious sight again. It was where a noble, beautiful, pure woman, well robed and well adorned, went in company with many folk, with lofty bearing and not alone, looking slowly around her from time to time, going as the sun goeth among the stars. Let May bring us all its wonder, what has it so wonderfully sweet as this her lovely body? We let all the flowers stand waiting, and gaze upon this perfect woman."

We are forcibly reminded in this beautiful description of Walther's first sight of his mistress, of the passage in the *Vita Nuova*, where Dante sees Beatrice among the fair Florentine girls, outshining them all. There is a grace in the picture that recalls the slim maidens of some early Tuscan procession, in attendance on a queen who easily surpasses them in dignity and beauty. Presently the first awe of the stricken senses gives way to passion that exalts and excites the imagination, and in the next poem his hands are longing to adorn her. In language at once ardent and reverent, he declares that her simple robes should be set off with chains of jewels, and since he is poor and cannot buy these, he will throw about her garlands of red and white flowers that have sprung in forest depths to the sound of the singing of birds. He flies to the woodlands to get these chaplets for her, and in the leafy solitude he

makes bold to tell us how he declared his love for her to herself. It was underneath a blossoming tree that he told her, and the air so shivered with his passion that the petals were loosed from the boughs and fell in a soft rain at their feet. In his next song he is less rapturous. It is the beauty and goodness of his dear lady that have bewitched him, and her red mouth that laughs so sweetly; and his own diction, as he says so, is so felicitous and bright, that we think of Heine in his few joyous *Lieder*. Presently we learn that some great national disaster has fallen upon Germany; but Walther can hardly refrain from singing, for he is thinking of his mistress. He is like a happy child forced to attend a funeral, who is chided for an involuntary peal of laughter. But a sadder tone comes in, a chord of apprehension jarring on the joyful music. His lady holds aloof, and while permitting him to be her declared servant, will grant him no favor, and pronounce no word of comfort. The rapture gives way to a strain of exquisitely gracious supplication. "If thou art indifferent to me, I know not. I love thee! This one thing is hard to bear. Thou lookest past me and over me. I cannot bear this my burden of love alone. If thou wilt only deign to share it, I can easily bear it." There is something extremely genuine and pathetic in this broken cry of hope deferred, and the simple confession that it is very hard to be unable to fix her look a moment, that she will "look past me and over me." We seem suddenly brought face to face, pulse to pulse, with the living man in such a natural ejaculation of wounded love and vanity as this. In the next poem we learn something of the proud lady's station. "*Hörsteliebste Frouwelle*," he says, "heart-beloved maiden, many blame me that I love one so poor as thou art and of so low estate. This I bear as I have borne, as I will ever bear; thou art beautiful, and thou art rich enough for me. I would not give the glass ring round thy finger for a queen's gold." The next song lends itself so lightly to our English, that we cannot refrain from giving one stanza in verse:—

God of her face had great delight:

He spread such precious colors there,

So purely red, so purely white,

Here rosy-flushed, there lily-fair:

O, I would see her gladlier far,—

Dared I to say so without sinning,—

Than heaven or heaven's bright chariot-star:

Poor fool, is this thy praise-beginning?

For if I lift my words so high

The trespass of my mouth may make my heart
to sigh.

Whereupon he melts into a reverie about her lips, so ripely red for kissing, and wonders if he shall ever win them for his own; the whole somewhat unusually amorous strain being accounted for in some measure by the last stanza, in which we learn how he fainted, wounded by her loveliness, as, himself unseen, a wild-wood Actæon, he watched her rising naked from her woodland bath. We also, glancing for a moment, may in fancy see some such substantial figure, flecked with leaf shadows, and unabashed, as was made immortal three hundred years afterwards in Albrecht Dürer's glorious engraving of the Adam and Eve, that beatification of the Teutonic Venus.

At this point we meet with the first of those invectives against "my lady Fortune," *Frou Salde*, which become so common. He begins to feel his lack of wealth and his uncertain position very irksome and painful, and he blames Fortune for his ill-luck with his mistress, who in spite of all is still "not dear, or very dear, but the dearest of all." It furthermore appears that the object of his affections is not known to the world; it was a kind of duty with sensitive lovers to conceal their lady's name, and he complains that people flock round him, and tease him to tell them. But he will give way at last, and let them know. This lady, then, has two names—the one of them is Grace, but the other is Churlishness; and so he leaves them as wise as they were before. There follows then a declaration couched in words of the most modern tone and feeling. He tells us that a man of honor, a knight, a gentleman in fact, should respect all women, but should keep his deepest reverence for the best. Not those, necessarily, which have the most beauty, for beauty is but an adornment of goodness; and then, confessing that his mistress treats him ill, yet he cannot regret being a servant of love, for he says that a man knows no more than a child what life means if he never loved a woman. Next we have a charming pastoral vignette. He is sitting

in the fields and meditating on his love ; he determines to try the oracle. So he takes a long stalk of knot-grass, and pulls it asunder, joint by joint as children do, to see if she will love him or love him not. He begs us "do not laugh !" for the answer is favorable, and he is so hopeless that even that affords him some little consolation. Presently we find him, in true Renaissance spirit, kneeling in supplication to *Frouwe Minne*, Venus, our Lady of Love, that she will shoot an arrow into the hard heart of his mistress. It is difficult to imagine how it was possible that these long-winded interchanges of homage and disdain, to prosecute which

Men must have had eternal youth,—

Or nothing else to do,

as Mr. Dobson flippantly but pertinently says, could be pursued without much *ennui*. The sense of the ridiculous was very slightly developed in the early mediæval times, many proofs of which might be adduced from Walther's poems, and from none more than the next we come to among the *minne-lieder*, which we translate as being at the same time very short and a curiosity in subject and metre :—

Queen Fortune throws her gifts around,

But turns her back on wretched me ;

No place for pity hath she found,

And what to do I cannot see ;

To me to turn she will not deign,

And if I run around, I find her turned again.

She pleases not to see me ever,

I would her eyes stood in her neck, so must
she see me then for all her wild endeavor.

The abnormal length of the last line is of not unfrequent occurrence in these poems, and points to some peculiarity in the melody to which they were sung, for in all cases the metre was arranged to suit the tune, not the tune composed for the words.

A fresh group of more humoristic *minne-lieder* opens with a whimsical piece of petulance directed against his lady. All her honor comes from having so great a poet to sing her glory, and if she will not favor him he will sing no more, and her fame will be forgotten. Then with a curious impetuous outburst that is half-comic, half-savage, he hopes that if she refuses him, and takes a young man when she is gray, that her lusty husband may revenge her first poet-lover by ill-treating her, and by whipping her

old hide with summer saplings. The next is more fantastic still, full of curses on the winter, queer jokes about the ill-fortune of hearing the ass and the cuckoo on an empty stomach, and ends up by addressing his mistress as Hiltegunde. It has been supposed from this that that was her name ; but, on the whole, considering the etiquette of the times, which, as we have seen, forbade a knight to reveal his lady's name, it is more likely that it is a play on his own name in connection with the popular romance of *Walther and Hiltegunde*. A little later we are assured that the Emperor, probably poor young Heinrich VI., presently about to die in Sicily, would gladly turn music-maker for a kiss of her red lips. Passing one or two similarly conventional lyrics, we come to one song of a far fresher kind, one that made Walther famous at once, and which ought to endear his name and memory to every German, the first clear note of high patriotic unity, a hymn in praise of Germany and German beauty. One verse in particular has often been quoted by modern critics as curiously anticipating the famous national song, *Was ist das deutsche Vaterland ?* of Ernst Moritz Arndt :—

From Elbe river to the Rhine,

And back again all round to Hungary,

'Tis the best, this land of mine ;

The best of all the world, it seems to me.

If I can judge whar's fair,

In body or in face,

So help me God, no ladies have sueh grace

As German women bear.

Whether this declaration of public feeling softened his Hiltegunde's heart or not, at all events we find him soon on terms of familiarity with her, called by her *frunt* and *geselle* (lover and comrade), and calling her in return *fruntin* and *frouwe min* (darling and wife). With this song and with that quoted above, in which, for her sake, he forgives the winter, closes the series of *minne-lieder*.

The verses of his later days breathe a spirit of morbid and petulant melancholy that is very sad to meet. He lived long enough to see the decline of art, and to hear the cry that poetry was dead. Walther deplores with much bitterness the loss of courtly popularity. The world whom he has served and still would serve has left him, he tells us, to listen to young fools. The garlands of the world

have missed him, and the blossoms faded; the very roses have fallen apart and left only thorns. Virtue has lost its power, beauty its magic, in these sad days. In short, he mourns, like Asaph of old, that the wicked should flourish as a green bay-tree, while he is poor and an outcast. In one of these later poems, however, we come upon a single example of a brighter mood. It begins with the old depression. He is in utter despair; life is not worth living; all men do evil, and that is the fault of the women. So far all is gloomy, but at the mention of the last word he pauses, and reproves himself for speaking evil of women. He has no right to carp at others because life is dark to him, and the piece ends by his saying, "Then I will live as best I may, and give out my song." But he is soon as miserable as ever. Love likes the stalwart limbs of young Four-and-twenty better than the wise bald head of Three-score. The Lady of Love has gone crazed after young fools, and heeds not him nor his songs. Art is at a low ebb, morality is dead, and at last he says farewell to the world altogether.

There is little pleasure in following him through this period of morbid and atabillious discontent, a Byronic disease

of the mind far enough removed from that melancholy of Leopardi or Shelley, which is deeply poetic in spite of its weakness. We lose in it all trace of the joyous singer who had been unable, in his youth, to lead off even a piece of juggling nonsense about a crow and an old woman, without a prelude of such bubbling Chaucerian sweetness as this:—

When summer came to pass,
And blossoms through the grass
Were wonderfully springing.
And all the birds were singing,
I came through sun and shadow
Along a mighty meadow.
In midst of which a fountain sprang,
Before a woodland wild, that rang
With songs the nightingale outsang.

We have seen that he awoke from this intellectual paralysis which was creeping over him, under the excitement of the pietistic revival, and wrote some superb fresh sacred lyrics under the personal influence of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. We have seen, too, that the rousing of the embers was but a flash and that the end was near. The life of trouble was to find rest in the cloistered silence of Würzburg. Thus we have traced the man and the poet through his life and his work to the same point of conclusion.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

EARLY AUTUMN ON THE LOWER YANG-TZE.

In Western lands the most welcome and most joyous of the seasons is the spring. In all ages poets have hymned its arrival or invoked its approach. From sunny Italy to the chill and brumal North, they have sung the grateful change wrought upon the face of nature by the Favonian breeze, and the ethereal mildness of gentle spring. Its smiling sunlight and fertilising showers, its promise of a warmer and more productive time, have excited the imaginations of many more than poets, and have enriched the speech of nations with pleasing metaphors. The foreign sojourner in distant China, with half the globe between him and his Western home, hails with delight the advent of a more sober season. Having passed over vast and stormy seas, he has changed not only climate, but his mind—at least in this. The

stifling heat and heavy rains of July and August have passed away. The fiery fierceness of the summer sun is no longer to be dreaded, nor the sweltering temperature of a cloudy afternoon. Cool mornings and delicious evenings, with noons not too sultry, make up the early autumn day. A delicate azure, broken by the white of fleecy clouds, replaces the brazen ardor of the summer sky, or the heavy fall of cloud and mist of the rainy months. The soft moisture of the oppressive southwest wind is dispelled, and the reviving breezes of the north-east monsoon blow gaily.

In the foreign settlements life enters upon a new phase. It is as though limbs were stretched and exercised after an interval of enforced repose. The Western stranger bethinks him of the sports and pastimes of his

countrymen in their own land. The stable regains its interest; the race committee is elected; the walls of the club-house display notices of the "autumn meeting," and lists of the events of the approaching race-week. On roads, and on open ground near the settlement, Chinese grooms—quaint objects, clad, but for the incongruous exception of the strange head-gear of their nation, in strict equestrian costume—are encountered leading out to exercise the "entries" for these events; diminutive steeds as carefully enveloped in the regulation clothing, as though just arrived from Eltham or the Wolds. But there are no such costly imports into China now. The golden age of foreign commerce, when the trade lay in the hands of a few princely firms, has gone, and with it many extravagances. The senior and junior messes at the *Hongs*, with their bounteous table and ever-flowing wines, have disappeared, and no "cracks" come from Europe to dispute the prizes of the Chinese turf with the native princes.

As autumn comes on, sportsmen look to their guns. The flight of birds moving southward is noted at seaports farther north, and the house-boat—most commodious of river conveyances—is prepared. On all sides there are symptoms of a cooler air. The punkah is unhooked from the ceiling, the punkah-coolie is paid off, and fire-places and stoves are set in order. Even the mosquito-curtain disappears from the bedroom;—this last being perhaps the most welcome of all the signs of autumn. Summer migrants from Shanghai to cooler and more salubrious spots—to the heights and baths of Hakone and the sea-bathing of Cheloo—return home. Passengers begin to arrive from Europe, and homeward-bound steamers carry but few away. Foreign admirals come in in their flag-ships, mustering their squadrons in the Woo-Sung River, and announce their arrival by thundering salutes. The anchorage is filled with steamers and stately clipper ships. The streets of the foreign settlement are crowded with a busy population, foreign and Chinese—officers, merchants, sailors on shore from the ships, braves from the camp outside the south gate of the native city, Chinese coolies and servants jostle each other in a living stream as

wide as that which flows through Cheapside at noon. On the Bund—the wide esplanade that embanks the river—pass and repass, in endless ebb and flow, handsome equipages, in which ride fashionably dressed European ladies—*jin-rik-shas*, or man-power carriages, and the high-wheeled barrows—the hackney-coach of Eastern China. The Bund itself is a scene worth notice: a few years ago it was a foul, unwholesome marsh, scored with the runlets made by the receding tide. Now it rivals the quays of Paris. Well-kept and prettily laid out gardens adorn its widest part. It is edged with bungalows embowered in shrubs and flowers, spacious consular residences, and imposing buildings, the premises of banks and great public companies, thronged with Western clerks and native *shroffs* and *compradores*. The styles of architecture are various—some stately, some fantastic. The prevailing style inclines to the classical, and is, according to the local jest, not Doric, but *Compradoric*. But the whole is not without a certain grandeur and an air of wealth.

Twelve miles lower down the Wong-pu—the branch of the Yang-tze which flows past Shang-hai—the stream is crossed by a bar of mud and silt which precludes the approach to the city of heavy vessels. Therefore the huge iron-clads and great frigates of the Western admirals lie moored below it, off the village of Woo-Sung. Their presence imparts liveliness to a usually dreary spot. Abreast of where they lie stand but three houses of European build, of which one is deserted; another is the office of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, the pioneer of telegraph enterprise in China. The banks on either side are low and uniformly flat. The entrance to the river from the wide embouchure of the great Yang-tze recalls the lower Scheldt. Indeed, not in the configuration of the ground alone can a resemblance be traced to the Low Countries of Western Europe. A fleet of high-sterned craft, such as Vandervelde might have painted, is working up the river with a favorable tide. Clumps of green poplars break the sky-line, and diversify the dead level of the scene. Beneath their shade here and there come down to slake their thirst in the river, groups of cattle, recalling the canvas of Cuyp. Berghem or Hobbema

might have painted such landscapes as those on which the eye can rest on either side.

The prospect of a stay of some weeks at Woo-Sung gave promise to the writer of but a dreary time. Cut off by the twelve miles of stream—the regular highway—from the pleasures and conveniences of Shang-hai, Occidentals, doomed to loiter below the bar, might well be forgiven their grumblings at the dulness of the place. The shooting season had not yet begun, or at any rate had hardly begun in these thickly populated plains. That unfailing resource of the sailor on shore—riding on horseback—was denied in this roadless district. A whirling current and muddy fore-shores precluded all hope of that most cheerful of naval recreations—hauling the seine. Kicking a foot-ball about the narrow strip of meadow that intervened between the embankment and the stream, or attempting sphairistiké on a polygonal scrap of rugged lawn, would inevitably grow tiresome when the ball in one case was being perpetually kicked into the river, or in the other being knocked into a fetid drain. Resignation came at length, and was in some sort a solace; and a conscientious attempt was made to take advantage of whatsoever was interesting and novel in the surrounding scene.

To some, at least, the attempt turned out to be by no means unsuccessful. There was an air of strangeness about all that was seen and heard—about place, people, and occupations—which long retained its freshness and the pleasure-giving faculty of a new sensation. There was something almost startling in the obtrusive contact daily, nay hourly, observed between ancient habits and the most recent phases of modern civilisation. A mile farther down the stream, the brilliant flame of a Western lighthouse of the newest pattern gleamed throughout the night. A long line of telegraph posts stood gauntly up from the level fields. An endless succession of steamers—provided with the latest improvements in construction and equipment—passed and repassed, bound up or down the Yang-tze, or to or from the coast-ports north and south of the great river. Whilst within a stone's throw of the water's edge slumbered, as it were, in perfect unconsciousness of all these symptoms of progress,

the China of Confucius. On the water the vivacity of the scene was heightened by depth of contrast. Huge river-steamers, such as ascend the St. Lawrence or crowd the levées at New Orleans, were constantly going to, or returning from, Hankow, six hundred miles above the mouth of the great stream, their decks crowded with natives of the middle kingdom, and their names inscribed in Chinese characters on their paddle-boxes. A whole fleet of trading-vessels of recent European type plied between Shang-hai and the other ports, bearing the dragon flag, which it has become a convention of the sea to recognise as the ensign of China. Trim ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company and the statelier vessels of the *Messageries Maritimes* threaded their way amidst fleets of junks of a form so ancient as to have been familiar in these waters before the alluvial flats on either hand were laid down. The stillness of the early autumn morning air was perpetually broken by a noisy concert of sailors' voices. The deep song of the Western leadsmen calling the soundings, and the sharp orders of the European pilots, mingled with the chant of the Chinese mariners, hoisting the sails of mat, or celebrating their return from the open sea by the loud crackle of fireworks exploded in sacrifice to the River-god. Smart pilot-schooners, trim and saucy as Solent yachts, skimmed lightly over the smooth surface of the stream. Whilst the lumbering junks of Amoy and Ningpo, with their multiplicity of masts and towering poops, dropped slowly down to run home again before the monsoon, which, with Oriental patience, had been awaited for nigh six months.

Once landed on the river-shore, the stranger left behind him almost all trace of Western intrusion, save indeed when an occasional backward glance revealed above the trees the tall masts of foreign vessels, or a black cloud of coal smoke from the funnel of a steamer. The landscape was as strange and foreign as were the inhabitants and their customs. For many miles to the right and to the left, to the front and on the other side of the river, stretched the wide level of a vast alluvial plain, which in less than a thousand years* has grown up between

* "The custom-house officer was in A.D.

the city of Shanghai and the sea. Roads there were none, but between the fields there were numerous smooth but narrow paths on which pedestrians could walk easily and comfortably in Indian file. The top of the embankment of the river offered a convenient, but rather round-about way to Shang-hai. The path which ran along its summit for some seven or eight English miles met, six miles below the city, the broad and well-kept esplanade, known as *The Point* road, one of several handsome drives, constructed by the municipal council of the foreign settlement. A little farther inland was a broad strip of uncultivated land reserved, and in some shape actually put in order, for what will be the first railway in China. But that this is crossed in several places by broad canals, it would soon become the high-road between Woo-Sung and the city. As it was, our road—the usual one—wound in its greater length between fields and farmhouses, through villages, and past temples in the most perplexing meanderings. Canals and streams had to be crossed on bridges of long slabs of stone, sometimes double, but often only single, and so narrow as to make crossing a somewhat precarious undertaking.

The whole surface of the plain was covered with the autumn cotton-crop still standing. The economic husbandry of China lays hold of every bit of ground, and not a single rood was lying fallow. In the spring this vast extent of cotton-covered ground, now a snowy expanse of fleecy bolls, starred here and there with bright sulphur-yellow blossom, had been one huge field of waving corn. During the rainy months, such is the fertility of the rich alluvial soil, it had produced its third crop—namely, rice. There was an air of quiet, of peace and plenty, pervading the whole district. Its denizens seemed neither to heed nor to require the products of other lands. Villages there were none to be seen. The inhabitants dwelt in single homesteads, or in snug cottages, collected in little groups, like tiny hamlets, of three or four. These pleasantly diversified the

landscape. Clumps of trees, from between which peered out the quaint, curved roof, so marked a feature of the architecture of Eastern China, cut the sky-line, and redeemed the view from the dull monotony of an endless plain. The farms bore the aspect of being owned by the well-to-do. As the narrow pathway passed in front of each prosperous-looking homestead, it widened into a smooth esplanade. On the one hand a broad trench divided the roadway from the fields; on the other ran a neat lattice-fence, deftly woven of split bamboo—often overgrown with a luxuriant creeper which surrounded the little garden and the various farm-buildings. Within this fence stood the stately trees which over-shadowed the roofs, and rows of a slim and graceful bamboo growing not in clusters as farther south, but in single stems. The little plot between the house walls and the paling was planted with lettuces and other vegetables. The Chinese husbandman grudges even a corner to garden flowers; but here and there bloomed a few asters or chrysanthemums which would put our Temple-garden shows to shame; and, once in a way, the gorgeous crimson of the gigantic Chinese cockscomb glowed against the dingy background of the farmhouse wall. The first tints of autumn were already deepening on the leaves, and rich yellows, browns, and reds added color to a picture which would otherwise have presented too great a sameness of hue.

The dwellings invariably faced the esplanade, and filled up an interval in the fence which joined them at either end. We will describe one. It was long and low, without an upper story. The principal room was in the centre, and was entered by wide folding doors. Within it the members of the family who were not in the fields could be seen at meals, or at indoor work. Some few, perhaps, were weaving long strips of coarse cotton-cloth on the esplanade in front. At a window was an aged dame whirling a spinning-wheel, or turning the rollers of the simple machine that frees the white tufts of cotton from the seeds. A sharp, twanging sound issued from a chamber at the side. By inquiry we learnt that it was caused by young lads "teazing" the cotton into thin flakes with a quaint implement like a fiddle-bow. The stranger was

1101 ordered to remove to Shang-hai, which then became the seaport, and rapidly increased in importance."—"Shang-hai considered Socially." By H. Lang. 2nd edit., p. 5. Shang-hai, 1875.

received with civility, or rather with that absence of incivility which seems the sum-total of politeness among the Chinese.

A hideous chorus, set up by the yelping curs which infested every homestead in the neighborhood; a sharp reproof from the farmer or his lads, which produced silence or low and scarcely audible growls; a ready response, in pantomime, to a question in the same form as to the way; and then a relapse into silence and busy labor, as though no one of foreign race was within a league—such was the stranger's only greeting.

The children and the younger women retreated within the gates, or back to the farther corners of the room, when the strange face of the "barbarian" was seen approaching. The former had already donned their winter clothing, as early and late the autumn air was fresh and nipping. The blue blouses and leggings, quilted and stuffed with cotton, were piled on one above another, till the little wearers looked like miniature balloons. The gait of the women, with their poor pinched feet, according to the universal custom in these northern provinces, was ungraceful in the extreme, and they toddled about in so uncertain a manner as to excite astonishment at their untiring industry in the fields. Their dress was tasteless in shape and color; and their features lacked even the slight share of good looks possessed by their sisters of the provinces farther south.

There was little to attract the stranger to stay, or to induce him to investigate the style and processes of the native farm. Foul odors assailed his sense of smell as soon as he approached one of these latter. The ditch between the homestead and the fields was but a fetid sewer. Unutterable horrors were collected beneath the windows by the wayside, and the filth of the garments of men, women, and children was such as must be seen to be believed. The comfort and even abundance, of which so many signs were evident, was overlaid by a superlativeness of dirt which the squalor attendant on the most abject poverty can hardly match. The visitor gladly turned away to continue his walk, and to contemplate scenes which could only be enjoyed when looked at from afar.

Some way off from the farm rose a pile of buildings, evidently those of a

temple, as shown by two dark red poles in front. The walls, once vermilion, had faded through age and neglect to a dull orange. The ridge of the curved roof was ornamented with the scaly dragons so common in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country. Seen from a distance, there was a certain picturesqueness in the group. The orange tint harmonized not inaptly with the autumn hues of the surrounding groves. The bright green and yellow enamel of the earthenware monsters on the roof-tree, seen through Charles Lamb's "lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay," brightened a prospect not too wealthy in gay colors. On close inspection the charm of a distant view faded away. The buildings were little better than squalid barns. A wide opening in the front exposed an interior with three altars, and three hideous deities bedizened with a tawdry finery, rendered almost ghastly by filth and dust. A gateway at the side admitted to an ill-paved courtyard. On one side were the dwellings of the priests and keepers of the temple, store-houses, and hay-lofts; on the other an odd museum of spare divinities, clad, as the cold weather had approached, in faded garments of quilted cotton.

Here and there the plain was dotted with mounds of many sizes and varied shapes, the sepulchres of many generations of farmers of these lower Yang-tze shores. Some of these mounds were freshly made, and preserved their strictly conical form and sharp apex. Others were fading into the dead level around them, and were being more and more encroached upon by the ploughs and spades of the practically minded descendants of the departed agriculturists sleeping beneath. These barrows were not the only objects which marked the burial-places of the dead. Occasionally, tombs of brick with black-tiled roofs and white-washed walls—miniature copies of the houses of the living—were met with. In many cases unburied coffins, sometimes perhaps lightly covered with a thin thatch of straw, were lying in the fields waiting till the priests should declare the geomantic conditions suitable for committing their mouldering contents to the ground.

Turning from these, we came upon a very different scene in the drama of life. Harsh but not discordant music was

heard coming from a little troop conveying a bride to her new home. In front marched two musicians, one with a trumpet, the other with a kind of fife, from which instruments they occasionally drew out the fragments of a tune. The bride was hidden within the recesses of a scarlet-covered chair. The bearers and musicians were decked with unusual finery, in honor of the occasion. Smart official hats with saucer brims and crimson tassels were on their heads, and loose garments of blue silk, covered, but scarcely hid, their own private rags. Behind the chair, on litters and frames of wood, painted a bright vermilion, were borne the bridal presents, and the viands to be consumed at the wedding-feast—sweetmeats, vegetables, and small roasted pigs. A few friends or relatives brought up the rear of the small *cortège* as it wound and was lost to sight among the tombs.

In its many turnings the path again led the visitor to the near neighborhood of the river. More music of the same kind, but somewhat more solemn and sonorous, was audible upon the right. From behind a clump of trees and bamboos, in which a snug homestead lay embowered, emerged a long procession. In front came the musicians, then several men carrying staves, then a gaily dressed object on a triumphal chair, and then a body of men and a very few women; all of whom together—perforce moving along the narrow path in single file—made up a goodly show. Upon the triumphal chair was seated, in gorgeous robes of scarlet, with a tinsel crown and jewels, a divinity of wood with a pink complexion, a long black beard, and Aryan features. The chair was borne high on the necks of four stalwart coolies; and by its side, steadying it as it swayed to and fro in its passage along the narrow way, walked with difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the path, a grave citizen of the higher class. Lictors, bearing stout staves, formed a body-guard. All—bearers, lictors, musicians—wore a peculiar head-dress, a kind of tall flower-pot-shaped hat, with a brim not unlike those seen in illustrations of the life of our English puritans.

As the procession passed in front of the homesteads, the inmates came out and exploded whole strings of crackers. In front of many houses small altars were

placed, on which were burning slender scarlet tapers, and little sheaves of incense sticks placed in censers of brass or earthenware. Children were brought out by their mothers, and taught to render obeisance—to *chin-chin*, as the expression in the "Pidgin" dialect is—to the image as it was carried by. The blasts of music grew louder and louder, gongs were sounded, more crackers were exploded, and the procession turned off to wind about amongst the fields. Strange and grotesque as it all was, it still reminded the spectator of the periodical outings of St. Spiridione to bless the vineyards of the olive-groves of Corfu. Its meaning was thus explained in "Pidgin" by a bystander who had a slight knowledge of that wonderful dialect. Thrice a year the divinity is carried forth in solemn procession, that sickness may be warded off from the country.

A collection of *tumuli* lying in one spot, rather closer together than was usual, formed quite a hillock on the unending plain. Thither the procession wended its way, and on the summit of the eminence, in front of a table beneath an awning, the image was deposited. An attendant fired off four barrels of a quaint petard, volleys of crackers were exploded, and a fire was lighted on the ground before the image. A Bonze, with completely shaven head, then advanced, recited a long prayer, and scattered bowlfuls of cooked rice on all sides. Piles of Chinese offertory money, made of gold and silver paper, were offered up and burned in the fire. The Bonze rang a bell and said more prayers; the image was lifted up in its chair, and the procession moved onward on its way.

A small temple stood not far off. In its main hall the divinities were being regaled with a sumptuous banquet. Three long tables covered with viands—sweetmeats, fruits, vegetables, and the inevitable roasted pig—were stretched athwart the pavement of the hall. At the upper end of each were placed three images, both male and female, all bedizened with a tawdry finery of tinsel and inferior silk. Here was a veritable *sectisternium*; on a small provincial scale it is true, but perhaps not an inexact reproduction of the great *Epulum Jovis* held ages ago in the Roman Capitol. Crowds of peasants

were standing outside looking on. In the court in front were piled strange-looking instruments of music—fifes, trumpets of prodigious length, and guitars made of snake-skin.

In these sights there was nothing to recall even the existence of the Western nations, whose great outpost of commerce was so near at Shang-hai, and whose ships were covering the great river close at hand. But as the path along the river-bank was followed, many evidences of Western influence, and a quaint grafting of Western customs upon those of the Middle Kingdom were apparent. Woo-Sung was the scene of a smart action in the first war with a European power in which China was ever engaged, and long lines of parapet, forming a straggling and inefficient defence, pierced with many embrasures, could be traced upon the banks. But behind them a new work was rising, built upon different principles. Huge casemates were being constructed of balks of timber and iron plates from Europe, intended to hold guns as heavy as any that Woolwich can produce.* These works will be truly formidable to any enemy attempting to attack them in front. But the Chinese engineers, in carrying out the plans of foreigners, have had still some loyalty to ancient custom. So the forts were open in the rear, and were so placed that ships can lie behind an angle of the shore out of fire, and destroy the defenders.

Hundreds of men were at work hurrying on the construction. A large force of soldiers was lying in several entrenched camps close to. These men were disciplined and drilled in the English manner, and manœuvred in obedience to words of command given in English. They were armed with rifles, both breech and muzzle-loading, which they often practised with at targets on the shore. But at least one contingent of troops was still armed with spears and battle-axes; and it was a sight almost too suggestive to be comic, to witness a body of these exercising according to ancient fashion, and to an excessive tom-toming of a native drum, on the same parade-ground with comrades who complied with such

directions as "Attention!" and "Quick march!" Large mud fortifications protected the camps. A common shape was that of a square, bastioned at the corners. The bastions bore some resemblance to those of Vauban, and were large enough to allow of an efficient flank defence; but the engineers had adhered to ancient plans, and had made their bastions mere solid masses of earth, and therefore shams. Imposing-looking *caponnières* and *tenailles* protected the curtains, but they were too slight to stop the passage even of a grape-shot.

Off the village a squadron of men-of-war junks lay at anchor. They were gaily dressed with flags—tricolors, white ensigns with vermilion characters upon them, and crimson streamers marked with legends in black. Higher up among the Western craft were handsome steam gunboats and a frigate, all armed with Krupp and Armstrong guns, with engines and hulls constructed by native artificers at Shang-hai or Foo-chow. The force of contrast could hardly go farther than in that presented by these two squadrons. Both were bravely decked with colors, those of the new type as well as their consort-junks. A new viceroy, who was to fix his seat at Nanking, was expected, and the vessels had mustered to do him honor.

He arrived in due time. In the early morning his vessel approached. The river-banks were alive with troops and spectators. Long lines of crimson banners gleamed through the slight mist just dispersing before the rising sun. The junks saluted with crackers and their guns of ancient form. More regular salutes were fired from the batteries by the troops on shore. The sailors of the frigate ran aloft, and manned the yards in imitation of the ceremonies obtaining in Western navies. There was a pleasant freshness in the gelid autumn air; and the waving banners and gay flags added brightness to an interesting scene. The viceroy was Shen-pao-Shan, a friend to foreigners, of whom it has been said, that he never took a bribe or perpetrated a "squeeze." The significance of such merits will be understood by all who know anything of a country cursed with that vilest of all governments, a literary bureaucracy.

The pure serenity of this day was fol-

* The successful construction of the Si-ton gun was not then known in China.

lowed, as usual, by a brilliantly moon-lit night. Sleep came readily to many to whom the heat of summer nights elsewhere had long denied it, and those who

had visited numerous climes, agreed that few possess greater charms than does early autumn in far Eastern China.—*Fortnightly Review*.

LEIGH HUNT AND LORD BROUGHAM.

WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

IF we were asked, without a moment for reflection, to say who among Leigh Hunt's distinguished Liberal contemporaries was least likely to have been his frequent and familiar correspondent, we should answer, Lord Brougham. In the long period of peaceful popularity which closed Leigh Hunt's life the present generation is apt to lose sight of the storm and strife of social and political discussion during which it opened; and in the graceful poet, the subtle critic, the genial fireside companion, to forget the keen-witted controversialist, the dauntless champion of popular rights, the man in whose endurance and self-sacrifice for the public good, Byron recognised "a modern Hampden."

Charles Knight, in his 'Passages of a Working Life,' well describes the contrast between the ideal and the real Brougham, when on his way to their first interview, in the winter of 1826. He says:—

"There was an image in my mind of the Queen's Attorney-General as I had often beheld him in the House of Lords, wielding a power in the proceedings on the Bill of Pains and Penalties which no other man seemed to possess—equivocating witnesses crouching beneath his withering scorn; mighty peers shrinking from his bold sarcasm; the whole assembly visibly agitated at times by the splendor of his eloquence. The Henry Brougham I had gazed upon was, in my mind's eye, a man stern and repellent; not to be approached with any attempt at familiarity; whose opinions must be received with the most respectful deference, whose mental superiority would be somewhat overwhelming. The Henry Brougham into whose chambers in Lincoln's Inn I was ushered on a November night was sitting amidst his briefs, evidently delighted to be interrupted for some thoughts more attractive."

After describing Brougham's hearty reception of his visitors, his frequent jokes, ready sympathy, and grasp, equally instantaneous and exact, of every subject brought before him, Knight adds—

"The image of the great orator of 1820 altogether vanished when I listened to the unpretentious and often playful words of one of the best table-talkers of 1826—vanished, even as the full-bottomed wig of that time seemed to have belonged to some other head than the close-cropped one on which I looked."

If we glance at the public career of Leigh Hunt in his early days, and the private tastes and sympathies of Brougham through the whole of his nobly useful life, we shall see how much the two reformers had in common.

In 1807 Henry Brougham, then thirty years old, after a dawn of brilliant promise, both literary and legal, in Edinburgh, came to London to qualify for the English bar—a step of which he gives a curious and interesting account in a letter to Earl Grey, dated "Middle Temple Hall, May 31, 1808." He says:—

"From accidental circumstances I find myself placed in a situation which enables me to command a considerable degree of success in the profession of the law, and however odious that profession is (as God knows there are few things so hateful) I am quite clear that it would be utter folly in me to neglect so certain a prospect. I have of course been continuing my study of law, and pleading as diligently as possible. . . . But I have resolved, in the meantime, to risk an experiment which I fancy you will think not very prudent, and which I own is not quite safe. By means of a special motion at Lincoln's Inn I may manage to be called to the bar early in July, and then to go the next Northern Circuit,—which I prefer to any other, as being the largest field and in every respect the first thing in that way. I shall do this at the present moment because, from my recent intercourse with Liverpool and Manchester" (in consequence of his spirited pleading, on behalf of certain leading merchants, against the Orders in Council, prohibiting trade with all ports occupied by the French) "the iron in that quarter is hot, and should be struck before it cools. I set out with too slender a provision of law, no doubt, and may very possibly never see a jury until I have to address it, my stock of practice being so slender that I never yet saw a *non-procurat* trial. But

the points of law are few on a circuit, and by good fortune none of any difficulty may fall on me, and as there are no great wizards go the Northern Circuit, I may push through the thing with a little presence of mind and quickness. Besides, nothing was ever done without risk, and nothing great without much danger. Therefore I have taken my determination, and shall be ready to set out for York when the circuit commences. In short, being so fairly in for it, I must make the best of an indifferent bargain, and addict myself to whatever will carry me upwards at the bar. There are many openings—no formidable obstacles. And one may hope in time to make the profession a little more like what it used to be of old, when mercenary views were out of the question, and it was certainly the finest of all civil pursuits."

The year in which Brougham was called to the English bar saw *The Examiner* started by Leigh Hunt and his brother John. At the time, W. J. Fox tells us, in his 'Lectures to the Working Classes,' when the new journal became

"the champion of every good object—when it feared not to expose iniquity in high places—when it grappled with every question in an honest and inquiring spirit—at that time people were living under a very different state of things with regard to the public press from what prevails in our own day. Those were really times of peril. The power which Pitt established when he quelled the first great efforts in the cause of reform was yet exercised in its plenary influence and wide extent. The nation was mad with the war spirit."

The letters printed by Thornton Hunt in the two volumes of his father's "Correspondence," are naturally those which enter most fully into personal sympathies, such as that love of classic literature which amounted to a passion in Leigh Hunt, and brought rest and refreshment to Brougham even amidst the "warfare of giants," as Lord Jeffrey called the political strife of their youth. Other letters, covering a wider range of topics, edited by Lord Brougham himself, and reserved for a projected third volume of the "Correspondence," which never appeared, were handed to me in the spring of 1873 by Thornton Hunt with the rest of his father's letters and remains, and from them I make the following selection.

One of the earliest unpublished letters before me—so far as their contents afford a clue to their chronological sequence, for unfortunately Brougham rarely gave a fuller date than "Temple, Monday," or "Brougham, Friday," and

few of the covers have been preserved—treats of a book less widely known than it deserves; the "Collection of Letters" between Charles James Fox and Gilbert Wakefield.

As the "historical memories" of the present generation of politicians embrace a scarcely more remote antiquity than the palmy days of Earl Russell, it may be useful to explain that Gilbert Wakefield was the son of the Rector of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, who, after obtaining high collegiate distinction in classics and theology, left Cambridge for the curacy of Stockport. Soon quitting the Established Church he, after an interval of teaching, devoted himself to literature—writing and publishing with such rapidity that he is said to have "rushed to the printer's with manuscript on which the ink was scarcely dry." His classical and theological works passed unchallenged, but when he dashed, with all the hot impetuosity of his nature, into political pamphleteering, he trod ground unsafe in those days for even the most wary. 'A Reply to the Bishop of Llandaff,' who had written in defence of the war with France, was condemned as a "seditious libel," and its luckless author was imprisoned in Dorchester Gaol for two years, during which time the Liberal party subscribed £5,000 for him. He died three or four months after his release. Such was the erratic but unquestionably conscientious democrat whose correspondence with the great leader of his party forms the subject of the following letter:—

"TEMPLE, Monday Evening.

"My dear Sir,—I have just been devouring, rather than reading, a little volume of letters between Mr. Fox and G. Wakefield. Pray note the delightful spirit which breathes through every page of Fox's writings. Not only his simplicity and frankness and enthusiasm (after a life spent in debate, popular contests, dissipation, gaming, indolence—difficulties of every kind—all the worst enemies of simplicity and truth), but chiefly the instinctive and as it were constitutional love of liberty, and dislike or natural disgust at all manner of oppression and injustice.

"The letters about the time of Wakefield's sentence, and pp. 215, and 227-231 are notable. Some peculiarities will strike you—as his love of genuine English. He calls Lorenzo de Medici, *Laurence*, p. 161.

"G. Wakefield merits no small praise for his fortitude and independent spirit. His feeling so strongly the iniquity of Lord Than-

et's sentence at a moment when he was so immediately occupied with his own is highly praiseworthy; as is the *disinterested* regret at finding that Fox was more fond of poetry and criticism than of a work from which he (Wakefield) expected more good to the cause of liberty. I rejoice every time I see any such fragments of Fox's admirable principles and character held up to the view of the present *de-generation*.

"This is a very hurried scrawl, but I have interrupted my less agreeable labors so much with the book that I am forced to conclude hastily with assuring you that I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"H. BROUGHAM."

A journalist recently said that the tendency of the public mind at the beginning of this century was to confound persons and principles—thus believing that the holder of unorthodox opinions must necessarily be in his own person a breaker of all laws, human and divine; or, conversely, that the enunciator of lofty views and refined sentiments must lead a life of corresponding purity and elevation. Brougham's mind was too judicial to be open to this error, but he draws the line between precept and practice with startling sharpness when he speaks in the same letter of Fox's "admirable principles and character"—by which I suppose we are to understand natural disposition, warped by circumstances and association,—and his "life spent in gaming, dissipation, and indolence."

The well-known trial for libel on the Prince Regent so far eclipses all other crises through which the *Examiner* passed, that they are scarcely to be remembered. It was but the culmination of a series of Government prosecutions, the third of which led to a curious complication.

John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*—the brilliant essayist and journalist, now, perhaps, chiefly remembered for his tragical death at Chalk Farm, in a duel with Mr. Christie—wrote an article in the *Stamford News*, of which he was then editor, denouncing flogging in the army. This being quoted in the *Examiner*, the Hunts were tried for libel, defended by Henry Brougham and acquitted; but Mr. Drakard, proprietor of the *Stamford News*, who was also defended by Brougham, was convicted a few days after at Lincoln, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. This case is cited by Charles Knight as an instance

of the "glorious uncertainty of the law;" but there was a technical point at issue which seems to have escaped him. The *original publication* of an article which had been the subject of a Government prosecution laid the publishers open on legal grounds to the charge of "malice," in spite of the failure to convict on the first process, for merely quoting it.

The following letter, written in the large, clear flowing hand of Henry Brougham's early manhood, is endorsed (at the request of Thornton Hunt) in the almost unintelligible hieroglyphics of his last years—"This relates to Drakard being brought up for judgment." The complaint against Cobbett shows that then, as now, the great Whig and Tory parties were split into innumerable factions, almost as formidable to each other as to the common foe.

"TEMPLE, May 29, 1811.

"Dear Sir,—I find Cobbett persists in imputing to me the words falsely, and I really believe intentionally, put into my mouth by the *Courier*—that the intention was highly criminal." It is worth while to contradict this, as I cannot help thinking that it affects both the party and his counsel—you will judge best how this may be done, but if possible something should be sent in Cobbett himself, I think, by Mr. D. in his own name, as he was present. You must remember that so far from admitting a 'highly criminal intention,' I expressly said that all I was bound to admit was some degree of criminality—that the verdict obliged me to admit this—but the whole drift of my remarks went to show that the slightest possible degree of guilt was to be ascribed to the publication and the author. It is quite scandalous that a newspaper, under color of reports of law proceedings, should be allowed to defame persons and to defame them by putting words into their counsel's mouth.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours, etc.,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"Another instance of the wilful misrepresentation of the *Courier* was the leaving out Mr. Marriott's observation, and then making the Attorney-General in reply say that 'the last remark of the counsel was an answer to all that went before.' The Attorney applied this to what Mr. M. had said, and by leaving out all mention of Mr. M., it is made to apply to what I said—and this is the report which Cobbett chooses as the most accurate!"

The next group of letters possessing any public interest relates to the stormy parliamentary contest in which Brougham opposed Canning at Liverpool in 1812. The earliest reference to his intention to stand is contained in a letter,

the first three paragraphs of which have been already published in the "Correspondence," referred to.

"BROUGHAM, Tuesday.

"My dear Sir,—You'll think me very idle not to have sooner acknowledged your letter, and thanked you both for the introduction and for 'Acme and Septimius' (an old favorite). I am extremely pleased with both, and if you'll send me a little more of the poem, I should like to make a few free remarks. One or two *turns* struck me—but they were mere specks, and, I believe, from Dryden. In the translation I doubt respecting your two diminutives—I rather more than doubt, especially as to 'poor fellow,' which is inconsistent with the infinite refinement of the piece. Could you not contrive some more delicate diminutive? Also, could you not give the *sinister* note? I think both you and Cowley give it the go-by. Now, I question if it does not convey some such meaning as that a change was effected in the love—at least in the degree of possession. If it mean anything bordering on indelicacy it is indeed better omitted.

"I think highly indeed of the translation. *Acme, love!* is extremely happy—but I could fill a page with instances. Pray try 'Arria and Poetus,' from Martial.

"These things are so much pleasanter than politics that I hate to make the transition. Our wise men certainly had resolved to dissolve—but there seems by my yesterday's letters some *hitch* in it. However, I doubt if it won't speedily take place, and then I shall in all probability be drawn in to stand for Liverpool, though as yet I have carefully avoided committing myself. There is some good to be done, even in the present state of things, by popular elections, and by bringing together large bodies of men to hear peaceably free and sound language. This is all I have to set against the great inconvenience of such elections, and of the kind of seat one has even after succeeding. But I really am much indebted to the Liverpool people for their friendly zeal, and I foresee it will be difficult to be off.

"By the way, I have asked Roscoe (whose taste and skill in translation is exquisite) and Shepherd, a translator of almost equal skill, to give me their remarks on your 'Acme and Septimius,' which you shall have.

"Pray let me have a little more of the poem [the 'Story of Rimini'], which takes my fancy wonderfully. I shall very soon send the extracts from my notes. I hope you got my packet from Lancashire; I wrote it at Allerton, but sent it from Knowsley, being sure a frank of mine ran great risk in the Liverpool post-office.

"Yours ever truly, H. B."

"I conclude your health is restored, but wish you would not risk it by going to hot theatres."

The Roscoe referred to above was the historian of Leo X. and Lorenzo de Medici, whose career is as remarkable as any in the annals of literature. He be-

gan life at twelve years old as assistant in his father's market-garden, and ended it as banker and author, having, *ad interim*, practised as an attorney in the Court of King's Bench and sat for Liverpool.

As "Acme and Septimius" is not included in Leigh Hunt's collected poems, and it may be found interesting to compare the translation with Brougham's critical remarks, I quote it from the *Examiner* of September 13, 1812.

THE ENTIRE AFFECTION.

(Imitated from the *Acme and Septimius* of Catullus.)

"O Acme, love! Septimius cried,
As on his lap he held his bride,—
O if I love thee not, my wife,
Distractedly, and shall for life
As much as mortal madness can—
May I, a lost and lonely man,
Lelt in a desert to despair,
Come full upon a lion's glare!
He said: and Love, on tiptoe near him,
Clapp'd his little hands to hear him.

"But Acme, to the lovely youth,
Just dropping back that rosy mouth,
With smoothing kisses thus replies
To his intoxicated eyes—
My Septimius, my life, my love,
My husband—name all names above—
So may our lasting service be
To this one only deity;
As still more sharply than in thine,
He thrills this dotting frame of mine.
She said: and Love, on tiptoe near her,
Clapp'd his little hands to hear her.

"Blest with this omen from above,
Their lives are one return of love.
For he, poor fellow, so possessed,
Is richer than with East and West,
And she, in her impassioned boy,
Finds all that she can frame of joy.
Now who has seen in Love's subjection,
Two souls more blest in their connection,
Or who a more entire affection?"

Brougham was defeated at Liverpool. According to the account given in his 'Life and Times' he failed from a cause which operated disastrously at the last general election—the perversity of running two liberal candidates where there was a reasonable probability of carrying only one. Writing to Lord Grey on October 16, 1812, Brougham says—

"The starting two [Liberals] inflamed and combined our adversaries, and made the two parties [Corporation and Tories], with a large secession from the Whigs, unite against us. I had nine nights of the clubs, besides a regular speech each day at the poll. I delivered in that time one hundred and sixty speeches and

odd; and yesterday and to-day, after being beaten, I rallied, and delivered regular speeches to the whole multitude."

Canning is said to have spent £20,000 on this election; Brougham under £8,000, raised by subscriptions among Liberals in many parts of the United Kingdom.

In these days of enlarged constituencies and the ballot it is difficult to understand how the votes polled by the different candidates in 1812 could in any way be regarded as representing the opinions of the two parties in the borough. In 1874 Lord Sandon stood at the head of the poll for Liverpool with over *twenty thousand* votes all given quietly in one day; the defeated candidates polling nearly *sixteen* thousand—in other words, five times as many as the aggregate of votes recorded in 1812.

"BROUGHAM, Tuesday.*

"My dear Sir,—I am just returned to my nest, and may really say, *desiderato acquiescimus lecto*—for such a stormy and restless three weeks I believe no mortal ever before had as I experienced during the Liverpool contest. My repose must be shortened—for I leave this on Saturday for town as term approaches. Thus, after all my labors last winter and summer, I have not had a week's rest.

"We were defeated at Liverpool because we tried too much, and would not compromise so as to return Canning and myself; you will at once see why—and the more I reflect on it I rejoice the more that the unbending course was preferred to that which would have yoked me to a man so adverse in all points of principle.

"The defeat indeed throws me out of Parliament for the present, because Westminster and other *really* popular places are closed, and the borough owners are not very likely to return a reformer, and one who has shown himself an indifferent party man. But I trust I may do as much good to the great cause of liberty by being out of Parliament for a while, as if I continued to share in the wranglings of that place. I bate what is commonly called public meetings; but the enemies or false friends of the cause greatly mistake me if they expect to find me destroyed by exclusion from the House of Commons.

"In the meantime there is an interruption of the plans which I was maturing for next session—the full investigation of the property-tax, especially as affecting farmers, I had announced last session; the subject of tithes, I don't wish to conceal, it was my design to have grappled with, and I had not only gone far in preparing this, but had been enabled by some partial practical experiments made in this neighborhood, to ascertain that my prin-

ciples were sound. These, and the American war, as connected with our manufacturing and trading interests, would have occupied me during the session, and I trust I shall find some men willing to take the charge of them for me while I am out.

"I shall trouble you in a few days with the corrected copy of one of the many speeches delivered by me during the election—because I prize it for the effect it produced, and the untoward circumstances under which I made it,—or rather it burst from me—for it was the dictate of the moment. It consists of an invective on Pitt's *immortality*,* and I desire to be, in every respect, judged of by that speech. It was made to a real popular assembly of four or five thousand people, all in a state of agitation and passion not to be described. Many notes were taken; so that it is nearly correct.

"This election has given new force to my conviction as to reform. Liverpool, unlike Westminster, is really a close borough, of 100,000 people not 3000 have voices, and these are the freemen admitted by birth and servitude. Think of such men as Roscoe having no vote, while every slave captain who served seven years' apprenticeship to that traffic of blood was enabled to vote against the person who made it a felony! If the *inhabitants* had voted, the good cause would have been supported by ninety-nine voices in one hundred. As it was we ran them very near—but the fear of losing their bread made many a poor creature vote against us, with tears and protestations that his heart was with us. Every means of influence was exhausted, and at last *gold* carried the day. But the popular enthusiasm cannot be described, it affects me beyond expression when I reflect on it—and, as a proof of its faithfulness, my last appearance among them and my departure were far more like a triumph than even my public entry, as to crowds—though tears and groans literally choked their huzzas. They only speak against the people who don't know them, or see the worst of them.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

Two months after Brougham's Liverpool defeat he was engaged in the memorable trial which was for many years the most prominent association with Leigh Hunt's name, either for sympathy or censure, in the minds of thousands. An attempt is sometimes made to assert that there was no "libel" to prosecute, and that Leigh Hunt was savagely punished for a phrase of playful satire, such as had been repeatedly passed over with a smile in the verses of Tom Moore. A cursory glance at the *Examiner* will dispel that illusion. There, week by week, the character, the conduct, and the

* Post-mark, October 21, 1812.

* "Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country."

companions of the Prince Regent were denounced with a trenchant and fearless scorn, a bitter, pitiless vigor, from which the truth took nothing of the sting. It does not at all affect the question that the cool unbiassed judgment of posterity has endorsed every word of those passionate denunciations; that every subsequent picture of the Court of that day (even when painted by those who composed it) has justified the attacks of the contemporary journalist; that every word of censure was written in no party spirit, but felt to be a direct public duty: the libel was there, and it was impossible the libellers should escape.

It must be remembered, too, that in those times, with the hideous convulsions of the first French Revolution fresh in their memories, thoughtful men might well dread to see the avenging spirit of popular wrath let loose in England; when the elements of reform and revolution were so inextricably mixed that those who dreaded the latter shuddered at the sound of the former, and preferred rather to "bear the ills they had than fly to others that they knew not of."

Leigh Hunt lived to see the reforms for which he strenuously pleaded come tardily but surely, without popular riot or social devastation, through the steady growth of public opinion, as he himself wrote:—

"By means of mild and unforbidden men." And if, he suffered for being before his time, that is the common fate of the ardent intolerance of youth—the intolerance of evil, which, impatient at oppression and ignorance, would fain hurry on national crises that can only come safely by coming slowly.

Leigh Hunt at that time incurred an immense amount of unmerited obloquy from a widespread confusion of him with his namesake "Orator" Hunt. No two men could have been more ludicrously dissimilar, and in the *Examiner* of July 19, 1812, Leigh Hunt recorded a lively protest against the identification:—

"We ask any reader of ours," he says, "who is nice in his notions of reputation, how he would feel if, in the midst of his pursuits in London, and at the moment, perhaps, when he is wrapping himself in the security of his good name, he finds himself accused of being in the very act of making a fool of himself at one hundred miles' distance, on a wooden elevation, and in the face of a roaring mob."

Leigh Hunt saw the danger of that confusion of principles as well as persons of which we have already spoken—but he was sanguine that by its very excess it would right itself. The same article concludes with these eloquent words, suggested by an extraordinary tirade of Cobbett's, in which he eulogized Orator Hunt at the expense of Sir Samuel Romilly:—

"What better means could have been taken to draw a happy distinction between coarseness and refinement, between meanness and elevation, between pettiness and enlargement, between emptiness and fullness, between error and rectitude, between ignorance and knowledge, between vice and virtue, between nothing and something, between false Reform and true Reform,—than to drag up a poor turbulent being [Henry Hunt] out of the mud of his politics, and place him by the side of the patriot lawyer? By extravagances like these the pretenders to reform bid fair to expose themselves to everybody; and by so doing they will render it the best service they ever did in their lives, and leave its true advocates a separate and respectable body."

This passage alone—and there are hundreds like it—should have been enough to vindicate Leigh Hunt from the contemporary charges of being a demagogue and a democrat. While holding up to ridicule and reprobation the abuses of the existing court, he painted an ideal monarch who should do justice and love mercy; and not all his early faith in Bonaparte's disinterested patriotism, or admiration for his genius, could blind him to the perils of revolution and the reactionary dangers of despotism. But the populace, when once roused to move at all, will not walk steadily between the lines laid down for it by its wisest and most temperate instructors; and there is infinite mundane as well as spiritual wisdom in the scriptural injunction, to let the wheat and the tares grow together unto the harvest, lest when ye pull up the tares ye pull up the wheat also.

The *Examiner's* attack on the Prince Regent was direct and unsparing, and the truth of a libel has in a legal sense nothing to do with its criminality. The case excited the strongest interest in all ranks. To Earl Grey, Brougham wrote on the 25th November, 1812:—

"Hunt's trial comes on about the middle of the week after next, and they are in some consternation at Carlton House. Two several attempts have been made to buy him off, but

of course in vain; one of them came almost directly from Macmahon soon after the trial put off last July. I feel somewhat anxious about the verdict, but am full of confidence as to the defence and its effects all over the country; *it will be a thousand times more unpleasant than the libel.*"

Brougham's account of his line of defence, the key to which is given in the words we have italicised, is very characteristic, not only of the writer, but of the spirit of the times. The masked battery of contempt for the Rosa-Matilda warblings of the *Morning Post*—apostrophising the Prince Regent as

"Adonis! in thy shape and face
A liberal heart and princely grace
In thee are seen combined—"

from behind which Brougham hurled strong condemnation at the object of those absurd panegyrics, was hailed at the time as a triumph of subtlety and security. But everyone now must agree with Leigh Hunt himself in preferring infinitely the close of the defence, when, throwing aside all irony, Brougham pleaded in a strain of impassioned fervor for freedom of the press—that voice of the people whose outspoken rebuke is the only punishment which can reach a certain class of offences and offenders.

Of course the passage in Lord Ellenborough's charge to which Brougham refers so indignantly in the following extract from a subsequent letter to Lord Grey, is that in which Ellenborough describes "the counsel for the defendants" as "inoculated with all the poison of his clients' publication." Throughout his whole charge the judge begged the question of guilt in a manner which would not be tolerated now.

"As I conclude Hunt's trial interests you I write to say that it came on this morning at nine. A full special jury of twelve was procured with infinite pains, and great bustle and interest excited in town about it. The prosecution was conducted by Garrow (Solicitor-General) and defence by me. Garrow reserved himself in a way quite new and very cowardly, saying ten words and waiting for me, so that all he said was in reply. I fired for two hours very close and hard into the Prince—on all points, public and private—and in such a way that they could not find any opening to break in upon, and were therefore prevented from interrupting me. They tried twice early, but Ellenborough, losing temper, fell into a gross error, and was fairly beaten, which gave me the rest of the day pretty easy. In summing up he attacked me with a personal bitterness

wholly unknown in a court, and towards a counsel—who, you know, is presumed to speak his client's sentiments—most gross and unjustifiable. All the profession are with me, and he is either in a scrape or next door to it. . . . After all his fury, the jury, to his infinite astonishment, besetled, and then *withdrew*. I was obliged to leave the court to attend a consultation elsewhere, so don't know the result, but there is scarcely a chance. I have heard a report of the verdict being soon after given, of guilty; but the retiring is of itself really a victory, in the circumstances."

He adds in a postscript:—

"Accounts just received that in twenty or twenty-five minutes (passed by the Court in great agitation), they found us *guilty*."

The sentence, as most people remember, was a fine of £500 and two years' imprisonment in separate prisons, to each brother.

When we recollect Thackeray's burning denunciation of the vices of George the Fourth, ending with the emphatic question, "Would we bear him now?" and the thunder of applause which invariably answered him, we can but reflect how happily times are changed, both for the throne and the people.

The following letters were written by Brougham to Leigh Hunt during his imprisonment:—

"TEMPLE, Monday,

"(Postmark, May 18, 1813.)

"My dear Sir,—Perceiving in yesterday's *Examiner* that you mention 'indisposition,' I am desirous of knowing whether you have had any relapse since I saw you.

"I have repeatedly been on the verge of seeing you, and always stopped by some unforeseen business coming upon me. But I expect to make good my visit in spite of all interruptions one day this week.

"Believe me, truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"There is no truth in the account in the newspapers of my being in Parliament, any more than in the other story in the Carlton House journals of my going abroad with Lord and Lady Oxford, whom I think I have seen exactly twice in my life."

This Lord and Lady Oxford were the eccentric couple afterwards so notorious for their Bonapartist intrigues. Raikes tells a characteristic story of them in his 'Journal' (vol. iv. p. 14). When Lord Oxford was in France and his wife in Italy in 1815, their correspondence, regularly opened by the French police, supplied the government with full information of the plots for bringing back the ex-emperor. The illness of a favorite

spaniel had been mentioned in one of the intercepted letters, and so little pretence was made of concealing the system of espionage that a gendarme who stopped Lord Oxford's carriage at the frontier to examine his papers, accosted him with the sarcastic inquiry—"Bon jour, Milord, comment se porte votre petit chien?"

In 1815 Leigh Hunt issued an enlarged edition of 'The Feast of the Poets,' dedicated to Thomas Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes. It is alluded to by Brougham in the following letter:—

"TEMPLE, Thursday.

"My dear Sir,—I have been in expectation of seeing you daily since my return from Kent, where I went during the holidays. I fear I must delay my visit for a few days longer, but I cannot defer my congratulations on these important events, so useful to the cause of constitutional liberty and improvement. The immediate and great reduction of the power of the crown may fairly be expected to arise from peace, and the lopping off of so much patronage, and the cessation of the alarm (so useful to arbitrary power) in which we have been kept for the last twenty years. What the event in France may be is less plain—but whatever government is there formed must be a peaceful one.

"I copy a passage from a letter just received from my friend Mr. Jeffrey of Edinburgh, in answer to one I wrote respecting your poem. 'I read the "Feast of the Poets" with great delight in America, but never knew the author till I received your letter. I shall be glad to be of use to him when he attempts something more considerable. The present work seems too slight to justify a review.' You will perceive that he had seen only the original publication.

"Yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM.

"I hope you liked Lord Grey's speech about Poland."

In 1827 the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was founded by Brougham, Charles Knight, and others prominent in the cause of education. The following letters relate to a work begun for that society by Leigh Hunt; subsequently issued in supplements to *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* as "The Streets of London;" and finally, much altered and enlarged, appearing as the most popular of all his books—"The Town":—

"APPLEBY, Thursday,

"August 27, 1829.

"My dear Sir,—Your letter which I have just received is very agreeable to me, both because it lets me know that you are well, and because it conveys a wish to co-operate in one of the most important of the Society's works. I write

by this post to Mr. Mill, who is at the head of that department, and I have strongly recommended to him the opening an immediate correspondence with you on both the matters you mention. I know he will be as ready to do this as I am to suggest it. I have sent him an extract of the latter part of your letter. Almost all that the Society publishes passes through my hands in one stage or another—and I use some freedom in cutting out as well as in suggesting alterations and additions (the latter chiefly to inculcate good feeling and unity). This seems to be incumbent upon me—as our names are given—and I am sure you will hold yourself safe in my hands.

"Believe me, truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"Mr. Mill" was of course the historian of India, John Stuart Mill's father.

"Thursday.

"My dear Sir,—I came out of court when you called for me, after I had answered your question, but you were gone.

"It seems to me that you are upon exactly the right road in what you have written. The great object to be kept in view in what follows is to combine as much as possible *sound instruction* with matter of mere amusement and ordinary interest. There is hardly a part of your design that may not be connected with useful observation of men and things, such as the praise of good men, and men who have rendered service to humanity by their living, or writing, or suffering—the approbation of sound and enlightened policy—the abhorrence of vice, public or private—the commendation of the arts of peace, and magnifying of all that tends to exalt and improve mankind—the contempt of vain and bootless military glory and the detestation of its effects. A great city full of schools, and hospitals, and useful institutions of other kinds, and abounding too in monuments of the triumphs of the worse parts of our nature, furnishes many themes at every step, and the men whose residences you everywhere see afford similar topics.

"Yours truly,

"H. BROUGHAM."

These are the last unpublished letters before me. Their chief interest lies in the glimpses they afford of the thoughts and opinions of Brougham in his youth; and the vivid incidental picture of a state of feeling existing between the Crown and its more enlightened subjects such as, fortunately, in this day we find it difficult to realise.

The mutual regard and respect of the two correspondents was life long, and Leigh Hunt dedicated "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" to his early champion in words to which all readers will readily assent—pausing perhaps on the closing parenthesis:

"Great in office for what he did for the world, greater out of it for calmly awaiting his time to do more; the promoter of education; the expediter of justice; the liberator

from slavery; and (what is the rarest virtue in a statesman) always a denouncer of war."

Temple Bar.

REMARKS ON MODERN WARFARE.

BY A MILITARY OFFICER.

IT may not be altogether unprofitable, even in these peaceful times (how long will they last?), to glance for a moment at modern warfare. It is not proposed to approach the subject technically; but simply to compare, from certain points of view, the warfare of the present with that of the past, and possibly to draw one or two conclusions from the comparison. There exists a certain class of theorists who hail every fresh invention for the slaughter of mankind with the remark: 'I am delighted to hear of it; for, the more horrible you make war, the sooner you will put an end to it.'

Without stopping to question the correctness of this theory, let us proceed to enquire whether all the murderous science which has lately been expended on war has in reality succeeded in making it more horrible; and, if so, for whom? For in this question there are two classes to be considered—the soldier, and the civilian whose country becomes the theatre of war.

Let us first consider the case of the soldier. As everyone is aware, the chief feature in the military history of the past twenty years has been the vast improvements effected in firearms. We have passed, by successive stages, from smooth-bore muskets of short range, inaccurate firing, and slow loading to rifles of long range, great accuracy, and rapid firing. In artillery the advance has been proportionate. Everyone knows this, but everyone does not know that—strange though it may seem—the result of these improvements has been precisely the reverse of what was intended and what was anticipated; or, in other words, the proportion of killed and wounded was far greater with the old-fashioned weapons than it is at the present day. In proof of this the following facts, which are taken principally from a table in the history of the campaign in Bohemia in 1866, by Col. Cooke, R.E., may be quoted:

At the battle of Talavera (1809) the loss in killed and wounded was $\frac{1}{2}$ of those engaged. At Austerlitz (1805) it was $\frac{1}{4}$. At Malplaquet (1709), at Prague (1759), and at Jena (1806) it was $\frac{1}{4}$. At Friedland (1807) and at Waterloo (1815) $\frac{1}{4}$. At Marengo (1800) it amounted to $\frac{1}{4}$. At Salamanca (1812) out of 90,000 combatants 30,000 were killed and wounded. At Borodino (1812) out of 250,000, 80,000 fell on the two sides. At Leipsic (1813) the French sustained a loss of $\frac{1}{4}$ of their total effective. At Preussich-Eylau (1807) 55,000 were killed and wounded out of a combined total of 160,000 combatants, giving a loss of more than $\frac{1}{4}$; while at Zorndorff (1758), the most murderous battle which history records in modern times, out of 82,000 Russian and Prussian troops engaged, 32,800 were stretched upon the field at the close of the day.

Let us now come to more recent times. The first great battle in which rifled firearms were used was Solferino (1859), and when the war broke out it was confidently predicted that the effects of the new weapon would be frightful; but the loss actually fell to $\frac{1}{4}$ of those engaged. At Königgrätz, where, in addition to rifled weapons, one side was armed with breechloaders, the actual loss was further diminished to $\frac{1}{5}$. Finally we come to the last war, in which the proportions were, Wörth $\frac{1}{4}$, Gravelotte $\frac{1}{4}$, and Sedan $\frac{1}{5}$. These figures may surprise many who, not unnaturally, imagined that improved weapons entail increased slaughter. It is not intended to imply that battles are not still sanguinary, but it is incontestable that they are much less so than they were.

But it is not merely on the battle-field that the soldier's risk is now diminished, but throughout the whole campaign. Railways afford a more adequate supply of medical and other necessities to the front, and a more rapid transfer of the sick and wounded to their permanent

hospitals. The labors of the Geneva Society have materially conduced to the same end. Buildings and tents covered by the red cross are held to be sacred from fire; rules are laid down for the treatment of prisoners of war; explosive bullets are also forbidden; and to such a length has this spirit of mitigating the horrors of war extended that nothing but the *esprit de corps* of those who wield the lance has saved the 'Queen of Weapons' from disestablishment. So much for the soldier in time of war. It only remains to remark that, if successful, he is rewarded and honored; if defeated, he obtains at least sympathy; and if wounded, a pension.

But how does the case stand for the civilian whose home happens to be situated in the theatre of war? What has been done for him. Absolutely nothing. The enormous area of country occupied by the vast numbers of men and horses which constitute modern armies, and the rapidity of their movements, combine to render their presence in an invaded country more than ever a national calamity; and the position of the unfortunate civilians, as a body, far from improving, becomes worse and worse. The non-combatant must stand by and see his house burnt, or turned into a barrack. His crops are trampled down, his orchards felled, his cattle slaughtered, his horses and wagons impressed, his very food requisitioned, and himself, family, and belongings turned destitute on the world. No surgeon is waiting to tend him if sick, or, as not unfrequently happens, wounded. All the available care, energy, and attention of his Government are concentrated on the army, while he must suffer unnoticed and uncared for. After the storm of war has passed, some inadequate charity, and some tardy compensation from the Government which has been unable to defend him, begins to flow in; but these are as mere raindrops in the vast desert of misery; and, indeed, what money, what gifts, what kindness can compensate him for such misfortunes? And the worst of it is that there is no remedy for him. So long as the possession of the capital or other large town is the great goal of the military race, so long must armies traverse the country to reach it. Thus we see that while every-

thing is done to preserve the life, mitigate the sufferings, and supply the wants of the soldier, no thought is given to the civilian. In war everything must give way to military considerations, and every soldier's life is of definite value.

It has already been shown how the proportion of killed and wounded becomes less as science advances; and, as far as the light of history is shed on war, the diminution has indeed been great. We have seen how the slaughter at Zorndorf exceeded that of Sedan; and, according to history, Zorndorf was child's play to Cressy, where the French loss is stated to have been, in killed alone, 11 princes, 1200 knights, and 30,000 men.* This again is exceeded at Cannæ, where, out of an army of 80,000 Romans, 50,000 were left on the field when the battle was over;† and, to take another instance from the same war, the battle of the Metaurus, where an army hastening to reinforce Hannibal was not merely defeated, but destroyed.

Truly war was butchery in those days! But why, the non-professional reader may ask, are battles less proportionately sanguinary than they were, in spite of modern improvements? Because every improvement made in weapons from the earliest recorded history of war has entailed corresponding alterations in tactics to meet it, and obviate, as far as possible, its effects. Instead of standing in massive columns, or in line with close ranks two and three deep, and reserving their fire until they could 'see the whites of their enemy's eyes,' troops now engage at longer distances, in loose order, and take advantage of whatever cover is to be found.

But it is not merely on the battle-field, as already observed, but throughout the campaign, that the soldier's life is now more jealously guarded. The noble efforts made by charitable societies have been mentioned; but other, and far more powerful agencies are at work to do more than mitigate, to prevent. The great social feature of the present day is 'pace'; everything goes ahead, and armies must conform to this rapid order of things. Accordingly, military operations

* Kaubler's *Ancient Battles*. † Ibid.

and results which used to occupy years are now compressed into months; it might almost be said weeks. The war of 1859 was declared by Austria on April 26; the first action, Montebello, was fought on May 19; and the war was finished at Solferino on July 24. In 1866 the Prussians virtually declared war by crossing the Austrian frontier on June 23, and in seven weeks the latter Power was forced to come to terms at the very gates of her capital. Prussia received the French declaration of war on July 19, 1870. On September 2 France's last army in the field was destroyed at Sedan, and the last shots were fired on February 2, 1871. Here, then, we have at once an immense saving of life. The long delays, which meant, for the soldier, exposure to the weather, and to sickness; the defective communications entailing insufficient food; the slowly dragging campaign with all its privations and hardships—all these fertile sources of disease and death have vanished, or are vanishing. It is true that the French soldiers both in and out of Metz suffered terribly from want of proper food and supplies; but it must be remembered that their administration was exceptionally bad, and the very magnitude of their defects will prevent a repetition of them.

Let us, for comparison, take one or two instances from the wars of the first Napoleon. Here is the state of his army during the invasion of Russia in 1812, not after but *before* meeting the enemy otherwise than in small skirmishes:

From the want of magazines and the impossibility of conveying an adequate supply of provisions for so immense a host, disorders of every kind had accumulated in a frightful manner on the flanks and rear of the army. Neither bread nor spirits could be had; the flesh of overdriven animals and bad water constituted the sole subsistence of the soldiers. . . . and before a great part of the army had even seen the enemy, it had undergone a loss greater than might have been expected from the most bloody campaign. When the stragglers and sick were added to the killed and wounded the total reached 100,000.*

Again: Masséna entered Portugal in October, 1810; spent weeks and weeks in futile examination of the lines of Torres Vedras; and recrossed into Spain on April 3, 1811, 'having lost 30,000 men

by want, sickness, and the sword.* As the only action of any importance that occurred during the retreat was that of Barrosa, at which the French loss was under 1000, the reader can estimate for himself what proportion of the total loss was due to 'want and sickness.'

These are but two instances out of many that might be quoted, but enough. Such protracted neglect and suffering would be impossible in these days, for the simple reason—if for no other—that the soldier is now much too expensive an article to be squandered in such a wholesale manner. Much, of course, remains to be done; but the attention which Governments are now compelled to give to the subject, aided by the private efforts which the enthusiasm caused by the outbreak of war never fails to excite, will provide the necessary means and the power of properly applying them. The day seems to be approaching when the soldier of any country having any pretensions to be a military power may take the field, confident that, apart from the strain on his constitution arising from a short but arduous campaign, the only danger he will incur will be from his foe's weapons. If he will only look back and compare his lot with that of his military ancestors he will think himself fortunate.

When we consider the position of the civilian, who may find his country the theatre of future wars, we wish we could think his prospects equally hopeful.

It would be useless to attempt to give statistics of the losses inflicted on a country which is overrun by an invading army. Suffice it to say that the agricultural losses alone sustained by France in 1870-1 have been estimated at *one hundred and seventy million pounds*. It would be difficult enough to ascertain the loss in worldly goods represented by this vast sum; but who could calculate its equivalent in sorrow, misery, starvation, disease, and death in all its various and most fearful shapes? We cannot help thinking that the sufferings of the civilian in war call more loudly for sympathy than those of the soldier; but, unfortunately, there is none to hear. As long as the civilian is merely an ac-

* Alison's *History of Europe*.

* Alison's *History of Europe*.

cessory in the picture of which the soldier is the foreground, so long must he suffer comparatively unnoticed. A dead soldier is buried, a wounded one removed easily enough, their wants are soon provided for; but a ruined and devastated home cannot be restored, and its scattered inhabitants collected in any appreciable time, perhaps never. Sometimes, too, the unhappy civilian, goaded to madness at the miseries inflicted on him, seizes arms and joins with the fury of despair in the defence of his village or farm-house, as at Bazeilles and Chateaudun, thereby giving to his enemies a fresh handle, which they never fail to use, for increased exactions and further severity. The brevity of modern campaigns, which have so materially benefited the soldier, produce no mitigation for the invaded country, for what is gained in time is lost in the numbers and rapidity of modern armies.

There seems to be absolutely no possibility of modifying the position of the inhabitants of an invaded country. All, then, that can be done is to confine the area of operations as much as possible; and we cannot help thinking that the tendency of modern warfare is in this direction—that nations will in future endeavor to fight their battles and finish their quarrels nearer to their frontiers than was formerly the case.

Time was when a country might be invaded and half of it overrun and occupied while the other half remained almost in ignorance; but we have changed all that. All parts of a civilised country are now so closely connected by commerce, travel, and intercommunication of every sort, intelligence is so rapidly and widely diffused, that when an invasion takes place every one knows, and, what is more, every one feels. It has already been observed how terrible a visitation is the presence of a hostile army. Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent, in fact are, whole nations in arms. After the battle of Sedan, notwithstanding the heavy losses she had suffered in the campaign, Germany had 800,000 men on French

soil. A comparison will give some idea of the vastness of this host. On October 16, 1813, there were assembled for the battle of Leipsic the military strength of three empires and three kingdoms, yet the total capitation of the forces was *less than one half* of the number above mentioned.

The national character of modern warfare being admitted, a result once established will generally be decisive for the war in which it occurs; and should be considered so, for national superiority is of a kind that cannot be gainsaid or set aside. Austria saw this in 1866, and accepted the hard and bitter truth in time to save herself. It would have been well for France had she done the same. The triumph of Germany in 1870 was no mere military triumph, but a national triumph, due to causes in accordance with which nations rise and fall. What France wanted after Sedan was a head clear enough to perceive this, and a hand strong enough to apply the only remedy, peace at any price. The writing was on the wall, traced in characters of blood and fire, but there was no one to read it. The only effect of her protracted resistance was to place her more and more at the mercy of the conqueror, and to prolong almost indefinitely the period that must elapse before she can renew the struggle.

The moral of this is, that nations should keep their armies on the principle of sudden expansion and mobilisation, ready to throw every man, every horse, and every gun on the frontier, for there and there only should the battle be fought. And this is what is actually being done. The next war between two leading powers will probably see even the celerity of 1870 outstripped as regards preparation, and in the interests of the civilian it is to be hoped that the struggle may be fought at or near the frontier. Then, although the condition of those residing on the spot will be no better, the devastation will be confined to a smaller area. More than this it is at present impossible to hope for.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

SPRING SONGS.

I.

A BABY joy is awake in my heart,
And flutters her wings in song;
For now the wintry winds depart,
And summer days are long.

The woods that late were cold and bare,
With jocund babble ring;
Slides on still fans adown the air
A bird too glad to sing.

O buoyant air! O joyous air!
You thrill the weary throng,
As rhythmical with music rare,
And filled with sunlight everywhere,
You touch our lips with song.

II.

O love, sweet love, must I weep in a lonely room?
O heart, sweet heart, is there never a throb for me?
Spring flowers enow in meadow and hedgerow bloom,
And a slow soft light creeps over the sombre sea:
It is time for the goddess to wake,—
Aphrodité! Aphrodité!
It is time to arise from the foam;
Awake, awake!
And go to my darling's home.

O born of the foam, step light on thy rosy feet,
When night is still and there's never a one to hear;
Stand where her window glints in the desolate street,
And whisper low to my love that her lover is near;
It is time for my darling to wake,—
Aphrodité! Aphrodité!
It is time for my darling to love;
Awake, awake!
And tell her I die for love.

O love, my love, what will I not dare for thee?
Shall I dive deep down in the pitiless sea for a gem?
Shall I bring the tiger's skin for a girl in glee,
To sweep as she dances on with her garment's hem?
I am mad for a girl's grey eyes,—
Aphrodité! Aphrodité!
It is time to awake from the foam,
It is time to arise,
And go to my darling's home.

III.

She is fair and she is young,
As so many maids have been,
As so many bards have sung,
When in spring the world was green:

Ah, how oft have poets sung
That a girl was fair and young!
Shall I then sing?
No, no, no, no, no!
Love's a silly thing,
And comes and goes with Spring.

She is young and she is fair—
Many a maid is fair as she:
A painter paints her yellow hair—
Men have wrought more cunningly
Brighter hair in Venice old,
Hair which drained the sun for gold:
Shall I then try?
No, no, no, no, no!
Love's a summer sigh,
And gone ere swallows fly.

She is fair: I cannot tell
Why I muse on such a thing—
Know no other face so well,
And singing, swear I will not sing:
Why can't I, as others may,
See her pass and feel more gay?
Shall I not sing
Tra, la, la, la, la?
Love's a silly thing,
And mars the merry spring?

Blackwood's Magazine.

WALKING TOURS.

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging, or always at five miles

an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your over-walker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curacao in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupify and brutalise himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in

short, who goes farther and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. It should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country." Which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same

hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for, on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:—

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I

cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery now-a-days, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralises and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and as long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness

grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember times and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the Fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks.

and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream! To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favor. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the new *Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows now-a-days, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste joviality to the full significance of that audacious

word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realise, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private

chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seems so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddle-stick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

KATE was astir early next day, and having settled her landlady's claims, started away to deposit her luggage at the station before calling on Mr. Wall. She also posted a little note for Galbraith—very short, saying good-bye kindly, decidedly. "But where is the use of my decision?" she reflected. "He is so obstinate, that unless he chooses to give me up of his own accord, he will come down to Pierstofte again! I trust I have impressed him with the conviction that it is useless to think of me. I would not for any consideration do him an atom more mischief than I can help." As she thought, how clearly she saw him as he looked across the table at her the evening before, and felt again the thrill his eyes had sent through her, she was quite glad to reach Mr. Wall's office, that she might get rid of the haunting idea of Hugh Galbraith.

Mr. Wall had nothing different to say from the day before. He was much impressed by the bearing of the evidence he had been studying. Still, the want of some connecting link, the doubt as to whom he should first attack, made him hesitate. So the result of Kate's interview with the cautious lawyer was the same as before. Nothing was to be

done till after consultation with Mr. Reed.

"By-the-way, Mrs. Travers," said Mr. Wall, as she was about to take leave of him, "I wish you would let me have your version of the quarrel or disagreement between yourself and Mr. Travers, of which Ford, as well as I remember, made a good deal at the time we were discussing this unfortunate will, and its possible cause."

"Did Ford make a good deal of it?" she replied, looking at him earnestly. "It was a trifle, but an unpleasant one. At the time of my old friend and benefactor Mr. Lee's death, I knew that his grand-daughter, my former playfellow, was left in sore need. I sent her a sum of money, which I could well spare from my ample allowance, but I did not think it necessary to inform my husband. Her letter acknowledging it fell into Mr. Travers's hands, and he was more annoyed than I could have expected. He was ill and querulous. I fear I was not as patient as I ought to have been. He spoke to me as he never spoke before or since—as I would rather not remember. Unfortunately Mr. Ford was waiting in the back drawing-room to see Mr. Travers, while this took place,—not with closed doors, I regret to say. He overheard, and presumed afterwards to

remind me of it. That is the whole story, and pray remember, that for upwards of nine months after that occurrence I was Mr. Travers's constant, trusted companion. Believe me, Ford has his own object for dwelling on such a trifle."

"Then do you imagine Ford had any hand in substituting this present will for the true one?"

"I do."

"Very extraordinary, very! A rather groundless suspicion, it seems to me. Why do you suspect him?"

"Because I think he wished to injure me."

"Injure you! I never saw a man more indignant than he was at the injustice done you!"

"Well, Mr. Wall, you must hear Tom Reed on that subject; you will accept his opinion more readily than mine."

"I think I always respect your opinion. But you have not told me everything about the quarrel? It is so hard sometimes to get hold of real facts."

"Do you imagine I pervert them?" asked Kate, as she held out her hand to say good-bye.

"No, no," returned the lawyer, taking it cordially. He was always won over to her by a personal interview, although in her absence the old indignation and wrath against her, for having fooled his friend and client, would assert itself. "I have your address, but I confess it goes against me to write to you under your false name——"

Home, if one's abiding place deserves that name, is very sweet. Warm and tender was the welcome which awaited Mrs. Temple (the name seemed quite natural to her when she reached Pierstofte). It was closing time when she arrived; and as she had kept up the fiction even to herself, that Mr. Wall might have changed his mind, and asked her to remain in town, she had not written to announce her return.

When, therefore, she opened the parlor door, Fanny gave a small shriek of joy and surprise, darting forward to hug her heartily; then Mills came in, full of motherly thought for her probable needs of food and rest and warmth, as the weather was damp and raw. Kate felt all the power that springs from our so-

cial instincts—the strength and wisdom and self-control, and all goodness to which love and sympathy help us. She felt she could face her destiny, whatever it might be, with double, nay treble courage and constancy here in her fortress of home, and hearts dependent on her, than she could in the solitude of London, where her one companion was becoming too necessary.

"Oh, Kate, dear! How delightful to have you back again! I felt so wretched when there was no letter from you this morning. I fancied all sorts of things except your coming back. I am sure you have been worried to death. I declare you look quite pale and thin."

"I have been worried, Fan."

"Now here is some nice buttered toast; you must be perfectly dying for a cup of tea! When you have taken it, you must begin at the beginning and tell me everything. I never knew anything half so extraordinary and romantic as your meeting Hugh Galbraith. Have you had any news of the purse? No! I am afraid it is gone! And what did Mr. Wall say? I never liked him, he is such a stiff old thing. Oh, by-the-way, I had such a nice long letter from Tom; it came by the midday delivery. He hopes to be in London on Wednesday morning, but he will be so busy that he fears he cannot come down for a week to see me—I mean us. And, do you know, he comes back chief editor."

"I suppose so; and wants to install a commander-in-chief as soon as possible. Eh, Fanny?"

"Oh, he must not be in a hurry," saucily. "And, Kate, do you know, I had a visit from that dreadful man to-day!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. I felt frightened to death; but I shan't mind now you are here. I was dusting the shelves about ten o'clock, when I heard the door bell ring violently, as if the door had been pushed open with great force, and when I turned round there was my gentleman, looking a shade more horrible than before!"

"How curious! What did he say?"

"Oh, he asked me how I was, and said I looked as lovely as the flowers in May. Then he laughed so impudently, and said, 'Is the missis at home?' And I said, very dignified, 'Do you mean Mrs. Temple?' 'Exactly, precisely; Mrs.

Temple? he said, in a sort of mocking tone. 'Well, she is away at present.' Then he asked when you would be back, and I said 'I really could not tell.' He seemed very anxious about that, and said at last, 'Do you think she will be back next week?' And I said I thought you would. And then he took off his hat and desired his compliments to Mrs. Temple. I fancied he put a sort of emphasis on your name."

"You think he did, Fan! Depend upon it, then, he knows me. Perhaps he wants me to give him money? I shall not do that. If any difficulty arises about my identity, I shall drop my disguise. Yet I want to win my cause first. I want to share with Hugh Galbraith before he knows he is under any obligation to his landlady."

"Poor Sir Hugh! Did you see him again—I mean after you met him at H—?"

"Oh yes, he came several times about my purse."

Fanny put her head on one side and looked a little mischievous; but she did not like to worry Kate just on her return home, especially as she looked depressed and weary. So, with praiseworthy self-control, she kept silence for a few minutes, hoping that Kate might unfold some more of her London adventures. And after the revivifying effect of a cup of tea she did—that chapter at least which related to her interview with Mr. Wall. But Fanny listened in vain for any further scraps of information about Hugh Galbraith. Kate named him no more.

"What an unsatisfactory old wretch Mr. Wall is, to be sure!" said Fanny meditatively, when Kate had finished her recital. "I daresay he will create all sorts of difficulties just to make out that he is very clever to get over them."

"My success or failure does not depend on Mr. Wall," said Kate, pushing away her cup. "I see myself how imperfect my case looks without some distinct evidence to fill up the hiatus. I do hope that man Trapes will reappear. I cannot help imagining that he has something to do with Ford, and can give me the information we want."

Mrs. Temple settled herself quickly to her ordinary routine, and was to all ap-

pearance more absorbed than ever in her business. For the various neighbors and customers who dropped in to welcome her return, she had a pleasant word of greeting—a bright, pointed answer. She bore the brunt of a heavy charge from Lady Styles, in line, as it were, that is unprepared, and foiled her ladyship with charming frankness and beautiful good breeding.

"Well," said Lady Styles, towards the end of the encounter, "I am very glad you are back. You always know exactly what one wants; not that I have any complaint to make of this young lady—you are all ladies now, you know. She is very attentive, and all that sort of thing; but there is no one like Mrs. Temple. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder if you will turn out a countess in disguise, my dear!"

"I am afraid not, even to oblige you, Lady Styles."

"What has become of that agreeable young man I had tea with, ha, ha, ha, ha!—the evening Sir Hugh Galbraith's leg was broken?"

"He is in London as usual, I suppose."

"Suppose! Ah, my dear, that won't do. I suppose one or other of you hear from him every day? Which is it?"

"Both," returned Kate, smiling. "He manages all our business, and that necessitates frequent correspondence."

"And has Sir Hugh never made his appearance since?"

"I do not think he ever visits Pier-stoffe."

"Well, so much the better," nodding her head knowingly. "He was not at all a proper sort of inmate for a handsome young woman like you. You are well rid of him. To be sure, he is not a scamp like his friend, my cousin Upton. He is such a stiff, stand-off sort of creature. I suppose he wouldn't deign to have the weaknesses of other men. But though Willie Upton is a *vaurien*, he is such a pleasant fellow, always good-humored, always full of fun, that I am inclined to give him plenary absolution. I hope he will get longer leave, and come down to me next week. He is such a help when the house is full. But he is up in town with his chum, Sir Hugh; and I think he wants me to ask him, but I will not. I consider that man Galbraith behaved most rudely to me. He refused

every invitation I sent him; and when I took the trouble of going upstairs here, to ask how he was getting on, he was as glum and taciturn as—oh, as I don't know what."

"Very rude, indeed," echoed Mrs. Temple sympathisingly.

"I want two skeins of floss-silk and half an ounce of wool to finish grounding that banner-screen I bought here last spring. There, my dear, match that yellow and green for me. Do you know, Mrs. Temple, your prices are very high? Lady Eccleston was spending a few days with us (Lord Eccleston is that great Welsh mine-owner—doesn't know the end of his wealth, they say; his grandfather drove black bullocks—you know these long-horned wild-looking creatures—to the market-town, and never was married, but they don't mind that in Wales); well, Lady Eccleston was telling me there is a shop somewhere in a street off Holborn where she can get a lovely pattern and the wools to work it, for five-and-ninepence or five-and-ninepence-halfpenny. Now *you* would charge eight or nine shillings."

"I should like to see the pattern and the wools," said Mrs. Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha! very fair," &c., &c., &c.

Doctor Slade, too, came to welcome the fair widow back.

"Seemed quite unnatural not to see your face in the shop as I passed by, though you have not lost much by being away; bad weather banished the visitors earlier than usual. There has been a tremendous blow-up at the Turners'. The old man has been very dissatisfied with the elegant Mr. Joseph. He has been away and unaccounted for on several occasions; but about ten days or a fortnight ago a very fishy-looking individual—a sort of betting-man—swaggered into the shop, half-drunk, wanting Turner, junior; swore he owed him money, and struck the old man when he attempted to put him out!—There's been the devil-to-pay, I can tell you. Poor Mrs. Turner had a nervous attack through it, and young hopeful has never come back, but I believe they know where he is."

This and much more gossip did the Doctor communicate, and then observed that Mrs. Temple did not look the better for her trip to town—offered to pre-

scribe for her, and, on being smilingly refused, took his shirt-frill, his ruddy, black-eyed physiognomy, his formidable white teeth, and long, lank self away.

"Why, Fanny dear, this unfortunate young Turner has evidently been Trapes's attraction, and in some mysterious way he has recognised you!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, as soon as they were alone. "The plot is thickening. I feel so anxious about that man, anxious to see him, and yet fearful."

But though Kate thus upheld herself with courage and composure, her heart behaved itself very differently. The strained feeling of expectation and unrest drove sleep from her pillow, and her ordinary appetite from her meals.

She felt the deepest anxiety to know what line of conduct Mr. Wall and Tom would decide upon after their consultation. A few lines from the latter had announced his return, but no more. Then she felt surprised, and although she did not admit it even to herself, disappointed that Galbraith had taken no notice of her sudden departure, or her little note. It was quite wise and proper of him not to write (unless indeed he had any tidings of her lost purse), but it was not exactly the style of wisdom she should have expected from him. It was not to be wondered at, of course, considering the struggle pending between them, that Galbraith should be constantly in her thoughts, but it sometimes troubled her to find how her memory was haunted by his voice, which, though deep and harsh, was far from inexpressive; by his eyes, which she wondered she had ever thought sombre and stern; by his tall, gaunt, but not undignified figure. How much he had improved since he had been carried into her house, looking like death—and, above all, how fond he was of her! This crowning merit she was compelled to acknowledge, and yet she scarcely knew the power it gave him over herself. To be loved—heartily, honestly loved by a man in whose mind is no wavering or irresolution or calculation is, to a woman of Kate Travers's calibre, almost irresistible, provided the lover is personally presentable, and not beneath her in character. Grateful and loving by nature, she could not undervalue a gift because it was cast unreservedly

at her feet, as other and lower-class women would, and do. At first she had been startled and offended at the abrupt, and she considered presumptuous, manner in which Galbraith had asked her to be his wife; but the way he had borne her refusal had touched a sympathetic cord in her heart, and now their long friendly conversations during her London loneliness had shown her there was more stuff in her enemy than she had given him credit for. He was not a cultivated nor an intellectual man, but he was prompt to see his way in whatever direction he wanted to go; resolute in purpose, with a controlled fire under his cold exterior, that threatened not to be quite so easily managed as she once imagined. Then he was so straightforward! It made her heart throb to think how he would receive the intelligence that she had to a certain extent played him false, and won his love while she was preparing to win his fortune too!

What would he think of her? If he despised her, good-bye to love from him! And though she did not wish to win it, how could she like to lose his love? Would she ever find anything like it again?—so true, so regardless of circumstances—the most objectionable that could be imagined to a man brimful of class prejudices as Hugh Galbraith was—and how was she going to reward his affection! Would he permit her to act Providence to him, and restore with one hand what she took with the other? "He must—he shall!" was generally the conclusion of her reverie.

But this constant struggle in her heart wore her spirits, and a secret belief that Galbraith would suddenly appear, kept her on the alert. Still a sort of gentle humility, not always natural to her—a sort of doubt as to the wisdom and rectitude of her own conduct—made her most patient and forbearing. Nevertheless, Fanny's true heart, unerring in its instincts, saw that she was very unlike herself; and when at last, about ten days after her return, Kate received Tom's long-expected report, Fanny was shocked to see how pale she turned, and how her hand shook as she opened the letter.

The information contained in it was to the following effect: Tom Reed had seen Mr. Wall immediately on his reaching London, and had arranged a meeting

with him and Captain Gregory (who was sufficiently recovered to travel); they together visited Doctors' Commons, taking with them the two signatures for comparison, and accompanied by the expert. The result of a careful examination was that they considered Gregory's signature false, Mr. Travers's doubtful, but all agreed with C—— (the expert) that Poole's was genuine. "This," continued Reed's epistle, "is not at all what either Mr. Wall or myself anticipated; however, we have agreed to take an opinion on the case, and will be guided by it. I have fortunately found out a man who remembers seeing Trapes at the Reephram steeplechase on the date we want to prove, and also remembers that he was with another, who answers to Poole's description. I must get this fellow (he is an occasional sporting correspondent) to go and see Poole on some pretext, although I cannot believe that Poole knowingly signed a forged will. Time will show, and we must collect all possible evidence; for however morally sure these small indications may make us, they are far from being proof positive.

"I shall endeavor, if possible, to run down and see you next Saturday, by which time we may know what course counsel recommends."

"It will be a long uncertainty, I am afraid," said Kate with a sigh—a quivering, anxious sigh—to Fanny, who had read the letter over her shoulder. "I only desire that, for or against me, it may be soon decided."

"Oh, you must not think of 'against,'" said Fanny, kissing her brow affectionately. "It never can go against any one so kind and generous and gentle as you are. I really should feel ever so much happier if you would be just a little cross and unreasonable—just to relieve your heart, you know! It's inhuman to be so quiet and—and like an angel, when I know you feel miserable and broken-hearted." The tears stood in Fanny's eyes as she spoke. "I know you do," she repeated; "I have seen you angry and sad, but never quite like you are now."

"*Resurgam!*" cried Kate laughing, and returning her kiss. "I will do my best to be disagreeable, if that is any comfort to you. I *am* rather down-hearted just now, but it will pass away, and I shall be myself again."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE day after she had received Tom's letter, Kate's nervous depression culminated in an intense, disabling headache. She bore up against it bravely all the morning; but after their early dinner she could endure the shop no longer.

"I think the air might do me good," said she to Fanny. "I will ask Mills to give me a cup of strong tea, and then I will creep along the beach, and perhaps rest awhile under the broken cliff. It is as bright and almost as warm as summer."

"Do so, dear," replied Fanny. "It is the best thing for your head, and I feel quite independent of your help in the shop, quite self-reliant; equal to setting up an opposition over the way."

It was a St. Martin's summer's day, one of those brief smiles which the departing season sometimes turns to throw back to us before she is quite gone. The morning had been thick, but towards noon the mist had rolled nearly away, leaving a silvery haze out to sea, under which the water lay blue and still, just stirred with a sleepy ripple, and thinly edged with white where it lapped the shore as the tide stole in. Little birds twittered among the brambles and bushes of the North Cliff, and the click of the capstan came with a mellow ring across the water from a coal brig, which looked fairy-like through the faint mist where the crew were heaving the anchor. "This is reviving," thought Kate, thankfully inhaling the briny air as she passed the North Parade houses, and leaving the path to the coast-guard's landing-place on the left, kept along the beach to where a mass of fragments had fallen from the cliff above and scattered themselves over the sand. There was a slight indentation in the shore just here, so that many of the fallen rocks were never washed by the sea, even at high-water, and were, therefore, more or less covered with a growth of weeds and briars, but the smaller pieces had rolled further seaward. Advancing to where the wavelets were stealing up with a soft, caressing murmur, Kate stood awhile to enjoy the peaceful beauty of sea and sky, then retreating a few paces, seated herself on a small piece of rock apparently broken from a larger neighbor close to which it lay. She drew forth a number of

'Household Words' she had caught up as she left the house, hoping by its help to avoid dwelling fruitlessly on the problem of her own affairs.

But her thoughts were wandering and rebellious: they would not occupy themselves with the page before her, but kept darting away to irrelevant topics, presenting dioramas of old scenes,—her home at Cullingford, the German school where she had passed some busy, happy, materially uncomfortable days; her husband's death-bed—this came back very vividly.

She had not sat long thus thinking or dreaming, when she fancied she heard something like a step, an unsteady step, stumbling among the shingle which here and there lay over the smooth sand. She did not heed it at first, concluding it was some boy hunting for winkles, or one of the fishermen, most of whom were known to her. But the step approached. With a sudden feeling of apprehension she turned to look, and beheld a man of middle height, with a red nose, and small, fierce, red-rimmed eyes, a hat not worn out, but though new, visibly bent in at one side; a sort of green shooting-coat, and leggings buttoned to the knee, but buttoned awry; a short stick in his hand, and a short pipe in his mouth, completed his very disreputable appearance. Moreover, to her dismay, Kate observed an unsteadiness about his knees, a look of severe wisdom in his once tolerable-looking face. "Good heavens!" she said in her heart. "It must be Trapes, and he is tipsy!" The next moment he raised his battered hat with an attempt at high-bred style, and said, "I think I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Travers?" advancing disagreeably close.

"My name is Temple," she returned coldly, but keeping a brave front.

"Oh, Temple, is it?" with a burst of insolent laughter. Then suddenly changing to profound gravity, he took his pipe out of his mouth, and waving it in the air gracefully, repeated, "Temple,—quite right in one sense! Temple is the correct thing—shrine—what you call 'em for a beautiful goddess, eh?"

Another sudden peal of laughter, as suddenly turned into stern gravity "Now, then, Mrs. Temple Travers, compliments being passed, let us proceed to business—I say business! Let's sit

down;" and, suiting the action to the word, he took the seat Mrs. Temple had just quitted. "Sit down, won't you, and we can talk comfortably—lots of room," he continued, drawing so close to the edge of the piece of rock that he nearly toppled over.

Kate, dreadfully puzzled what to do or say, frightened at his condition, yet not liking to lose the chance of discovering what was the mysterious link, if any, between him and Ford, said, as civilly and composedly as she could, "Thank you, I have been sitting for some time, and prefer standing now."

"Oh, well, please yourself, Mrs. Travers Temple. You see I do not like to contradict a lady, but the last time I saw you, you were Mrs. Travers. Yes, you were."

"Where have you seen me?" asked Kate graciously.

"At Hampton Court, with a young fellow called Reed. Do you know Tom Reed?"

"I do," returned Kate at once, seeing that the man really recognised her.

"He is a blackguard—a great blackguard!" returned Trapes, with solemn disapprobation. "I was like a father to that young man, Mrs. Temple Travers, like a father, 'pon my life! When he was first up in town, and one of the biggest greenhorns you ever came across; and now—" Trapes shook his head in silence, and replacing the pipe in his mouth, essayed to smoke, but in vain. "My pipe's out," said he, again waving it before him. "A common expression, you'll observe, but there is a good deal of pathos in it for all that. My pipe's out! I've drawn too hard and quick, and the baccy is gone, and nothing is left but the scent of the weed, which hangs round it still; so with my life—my life—but," with sudden energy, "this is wandering from the point. As I was saying, I was the making of that fellow Reed. He hasn't an idea he did not filch from me. 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' eh? Well, would he lend me a fi'pun' note now, as between two gentlemen? No, not to save my life! And that brings me to my point again. Will you, madam, have the goodness to *give* me five pounds? for I wish to be perfectly correct in all my dealings, and it is not my intention to return it." He lifted his hat as he said

this, and replaced it, considerably on one side, with a defiant air. Kate looked earnestly at him, trying to find out how far she might venture to speak rationally. He was not so very drunk after all. She would see on what he founded his claim for five pounds.

"And why should I give you money?" she said smiling; "though you say you know me, I certainly do not know you. Why should I give you five pounds?"

"For value to be received," he returned. "For, 'pon my soul, if you trust me to that extent," an attempt at refinement of tone sadly marred by a drunken wink, "you shall receive cent. per cent., or rather four or five hundred per cent. on the capital advanced."

"Of course I should be very pleased to secure such a splendid return for so small an outlay," said Kate pleasantly. "Tell me a little more about it."

"Ah, ha! Mrs. Temple, or Travers, or whatever you choose to call yourself, you are deep—deuced deep—but it won't do; I'll not let you pump me, and leave me high and dry afterwards. No, no; you must have faith, madam! Look here, now. It's a d—d shame to see a woman like you behind a beggarly counter, cheated out of your own, and all by a dirty trick! Now suppose I——"

Kate listened with the utmost avidity, seeing which, Trapes, with drunken cunning, broke off suddenly, and burst into a rude boisterous laugh. "No, no," he repeated, "that would be telling."

"Well, you must remember that, right or wrong, I am a poor woman now, and five pounds is a large sum. I might not hesitate if I knew what I am to give it for."

"If you are poor, I am sorry for you. I feel for you from the bottom of this blighted heart." Trapes's eyes filled, and almost overflowed with emotion. "Then, hark in your ear! as the stage fellows say. I can set wrong right! on my honor as a gentleman."

"Then," replied Kate, her heart beating, burning to hear more, yet not liking to talk longer with him in his present condition, "come to my house this evening, and we can discuss matters. You will find me neither unjust nor illiberal. You know where I live." She bent her head to him, and moved away.

"Stop a bit," cried Trapes, starting up

and placing himself so as to cut off her retreat. "My dear creature, I am exceedingly sorry to be so pressing, but I haven't a rap; not a rap, 'pon my soul; not even a screw of 'baccy! I must have a half-sov., a few shillings to keep me going till to-night, when I hope the supply is to be continued, like Tom Reed's trash. I am growing deuced hungry, and they won't give me a crust without the rhino in that cursed hole of an inn. Come now, five bob won't break you!"

Kate, moved by a mixture of pity and disgust, put her hand in her pocket. To her regret and dismay—for Trapes's red-rimmed eyes were beginning to look vicious—there was no purse there. She must have left it in her morning dress. "I am really very sorry, but I have not my purse. I would willingly give you a few shillings indeed, if I had."

"Now," said Trapes savagely, and throwing away his pipe, "that is as shabby a bit of humbug as ever I heard; and what is more, I shall take the liberty of rummaging your pocket myself, and if the purse isn't there you shall pay forfeit in kisses,—if you shan't."

"Sir," exclaimed Kate, horribly frightened, yet striving to seem composed, "this insolent folly will do you no good. If you will have patience——"

But he had already seized her wrists; his dreadful satyr face was close to hers, when to her joy, her relief, Kate, who was looking towards the cliffs, saw a figure moving from behind one of the largest fragments of rock that lay near, a figure whose gait and bearing she knew well. She was safe now. "Hugh!" she screamed, "dear Hugh, come to me!"

He was upon Trapes in an instant. Seizing his collar, he wrenched him away with such force that the half-drunken wretch fell at once to the ground.

"What is it?" asked Galbraith, placing himself between Kate and her assailant,—a robbery—what?"

"I am no more a robber than you are," said Trapes sullenly, as somewhat sobered he gathered himself up from the ground. Galbraith's hand was on his collar again directly. "Let me alone, I say," continued Trapes, trying in vain to shake it off; "I meant no harm, it was only a bit of a joke," and he struggled hard to free himself from Galbraith's grasp, but in vain.

"You will find it no joke, you dog! I shall march you back to the police station."

"Oh, Hugh, don't hurt him! He is weak, perhaps he is hungry. I do not think he knows what he is doing! Don't hurt him!"

"Let me go," said Trapes in an altered voice, touched by the genuine pity of Kate's tones. "The lady is right! I am sorry, and ashamed I frightened her."

"Let him go," whispered Kate; and Galbraith, puzzled, but by no means reluctant to be rid of him and alone with her, released his hold.

"Take care what you do," he said sternly. "If I find you prowling about here, I shall warn the police against you."

Trapes slowly and sullenly withdrew, muttering to himself.

"You are frightened," said Galbraith, taking Kate's hand and drawing it through his arm, where in the confusion of the moment she let it remain; "you are trembling all over. Tell me, what did that brute want?"

Kate could not quite command her voice. She felt utterly in Galbraith's hands for the moment; and if she let the tears which were ready to come, and would have relieved her, burst forth, she feared the effect they might have on her companion.

"Sit down and recover yourself before you speak," said Galbraith, with infinite gentleness, and he led her to the place from which Trapes had disturbed her. Moving a little apart, he leaned against an angle of the rock close by, while Kate, trying to smile, with white, quivering lips, looked up at him and said as steadily as she could, "He said he was very badly off and wanted a few shillings, and when I put my hand in my pocket I found I had not my purse; so he would not believe me, and wanted to examine my pocket himself. He was not sober. He did not, I think, intend to rob me."

"It looked very like it; yet he certainly did not seem a common tramp. I think it is my duty to make the police look after him."

"Perhaps so. I will probably lodge a complaint against him myself."

"You should do so without fail, Mrs. Temple! Are you feeling all right again?"

"Nearly," she said, passing her hand

over her brow. In truth, she was much more upset by Galbraith's sudden appearance than by her adventure with Trapes, besides a natural embarrassment at being alone with him under such circumstances; his presence, just when she had found perhaps the missing link of evidence, was most inopportune. Nevertheless, come what might, she could not help feeling a strange, unreasonable thrill of pleasure at finding him there beside her—caring for her. "But tell me, how is it that you are here just at the right moment?" she continued.

"When I went down to my sister the day after I last saw you in London," returned Galbraith, "I found that she had had a quarrel with her husband; that he was in a scrape, and gone off she did not know where. I was obliged to go in search of him, so I wrote an explanatory note to you, which of course you never received. I had a good deal of running about after Harcourt, and I did not go to my club till yesterday morning. There I found your very unsatisfactory epistle. It was rather shabby of you to give me the slip in that way, so I took the train to Stoneborough yesterday afternoon, and came on here this morning—called at the Bazaar, was graciously received by Miss Lee, who told me you had gone with a book and a headache to sit on the rocks under the broken cliff. I just came up in the nick of time. Drunk or sober, that fellow must be punished. You are trembling still." As he spoke, Galbraith sat down beside her, taking one of her hands in both of his, very gently, yet he held it close.

"You are always good to me, and I don't deserve it," said Kate, unable to hold the reins of her self-control with her usual steadiness, her voice faltering while she tried to draw away her hand, not very resolutely; "I don't indeed, Sir Hugh."

"Perhaps not," he said, gazing at her; "but you see it is not so much what you deserve as what I cannot help giving. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing! Well, there," releasing her hand, "I will not keep it if you don't like. You know that I cannot live without you—no, that's nonsense! I shall have to live without you, if such is your will. But are you *quite* sure it is your will? Come, Kate, you must hear all I

have to say. You have made me so miserable and unlike myself, I think I have a right to be heard."

"It would be so much better not," she said with trembling lips. She was frightened and bewildered, but the tame and somewhat gloomy tenor of her life had never known such a moment of delicious pain before.

"No, it is better we should understand each other."

He leant forward, his arm on his knee supporting his head on his hand that he might look into her eyes. "I have done my best to forget you, and you, for some reason or other, have done your best to choke me off; but it won't do. You will perhaps think me a conceited idiot, but I can't help fancying you like me better than you think. I cannot get the sound of your voice just now out of my ears when you called me 'Hugh! dear Hugh.' I would give some years of my life to hear you say so again in earnest. Couldn't you try?" and Galbraith smiled entreatingly as he spoke.

"It was the terror of the moment," said Kate, very low. "I did not know what I said."

"Ay, but you have called me 'Hugh' before, when there was nothing to frighten or disturb you! Tell me, have I no chance with you? Why will you not be my wife? I am a rugged sort of fellow, I know, but there should be no ruggedness in your life, dear—all the best I have should be yours," and he again took her hand.

"Oh, don't talk to me like that," cried Kate, snatching it away and covering her face; "I must not let you. It is quite impossible you could marry me. If you knew everything you would see that I am the last woman you would like to marry."

"My God!" exclaimed Galbraith, the color leaving his face. "Is it possible there is any real barrier between us? Is it possible there can be any spot in your past life that you would wish to hide?"

"Do you mean that I have done anything wrong?" returned Kate, her face still hidden, her voice faltering, and keeping back her tears only by a determined effort. "No, there is nothing in my past life I need blush for. It is not my fault that there is any barrier—I mean that there are things—circumstances you

would not like——!" She stopped abruptly.

"Is your husband really dead?" asked Galbraith sternly, Lady Styles's gossip recurring to his mind.

"He is, indeed!" said Kate, recovering herself in some degree. "I am not quite such an impostor as you imagine. But, Sir Hugh, you are putting yourself and me to unnecessary pain, for I am most deeply grieved to be compelled to pain you! I acknowledge there is a secret in my past; and, besides, I do not—I never entertained the idea of loving you. I really do not think I do—at any rate——" She quite believed she was speaking the truth.

"I suppose I must submit to be again rejected!" he interrupted, very bitterly. "I daresay you deserve a better man than I am; but, such as I am, I could be satisfied with nothing short of your whole heart. I have heard of fellows being content to wait and win a woman's affection inch by inch; but I could not stand that. I love you so passionately, that if you were my wife, and I had a doubt that you were not fully, freely, utterly my own, why, I should go mad with despair and jealousy!"

He rose as he spoke, and walked away a pace or two; then returning, looking grim and stern enough, he resumed his seat by Kate, who, deeply moved by his words, but nerved to desperate self-command by a sudden sense of the effect they produced upon herself, turned to him, her long lashes gemmed with tears, her eyes soft with the most tender sympathy. "Do not fear, you will be well loved yet by some one more fitted to be your wife than I am!"

"That is like giving me a stone when I ask for bread," said Galbraith. "Turn to me now, put your hand in mine, and if you can say it with truth, say, 'Hugh Galbraith, I love you;' say it with your eyes, that tell so much! as well as your lips, and, by Heaven! I will forget and forgive your past, *whatever* is in it—there! I never thought I should say as much to any woman."

He held out his hand, and there was a moment's silence.

"I must not, Hugh!" replied Kate, with a deep, quivering sigh. "Nor do I need to have my past either forgiven or forgotten!"

"Then why make a mystery of it? Mysteries always imply something to be ashamed of."

"I will tell you everything one day!" exclaimed Kate, stung by his tone, and taking a sudden resolution, "if you still care to hear my story."

"Ay, but when?" cried Galbraith, with animation.

"Before five months from this time."

"That is a long way off!"

"I may be able to do so sooner," replied Kate, rising; "and, meantime, do—do forgive me for causing you so much discomfort. God knows I am wretched myself! and try to put me out of your head. I fear—that is, I think—that when you do know everything you will not wish—in short, do not trouble yourself about me. Go away among your friends, and you will see far more charming women, and more suitable." She stopped, for words and voice failed her.

"I will," said Galbraith shortly. "I don't like mysteries, and I think you might trust me now. Still, I will claim your promise. Can you not make it three months?"

"No, I cannot! and now I must say good-bye. I must not stay here any longer."

"I will not allow you to go alone. I must insist on your taking my arm—that scoundrel may be lurking about. I will go with you, at any rate, as far as the houses. You must let me take care of you so far, Kate. I will not intrude my feelings on you any more. You may trust me. You have said 'No' often enough."

It was a trying and embarrassing progress—Kate's arm held closely within Galbraith's. He guided her steps with the most watchful care, but in almost unbroken silence, save for an occasional inquiry, "Am I going too fast?" "Would you like to stop?" Fortunately the distance to the first houses of the North Parade was but short. Here Kate resolutely withdrew her arm. "I feel quite steady now, and can go on alone." He made no attempt to dissuade her, but held out his hand. Kate placed hers in it frankly, impulsively, and raising her eyes, met his—a long look; then Galbraith said, "It must be good-bye, then?"

"It must, Sir Hugh;" spoken sadly.

"And you promise to reveal the mystery?"

"Yes, if you ask."

"And then——"

"Leave the future to the 'Providence that shapes our ends.'"

"Am I forbidden to visit Pierstofle?"

"Yes,—at any rate the Berlin Bazaar—for four or five months; then, if your interest and curiosity are not diverted into other channels, you may write and ask the fulfilment of my promise."

"Kate," said Galbraith, sinking his voice to its deepest tones, while he raised the hand that still lay in his to his lips, "it is not all over with me yet?"

"Do not let yourself think so," she replied earnestly; and turning from him walked quickly towards the town. Galbraith stood still, gazing after her in deep thought till she had got well ahead, and then slowly followed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"DID you meet Sir Hugh?" was Fanny's first question, when, after her day's work was over, she went up to her friend's room to see if that horrible headache was any better.

Kate had availed herself of that excuse to keep out of sight and in semi-darkness till her nerves had somewhat quieted down after the painful, pleasurable, overwhelming excitement she had gone through.

"Yes, Fan, I met him; and who else, do you think?"

"I can't think. Not Tom?"

"No indeed; but that dreadful creature, Trapes!"

"Trapes!" with a little scream. "And what did he say?"

"Nothing I can depend upon. He was rather, indeed very, tipsy; and among other things he offered to restore me to my rights, but wanted me to give him five pounds."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, he would have been content with an instalment of five shillings, but unfortunately I had not my purse about me. Then he grew insolent, and wanted to examine my pocket himself; then Hugh Galbraith came and knocked him down."

"You don't say so! Why, dear Kate, it is just like a play; and I *do* hope that you have promised to marry Sir Hugh.

He came in about half an hour after you went out; looking—oh, I never saw him look so well or so bright!—quite handsome; and so pleasant! If it was not for Tom, I should not mind marrying him myself."

Instead of replying, Fanny felt her friend's hand clasp hers with a tremulous pressure.

"Do not talk of Hugh Galbraith just now, she said after a minute's silence.

"I will by-and-by. At present I am greatly troubled about Trapes; he has disappeared, and I have no idea where to find him. Even if I did, he is such a disreputable creature to inquire about."

She paused.

"Oh, we must find him!" cried Fanny. "What matter about his disreputableness? He would not be at such a grand hotel as the *Marine*; but there is the *Marquis of Cornwallis*, and the *Shakespeare Tavern*. Had I not better catch Jimmy before he goes, and send round to ask?"

Jimmy was the errand boy, and Fanny's most devoted slave.

"No, that will not do. I wish I knew if Hugh Galbraith has actually gone," said Kate thoughtfully.

"Gone!" echoed Fanny in dismay.

"Then you have refused him, after all? I think you are very ill-natured. Why don't you make up your minds, and share the property? and we might shut up shop and all be married on the same day!"

"Dear Fanny, you do not know what you are talking about. There, you are putting the *eau de Cologne* in my eyes and making them smart." For Fanny was treating her friend for severe headache to the best of her skill. "My head is better, and I will not lie here any longer. I must write to Tom by to-night's post. He said he was coming on Saturday; I will beg him on no account to fail me. I cannot do anything without Tom. I seem quite dazed and stupid."

She had risen while she spoke, and was standing before the glass, impatiently shaking back her long chestnut-brown hair preparatory to re-arranging it. Fanny, who was always a little frightened when, to use her own expression, Mrs. Temple got into "a state,"—it was so rare—held the candle obsequiously.

"You look dreadfully ill, dear," she said soothingly; "had you not better take off your things and go regularly to bed, instead of twisting up your hair and trying to do impossibilities? and I will bring you a nice cup of tea and a muffin——"

"I believe, Fanny, you consider tea and muffins a cure for every earthly ill," interrupted Mrs. Temple, continuing her hair-dressing rapidly and deftly. "The sight of a muffin would make me sick. I want to be up and doing. Don't mind me if I seem cross. I don't intend to be, but I feel chained here while I ought to be rushing hither and thither to secure Trapes, and urge on Mr. Wall; time is so precious, and it seems impossible to hurry things; just like those dreadful dreams where life depends on speed, and yet one's limbs are lead-weighted and rigid."

"I would not fret myself so dreadfully," said Fanny, in a tone of strong common sense. "If that horrid man is so very much in want of money as to try to rob you, depend upon it he will come here to ask for some."

"He will probably be ashamed to see me."

"Poor creature, I fancy he has forgotten all about shame."

"Come downstairs, then, Fanny. I am ready, and I shall be glad to be near the fire, I feel so shivery. How I wish Tom were here!"

"So do I," returned Fanny, with cordial acquiescence.

It was considerably past seven when the friends established themselves in their cosy parlor—Fanny stirring the fire into a brilliant condition, sweeping up the hearth, and making all things orderly.

Mrs. Temple at once sat down to write to Tom, her heart still throbbing at the recollection of Galbraith's words and tone and looks. Her letter was very short: an exhortation to come without fail on Saturday, an announcement of Trapes's momentary appearance, but no word of Hugh. "If I mention him, I must tell everything, and that is quite impossible. It would be bad enough to tell Fanny, but Tom is out of the question."

Fanny had just returned from delivering this epistle into the hands of Sarah,

to be posted on her way home, when a low, cautious ring of the front-door bell was heard. Mrs. Temple and Fanny both started. Rings at the front-door bell were rare at that hour, and this was a stealthy, equivocal ring, suggestive of the door-chain and careful reconnoitring.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Fanny, stopping short in her approach to the fire.

"Tell Mills to be sure and put on the chain," said Kate.

"I will go too," said Fanny, with heroic courage. She did so, but considerably behind the valiant Mills, who, candle in hand, advanced to face the enemy. A short colloquy ensued, and Fanny darted into the sitting-room on tiptoe. It is Trapes!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "I told you he would come. He will not give his name, and Mills will not let him in. Shall you venture to see him?"

"Yes, I must, though I don't half like it. But Fan, we are three to one. Do you think he is sober?"

"He seems very quiet."

"Oh, go and bring him in," cried Kate, impulsively.

"Mrs. Temple will see the gentleman," said Fanny demurely, advancing to the door. Mills muttered indistinct, yet unmistakable disapprobation, let down the chain, and Trapes entered.

He had endeavored to impart an air of respectability to his attire. The dented hat had been restored to shape, though the mark of its misfortunes could not be obliterated. A dark overcoat in good preservation made him look a trifle less raffish, while both tie and collar were straight and in good order.

"Circumstances which I will explain to Mrs. Temple compel me to call at this unseasonable hour," said Trapes, in the best manner he could recall from his better days, as he stepped in and took off his hat.

"This way, if you please," returned Fanny, opening the parlor door. Trapes bowed and entered. Fanny hesitated to go or stay, but, at a sign from her friend, followed him.

"You wish to speak to me," said Mrs. Temple, who had risen, and was standing by the table.

"Excuse me," said Trapes, still in a

state of elegance, "but my communications are for you alone; may I request this young lady to leave us?"

"I have no secrets from Miss Lee," returned Kate. "Even if she goes away now, I shall tell her what you tell me an hour hence."

"Still," replied Trapes, "considering what-sages (ill-bred old buffers, I grant) say of confiding a secret to one woman, it is not very prudent to reveal it to a brace."

"You will tell me no secret without her," said Kate quietly and firmly, "for I will not speak to you alone, and if your secret is to do me any good, it must be very generally known."

"Ay, the part that concerns you! However, Mrs. Temple, I cannot blame you after my disgraceful conduct to-day," continued Trapes with an air of penitence; "part of my errand here this evening was to crave your pardon. I am heartily ashamed. I can only say that I was under the influence of the demon drink, to which I have been driven by misfortunes not all deserved—the base ingratitude of—but," interrupting himself loftily, "I did not come here to complain about the inevitable! May I hope you will forgive me?"

Fanny crept close to Kate, in a state of fear, dashed with acute curiosity.

"I do forgive you," said the latter gently. "But it is very sad to reduce yourself voluntarily to a condition in which all the instincts of a gentleman, which you seem to possess, are lost."

"It is—it is, by George!" cried Trapes, heartily and naturally. "However, it's never too late to mend," he went on, taking the chair indicated to him; "perhaps I may recover myself yet. Anyhow, madam—Mrs. Temple, as you wish to be called—I shall not forget the kindly manner in which you interceded for me with that strong-fisted ruffian who knocked me over—not but that I would have done just the same in his place! I was always disposed to befriend a lady. I am especially so disposed towards this particular lady"—a bow to Mrs. Temple; "but"—a long-drawn "but"—"it is my duty to see that my impulses square with my interests." Here Trapes drew forth with a flourish a large pocket-handkerchief, bordered by

a pattern of foxes' heads, and used it audibly.

"You are very good," returned Kate, looking steadily at him. "Now perhaps you will tell me the object of your visit?"

"Certainly, madam," he returned, then paused, eyed Fanny with some irresolution, and returned his handkerchief to his pocket.

"My object, ahem, is simple. It is, in the first place, to obtain the—the advance of ten shillings you were good enough to desire me to call for, when you found yourself minus your purse this afternoon." All Trapes's natural and acquired impudence was restored by the sound of his own voice.

"I do not think I named any sum," said Kate, smiling, "and I think your conduct exonerates me from any promise."

"Very logical," said Trapes. "Nevertheless, a lady like you is not going to sell a poor devil with such a pleasant smile as that?"

"I shall give you a trifle," she returned; "but before doing so, I should like to have some idea in what way you can serve me. I do not want you to tell all you know, but prove to me that you do know something."

"Deucedly well put, Mrs. Travers—Temple, I mean. Well, then, I can prove that your late husband's will—I mean the one administered by Sir Hugh Galbraith—is a forgery! I can produce the man who drew it out, two or three months after Mr. Travers's death, and I can produce the man who employed him to do it." Trapes pulled up short, with a triumphant wink.

"You can do all this!" exclaimed Kate, her eyes fixed upon him. "Then, why have you not enabled me to assert my rights before?"

"Pon my soul, I did not know till last spring how shamefully you had been cheated. Then I did not know where you were, and I always like to deal with the principal."

"But you knew Tom Reed!" cried Fanny, indignantly; "he would have told you."

"No, he wouldn't," said Trapes quickly. "At any rate, I think I asked him; but my head"—addressing Mrs.

Temple—"is not quite so clear as it might be. Be that as it may, I have shown you my hand pretty frank. There's the outline of what I can do. What are you prepared to give for the details?"

"I am too much taken by surprise to answer you," returned Kate, changing color visibly, quivering all through, with a strange mixture of feelings—exultation and fear, pain and pleasure. "If you are quite sure of what you state, how is it that you do not reveal all from a simple sense of right?"

"Because I am not a simpleton, my dear madam," said Trapes, with an indescribable wink. "I am poor—infernally poor. I have been driven and chivied, and sold right and left all my life, and I want a trifle to keep me going for the rest of my days. Now I have told you the sum total, I know; but, by all that's good, the rack shall not draw the particulars from me, unless I have some profit." Trapes closed his lips firmly as he ceased to speak.

Kate felt dreadfully puzzled. She must not seem too eager, she must not lose the information. She did a little mental calculation during the momentary silence which ensued. This man had evidently been hanging on Ford since the spring, when he had gone to Tom Reed to inquire about him. He had then either exhausted or quarrelled with Ford—probably both; if so, Trapes's only chance of turning his secret to account was with herself. It would be too bad if Ford was ruined, and the baser of the two rewarded. Her strong inner conviction of Ford's guilt gave her a key to the position which her shrewd legal adviser did not possess.

"Well, Mr. Trapes," she said at length (it was the first time she had mentioned his name—he looked up sharply), "I am still at a loss to answer. I do not know how far I might injure myself legally by entering into any bargain with you. I really can say or do nothing without Mr. Reed's advice. I expect him on Saturday; come here and talk matters over with him. I am not indisposed to assist you, Mr. Trapes. I have heard Mr. Reed speak of you as a man of excellent abilities, but unfortunate."

"Oh——his patronage!" interrupt-

ed Trapes impatiently; "he is rather a keen hand to deal with. But as you like, Mrs. Travers—beg pardon, Mrs. Temple. If you don't think my information worth a trifle, why I may as well bottle it up. I am not sure I can see Reed on Saturday. I'm due at Bluffton on Saturday. I came here in the best of good feeling towards you, though that tall chap has warned the police against me. I had gone into the waiting-room at the station to rest a bit, and I saw him; he was just opposite the window, talking to a constable and describing me, till he stepped into the train and started. I had to slink out pretty quick, or I would have had more questions to answer than was agreeable. Yet I stuck to my text, and came to give you what help I could. I cannot say you have shown much gratitude."

"I am far from ungrateful, Mr. Trapes," replied Kate very quietly and firmly. "But, you must see yourself, that in such a case it would be absurd of me to make you any promise. I do not yet know how far your information may be available."

"I should only ask a conditional promise," he interrupted.

"I can only repeat, Mr. Trapes, that without Mr. Reed I can do nothing. You may be quite sure that I am eager to assert my rights, and I am not the sort of woman to be ungrateful; but, as to meeting Mr. Reed, you must do what you think best. It might be," she added after an instant's pause, in which a sudden flash of thought suggested a stroke she would probably not have played had she reflected—"it might be more to your interest to make your confession to Mr. Ford." Her eyes were on Trapes as she spoke, and though he kept his countenance with tolerable success, there was a momentary look of blank astonishment, instantly covered by an insolent laugh.

"And who the deuce is Ford, when he is at home?"

"I need not describe him. You know probably more of him than I do."

"Not I," he returned carelessly. "Well, then, I suppose what you say is not so unreasonable. If, on reflection, I think it advisable to meet Reed here on Saturday, I will do so."

"Meantime," said Mrs. Temple, willing

to conciliate him, "whatever course you decide upon I shall be happy to lend, or let you have"—amending her phrase with a smile—"the half sovereign we were talking about." And drawing one from her purse, she laid it within his reach.

"I must say that is acting like a trump," cried Trapes, clutching it eagerly. "You couldn't make it a whole sov., eh?"

"I cannot indeed, you see I am far from rich."

"Well, well, come to terms with me, and you may ride on velvet the rest of your life."

"We will see about it. Good evening, Mr. Trapes."

She bowed him out politely, but decidedly, and he retired, Fanny holding a candle, and locking, bolting, and chaining the door carefully after him.

"What a fearful, dreadful, dishonest creature!" she cried, when she was safe in again, sitting down on the side of a chair. "The whole place smells of bad tobacco! Why would you not promise anything, Kate? I am afraid he will not tell a word that will do you any good unless you give him some money. Do you really think he knows all he says?"

"I do; but I must not have anything to do with him. I must leave him to Tom. Oh, Fanny, there is an awful time coming! I wish I was through it. Imagine having to prosecute Mr. Ford for forgery—he was so respectable and kind and obliging—and then Hugh Galbraith! I do not seem able to face it all."

"No, indeed. I am sure it is enough to turn your brain. But as to Hugh Galbraith," insinuatingly, "you said you would tell me all about him."

"And I will, Fan, I will! but not now. I could not now—indeed I could not—I want to think. Give me my writing-book." After arranging her writing materials as if about to begin a letter, Kate suddenly laid down her pen. "No, I shall not tell Mr. Wall till I have seen Tom. Fanny, do take your work and sit opposite to me; I cannot bear you to creep about putting things away in that distractingly quiet fashion. Ah, dear, dear Fan! how cross and unreasonable I am—and to you who have been such a help and a comfort to me during my eclipse."

"Have I really?—then I am worth

something. Never mind, the eclipse is nearly over, and won't you blaze out gloriously by-and-by!"

"Heaven knows! I fear the future more than I can say. I feel it is just a toss-up, apart from success or failure, whether my lot is to be happy or miserable; but it might be—oh, so happy!"

"I know," said Fanny significantly, and took up her needlework with her usual cheerful submission.

Mrs. Temple closed her writing-book, and drawing her chair to the fire, sat there in deep thought the rest of the evening, occasionally addressing a disjointed observation out of her meditations.

The night was nearly sleepless. At first the fatigue of the many emotions through which she had passed insured her an hour of forgetfulness, but she was disturbed by dreams. Again and again Hugh Galbraith stood before her with outstretched hand, asking her to place hers in it for ever, and she woke, her heart beating wildly, and sobbing out the words, "Yes, for ever, Hugh!"

Then her busy brain set to work revolving the events of the day, picturing their results—the most terrible was the impending ruin of Ford.

As regarded Galbraith, she was not quite without hope. But Ford—how could she spare him? A daring project suggested itself; she thought long, and turned it on every side; then, slipping gently out of bed, she lit her candle, wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and stole softly, noiselessly downstairs to the shop parlor. Here she took out paper and pen, traced a few lines, enclosed them in an envelope, directed and stamped it, placed the letter carefully in her pocket, and crept back as noiselessly as she had descended.

The changefulness of the English climate asserted itself next morning—all trace of St. Martin's summer had disappeared. A stiff south-easter was lashing the bay into foam and fury, and driving stinging showers of fine rain that seemed trying to get down, with only occasional success, against the windows and into nooks with bitter vehemence.

"And you have been out this wretched morning," said Fanny reproachfully, as Kate joined her at breakfast.

"I have, I could not help it, I wanted

so much to go ; and I think a brisk walk has done me good."

"More harm than good I suspect," returned Fanny, disapprovingly ; but she

stopped there, for Kate's heavy eyes and anxious expression disarmed her.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.

BY D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

THE Russian "Mir," or Village Commune, has in recent years acquired considerable notoriety in Western Europe. Historical investigators have discovered in it a remnant of primitive Indo-European institutions ; and a certain school of social philosophers point to it as an ideal towards which we must strive if we would solve successfully the agrarian difficulties of the present and the future. "C'est une institution," said the usually cool-headed Cavour on hearing it described, "qui est destinée à faire le tour du monde !" Political economists, on the contrary—especially those of the good old orthodox school—condemn it as a remnant of barbarism, and as an obstacle to free individual action and untrammelled economic development. It may be well, therefore, that those who have had an opportunity of studying the institution, and observing its practical working, should explain clearly and accurately its nature and functions.

In the Russian Communal Institutions we must carefully distinguish two elements, the one administrative, and the other economic. And first of the administrative functions :

As an organ of local administration, the rural Commune in Russia is very simple and primitive. There is commonly but one office-bearer, the Village "Elder" (*Starosta*, from *stary*, old) ; but in the larger Communes there is also a Communal tax-gatherer. The office-bearers are simple peasants, chosen by their fellow-villagers for one, two, or three years, according to local custom. Their salaries are fixed by the Commune, and are so small that "office" in these village democracies is regarded rather as a burden than as an honor ; but a peasant, when once chosen, must serve whether he desires it or not. If he can show good and sufficient reason—such as ill-health or frequent absence—why he should be

exempted, the Commune will generally free him from the burden on condition that he treats the members present with *rodka* (rye-spirit) ; but the simple desire to escape trouble and annoyance is not considered a valid ground for exemption. The chief duties of the Elder are to preserve order, and to act as a connecting link between the Commune and the higher authorities. Beyond this he has very little power, for all the real authority resides in the "Village Assembly."

The Village Assembly (*selski skhod*), in the wider sense of the term, comprises all the adult members of the Commune. When matters of great importance are under consideration, the heads of houses alone take an active part in the discussion. I say the heads of houses, and not the fathers of families, because the Russian term *khosain* (head of the household) does not indicate blood relationship ; and it frequently happens that the *patria potestas* is in the hands of the oldest brother or of the mother. Thus, strictly speaking, the Assembly is composed of the representatives of families, and when the head of a family happens to be absent from the village, his place is taken by some other member of the household, male or female. In the northern provinces, where a large part of the adult male population annually leaves home in search of work, the female representatives sometimes compose the majority. The meetings are held in the open air by the side of the Church, or in front of the Elder's house, or in some other convenient place where there is plenty of room and little mud ; and, except in the case of matters which will not admit of delay, they take place on Sunday or on a holiday. Towards afternoon, when all have enjoyed their after-dinner siesta—or it may be immediately after the morning service—the villagers may be seen strolling leisurely towards a common point. Arriv-

ed at the village Forum, they cluster together in little groups, and talk in homely fashion about the matter they have met to consider. The various groups pay no attention to each other till gradually one particular group, containing some of the more intelligent and influential members, begins to exercise an attractive force, and the others gravitate towards this centre of energy. In this way the meeting is constituted, or, more strictly speaking, spontaneously constitutes itself; and the same absence of formality continues all through the proceedings. Two, three, or more peasants often speak at once, and when the discussion waxes hot, the disputants probably use freely such unparliamentary expressions as "*Durdk!*" (blockhead), "*Boltun!*" (babbler), "*Bolvdn!*" (scarecrow)—sometimes even stronger expressions, unsuited to ears polite. Strange to say, these strong terms never ruffle the good nature of those to whom they are addressed, and at most evoke a retort of the *tu quoque* kind, which, if well put, produces roars of laughter. If we hear a shrill female voice rising above the general hum, we may be sure it is that of a widow, or a wife whose husband is absent. Some of these female members possess great volubility, and a considerable power of pungent invective; unfortunately their dialectical efforts are in part counteracted by a tendency to wander from the subject, and to make indelicate, irrelevant allusions to the private life and domestic concerns of their opponents. In general there are no attempts at speech-making, but occasionally some young "village Hampden," who has been to Moscow or St. Petersburg, and has brought back with him a jaunty air and a large dose of self-conceit, makes something like a speech, and enjoys the sound of his own voice. Eloquence of this kind is, of course, appreciated only by the younger members, and makes no impression on the bulk of the audience. Very soon it is sure to be interrupted by some older member with a laconic "*Molchi, krasnoba!*" (hold your tongue, fine talker!) and the ashamed orator hearing the titter of his former applauders, mumbles out a retort, or hides his diminished head behind the broad shoulders of a comrade.

The subjects brought before these

meetings are of the most varied kind, for the Village Assembly has no idea of laws limiting its competence, and is ever ready to discuss anything affecting directly or indirectly the Communal welfare. It may be that an order has been received from the higher authorities, or a recruit has to be given for the conscription, or a herd-boy has to be hired, or a day for the commencement of the ploughing has to be fixed, or the dam across the stream is in need of repairs. Such are a few examples of the matters discussed. The manner of deciding them is quite as informal as the mode of discussion. Rarely, if ever, is it necessary to put the question to the vote. As soon as it has become evident what the general opinion is, the Elder says to the crowd: "Well, Orthodox! you have decided so?" "*Ladno! ladno!*" (agreed!) replies the crowd, and the proceedings terminate, unless where the decision refers to some future contingency, in which case it is committed to writing and duly signed by all present. Those who cannot write affix a mark in the place of a signature. It is not a little remarkable that these apparently unanimous decisions do not always represent the will of the numerical majority. The crowd rarely ventures to oppose the will of the influential members.

The Commune no longer possesses any criminal jurisdiction over its members; but in the outlying provinces, ancient custom sometimes proves stronger than modern legislation. As one instance out of many which have come to my knowledge, the following may be cited: In a village in the province of Samara, the Commune condemned a wife who had been convicted of matrimonial infidelity to be stripped, yoked to a cart, and driven through the village by the injured spouse armed with a whip. This will recall to many a passage in the *Germania* of Tacitus: "*Pæna præsens et marito permissa; abscessis crinibus, nudatam, coram propinquis expellit domo maritus ac per omnem vicum verberare agit.*"

So much for the Commune as an organ of local self-government. Let us now consider it as an economic unit. In this respect it has certain fundamental peculiarities which distinguish it from the Communal institutions of Western Europe; and in virtue of these peculiarities

it is often believed to be not only a Communal but at the same time Communistic organization. How far this belief is well founded will appear presently.

The Commune is legally and actually the absolute proprietor of the Communal land, and distributes it among its members as it thinks fit, subject to no control except that of custom and traditional conceptions of justice. Further, the members are responsible, collectively and individually, not only for voluntary Communal obligations, but also for the taxes of every member. These are the two fundamental characteristics, and the two cohesive forces of the institution: a common proprietorship of the land, and a common responsibility for the taxes and other dues.

The Communal land is generally of three kinds: (1) the land in and around the village; (2) the arable land; and (3) the pasturage.

On the first of these each family has a wooden house, an inclosed yard, a cabbage-garden, and sometimes a plot for growing hemp. Here there is no community of ownership. The house and garden are hereditary property, on which there is only one restriction: the owner cannot sell, bequeath, or otherwise alienate them to any one who is not a member of the Commune.

The right of property in the arable land and pasturage is of an entirely different kind. Here each family has, strictly speaking, no right of property, but merely a right of terminable usufruct, and enjoys a quantity of land proportionate to the number of males which the household contains. In other words, each member of the Commune, as soon as he begins to pay the poll-tax and other dues, receives a share of the Communal land. Thus the amount of land which each family enjoys is proportionate to the amount of taxation which it pays; and the taxes, which are nominally personal, are in reality transformed into a kind of land-tax.

To render this system equitable, it would be necessary to revise annually the tax-lists, and to inscribe only the adults. In reality neither of these conditions is fulfilled. The tax-lists are revised at long and irregular intervals—only ten revisions have been made since 1719; and infants, adults, and octoge-

narians are all inscribed promiscuously. The revenue officers pay no attention to the increase or decrease of the population during the intervals between the revisions, and exact from each Commune a sum corresponding to the number of members inscribed in the last revision lists.

The evil consequences of this system, when rigorously carried out, are graphically described in an official document of the year 1771, which might have been written at the present day: "In many places," it is there said, "the peasants distribute the land not according to the number of workers in each house, but according to the number of males inscribed in the revision list; whence it happens that, instead of the equality which ought to exist, some of the peasants have to bear a ruinous burden in the supporting of their families, and in the payment of their taxes. If, for example, in a family containing five males, there is only one able-bodied laborer, whilst the other four are children or old men incapable of work, the one laborer must not only plough and sow for the whole family, but must also pay the poll-tax and other dues for the four others as well as for himself. He receives, it is true, a proportionately large amount of land; but it is of little use to him, for he has not sufficient working power to cultivate it. Obligated to let to others the superfluous amount, he receives for it only a small rent, for his neighbors know the position in which he is placed, and do not give him its fair value. Besides this, in some places where land is abundant, there is no one to rent the superfluous portions, so that the unfortunate peasant who receives too much land is obliged to leave his share partly uncultivated, and consequently sinks to ruin."

To prevent these evil consequences, many Communes have adopted an expedient at once simple and effective: in the allotment of the land and of the burdens, each family receives a share not in proportion to the number of males which it contains, but in proportion to its working power.

This expedient has for the moment the desired effect, but the natural course of events in the form of births and deaths renders it necessary to modify from time to time the existing arrangements, so as

to restore the equilibrium between land and working power. First, there is the natural increase of population. To provide for this, some Communes keep a number of reserve lots, which the young members receive as soon as they become capable of bearing their share of the Communal burdens. Other Communes make no such arrangements. Whether such a provision is made or not, it inevitably happens that in the course of a few years the old evils reappear. Some families increase, whilst others diminish or die out, and a general redistribution of the land and taxes becomes necessary. In the Steppe region, where the soil is even in quality, and possessed of such natural fertility that it requires no manure—where consequently it is easy to divide the land into any number of portions equal to each other in size and quality, and no one has a special interest in particular lots, for the simple reason that one lot is as good as another—the general redistributions are frequent. Under such conditions annual redistribution is by no means uncommon. In the North and West, on the contrary, where the inequalities of the soil render it difficult to divide the land into lots of equal quality, and where the practice of manuring gives to each family a special interest in the lot which it actually possesses, general redistributions produce an economic revolution in the Commune, and are consequently made at much longer intervals.

As these periodical redistributions of the land form the essential peculiarity of the Russian Communal system, and tend to illustrate its real nature, I shall endeavor to convey to the reader an idea of the way in which they are effected. Let us take first a case in which the operation is comparatively simple.

All over European Russia, except in the outlying provinces, which may for the present be left out of consideration, the arable land of the Communes is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation or three-field system of agriculture universally practised by the peasantry. The first field is for the winter grain (rye or winter wheat); the second for the summer grain (oats, buckwheat, millet, &c.); and the third lies fallow. When a redistribution has been resolved upon, each of the three fields is divided into an indefinite number of plots, accord-

ing to the quality of the soil, and each plot or each category of plots—if there are several plots of equal quality—is then subdivided into a number of long narrow strips, corresponding to the number of "Revision-Souls" (males inscribed in the revision or census lists) in the Commune. Thus each family receives at least one strip—and perhaps several strips of different quality—in each field. This complicated bit of land-surveying, in which both the quality and quantity of the soil have to be considered, is performed by the peasants themselves, with the help merely of simple measuring poles, and is accomplished with an accuracy which seems to the stranger truly marvellous. The shares are distributed among the members either by general consent or by casting lots.

This is the method commonly employed in the fertile and more densely populated regions where each family desires to have as much land as possible, and demands a number of shares corresponding to the number of "revision-souls" which it contains. In districts, on the contrary, where the land is barren and the population scant, considerable modifications have to be introduced, in order to obviate the evil consequences above described. Here the chief question is, not as to how much land each family shall receive, but as to what share of the communal burdens each family ought to bear; and for the deciding of this question the revision-lists supply only very imperfect data. It may be, for instance, that a family appears in the revision-list as containing four males, and consequently as entitled to four shares of the land and burdens, but on examination it is found that the household consists of a widow and four little boys. To impose four shares on this family would be at once unjust and inexpedient, for the widow could not possibly pay a corresponding amount of taxation; and the Commune, being responsible for the taxes of the individual members, would have to make up the deficit. Before assigning the lots, therefore, the Commune has to decide how many shares each particular family shall receive. In this difficult operation, it is guided, not by any definite norm, but by an approximate calculation of the working force or tax-paying power of each individual household. When we

have said that the calculation is made not by one or two dictators, but by the Communal Assembly, the reader may readily imagine the disputes and scenes of confusion that inevitably take place. If the Communal land is merely sufficient for the wants of the members, the heads of families easily come to a satisfactory arrangement as to how many shares each one shall take; but if the land is superabundant or very poor in quality, each one naturally strives to get as little of it as possible, so that he may have less to pay. In the latter case the discussion is sure to wax hot, and a casual spectator may overhear debates of this kind:

"Come now, Ivan," says an elderly peasant, who has evidently an air of authority, to one of the bystanders; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth, who can do the work of two; you must take at least three shares."

"No, I cannot," remonstrates Ivan. "By God, I cannot. My son—praise be to God!—is strong and healthy; but I am no longer what I was, and my old woman is quite without force, fit for nothing but to put the cabbage soup into the oven! By God! I cannot."

"If the old woman is weak your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse!"

A giggle in the outskirts of the crowd shows that the damsel referred to is among the spectators.

"In truth, it is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"There is nothing to be said," replies the old man in an authoritative tone. "Somebody must take the remaining *souls* (shares). You must take three shares."

"Lay on him three shares and a half!" shouts a voice in the crowd.

This proposal evokes a confused murmur of "ayes" and "noes," till the noes gain a decided majority, and the ayes are silenced. A general shout of "Three! three!" decides the matter.

"It is the will of the *Mir*!" remarks Ivan, scratching the back of his head, and looking down with a look of mingled disappointment and resignation. "And now, Prascovia, how much are you to have?" asks the old man, addressing a woman standing by with a baby in her arms.

"As the *Mir* orders, so be it!" replies Prascovia, turning down her eyes.

"Very well, you ought to have a share and a half."

"What do you say, little father?" cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience. "Do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me a soul and a half! Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's day my husband has been bedridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread!"

"You talk nonsense," says a neighbor; "he was in the *kabdk* (gin-shop) last week."

"And you!" retorts Prascovia, wandering from the subject in hand, "what did you do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—*pfu*!"

"Listen!" says the old man sternly, cutting short the torrent of invective. "You must take at least a share and a quarter. If you cannot manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you."

"How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a laborer?" asks the woman with much wailing and a flood of tears. "Have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans. God will reward you," and so on, and so on.

I need not weary the reader with a further description of these scenes, which are always very long and sometimes violent. All present are deeply interested, for the allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement cannot be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land, strive to get back their old lots, and the Commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and Communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

In the above remarks I have spoken of the working power and the tax-paying power of the different families. These two expressions are in the purely agricultural districts practically synonymous, but in the villages where some of the peasants are artisans or traders, a single peasant who is a skilled workman or carries on trade may be more able to pay taxes than a large family which has three times his working power. This fact has given rise in some Communes to a practice which is certainly patriarchal, and seems to an Englishman decidedly Communistic. If a member of the Commune is known to make by handicraft or by trading a much larger income than his fellows, he is made to pay a larger share of the Communal burdens. "Come now, Sidor," some influential member will say to him in the Communal Assembly at the time of the periodical redistribution of land, "you make a nice heap of money every year, while we, poor orphans, toil hard and gain little; the land has become barren and the times are hard; you must take a double share."

"Ay! ay!" say a dozen voices, "that you can."

"I am not rich," replies Sidor, knowing that it is useless to oppose the will of the Mir, and feeling at the same time a certain pleasure in the consciousness of his own importance; "I am not rich, but I can do that. So be it."

And Sidor takes a double share, vowing probably in his heart to take it out of the Commune in some indirect way.

Another method of applying this same principle is as follows:—If a peasant is known to be making a good income as an artisan or shopkeeper in Moscow or St. Petersburg, his Commune may elect him Village Elder, and then let him know unofficially that if he will kindly send ten or twenty roubles the election will be cancelled and he will be allowed to remain where he is. The Elder elect probably finds it more profitable to sacrifice a considerable sum than to give up his occupation and return to his village. Of course there is an appearance of trickery and injustice in such a proceeding, and such cases are often used as texts for discourses on Communal tyranny; but if we examine the matter carefully we shall find that the expedient is

in reality merely a rude application of the principle of the income-tax. Unfortunately this charitable interpretation is not always applicable, for it sometimes happens that the money sent, instead of being paid into the Communal treasury, is used for a communal drinking-bout.

¶ We may pass now to the third kind of Communal land, the meadow. As the cultivation of so-called artificial grasses, such as rye-grass and timothy-grass, has no place in the primitive system of agriculture practised by the Russian peasantry, the Communes reserve, if possible, a moist part of the Communal land for the production of hay. This part of the Communal property is annually distributed in the same proportion as the arable land among the families constituting the Commune, in one of two ways. The simplest method is to mow all the hay and then to distribute it among the families in the required proportions. But this mode has practical disadvantages, for the hay is often better in some parts of the meadow than in others, and therefore a mere quantitative distribution would be unjust. To obviate this injustice most Communes adopt the second method, which consists in dividing the meadow into an indefinite number of plots according to the quality of the hay, and subdividing these plots into family portions. Where this method is adopted each family mows its own portion, but all the families are obliged to mow it on a day fixed by the village assembly.

Besides these three kinds of Communal property, some Communes possess a certain amount of forest, but the modes of enjoying it are so varied that I do not venture to lay down any general rule on the subject.

The ordinary Russian name for the rural Commune, *Mir*, means also "the world;" and it must be said that there is a certain appropriateness in the term, for each Commune forms in many respects a little world apart, and resists as far as possible all interference from without. Complete Communal autonomy was of course impossible after the creation of the centralized administration and the introduction of serfage. The Communes of the demesnes had to submit to the regulative interference of the Government, and the others to the irregular and arbitrary interference of the

landed proprietors. But neither on the demesnes nor on the private estates did the *Mir* ever lose its primitive character. Even in the worst days of serfage the proprietors never habitually interfered with the fundamental right of the Commune, that of distributing the land among its members as it thought fit; and never obliterated the distinction, though they often shifted the landmarks, between the manorial and the Communal property. Amidst all the storms and struggles through which Russia has passed, the peasantry have ever clung with marvellous tenacity to their land and to their ancient Communal institutions; and all attempts to rob them of the one or the other have been met and frustrated by that dogged passive resistance which the Russian peasant possesses in such a pre-eminent degree. So far as the land is concerned that struggle is now at an end, for the famous Emancipation Law of 1861 secured to the Communes, under certain conditions and subject to certain modifications, the land which they actually enjoyed. The Communal institutions were likewise spared by that law, so that in Russia at the present moment the village communities still closely resemble those of Western Europe before the feudal period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the use which historical investigators might make of this important fact.

The old notion, that Communal institutions based on periodical redistributions of the land are peculiar to the Russians or the Slavonic race, is now completely exploded. Already they have been found in a more or less complete state of preservation, not only among non-Slavonic but also among non-Aryan races, and there is a strong tendency among historical investigators to regard them as a necessary stage in the economic development through which a nation must pass in order to attain a certain stage of civilization. "Aujourd'hui," says M. de Laveleye, the latest exponent of the theory, "on peut démontrer que ces communautés ont existé chez les peuples les plus divers: chez les Germains et dans l'antique Italie, au Pérou et en Chine, au Mexique et dans l'Inde, chez les Scandinaves et chez les Arabes, exactement avec les mêmes caractères. Retrouvant ainsi cette institution sous tous les climats

et chez toutes les races, on y peut voir une phase nécessaire du développement des sociétés, et une sorte de loi universelle présidant à l'évolution de toutes les formes de la propriété foncière." The more cautious conclusions of Sir Henry Maine tend in the same direction.

I have no intention of entering here upon an examination of this general theory; but I desire to say a few words on the part which the Russian *Mir* is made to play in the induction. It is always tacitly assumed that the Russian Communal system, as it at present exists, is a very ancient institution, which has come down to us almost unchanged from prehistoric times. Now this assumption, if not unjustifiable, requires at least explanation. The essential peculiarity of the Russian Commune in its present form is the periodical redistribution of the arable land according to the number of males, or according to the number of able-bodied laborers, and we have no satisfactory proof that this custom existed in any part of Russia before the seventeenth century. I know one district where the system is only now being introduced, though the land has been held by Russians for three centuries. The district referred to is the country of the Don Cossacks. It may be well to describe briefly the change which is there taking place, for it tends to throw light on the origin of the periodical redistribution.

In many of the Cossack Communes, or *Stanitsi* as they are called, it was customary down to a very recent period for each Cossack to cultivate as much land as he pleased, and wherever he pleased, within the Communal boundaries, provided he did not thereby infringe on the vested rights of others. The *jus prima possessionis* was the only recognized tenure. When the possessor found that the soil was becoming exhausted—a phenomenon which generally appeared after three or four years' occupation—he relinquished the lot he held and took possession of some part of the Communal land which happened to be unoccupied. As the population increased this operation became more and more difficult, till at last in many Communes the whole of the Communal land was occupied, and each cultivator was forced to content himself with the portion of the soil which he actually possessed. Thus a direct tran-

sition was effected from unregulated Communal property to something very like personal property without any intermediate stage of regulated periodical distribution. The principle of private property, however, has not become consolidated. On the contrary, the old Communal principle has revived with new force, and the system of periodical redistribution above described is at present being introduced. In the causes of this phenomenon, which seems a return to primitive institutions, is to be found, I believe, the explanation of much that is peculiar in the Russian Communal system.

The causes of the phenomenon were briefly these :—as the population increased and no new land was obtained there was naturally formed a class of Cossacks without land. In a young British colony there would be nothing abnormal or inconvenient in the existence of a class of men possessing no landed property, for such men could act as servants to the possessors of the soil, or they could remove to some other district where land could be obtained. But neither of these alternatives could be adopted by the Cossack. Agricultural laborers are to be found only in conjunction with regularly organized farming, and are rarely used by small peasant proprietors; and even if the Cossack could find employment as a laborer he could not in that capacity fulfil his obligations to the state. On the other hand he could not remove to another district, for the military organization attached him to the locality in which he was born, and was practically almost tantamount to the *glebæ adscriptio*. Thus, we see, the periodical redistributions of the land were the result of conditions which do not exist in a primitive state of society.

In a short article like the present, I cannot attempt to describe the analogous phenomena which I have observed in other districts; but I may say briefly that a prolonged study of Communal institutions in this and other outlying provinces of Russia, and a careful examination of the documents relating to the *Mir* in former times, have led me to the following general conclusions :—

1. Where land is very plentiful the enjoyment of the Communal land may be left entirely unregulated.

2. From this unregulated enjoyment of the Communal land two transitions are possible: (a) a direct transition to private or family property; (b) a transition to the system of periodical redistribution.

3. The chief causes which tend to produce the latter transition in preference to the former are: (a) restrictions on migration; (b) a system of direct taxation imposed not on property but on persons; and (c) mutual responsibility among all the members for the taxes of each.

That the latter transition has taken place in Great Russia—in Little Russia the principle of hereditary personal property prevails—is to be explained, I believe, by the *glebæ adscriptio*, by the adoption of the poll-tax system of taxation and by the introduction of Communal responsibility in taxation. If this explanation be correct then it must be admitted that the periodical redistributions are a relatively modern institution—a view that is strongly supported by all the older documentary evidence which we possess.

Thus we see that what may be called the Communal Epoch in the history of landed property comprises two distinct periods: the primary period, in which the usufruct of the land rests on the unregulated *jus primæ possessionis*; and the secondary, in which regulated terminable usufruct is created by Communal decrees. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all tribes and nations have passed through this secondary period. Indeed we know of many instances where a direct transition has been made from unregulated Communal usufruct to complete personal property. All that we can venture to say in general is, that where the two periods have successively existed the primary is the older of the two. In this, as in many other instances, there is a strong analogy between social development and geological structure. Strata always occur in a certain fixed order, but it rarely happens that all the members of the series are actually present.

It is sometimes supposed that these periodical distributions of the land indicate a tendency in the Russian peasantry towards Communism in the socialistic sense; and it must be confessed that the resignation with which the peasant submits to Communal infringements on his

personal rights and to various restrictions on his personal liberty of action seems at first sight to confirm this supposition. It would be unsafe however to draw from these facts any sweeping general conclusions. The Russian peasant, so far at least as my observations extend, has very little sympathy with communistic ideas beyond the narrow sphere to which he is accustomed, unless when they take the form of a religious doctrine. His conceptions as to the boundary line between the *meum* and the *tuum* are certainly in some respects extremely vague, but when a confusion occurs it will always be found to result in favor of the *meum*. Towards his former master, for instance, he is quite ready to adopt the principle: "What is yours is mine;" but he always accompanies it with the mental reservation: "but what is mine is my own." "You are our father," he will say to the landed proprietor, to whom he was formerly a serf, "and you should let the land to us cheaper than to others." But if the proprietor should reply: "You are my children, and therefore you should work for me cheaper than for others," the peasant fails to perceive the force of the argument.

A few words now in conclusion regarding the influence of the *Mir* on the material welfare of the peasantry and the probable future of the institution.

In the first place, we must say that the *Mir* has rendered an incalculable service to the Russian peasantry in enabling them to resist those manorial encroachments which in other countries have forced the agricultural population to emigrate or have transformed them into a landless, homeless proletariat. It must be admitted, however, that the question as to whether it ought not to be now abolished, as an institution that has served its time, is fairly open to discussion.

Those who advocate the abolition of the present system maintain that it is practically a modified form of serfage. Formerly the peasant was the serf of the landed proprietor; now he is the serf of the Commune. He is still attached to the land, and cannot leave his home even for a short period, without receiving from the Commune a formal permission, for which he has often to pay an exorbitant sum; and when he has found profitable employment in the towns or in some

other part of the country the Commune may at any moment, and on the most futile pretext, compel him to return home.

All this is no doubt true, but it is in reality the result not of the Communal principle but of the existing financial system. The Commune has not everywhere the same nature and functions. In the southern half of the country, where the annual dues are less than the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a privilege; in the northern provinces, on the contrary, where the annual dues exceed the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a burden. In these latter the Commune has really taken the place of the serf-proprietor, and holds its members in a state of semi-serfage, but it must be added that for this it is not to blame. As it is held responsible for the dues of all its members, and as these dues exceed the value of the benefits which it has to confer, it is obliged to retain its members whether they desire to possess land or not. In short the Commune in this part of the country has been transformed against its will into a tax-gatherer; and it is obliged to use stringent measures, for the taxes are inordinately heavy, and it is held responsible for their payment. In the southern regions, where the dues do not exceed the normal rent of the land and where the Commune has more the character of a voluntary association we hear few or no complaints of Communal tyranny.

There still remains, however, the difficult question as to how far the Communal right of property in the land and the periodical redistributions to which it gives rise, impose hurtful restrictions on the peasant's liberty of action in the cultivation of his fields, and deprive him of the natural inducements to improve his land. This is one of the grand *questions vexatæ* at present agitated in Russia and is much too complex and delicate to be dismissed with a few sentences. My own opinion is, that the *Mir if retained in its present form* may have at some future time an obstructive tendency; but I believe that this pernicious influence might be removed by means of partial modifications—preserving intact the fundamental principle of the institution—that of securing for each peasant family a house, a garden, and a share of the land. These modifications should

not, however, be imposed from above. The institution has vitality enough to be in no need of extraneous guidance, and is quite capable of making in its constitution and mode of action any modification that circumstances may demand. Peasant affairs are thoroughly understood only by the peasants themselves. Reforms undertaken spontaneously by the Communes will be much less sudden, less symmetrical, less formally perfect than those which might be devised by a bureaucratic commission, but they are sure to be more practically useful. Indeed it may be said in general that the friends of self-government in Russia should be very cautious in meddling with the *Mir*, for it is the only institution which has genuine, spontaneous, independent life in it, and does not require to draw galvanic vitality from the central authority. All the other organs of self-government in Russia are more or less artificial and ornamental, and might, without any social perturbation, be demolished by the power which created them. The *Mir* alone has deep roots in the traditions, the habits, and the everyday interests of the people, and any essential modification introduced into it

suddenly by legislative enactment would be sure to influence deeply the whole social organization.

In the opinion that the *Mir* is an institution which will one day be introduced into other countries—*destinée à faire le tour du monde*, as Cavour phrased it—I cannot concur. It is a useful institution where it has been preserved, but it is incapable of being transplanted to a foreign soil. Even those who maintain that the ultimate solution of these agrarian difficulties which we may ere long have to face is to be found in the principle of agricultural co-operative association, must admit that the *Mir* is a rude, primitive instrument for the exercise of co-operative effort. In this, as in all other social questions, each nation must work out for itself a solution in accordance with its social organization and with the traditions, the habits and the spirit of the people. Russia has, however, in preserving her Communal institutions, perhaps stolen a march on Western Europe, for with the Commune as a basis, voluntary agricultural or industrial associations may easily be created.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

TALMA.

ON the 1st of Fructidor, the third year of the Republic—or in more intelligible language, on the 18th of August, 1795, Ducis, the then popular French translator of Shakespeare, wrote to the great tragedian Talma as follows, only of course in his own tongue:—

"The character of Macbeth suits you admirably; you have the true note of passion; you exhibit with equal power remorse and love, virtue and crime. Here is the making of a tragic actor: you may go very far: the spirit of tragedy breathed upon your cradle."

Talma was at this time thirty-two years of age, and he had already obtained considerable distinction; in 1789 he had astonished Paris by his performance of Charles IX., in Chénier's drama of that name; it excited the passions of the audience to the highest pitch, and its representation was attended by a political agitation, which extended from the spectators to the players, who beforehand merely troubled with ordinary spites and

jealousies, now began to squabble about Kings and Republics, and the rights and wrongs of men, till the company split into two sections, the one Republican, the other Royalist; and the democratical party, headed by Talma, leaving the Conservatives to carry on their performances as best they might, in the Théâtre de la Nation, established itself in the Salle des Variétés, Rue de la Loi, at the present day restored to its original name of Rue de Richelieu. In this house, well known to us as the actual Théâtre Français, Talma achieved that long series of triumphs by which his name has become famous among the nations of Europe. Triumph is a word advisedly chosen to describe his successes; for he was a conqueror, not an easy winner.

When he made his first appearance on a public stage in the year 1783, at the Théâtre de Doyen, in the tragedy of 'Mahomet,' a committee of friends, convened to decide upon his future chances,

pronounced that he had absolutely none for a theatrical career; for, said they, what can you hope when the highest inspiration (*feu sacré*) has been denied to you? but it is evident that you are a man of ability, and you may no doubt exercise it with advantage if you take up your father's profession.

The young actor was the son of a French dentist, then established in London; he was born in France, and educated at a French school, but his holidays had been chiefly spent with his father in England. He accepted the decree of the tribunal which sat upon him, and abandoning the hope of wringing hearts, he turned his attention to extracting teeth. He studied anatomy, worked in hospitals, and set up as a dentist in Paris. Yet he could not forget that at M. Lamar-guière's school at Chaillot he was distinguished for his dramatic power when only nine years old, and was then continually called upon to act and recite. At that early age, when playing a second part in the tragedy of 'Le Fils de Tamerlane,' he had wept for the woes of the leading character, and the same singular sensibility which was the source of those tears now deeply troubled him when he witnessed a painful operation or was called upon to probe a wound. His emotion on these occasions made it impossible for him to taste food during the whole of the successive day, and his imagination projected before him continual images of suffering and death. Yet he had sufficient self-command to labor with diligence at the work which he abhorred, and he became a successful operator. This is a point which the reader should dwell upon as an indication of that power of physical control which is essential to forcible dramatic representation. Talma, mentally sickened by his surgical tasks, could yet maintain such a command over his hand that its skill was gratefully recognised. The effort prostrated him when it was over, but his mastery over his nerves was complete so long as it was necessary. He had then that passionate imagination, with the strength to regulate its sway, which is of the utmost importance to a tragic actor. To these qualities the young Talma now began to add the resources of extended knowledge, which it is desirable for every great tragedian to cultivate. He stole

hours of leisure for studying history, and he took delight in illustrating the scenes which struck his fancy; processions, Roman and Greek, European and barbaric, came to life under his pencil always correctly costumed, and before long he was more learned in ancient lore than in anatomy. His intellect carried him far in every pursuit; but for the stage he had that distinct calling which will not be gainsaid. This was known to several young Parisians of fashion who frequently invited him to their *salons* to act in amateur plays, where he never failed to make a strong impression. All his acquirements in other directions served only as fuel for the burning flame within him. The impetus could not be arrested, and the emotional poetry of life wholly possessed him. It became as evident that his imaginative passion must find its expression as that the groaning Vesuvius must have its eruption, and so in the year 1787, at the age of twenty-four, he came out in tragedy as one of the *Société* of the Comédie Française. He was much, and perhaps justly, criticised. His voice delighted too much in its own thunder, and his passion was too liberal of its force. The judges said of him, as they had before said of Le Kain, *Il crie*, and the success of the young tragedian was doubtful. Whether from jealousy or disbelief in his powers, the company only assigned third parts to him; this, however, gave him leisure for study; he worked assiduously at the lessons of the Conservatoire under those distinguished teachers Molé and Dugazon, and in all his parts he strove continually to correct his faults; at the same time he went on acquiring daily knowledge in the history of costume, for he knew that he should one day enforce upon the whole company the advantages of adopting it chronologically with exactness and splendor. Hitherto the efforts of Le Kain and Clairon had only produced an occasional hat and feather, turban, long robe, or costly skirt; their kings were of shreds and patches, and their tragedy seemed to be always "giving a rout."

Talma labored hard also to regulate his emotion, and he well knew how to concentrate his force when, in the play of 'Charles IX.,' he bore down upon friends and foes alike with irresistible might, as before mentioned, in 1789.

His strong self-assertion was now acknowledged to be something better than arrogance, and from this time, though his genius met with continual and irritating opposition, he never ceased to be great, and he never ceased to improve. He learned the dominion of reserve, and no longer suffered the power of his voice to betray him; his fine organ, his intellect, and his passion were not his only distinguishing qualities; he had, besides, a noble countenance, capable of exhibiting every variety of tragic emotion. He was in the habit of practising these before a glass, and of exercising his action in the same way. He noted the modulations of his voice so carefully that he was able to excite sympathetic tears by the recital of nonsense verses: this is not very surprising when we remember what singers can do with weak words; it is only a slightly different application of the same power. Talma had one personal disadvantage—it was that of short stature; but his grand deportment, well-chosen costume and fine action persuaded his spectators that he was tall, a delusion not unfrequently obtained upon the stage: the same was the case with Clairon and Rachel.

To an English artist it may appear surprising that Talma, having made a decided success in the year 1789, and having subsequently played most of the leading characters of French tragedy, should be addressed in the year 1795 by the poet Ducis with an encouraging presage of future progress: "*Vous pouvez aller bien loin.*"

But in France art is expectant; if the artist sustains his reputation in a long series of varied performances, he becomes upon each occasion more worthy of attention; more judges assemble to watch him, and consideration grows more wary and circumspect before sentence is pronounced. The personal element enters less into the matter in Paris than in London; that is to say, with the French the art is paramount, and the artist is subservient to it; therefore a performer is not liked because he has been liked; on the contrary, his falling off being a greater disappointment, it is the more severely noticed. The sympathy shown to a favorite performer upon his first entrance on the scene in England by

general hand-clappings is not understood at the Théâtre Français. A few weeks ago one of its most distinguished members said to an English friend: "Do you know that at our inferior playhouses in Paris the audiences actually applaud the performers before they have spoken, and can you conceive such an absurdity?" "I can," replied his friend, "because in London it is the universal custom to greet the principal players in this manner." "Indeed!" rejoined the artist, with a slight lift of the shoulders and eyebrows; too courteous to make any further comment.

Under these conditions of art in France, the probability of future progress indicated by Ducis was welcome to Talma, even after six years of distinction. He had played in Racine's and more particularly in Corneille's tragedies so as to invest them with extraordinary interest; his passion grasped all the best qualities of the natural school; his great predecessors had abandoned recitative in verse; he went further, and frequently leapt over his rhymes: poets proud of their difficult terminations, selected with pain of heart and sweat of brow, were very angry, but Talma followed his own feeling, and he was right. The old classical school kept up a grumbling censure on this point during the greatest part of his career, but he added to his vigorous innovations so much dignity of bearing, and so high a sense of poetical beauty, that, on the whole, conservatism and reform were both satisfied. It was a pity that this two-sided power was not to be found in the government of the nation, as it was in the leader of the Théâtre Français. Momentous political changes had taken place between the year 1789, the date of the young tragedian's first success, and the year 1795, when Ducis, the translator of Shakespeare, was urging him to new exertions in the part of Macbeth. In a singular way Talma's private history was affected by these events. When he broke away from the Théâtre de la Nation he left there a young Royalist who was very dear to him: this was Madame Petit (*née* Vanhove), an actress of considerable reputation and personal charm. Her loyalty and that of her comrades was shocked by the forced substitution of the words *citoyen* and *cito-*

yenue for their favorite, long accustomed, Monsieur and Madame, and they marked the change with a scornful emphasis.

They also occasionally spoke dialogue, of which the sense was not distinctly Republican, and it therefore seemed to that vigilant body, the Committee of Public Safety, a work of urgent necessity to close the theatre and to imprison the players. Accordingly at night, on the 3rd of September, 1793, the actors were carried off from their homes by force to the Madelonnettes and the actresses to St. Pélagie, where the famous Madame Roland was then awaiting her fate. She saw Madame Petit mount those prison stairs which she was herself soon to descend on her way to the scaffold, and exclaimed, "Oh! how barbarous Frenchmen must have become if they can think a dungeon the fittest place for so much grace and so much talent!"

The Committee now took the case of the players into grave consideration. Should they be condemned to perpetual exile, or should the guillotine do its short sharp work, and give its prompt answer to a difficulty? Collot d'Herbois, an influential member of the Committee, had been an unsuccessful player at Lyons; he was on this account ill disposed towards the distinguished comedians of Paris, and voted that a decree should be passed sentencing the principal players of the company to immediate decapitation, and the rest to that process called deportation, which generally means death in poisonous places.

This suggestion struck the rest of the Committee, who were not in the position of envious rivals, as rather severe; and it was thought necessary to pause before action—the players were popular, and some of the ladies among them were objects of an admiration to which even the idea of patriotism and public safety gave way; so a delay was granted, the result of which was the liberation of the prisoners upon condition that they would abandon the Théâtre de la Nation and join the Republican section which had quarrelled with them: under these circumstances the greater part of them went over to the Théâtre de la République, carrying their properties with them.

Here Robespierre, who had in one of his tirades denounced the Théâtre Français as "the disgusting resort of aristoc-

racy and the insulter of the Revolution," frequently appeared; he was attracted by the irresistible fascination of Madame Petit. Poor Madame Petit was in a position of peril; Robespierre had conceived a passion for her, and Talma loved her; it was difficult to be loved by Talma and to remain indifferent. She was not indifferent; he was the ideal of her imagination and her most dear comrade. M. Petit, a fatherly husband, whom she had married when she was only fifteen, was dead; so far then she was free, but Madame Talma was living—she was twenty years older than her husband, and their marriage had never been a happy one; indeed they lived actually apart, although there was no judicial separation. The Revolution had made marriage laws more than easy. Talma entreated Madame Petit to become his wife, and urged his cause with all his fire and eloquence; but she clung to the ideas of the old régime and denied his suit. Talma waited upon her will: Robespierre's eyes were upon them both; he saw where the young widow's preference lay, and his vanity at once concluded this to be the sole cause of her coldness towards himself. To him there was a way always open for conquest; that way was by the Place de Grève, and Talma's name was at once put down upon the list of the condemned. The man whose name was on that list had his head very near the block, and Talma's would have been cut off in the blossom of his youth and fame but for the timely intervention of his tailor, one who made all the fashionable coats of the Reign of Terror, and who was also tailor to Robespierre. This man, one day as he was receiving orders from that dangerous person, made an unfortunate suggestion, "Would not the citizen like to have a short coat à la Talma?" Upon the sound of this name Robespierre was seized with a nervous spasm, which made him look so terrible that the trembling tailor thought he saw before him a tiger about to spring. "Talma, Talma!" growled Robespierre. "I didn't say that; I didn't say that, citizen," cried the wretched tailor, swiftly retreating, and, without staying to take his measure, he fled from the house and ran at full speed to the Rue de la Victoire to tell the doomed tragedian what had occurred. Talma immediately consulted Madame Petit,

and she impressed upon him the urgent necessity of absenting himself for the present from her society; after which sensible piece of advice she resolved to seek protection from the party formed in opposition to Robespierre: with this view she paid a visit to an old friend, Madame Cheftel of the Théâtre Français, better known as Mademoiselle Fleury, whose husband's most familiar guests were Danton and Tallien. She was at her own request invited to meet them at dinner, and she spared no effort to make herself agreeable. Effort in this direction was by no means necessary for her, and it is something to say that the exertion she used on this occasion did not interfere with her usual attractions. Tallien was enchanted, and at dessert, addressing her in the tone of gallantry which was the style of that time, he said in tones audible to all present, "Do you know, pretty citizen, that you are denounced by the Committee of Public Safety?" "Oh, citizen, what is this you tell me?" "It is a certain fact; but surely you must be aware of it—that villain Robespierre is in love with you." "How could I guess such a thing, citizen?—but if it is true I implore your assistance to deliver me from this great affliction." "Indeed! do you mean what you say?" "Of course she does," said Danton in his voice of thunder; "is it possible that so pretty a woman should look favorably upon that reptile—upon that abortion of nature? Poor little thing, why the bare idea of it has flushed her face. Don't be so frightened," he added, turning towards her; "you have nothing more to fear, most charming citizen; look upon us as your friends; if you are persecuted I will take you under my protection. If you are threatened call for Danton."

During the course of the dinner a circumstance, which at any other time would have been insignificant, painfully struck the imagination of the young actress. A fish of uncommon size was one of the dishes, and as it was set down before Danton its head fell into his plate. "Danton!" exclaimed Tallien, "that is a bad augury." "Not at all," replied Danton; "don't you see that this head falls before me?"

At the end of this dinner Madame Petit judged it prudent to plead indisposition and leave Paris. In these days life was like the last act of a tragedy,

crowded with dire events; and before long she returned to her home, upon the news that Robespierre was beheaded; but Danton's head had fallen first.

Not alone Robespierre's menacing passion had determined the temporary retirement of the young actress; her feeling for Talma was another motive. She saw him tortured by his affection for her, and she hoped that a few months of separation might calm his mind, the idea of the formal divorce of his wife being still repugnant to her. Upon her return, however, an incident took place which altered her resolution, which made further resistance impossible, and which satisfied her that their marriage was decreed in heaven. In a piece written by Collot d'Herbois, where the heroine has to be carried off the stage, the actor to whom this business was intrusted missed his footing, and fell with Madame Petit in his arms. His whole weight was upon her, and not only was she bruised severely and almost suffocated, but it happened also that a long pin ran right into her breast. The accident was a serious one, and the sufferer was carried to her dressing-room, while doctors and surgeons were immediately summoned to the spot, and the whole theatre was in commotion, for the actress was a general favorite. The doctors, consulting, said the wound did not bleed freely as it ought; and one among them, raising his voice to silence the general agitation, said, "The wound must be sucked; it is the only way to avert a fatal end, and there must be no delay. Talma, I think you will not refuse this office; her life must be saved." Talma, pale before, turned crimson as he rushed forward to obey the doctor's bidding. He was the saviour of the life he loved.

After this event the feeling became general that the marriage must take place, and accordingly the first wife was duly divorced, and these two were married on the 16th of June, 1802. Some happy years followed their union; but Talma was a man to whom enduring domestic peace was an impossibility. Excitement seemed a necessity for him: he plunged into it to get outside of his own mind, which teemed with painful images. There were days on which he surveyed his wife with evident distress. On one occasion he told her that, though he knew

she was beautiful, he looked for her beauty in vain: he could see only her skeleton. This idea frequently possessed him: he saw death, skulls, dust, bones, and worms while he sat among his living friends.

Some ascribed these hauntings of his imagination to his early residence in the climate of London; others, to the anatomical studies of his youth. He sometimes rushed from them to the gaming-table, but it was only in the pursuit of his art that he really found rest. Here, always vigilant, always sober, he exercised his great faculties with unceasing delight. His whole spirit was subdued to the will of his muse, and so long as he was actually studying a part he was completely under the dominion of his judgment. He and his wife worked and acted for a long period harmoniously together: in the tragedies of 'Edipe,' 'Othello,' 'Agamemnon,' and 'Andromaque,' they were especially successful.

Talma had in him that combination of the highest qualities of art with far-reaching and exalted passion which justifies the use of the word sublime—a great word made so ridiculous by frequent misapplication as to be a terror to a conscientious writer. It is nevertheless true that this word best concentrates the force and majesty of Talma, to which the grace and pathos of his wife made a delightful accompaniment. They were the objects of many ovations, they were overwhelmed with engagements, poets addressed enthusiastic strophes to them, crowded houses rejoiced at their union, and managers in the principal towns of Holland and Belgium put down large sums to engage their services; but the Théâtre Français remonstrated and said, "We cannot do without you."

There is a phrase in the French language, become too common now, which was invented for Madame Talma. A critic, trying to convey an idea of the emotion she excited, found this expression: "*Elle a des larmes dans la voix.*" It has become popular as a fashion of describing tenderness, and not unfrequently English novelists bestow such a grace upon their heroines and talk of tears in the voice, but it would be well to leave the distinction to its first owner; and even with regard to her, or to any

actress equally sympathetic, it requires explanation. It must not be supposed to mean a weeping voice, but a voice whose tones alone, without further effort on the part of the artist, could produce weeping in others. Actual weeping should be rare on the stage, and when an actress thinks that her audience will cry because she herself cries, she is greatly mistaken. Only in exceptional cases are tearful tones sympathetic. A crying voice is generally nasal—the nose is pinched, the passage of the voice from the chest is obstructed, and the whole effect is eminently disagreeable.

Some readers may perhaps be disposed to ascribe Madame Talma's singular influence to the divine gift of such a voice, and it is true that so capable an instrument is a precious endowment for a player; but it is also true that the power she acquired over this instrument was the result of great vigilance and labor. She has left to posterity a volume containing an exact account of her work and of the effects produced by it, some portions of which may be extracted in these pages; but any one interested in dramatic art should determine to possess the book itself, for it is full of valuable information and penetration, conveyed with ease and simplicity.

One of Madame Talma's favorite exercises was the ejaculation of the monosyllable "Ah!" with an infinite variety of notes to affect the mind of the hearer in different ways. She used to shut herself up in her room and imagine situations of horror or affliction, in which she was herself the principal. She was sometimes about to be dragged to the guillotine, or her children were being torn from her, or she was deserted by her husband, a prey to jealous anguish; her emotion never failed to follow these fancies, and her exclamations were sometimes so agonising, that the reflection of them back upon herself almost exhausted her consciousness. Her expression was purposely confined to the simple ejaculation "Ah!" for she thought it desirable to acquire a complete command of tones before practising more complex forms of meaning shaped into words. Another of her exercises consisted in various utterances of the short, seemingly insignificant sentence of "Bonjour, Mon-

sieur." She used to imagine a quarrel with a friend, and then a constrained meeting, all which her "Bonjour, Monsieur" should indicate; or a concealed disgust, or a hidden passion, or a cold disdain; and these phrases she repeated till she was certain that they must convey the intended feeling to any hearer of average sensibility. Here is an example of that patience of genius which Carlyle has spoken of as its very essence. There are probably many young people entered or entering upon the stage, and believing themselves clever, who will laugh at the idea of these solitary, arduous efforts of Madame Talma's; they will say, "How ridiculous to imagine yourself being dragged to the guillotine; how absurd to spend hours in giving expression to such a phrase as 'Bonjour, Monsieur;'" and no doubt if the great artist were living still, as her reputation is, these persons would proceed to "quiz her" according to their own notions. They might do that, and she, certain of her art, might advance with her modest dignity to the centre of the stage, face her audience, speak a few appealing words in her tender, faultless articulation, and meet the answer of fast falling tears from every man and every woman present; for she never failed to reach the hearts of her hearers.

The feeling with which she went through the self-imposed tasks here mentioned has been described by Macready as "induced feeling," and Madame Talma gives a careful analysis of this kind of emotion and of the qualities required to support it. "In what," says she, "does dramatic impulse (*verve théâtrale*) consist? Can it be acquired by assiduous endeavor? I am forced to admit that study, a determined will, and even the utmost perseverance, will do nothing if nature does not second you. It is possible to be an intelligent, a meritorious, and a justly applauded artist, and yet never to command that dramatic impulse which can intoxicate, which can transport, which can dominate an audience. The divine spark (*feu sacré*), the dramatic impulse" (words which I look on as synonymous), "are nothing less than a fever, a vibration of the nerves, a kind of malady favorable to the person who is possessed by it." She goes on to say that great labor on the part of the

artist is required to regulate this state of exaltation, and to master completely the gradations of passion, till 'by restraint in some passages he can in others command that prodigious force which deserves to be called sublime.

No tragedian ever acquired a more supreme command over the fire that raged within him than Talma. Yet Talma himself—the great Talma—his widow tells us, had an extraordinary difficulty in exerting this empire over himself on first nights, especially when he played a part belonging to the classical *répertoire*; he could then scarcely control his alarm, his trepidation, his extreme agitation. But the first representation once over, his presence of mind returned to him, and he then arranged his effects with precision and certainty, so that he could unfailingly reproduce them, and whatever part he played, he seemed always to overtop it.

Madame Talma warns young players against too much faith in tradition—a warning not at all needed in England, where we have no dramatic tradition; and perhaps not much required at the present day in France, where there exists, even at the Théâtre Français, a more general disposition to rush into the affected negligence of a new school, than to contemplate with admiration the great models of the past. Admiration, however, is well fitted to raise the mind of the artist, and when Madame Talma deprecates tradition, her intention is merely to put down direct imitation, which she justly holds to be fatal to the progress of art. Talma used to feel almost paralysed in certain passages which the genius of Le Kain seemed to have appropriated. The character of Orsmane in 'Zaïre' was antipathetic to him for this reason. At the famous line, "Zaïre, vous pleurez," he used to sweat drops of agony, and yet missed his effect impeded by the knowledge of what Le Kain before him had done with these words. In the part of Othello, where a similar passion works, but in which he had no traditions to interfere with him, he had his audience completely under his sway.

He was a subtle thinker, and introduced many new ways into old characters, not in order to have it said "Talma is original," but because the changes were

evidently right. A good instance of this is afforded by his delivery of the well-known speech in 'Œdipe'—

"J'étais jeune et superbe et nourri dans un
rang
Où l'on puisa toujours l'orgueil avec le
sang.

which his predecessors used to say in a grand manner, with swelling pride, but which he, looking further, gave with a totally opposite expression : meditating on the preceding and succeeding lines, he felt that Œdipe at this moment is very far from boasting of his advantages ; that, on the contrary, he is deploring the errors of his youth, and lamenting his love for what was worthless. He gave the lines, therefore, with an air of self-abasement, and he seemed to reproach himself as he spoke : this version was at once accepted as true, and is generally admitted now as the just interpretation of the poet's meaning.

In the Emperor Napoleon I. Talma had an affectionate and constant supporter. When Buonaparte was a lieutenant of artillery they were warm friends. Talma never abused this friendship, and the First Consul and the Emperor were no less devoted to him than the little officer of the Republic. But while the imperial favor was undoubtedly of use to the tragedian in a worldly point of view, it was dangerous in a moral one. It inspired him with new cravings after luxury, glory, and violent emotions ; and being surrounded in the imperial circles by beautiful women, who, excited by his genius and distinction, were ready to fling themselves into his arms, he yielded to this fascination, and became "*un homme à bonnes fortunes*." If, however, Talma was guilty of neglecting his domestic ties, he was still faithful to his art ; his devotion to it suffered no change, and was rewarded by the homage not merely of his own countrymen, but of all nations ; artists and peasants, princes and poets, young women and old men, were all equally enthralled by him. John Kemble and Macready were both very much his admirers and friends. Macready's record of his acting, published in his 'Reminiscences,' may be quoted here ; for probably there is no other English account of it so forcible as this. 'Sylla,' by Jouy, was the tragedy in

which Talma was acting, and Macready says :—

"His entry on the stage in the dignified ease of his deportment bespoke a consciousness of power that arrested at once the attention and interest of the beholder. In his attitudes and manners there was nothing of the rigidity and visible preparation of Kemble, his address was that of one to whom the tone of command was too familiar to need strain or effort. His pride, too lofty to be betrayed into violence, displayed itself in his calm disdain of the Romains dégénérés. To the dependent kings, the mutinous people, or the infuriated Valérie, he preserved the same unperturbed demeanor It was only when arraigned at the bar of his own conscience that he appeared to feel and confessed the insufficiency of greatness to give peace. In the disturbed sleep, haunted by the visions of his slaughtered victims, which followed his soliloquy, he awed the audience into a death-like stillness . . . and his dignified utterance of the line—

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans
crainte'

was a fitting climax to the character so nobly and consistently maintained."

The great English tragedian saw with the eye of an artist and of a passionate student the extraordinary power and the perfect skill of Talma ; to his testimony may be added that of a lady well known for her penetrating and much cultured intellect, who writes in a letter to a friend about this same representation of Sylla in the following words :—

"I can never forget his delivery of two or three lines in speaking of his dealing with the Romans—

'Je les ai jugés sans haine ainsi que sans
pitié.'

Again, at his abdication, I make bold to say that no person of feeling who heard it can ever forget his delivery of

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans
crainte.'

"Though it was not emotional or loud, the emphatic, cold, incisive dignity of it was so great that I, a girl then not seventeen, found myself unconsciously standing up with tears running down my face, and people round me in the same condition."

It is remarkable that Talma's passion not only invested his own poets with a vitality which made them live for all nationalities, but that he was able to play Shakespeare, fettered as it was by the rhymed translation and absurd alterations of Ducis, in a manner which reached the heart of Englishmen ; there are those who even now turn cold at the recollection of his look in Hamlet when

he came upon the stage after a dream of his father's ghost ; and his Macbeth and Othello were by all critics, whether foreign or French, looked upon as masterpieces. He had the advantage of knowing English as well as his own tongue, and besides this he had a powerful intellect. He was with such means at his command able to penetrate the inmost thought of the poet ; his glowing imagination supplied the great spirit, and rushed through the boundaries of frigid words.

Whatever the demerits of Ducis' translations, some respect is due to them, for the French, chained to academical rules, were not then in a condition to taste Shakespeare in his native force. He had to be cooked for the Parisian palate ; offered thus under the auspices of Talma, the people became conscious of a new intellectual food, and they were led on by degrees till, in the year 1830, Shakespeare's name was enrolled on their banners as the chief of poets, and the young Victor Hugo challenged to mortal combat the whole French classical school with the name of the great English dramatist for his war-cry. The reason why no play of Shakespeare is now attempted at the Français is this, that the artists have a strong sense of the deficiencies of all French translations hitherto published. Their feeling of poetical beauty rejects a bald, a weak, or a rough translation ; and this being the case, it is difficult to imagine that the Shakespearian drama will ever be acted in the French tongue. The difficulty of a satisfactory translation of the one language into the other is apparently invincible. What French play has ever been rendered in English without being, if not vulgarized, at least *coarsified* ? What English poem has ever been done into French, without being weakened ? And this is true of prose as well as of poetry ; although not in an equal degree. It is then a proper respect, and not a contempt for Shakespeare, which determines the company of the Théâtre Français to abstain from his plays at the present time. Perhaps, if another Talma appeared, they might give way ; but no other Talma will ever come, for genius does not repeat itself in form, it takes new shapes, and leaves the images of the past to the reverence of memory.

This reverence grows when the object of it is removed, and no longer capable of

exciting jealous fear and its attendant hatred ; let no living actor imagine that any one of the great gone by has ever won the imperishable wreath without unflinching opposition. Talma, after those early days when he was cast for third parts, after he had obtained his most signal victories, was still the subject of continual attack from the critics of the press, one of whom, Geoffroy, a distinguished writer, by his persevering enmity, incensed the actor to such a degree that he on one occasion forgot his own dignity, and entering the critic's box at the theatre, struck him with his fist, saying, "*Ah, te voilà, je t'ai cherché !*" A scuffle ensued, and the two had to be forcibly separated by their friends. This was the only time in his life that Talma was betrayed into any outburst of passion off the stage. As an actor, the faults with which he was charged were sounds in his voice of such depth that they seemed to proceed from a cavern, and alternations too sudden from tones so low as to be hardly audible, to vehement shouts of exaltation. The poet Le Brun, comparing Le Kain and Talma, says that Talma, more supple and less robust, had rather the passion of the tiger, and Le Kain that of the lion. This was probably intended as a disparagement to Talma, but it has no significance now, when the two men stand side by side equally honored by all who esteem great art. Geoffroy was connected with an actress named Volnais whom he wished to see in Madame Talma's place, and though he censured Talma with sufficient severity, Madame was the object of his special detestation. Partly influenced by this critic, and partly by a fancy of his own, Napoleon withdrew his favor from the wife, and actually forbade her from appearing before the *parterre des rois* at Erfurth, to whom it was his pride to see Talma play. That *parterre* was blown to the winds, and Napoleon's sun was setting at St. Helena, when Madame Talma, still in the fulness of her remarkable powers, retired from the stage, on the 20th of July, 1816. Her domestic life was troubled, and the pursuit of her art even had been embittered to her. Her farewell to the stage was, however, a subject of regret to all Paris, and in her retirement she commanded general respect and sympathy. She devoted herself to literature, which she had always

assiduously cultivated, but among her writings the only volume which is valuable to posterity is that of her '*Etudes sur l'Art Théâtral*,' published in Paris in the year 1835. Talma died at the very climax of his fame in the year 1826, at the age of sixty-three. He had by that time acted down antagonism; all Paris attended his funeral, many orations were spoken over his grave, and tears watered the flowers with which it was covered. His widow in due time married the Vicomte de Chalot, a Belgian gentleman, whose social gatherings under her auspices were remarkable for good taste and intellectual culture. M. Guillard, the present librarian of the Théâtre Français, remembers Madame de Chalot, who was fond of visiting her old haunts, as a "*vieille femme charmante*," but without a trace of her former beauty, with "*la figure toute ratatinée*," yet full of life and spirit, with a fund of interesting anecdotes.

Those writers who pretended that Talma was upheld only by the favor of the Emperor were answered at the time of Napoleon's downfall, when the great tragedian still held his own. The same actor could move a Bourbon, a Buonaparte, and a Vergniaud. Under the Girondins, in the Reign of Terror, during the Empire, and at the Restoration, Talma still firmly held those heights which his genius had won, though every inch of his ground was disputed, and his position was continually assailed, often with talent, and always with malignity. The turbulence and rapid revolutions of his time so far affected his art that they influenced his mind, but his performances went on the same through all changes; on one occasion, appealing to the public when there was a violent demonstration made against him by a section in the pit, he said: "Citizens, I have lost all

my friends upon the scaffold!" This was on the 21st of March, 1795. His words were true, and they awed the house into silence. The Girondins had been the great actor's first friends: they were all swept away. It was at a social meeting with some of the leaders of that party that he first conceived the idea of making stage monarchs speak like living men. He completed the reforms begun by the famous Baron, and gave ample freedom to tragedy. In the character of Orestes, and in others where an immense passion was to be expressed, he dared to utter inarticulate cries, but he distributed them with careful thought; he was exact as to the how and the where. Self-command, an exalted imagination, an educated and comprehensive intellect, with an unalterable belief in himself, distinguished him as an artist, and to these qualities he added physical strength. He looked upon his faults as his only dangerous enemies, and it was his constant effort to conquer them. As a man he was by no means faultless, but he had many great merits; he was generous and affectionate; he was a constant friend; his temper was on the whole well governed, and in spite of his inward glooms he was animated and eloquent in society. It has been said that he was not proof against some signal temptations of the imperial court, but if he yielded to the seductions which invited his regard, he was, unlike the ruler of that court, chivalrous and respectful to all women who knew how to respect themselves. Let us conclude with his widow's own words about him: "*J'ai parlé de quelques faiblesses, de quelques bizarreries . . . quel génie en est exempt! et si Talma eut des torts, ils se perdent dans sa gloire.*" —*Temple Bar.*

THE KAFIR AT HOME.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, Feb. 10th, 1876.

In the South African calendar this is set down as the first of the autumnal months, but half a dozen hours of the midday are still quite as close and oppressive as any we have had. I am however bound to say that the nights—at

all events up here—are cooler, and I begin even to think of a light shawl for my solitary walks in the verandah just before bed-time. When the moon shines these walks are pleasant enough, but when only the "common people of the skies" are trying to filter down their feeble light

through the misty atmosphere, I have a lurking fear and distrust of the reptiles and insects who may also have a fancy for promenading themselves at the same time in the same place. I say nothing of bats, frogs, and toads, mantis, or even huge moths; to these we are quite accustomed. But although I have never seen a live snake in this country myself, still one hears such unpleasant stories about them, that it is just as well to "mak siccar," as the Scotch say, with a candle, before beginning a constitutional in the dark.

It is not a week ago since a lady of my acquaintance, being surprised at her little dog's refusal to follow her into her bedroom one night, instituted a search for the reason of the poor little creature's terror and dismay, and discovered a snake coiled up under her chest of drawers. At this moment, too, the local papers are full of recipes for the prevention and cure of snake bites, public attention being much attracted to the subject on account of an Englishman having been bitten by a black *mamba* (a very venomous adder) some short time since, and having died of the wound in a few hours. In his case, poor man, he does not seem to have had a chance from the first, for besides being obliged to walk some distance to the nearest house, he had to be taken, as they had no proper remedies there, on a further journey of some miles to a hospital. All this exercise and motion caused the poison to circulate freely through the veins, and was the worst possible thing for him. The doctors here seem agreed that the treatment by ammonia and brandy is the safest, and many instances are adduced to show how successful it has been, though one party of curers admits the ammonia, but denies the brandy. On the other hand, one hears of a child bitten by a snake, and swallowing half a large bottle of raw brandy in half an hour, without its head being at all affected, and what is more, recovering from the bite, and living happy ever after. I keep quantities of both remedies close at hand, for three or four venomous snakes have been killed within a dozen yards of the house, and little G— is perpetually exploring the long grass all around, or hunting for a stray peg-top or cricket-ball in one of those beautiful fern-filled ditches whose tangle of

creepers and plummy ferns are exactly the favorite haunts of snakes. As yet he has brought back from these forbidden raids nothing worse than a few ticks and millions of burrs.

As for the ticks, I am getting over my horror at having to dislodge them from among baby's soft curls by means of a sharp needle, and even G— only shrieks with laughter at discovering a great swollen monster hanging on by its forceps to his leg. They torment the poor dogs and horses dreadfully, and if the said horses were not the very quietest, meekest, most underbred and depressed animals in the world, we should certainly hear of more accidents. As it is, they confine their efforts to get rid of their tormentors to rubbing all their hair off their tails and sides, in patches, against the walls of their stable or the trunk of a tree. Indeed, the clever way G—'s miserable little Basuto pony climbs actually inside a good-sized bush, and sways himself about in it, with his legs off the ground, until the whole thing comes with a crash to the ground, is edifying to behold—to every one except the owner of the tree. Tom, the Kafir boy, tried hard to persuade me the other day that the pony was to blame for the destruction of a peach tree, but as the only broken-down branches were those which had been laden with fruit, I am inclined to acquit the pony. Carbolic soap is an excellent thing to wash both dogs and horses with, as it not only keeps away flies and ticks from the skin, which is constantly rubbed off by incessant scratching, but helps to heal the tendency to a sore place. Indeed, nothing frightened me so much as what I heard when I first arrived about Natal sores and Natal boils. Everybody told me that ever so slight a cut or abrasion went on slowly festering, and that sores on children's faces were quite common. This sounded very dreadful, but I am beginning to hope it was an exaggeration, for whenever G— cuts or knacks himself (which is every day or so), or scratches an insect's bite into a bad place, I wash the part with a little carbolic soap (there are two sorts, one for animals, and a more refined preparation for the human skin), and it is quite well next day. We have all had a threatening of those horrid boils, but they have passed off.

In town the mosquitoes are plentiful

and lively, devoting their attentions chiefly to new-comers; but up here (I write as though we were 5,000 feet, instead of only 50, above Maritzburg) it is rare to see one at all. I think "fillies" are more in our line, and that in spite of every floor in the house being scrubbed daily with strong soda and water. "Fillies," you must know, is our black groom Charlie's way of pronouncing fleas, and I find it ever so much prettier. Charlie and I are having a daily discussion just now, touching sundry moneys he expended during my week's absence at Durban, for the kittens' food. Charlie calls them the "lib catties," and declares that the two small animals consumed 3s. 9d. worth of meat in a week. I laughingly say, "But Charlie, that would be nearly nine pounds of meat in six days, and they couldn't eat that, you know." Charlie grins and shows all his beautiful even white teeth; then he bashfully turns his head aside, and says, "I doan know, ma; I buy 6d. meat tree time." "Very well, Charlie, that would be 1s. 6d." "I doan know, má." And we've not got any further than that yet.

But G—and I are picking up many words of Kafir, and it is quite mortifying to see how much more easily the little monkey learns than I do. I forget my phrases, or confuse them, whereas when he learns two or three sentences he appears to remember them always. It is a very melodious and beautiful language, and, except for the clicks, not very difficult to learn. Almost every lady here speaks it a little, and it is the first thing necessary for a new comer to endeavor to acquire; only unfortunately there are no teachers as in India, and consequently you pick up a wretched, debased kind of patois interlarded with Dutch phrases. Indeed I am assured there is one word, "el hashi" (the horse), of unmistakable Moorish origin, though no one knows how it got into the language. Many of the Kafirs about town speak a little English, and they are exceedingly sharp, when they choose, about understanding what is meant, even if they do not quite catch the meaning of the words used. There is one genius of my acquaintance called "Sixpence," who is not only a capital cook, but an accomplished English scholar, having spent some months in England. Generally, to the Cape and

back is the extent of their journeyings, for they are a home-loving people, but Sixpence went to England with his master, and brought back a shivering recollection of an English winter and a deep-rooted amazement at the boys of the Shoe Brigade, who wanted to clean his boots. That astonished him more than anything else, he says.

The Kafirs are very fond of attending their own schools and church services, of which there are several in the town; and I find one of my greatest difficulties in living out here consists in getting Kafirs to come out of town, for by so doing they miss their regular attendance at chapel and school. A few Sundays ago I went to one of these Kafir schools, and was much struck by the intensely absorbed air of the pupils, almost all of whom were youths about twenty years of age. They were learning to read the Bible in Kafir during my visit, sitting in couples and helping each other on with great diligence and earnestness. No looking about, no wandering, inattentive glances did I see. I might as well have "had the receipt of fern seed and walked invisible" for all the attention I excited. Presently the pupil teacher, a young black man, who had charge of this class, asked me if I would like to hear them sing a hymn, and on my assenting he read out a verse of "Hold the Fort," and they all stood up and sang it, or rather its Kafir translation, lustily and with good courage, though without much tune. The chorus was especially fine, the word "Inkanyekanye" ringing through the room with great fervor. This is not a literal translation of the words "Hold the Fort," but it is difficult, as the teacher explained to me, for the translator to avail himself of the usual word for "hold," as it conveys more the idea of "take hold, seize," and the young Kafir missionary thoroughly understood the nicety of the idiom. There was another class for women and children, but it was a small one.

Certainly the young men seemed much in earnest, and the rapt expression of their faces was most striking, especially during the short prayer which followed the hymn and ended the school for the afternoon. I have heard on all sides since my arrival the advice *not* to take Christian Kafirs into my service, and I am at a loss to know in what way the

prejudice against them can have arisen. "Take a Kafir green from his kraal if you wish to have a good servant," is what every one tells me. It so happens we have two of each—two Christians and two heathens—about the place, and there is no doubt whatever which is the best. Indeed I have sometimes conversations with the one who speaks English, and I assure you we might all learn from him with advantage. His simple creed is just what came from the Saviour's lips two thousand years ago, and comprises His teaching of the whole duty of man—to love God (the great "En 'Kos") and his neighbor as himself. He speaks always with real delight of his privileges, and is very anxious to go to Cape Town to attend some school there of which he talks a great deal, and where he says he should learn to read the Bible in English: at present he is spelling it out with great difficulty in Kafir. This man often talks to me, in the most respectful and civil manner imaginable, about the customs of his tribe, and he constantly alludes to the narrow escape he had of being murdered directly after his birth for the crime of being a twin. His people have a fixed belief that unless one of a pair of babies be killed at once, either the father or mother will die within the year; and as they argue that in any case one child will be sure to die in its infancy, as twins are proverbially difficult to rear, they hold it to be both kind and natural to kill the weakly one at once. This young man is very small and quiet and gentle, with an ugly face, but a sweet, intelligent expression and nice manner. I find him and the other Christian in our service very trustworthy and reliable. If they tell me a thing which has occurred I know I can believe their version of it, and they are absolutely honest. Now the other lads have very loose ideas on the subject of sugar, and make shifty excuses for everything, from the cat breaking a heavy stone filter to half the marketing being dropped on the road. I don't think I have made it sufficiently clear that besides the Sunday schools and services I have mentioned, there are night schools every evening, which are fully attended by Kafir servants, and where they are first taught to read their own language, which is an enormous difficulty to them. They always tell me it is so much easier to

learn to read English than Kafir, and if one studies the two languages it is plain to see how much simpler the new tongue must appear to a learner beside the intricate construction and the varying patois and the necessarily phonetic spelling of a language compounded of so many dialects as the Zulu-Kafir.

Feb. 12th.—In some respects I consider this climate has been rather overpraised. Of course it is a great deal, a very great deal better than our English one; but that, after all, is not saying much in its praise. Then we must remember that in England we have the fear and dread of our climate ever before our eyes, and consequently are always, so to speak, on our guard against it. Here, and in other places where civilization is in its infancy, we are at the mercy of dust and sun, eccentric wind and rain, and all the elements which go to make up weather. Consequently when the balance of comfort and convenience has to be struck it is surprising how small an advantage a really better climate gives, when you take away watering-carts and shady streets for hot weather, and hansom cabs and sheltered railway stations for wet weather, and roads and servants and civility and general conveniences everywhere. This particular climate is both depressing and trying, in spite of the sunny skies we are ever boasting about, because it has a strong tinge of the tropical element in it; and yet people live in much the same kind of houses, only that they are very small, and wear much the same sort of clothes, only that they are very ugly, and lead much the same sort of lives, only that it is a thousand times duller than the dullest country village, as they do in England. Some small concession is made to the thermometer in the matter of puggeries and matted floors, but even then carpets are used wherever it is practicable, because this matting never looks clean or nice after the first week it is put down. All the houses are built on the ground floor with the utmost economy of building material and labor, and consequently there are no passages; every room leads into its neighbor, and is, in fact, a passage, so the perpetual dirty feet, or still worse boots, fresh from the mud or dust of the streets, soon wear out the matting. Few houses are at all

prettily decorated or furnished, partly from the difficulty of procuring anything pretty here, the cost and risk of its carriage up from Durban, if you send to England for it, and partly from the want of servants accustomed to anything but the roughest and coarsest articles of household use. A lady soon begins to take her drawing-room decorations *en guignon* if she has to dust them all herself every day in a very dusty climate. I speak feelingly, and with authority, for that is my case at this moment, and applies to every other part of the house as well.

I must say I like Kafir servants in some respects. They require constant supervision; they require to be told to do the same thing over and over again every day, and what is more, besides telling, you have to stand by and see that they do the thing; they are also very slow; but still, with all these disadvantages, they are far better than the generality of European servants out here, who make their luckless employers' lives a burthen to them by reason of their tempers and caprices. It is much better, I am convinced, to face the evil boldly and to make up one's mind to have none but Kafir servants. Of course, one immediately turns into a sort of overseer and upper-servant one's-self; but at all events you are master or mistress of your own house, and you have good-tempered, faithful domestics, who do their best, however awkwardly, to please you. When there are children, then a good English nurse is a great boon, and in this one respect I am fortunate. Kafirs are also much easier to manage when the orders come direct from the master or mistress, and they work far more willingly for them than for white servants. Tom, the nurse-boy, confided to me yesterday that he hoped to stop in my employment for forty moons; after that space of time he considered that he should be in a position to buy plenty of wives who would work for him and support him for the rest of his life. But how Tom or Jack, or any of the boys, in fact, are to save money, I know not, for every shilling of their wages, except a small margin for coarse snuff, goes to their parents, who fleece them without mercy. If they are fined for breakages or misconduct (the only punishment a Kafir cares for), they

have to account for the deficient money to their stern parent, and both Tom and Jack went through a most graphic pantomime with a stick, of the consequences to themselves, adding that their father said both the beating from him and the fine from us served them right for their carelessness. It seemed so hard they should suffer both ways, and they were so good-tempered and uncomplaining about it, that I fear I shall find it very difficult to stop any threepenny pieces out of their wages in future. A Kafir servant usually gets £1 a month, his clothes and food. The clothes consist of a shirt and short trousers of coarse check cotton, a soldier's old great coat for winter; and the food is plenty of mealie-meal for "scoff." If he is a good servant, and worth making comfortable, you give him a trifle every week to buy meat. They are very fond of going to their kraals, and you have to make them sign an agreement to remain with you so many months, generally six. By the time you have just taught them with infinite pains and trouble how to do their work, they depart, and you have to begin it all over again. I often see the chiefs, or indunas of kraals, passing here on their way to some kraals which lie just over the hills.

These kraals consist of half a dozen or more large huts, exactly like so many huge bee-hives, on the slope of a hill. There is a rude attempt at sod-fencing round them. A few head of cattle graze in the neighborhood. Lower down, the hill-side is roughly scratched by the women with crooked hoes, to form a mealy-ground. Cows and mealies are all they require, except snuff and tobacco, which they smoke out of a cow's horn. They seem a very gay and cheerful people, to judge by the laughter and jests I hear from the groups returning to their kraals every day, by the road just outside our fence. Sometimes one of the party carries an umbrella, and I assure you the effect of a tall stalwart Kafir, clad either in nothing at all or else a sack, and carefully guarding his bare head with a tattered "Gamp," is very ridiculous. Often some one of the party walks alone, playing upon a rude pipe, whilst the others jig before and after him, laughing and capering like boys let loose from school, and all chattering loudly. You never meet a

man carrying a burthen, unless he is a white settler's servant. When a chief or the induna of a kraal passes this way, I see him clad in a motley garb of old regimentals, with his bare "ringed" head, riding a sorry nag, only the point of his great toe resting in his stirrup. He is followed closely, and with great *empressement*, by his "tail," all "ringed" men also; that is, men of some substance and weight in the community. They carry bundles of sticks, and keep up with the ambling nag, and are closely followed by some of their wives, bearing heavy loads on their heads, but stepping out bravely, with beautiful erect carriage, shapely bare arms and legs, and some sort of coarse drapery worn around their bodies, covering them from shoulder to knee, in folds which would delight an artist's eye, and be the despair of a sculptor's chisel. They don't look either oppressed or discontented. Healthy, happy, and jolly, are the words by which they would be most truthfully described. Still they are lazy, and slow to appreciate any benefit from civilization, except the money; but then savages always seem to me as keen and sordid about money as the most civilized 'mercantile community anywhere.

Feb. 14th.—I am often asked by people who are thinking of coming here, or who want to send presents to friends here, what to bring or send. Of course it is difficult to say, because my experience is limited, and confined to one spot at present. Therefore I give my opinion very guardedly, and acknowledge it is derived in part from the experience of others who have been here a long time. Amongst other wraps, I have brought a sealskin jacket and muff, which I happened to have. These, I am assured, will be absolutely useless, and already they are a great anxiety to me, on account of the swarms of fish-tail moths which I see scuttling about in every direction if I move a hat, or look behind a picture. In fact there are destructive moths everywhere, and every drawer is redolent of camphor. The only things I can venture to recommend as necessities, are things which no one advised me to bring, and which were only random-shots. One was a light waterproof Ulster, and the other was a lot of those outside blinds for windows which come, I believe, from

Japan, and are made of grass,—green, painted with gay figures. I picked up these latter by the merest accident at the Baker Street Bazaar, for a few shillings. They are the comfort of my life, keeping out glare and dust in the day, and moths and insects of all kinds at night. As for the waterproof, I never should have done without it, and little G—'s has also been most useful. It is the necessary of necessities here, a *real* good substantial waterproof. A man cannot do better than get a regular military waterproof which will cover him from chin to heel on horseback, and even waterproof caps and hats are a comfort in this treacherous summer season, where a storm bursts over your head out of a blue dome of sky, and drenches you even whilst the sun is shining brightly.

A worse climate and country for clothes of every kind and description cannot be imagined. When I first arrived, I thought I had never seen such ugly toilettes in all my life, and I should have been less than woman (or more, which is it?) if I had not derived some secret satisfaction from the possession of at least prettier garments. What I was vain of in my secret heart, was my store of cotton gowns. One can't very well wear cotton gowns in London, and as I am particularly fond of them, I indemnify myself for going abroad by rushing wildly into extensive purchases in cambrics and print dresses. They are so pretty, so cheap, and when charmingly made as mine *were* (alas, they are already things of the past!), nothing can be so satisfactory in the way of summer country garb. Well, it has been precisely in the matter of cotton gowns that I have been punished for my vanity. For a day or two each gown in turn looked charming; then came a flounce or bordering of bright red earth on the lower skirt, and a general impression of red dust and dirt all over it. That was after a drive into Maritzburg, along a road ploughed up by ox-waggons. Still I felt no uneasiness. What are cotton gowns made for, if not to be washed? Away it goes to the wash.

What is this limp discolored rag which returns to me? Ironmoulded, blued until it is nearly black, rough-dried, starched in patches, with the tinge of red earth only more firmly fixed in than before—

behold my favorite ivory cotton. My white gowns are even in a worse plight, for there are no two yards of them the same, and the grotesque mixture of extreme yellowness, extreme blueness, and a pervading tinge of the red mud they have been washed in, renders them a piteous example of misplaced confidence. Other things fare rather better—not much; but my poor gowns are hopless wrecks, and I am reduced to some old yachting dresses of ticking. The price of washing, as this spoiling process is pleasantly called, is enormous, and I exhaust my faculties in devising more economical arrangements. We can't wash at home, for the simple reason that we've no water, no proper appliances of any sort, and to build and buy such would cost a small fortune. But a tall white-aproned Kafir, with a badge upon his arm, comes now at daylight every Monday morning and takes away a huge sack full of linen, which is placed with sundry pieces of soap and blue in its mouth, all ready for him. He brings it back in the afternoon full of clean and dry linen, for which he receives 3s. 6d. But this is only the first stage. The things to be starched have to be sorted and sent to one woman, and those to be mangled to another, and both lots have to be fetched home again. I always forget to tell you that Jack's real name, elicited with great difficulty as there is a click somewhere in it, is "Umposhongwana," whilst the pickle Tom is known among his own people as "Umkabangwana." You will admit that our substitutes for these fine-syllabled appellations are easier to pronounce in a hurry. Jack is a favorite name; I know half a dozen black Jacks myself. To return, however, to the washing. I spend my time, in this uncertain weather, watching the clouds on the days when the clothes are to come home, for it would be altogether too great a trial if one's starched garments were to be caught in a thunder-shower, borne aloft on Jack's head. If the washerwoman takes pains with anything it is with gentlemen's shirts; though, even then, she insists on ironing the collars into strange and fearful shapes.

Let not men think, however, that they have it all their own way in the matter of clothes. White jackets and trowsers are commonly worn here in summer; and it is very soothing, I am told, to try

to put them on in a hurry when the arms and legs are firmly glued together by several pounds of starch. Then, as to boots and shoes, they get so mildewed, if laid aside for even a few days, as to be absolutely offensive; and these, with hats, wear out at the most astonishing rate. The sun and dust and rain finish up the hats in less than no time. But I have not done with my clothes yet. A lady must keep a warm gown and jacket close at hand all through the most broiling summer weather, for a couple of hours will bring the thermometer down 10° or 20°, and I have often been gasping in a white dressing-gown at twelve o'clock, and shivering in a serge dress at three o'clock in the same day. I am making up my mind that serge and ticking are likely to be the most useful material for dresses, and, as one must have something very cool for these burning months, tussore or foulard, which get themselves better washed than my poor dear cottons. Silks are next to useless—too smart, too hot, too entirely out of place in such a life as this, except, perhaps, one or two of tried principles which won't spot or fade or misbehave themselves in any way. One goes out, if a warm dry afternoon, with a tulle veil to keep off the flies, or a feather in one's hat, and returns with the one a limp wet rag, and the other quite out of curl. I only wish any milliner could see my feathers now—all straight, rigidly straight as a carpenter's rule, and tinged with red dust besides. As for tulle or crêpe-lisse frilling, or any of those soft pretty adjuncts to a simple toilette, these are five minutes' wear,—no more, I solemnly declare.

I love telling a story against myself, and here is one. In spite of repeated experiences of the injurious effect of alternate damp and dust upon finery, the old Eve is occasionally too strong for my prudence, and I can't resist, on the rare occasions which offer themselves, the temptation of wearing pretty things. Especially weak am I in the matter of caps: and this is what befell me. Imagine a lovely soft summer evening, broad daylight, though it is half-past seven (it will be dark directly, however), and a dinner party to be reached a couple of miles away. The little open carriage is at the door, and into this I step, swathing

my gown carefully up in a huge shawl. This precaution is especially necessary, for during the afternoon there has been a terrific thunderstorm and a sudden sharp deluge of rain. Besides a swamp or two to be ploughed through as best we may, there are these two miles of deep red muddy road, full of ruts and big stones and pitfalls of all sorts. The drive home in the dark will be nervous work, but now in daylight let us enjoy it whilst we may. Of course I *ought* to have taken my cap in a box or bag or something of the sort, but that seemed too much trouble, especially as it was so small it needed to be firmly pinned on in its proper place. It consisted of a centre or crown of white crêpe, a little frill of the same, and a close-fitting wreath of deep red feathers all round. Very neat and tidy it looked as I took my last glance at it whilst I hastily knotted a light black lace veil over my head, by way of protection during my drive. When I got to my destination there was no looking-glass anywhere, no maid, no anything or anybody to warn me. Into the dining-room I marched, in happy unconsciousness that the extreme damp of the atmosphere had flattened the crown of my cap, and that it and its frill were mere unconsidered limp rags, whilst the unpretending circlet of feathers had started into undue prominence, and stuck straight out like a red nimbus all round my unconscious head. How my fellow-guests managed to keep their countenances I cannot tell: I am certain *A* never could have sat opposite to anyone with such an Ojibbeway Indian's head-dress on without giggling. But no one gave me the least hint of my misfortune, and it only burst upon me suddenly when I returned to my own room and my own glass. Still there was a ray of hope left: it *might* have been the dampness of the drive home which had worked me this woe. I rushed into F—'s dressing-room, and demanded quite fiercely whether my cap had been like that all the time? "Why yes," F— admitted; adding, by way of consolation, "in fact it is a good deal subdued now; it was very wild all dinner-time. I can't say I admired it, but I supposed it was all right." Did ever any one hear such shocking apathy? In answer to my reproaches for not telling me, he only said, "Why what could

you have done with it, if you *had* known? Taken it off and put it in your pocket, or what?" I don't know, but anything would have been better than sitting at table with a thing only fit for a May-day sweep on one's head. It makes me hot and angry with myself even to think of it now.

F—'s clothes could also relate some curious experiences which they have had to go through, not only at the hands of his washerwoman, but at those of his extempore valet, Jack—I beg his pardon, Umposhongwana—the Zulu, whose zeal exceeds everything one can imagine. For instance when he sets to work to brush F—'s clothes of a morning, he is by no means contented to brush the cloth clothes only. Oh, dear, no! He brushes each sock, putting it carefully on his hand like a glove and brushing vigorously away. As they are necessarily very thin socks for this hot weather, they are apt to melt away entirely under the process. I say nothing of his blacking the boots inside as well as out, or of his laboriously scrubbing holes in a serge coat with a scrubbing brush, for these were mere errors of judgment, dictated by a kind heart. But when Jack puts a saucepan on the fire without any water and burns holes in it, or tries whether plates and dishes can support their own weight in the air without a table beneath them, then I confess my patience runs short. But Jack is so imperturbable, so perfectly and genuinely astonished at the untoward result of his experiments, and so grieved that the "inkos'casa" (I haven't a notion how the word ought to be spelt!) should be vexed, that I am obliged to leave off shaking my head at him, which is the only way I have of expressing my displeasure: he keeps on saying "Ja, oui, yaas" all the time, and I have to go away to laugh.

Feb. 16th.—I was much amused the other day at receiving a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in England, warmly recommending a newly arrived bride and bridegroom to my acquaintance, and especially begging me to take pains to introduce the new comers into the best society. To appreciate the joke thoroughly, you must understand that there is no society at all: absolutely none! We are not proud, we Maritzburgians, nor are we inhospitable, nor

exclusive, nor unsociable. Not a bit. We are as anxious as any community can be to have society or sociable gatherings, or whatever you like to call the way people manage to meet together; but circumstances are altogether too strong for us, and we all, in turn, are forced to abandon the attempt in despair. First of all the weather is against us. It is maddeningly uncertain, and the best arranged entertainment cannot be considered a success if the guests have to struggle through rain and tempest and streets ankle-deep in water, and pitchy darkness, to assist at it. People are hardly likely to make themselves pleasant at a party when their return home through storm and darkness is on their minds all the time; at least, I know I cannot do so! But the weather is only one of the lesser hindrances to society in Natal. We are all exceedingly poor, and necessary food is very dear; luxuries are enormously expensive, but they are generally not to be had at all, so one is not tempted by them. Servants, especially cooks, are few and far between, and I doubt if even any one calling himself a cook, could send up what would be considered a fairly good dinner elsewhere. Kafirs can be taught to do one or two things pretty well, but even then they could not be trusted to do them for a party. In fact, if I stated that there were no good servants—in the ordinary acceptance of the word—here at all, I should not be guilty of exaggeration. If there are, all I can say is, I have neither heard of nor seen them: on the contrary, I have been overwhelmed by lamentations on that score, in which I can heartily join. Besides the want of means of conveyance (for there are no carts and very few *remises*), and good food and attendance, any one wanting to entertain would almost need to build a house, so impossible is it to collect more than half a dozen people inside an ordinary-sized house here. For my part my verandah is the comfort of my life. When more than four or five people at a time chance to come to afternoon tea, we overflow into the verandah. It runs round three sides of the four rooms called a house, and is at once my day-nursery, my lumber-room, my summer parlor, my place of exercise—everything, in fact; and it is an incessant occupation to train

the creepers, and wage war against the legions of brilliantly-colored grasshoppers which infest and devour the honeysuckle and roses. Never was there such a place for insects: they eat up everything in the kitchen garden, devouring every leaf of my peach and orange-trees, scarring and spoiling fruit as well. It is no comfort whatever, that they are wonderfully beautiful creatures, striped and ringed with a thousand colors, and in a thousand different ways. One has only to see the riddled appearance of every leaf and flower to harden one's heart. Just now they have cleared off every blossom out of the garden except my zinnias, which grow magnificently and make the devastated flower-beds still gay with every hue and tint a zinnia can put on: salmon-color, fawn, rose, scarlet, pink, maroon, and fifty shades besides.

On the veldt, too, the flowers have passed by, but their place is taken by the grasses which are all in seed. People say the grass is rank and poor, and of not much account as food for stock, but it has an astonishing variety of beautiful seeds. In one patch it is like miniature Pampas grass, only a couple of inches long each seed-pod, but white and fluffy. Again, there will be tall stems laden with rich purple grains, or delicate tufts of rose-colored seed. One of the prettiest, however, is like wee green harebells, hanging all down a tall and slender stalk, and hiding within their cups the seed. Unfortunately the weeds and burrs seed just as freely, and there is one especial torment to the garden in the shape of an innocent-looking little plant, something like an Alpine strawberry in leaf and blossom, bearing a most aggravating tuft of little black spires, which lose no opportunity of sticking to one's petticoats in myriads. They are familiarly known as "black jacks," and can hold their own as pests with any weed of my acquaintance.

But the most beautiful tree I have seen in Natal was an acacia flamboyant. I saw it in a garden at Durban, and I shall never forget the contrast of its vivid green, bright as the spring foliage of a young oak, and the crown of rich crimson flowers on its topmost branches, tossing their brilliant blossoms against a background of gleaming sea and sky.

It was really splendid, like a bit of Italian coloring among the sombre tangle of tropical verdure. It is too cold up here for this glorious tree, which properly belongs to far more tropical temperature than even Durban can mount up to.

I am looking forward to next month and the following ones to make some little excursions into the country, or to go "trekking," as the local expression is. I hear on all sides how much that is interesting lies a little way beyond the reach of a ride: but it is difficult for the mistress—who is at the same time the

general servant—of an establishment out here, to get away from home for even a few days, especially when there are a couple of small children to be left behind. No one travels now who can possibly help it, for the sudden violent rains which come down nearly every afternoon swell the rivers and make even the "sluits," impassable, so a traveller may be detained for days within a few miles of his destination. Now in winter the roads will be hard, and dust will be the only inconvenience: at least that is what I am promised!—*Evening Hours.*

THE BURDEN OF THE WIND.

Oh! wind, fresh wind of springtime,
What hast thou borne away?—
A burden of light-wing'd moments
That hovered, and would not stay;—
The music of children's laughter
From meadows all dewy and sweet,
Where primrose-buds and cowslips
Are trodden by joyous feet.

Oh! wind, soft wind of summer,
What hast thou borne away?—
A burden of love and longing,
The dream of a golden day;—
The murmurs of passionate voices,
The exquisite perfume pressed
From the heart of the rose that nestled
In the beloved one's breast.

Oh! wind, wild wind of winter,
What hast thou borne away?—
A burden of mournful remembrance,
The sigh of the year's decay;—
The skeleton leaves of the forest,
The drift from the chill snow-wreath,
And the prayer of a soul that is passing
Into the shadow of death.

Temple Bar.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY.

PART I.—ENGLAND TO KAWÁKÉ UJJI ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

On the 30th of November, 1872, I and my old friend and messmate Dillon, and assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy, left Victoria Station by the evening mail,

being then the only two members of the "Livingstone East Coast Expedition." Our object was to find Dr. Livingstone, and place ourselves unreservedly under his orders to carry out any geographical work which he might desire.

From the tenor of the last letters re-

ceived from the illustrious veteran of African travel, we expected that on our meeting him we should be ordered to proceed northwards to explore the "Mwutau Nzigé" ("Albert Nyanza"), and Victoria Nyanza Lakes, but "l'homme propose, Dieu dispose."

We were ordered in the first instance to join Sir Bartle Frere at Brindisi, and to proceed with him to Zanzibar, where we were to receive our final orders. On arrival at Brindisi we found that Sir Bartle was still at Rome, and that there was no room for us on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, which had been ordered to take him to Zanzibar.

We therefore, after a delay of six days, proceeded to Alexandria by the P. and O. steamer *Malta*, where Sir Bartle arrived a day or two after us. We went with him to Cairo, where his good offices procured for us from H.H. the Khedive an official letter of recommendation to all under his employ in the Soudan. Though this letter was never used in the countries for which it was intended, it was accepted by Arabs in the interior of Africa as a proof that we were friends with one whose name is known to all educated Mahomedans. We then went on to Aden, where Dr. Badger procured for us another letter from Said Alwyn ibn Said, a saint living near there, which was the most effectual talisman of all.

Whilst at Aden, Lieutenant Murphy, R.A., volunteered to join the expedition, paying his own expenses, if the Indian Government would continue him in the pay and allowances of his rank. To this they readily assented, and he afterwards joined us at Zanzibar. We then went on to Zanzibar in the B.I.S.S. *Punjib*, Captain Hansard, and received the kindest attentions from him and his officers.

When we arrived at Zanzibar, after a very pleasant passage, I found myself attacked by an old enemy, the "coast fever," and was obliged for a time to take advantage of the kindness of some old messmates, and lie up on board the *Briton*, whilst Dillon went on with preparations for the road by himself. Unfortunately, our heavy stores from England did not arrive as soon as we did. The *Agra*, on board which they were shipped, had been compelled to put back into Plymouth by bad weather, and we

had therefore, before her arrival, to get a small supply of arms and ammunition from the flagship of H.E. Admiral Cumming.

As soon as I was able to get about again, I went ashore and joined Dillon at the English gaol, where rooms had been put at our disposal by our old and kind friend Dr. Kirk. As soon as we had engaged our escort, and got some donkeys and stores, we chartered a couple of small Arab dhows, and went over to Bagamoyo to try and get the porters necessary to transport our stores.

When we arrived, we hired rooms for ourselves in the house of Abdallah Dina, a Mussulman trader from India, who was very profuse in offers of service and assistance, but, like the rest of his race, could not resist the temptation of cheating Englishmen when he had a fair opportunity. Our men and stores were housed in a large thatched wattle and dab erection, belonging to Jemadar Issa, which we dignified with the name of the barracks, and in an open space in front of it we had our donkey lines.

Bagamoyo, like most of the sister towns along the Zanzibar coast, is a long straggling irregular sort of street with short offsets, and lying behind the sandhills which line the shore. There may be half-a-dozen stone houses, but the greater portion of those of the semi-respectable people are merely large buildings of wattle and dab, thatched with plaited cocoa-nut leaves. A few flat-roofed mosques provide for the religious wants of the inhabitants, but they are only resorted to on great feast days.

The greatest and most important feature, however, at Bagamoyo is the French mission, an off-shoot of that at Zanzibar.

Two or three priests, half-a-dozen lay brothers, and the same number of sisters, do all the work. The pupils are instructed in industrial trades, and all the buildings of the mission have been erected by them, under the direction of the lay brothers. They have large and admirably kept gardens, and are trying to introduce several new and valuable plants into the country.

The pupils are kept under surveillance after they have grown up, and are encouraged to marry amongst themselves, and to bring their children to be baptized and brought up at the mission, so that

there is a great hope that Christianity is getting a good grip on the continent of Africa, at least in this one spot.

From the members of the mission we experienced the greatest imaginable interest, telling us that they looked upon us as missionaries as well as themselves, and they could have paid us no higher compliment. After engaging what men we could, we had to go back to Zanzibar to meet the mail from Aden, by which we expected our stores. When we arrived at Zanzibar, we found that the mail had already arrived, and that Murphy and our stores had come down in her.

As soon as possible we returned to Bagamoyo, and went on with the tiresome work of paying *pagazi*, and trying to keep loads within compass. As I found the men were rarely forthcoming at our morning musters, I thought it would be best to form a camp a short distance from the town, and accordingly selected a lovely spot shaded by four or five enormous mango-trees close to Shamba Gonera, a farm owned by the widow of a Hindu merchant.

Notwithstanding this move, we were still much troubled by our men absenting themselves, and also by their being induced to desert by the lower orders of Wamirima.

I wrote to Dr. Kirk, to ask if he could pay us a visit so as to show that we were still under the influence of British power, which he at once did, and I think his coming over to see us moderated the evil to some extent. After his return to Zanzibar, we redoubled our efforts to get away, and Dillon went on with what men could be dragged together to Kikoka, the most distant outpost of H.H. Syud Burghash's Balooches. After his departure, Murphy and I were both down with fever, and Murphy was so bad that he had to be taken in and nursed by the good French *padr s*. Dillon also came back to see him. The same day Sir Bartle and his staff came to Bagamoyo in the *Daphne*. He brought with him another volunteer for our expedition, Moffat, a grandson of the famous father of South African missions, and a nephew of Livingstone's. Dillon went back at once to Kikoka, and two days afterwards I and Moffat joined him there with some more men and donkeys. I then sent Moffat back to assist Murphy, and with

Dillon set out for Rehenneko, where we were to wait for the other two and what portion of the remainder of the stores they could obtain porters to carry.

Dillon and I left Kikoka on March 28th, 1873, and although we had used every conceivable precaution to prevent the absence of our men, and had not brought out so many loads as we had men in our camp according to our daily muster, we found that we had to leave twelve or fourteen loads behind.

We made our way along between Stanley's route and the Kingani, through an open park-like country, with clumps and strips of jungle and forest-trees and some tracks of game. No villages were directly on our route, and after three marches the men declared that they must go out to look for food, and that there was a village near. I went out with them, in the hopes of seeing some of the domestic life of the natives, and saw a few miserable huts; but shortly after we left our camp it came on to rain in torrents, and we saw scarcely anything and got less. On our way back to camp we lost our way and got benighted in a swampy wood, where I had to sleep (or try to sleep) in the least wet spot I could find, with my back up against a tree and the rain beating on me the while.

Next morning I was only just able to creep into camp; but on that and on the following day our foraging parties were more successful, and the third day we were able to go on again, having obtained a modicum of cassava. During our halt here, Moffat came out to us with letters, and the day we went on returned again to Bagamoyo. Poor lad, it was the last time I saw him.

I was suffering from a violent attack of fever, brought on by my mud and water bed, but managed to hold on to my donkey from camp to camp somehow or another. The country up to Msuwah was much the same as we had already passed through, but then it began to rise more decidedly. At Msuwah, we were detained a few days to try and get food, and by having to pay tribute to the chief, who was a regular black Pecksniff. He said our men could not buy food there, and that he would get it for us; but that cloth, &c., must be paid in advance. After two or three days' waiting, and only a small proportion

being forthcoming, we thought it best to go on, and let the smiling old man pocket the plunder in peace. We then went on by Kisémo over a small table land, well watered with magnificent stretches of open grass, and much cultivated land, with the villages hidden in patches of jungle, and only betrayed by the blue smoke wreathing above the tree-tops; and at the end of our second march arrived, after an almost precipitous descent, in the valley of the Lugerengeri. Behind us was the wooded steep which we had just come down, around were villages with thatch-roofed huts, patches of tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, and other crops; in our immediate front the river, brawling over its wide shallow bed, but the banks showing terrific signs of its giant power when swollen by the tropical rains; and beyond it, again, the lovely Duthumi hills, with their wooded summits crowned with fleecy clouds.

We went on across the wide Lugerengeri, and then made a nearer acquaintance with the hills, and found that picturesque forms entailed very rough walking and hard work; and on our first march we were from 4.30 A.M. till 3 P.M. on the road. Indeed many of the stragglers were not up till long after sunset. Our camp was in a rocky pass, with pools of crystal water amongst the rocks at the bottom, and around us flowering creepers and acacias in the full wealth of their golden blossoms.

We passed on out of this lovely spot into a basin-like valley full of small conical hills, each crowned with a tiny hamlet, and crops of the richest luxuriance growing all about us. Out of this "happy valley" (except for slavery) we fought our way through thickets of tall cane grass. It was tantalizing to know that all around were lovely views, while we could see nothing five yards from us, and then through a steep and narrow pass we came again into the valley of the Lugerengeri.

Passing along through cane-brakes, and crossing wide torrent-beds, all going to feed the river, strewn with blocks of granite brought down in the freshes which, in a brief half hour, spread destruction around and then leave a tiny trickling stream in their place, we came to Simbawéni, erstwhile the home of the renowned freebooter and kidnapper of

slaves, Kisabengo, but since his death ruled by his favorite daughter, who lacks the power, but not the will, to make her name as dreaded as was ever that of her robber sire. The mud-built palace is now however, falling to pieces; and there are great gaps in the strong palisades which form the enceinte, some hastily repaired, and others still open.

We passed the den of this lioness without paying any tribute, and only paid the compliment (?) of closing up our men and displaying the union jack and white ensign as we defiled past the town.

We then crossed the Lugerengeri a second time, on an African bridge made of a fallen tree, and so away from the country of Simbawéni. Whilst camped on the Lugerengeri, we were crowded with people selling food, many of them dressed in kilts made of grass fibre, resembling those of the mop-headed Papuans, with filed teeth, and heads oiled and besmeared with red clay.

Our men did not like to leave the Papuan plenty of this place, and after a day's halt we had much trouble to make them shoulder their burdens and take the road again.

From among the hills we came out on to the Makata Swamp. At first our road lay along a grassy level plain, but gradually we began to get into the "Slough of Despond," the mud getting deeper and stickier, and the donkeys and men floundering more helplessly at every step. To add to our discomfort, it came on to rain heavily, whilst still some distance from camp; and we had to drive the lazy and cheer the flagging for five hours of mud and rain, during which time we only got on about three and a half miles.

Next day, however, was better, and we crossed the river before evening. Notwithstanding, after a night's heavy rain, the bridge by which we had crossed was clean out of sight, and if we had been a day later we might have been detained a week before we should have been able to cross it.

From the river Makata on to the base of the Usagara mountains was good level marching, with the exception of two swamps, each from three-quarters of a mile to a mile long, and about mid-thigh deep. We arrived at Rehenneko

where we were to wait for our companions, on the 1st of May. Our camp was formed on a conical hill, at the mouth of a gorge in the Usagara mountains, on the opposite side of which lay the village of Rehenneko.

When Dillon and I arrived, we were both laid up, he with an acute attack of dysentery, and I with an abscess on my foot, and fever and ague.

As we gradually recovered, we employed ourselves with altering and fitting donkeys' saddles, which up to this had given us a great deal of trouble; and also in taking sights for latitude and longitude. The people at Rehenneko were pretty friendly to us, though they do not bear the best of names; but I think they thought we were too hard a nut to crack.

The month of May passed slowly away, and the Masika, or rainy season, finished; but no news arrived of our companions, whom we were most anxiously expecting. I sent back two or three sets of messengers, and could get no news, till about the 22nd I heard they had just passed Simbawéni.

About the 26th a caravan hove in sight. It must be them, for there is a white man, but only one. Where is the other?—a question, alas, to be soon answered. As the party drew near, I limped out of camp to meet them, and found Murphy looking very ill, mounted on a donkey. "Where's Moffat?" I cried. The answer was, "*Dead!*" "How? When?" "I will tell you when I get into camp. I am too ill to say much now."

Afterwards we heard the sad tale of his end. Beaten by the climate, he lay down and died just before arriving at the Makata Swamp, to add another name to the list of martyrs in the cause of African exploration.

Poor young fellow! He had sold his all, a sugar-plantation at Natal, for £600, and came to Zanzibar prepared to devote the last farthing to the cause of this expedition. He died on the threshold of the unknown country where his grandfather had labored nobly for more than half a century, and where his gallant uncle had already (though we then did not know it) succumbed to disease, hunger, and hardship. If he had been spared he would have been a

worthy successor to those two great and noble men.

When Murphy arrived he was suffering from the remains of an attack of fever, and we therefore remained at Rehenneko two or three days in order that he might recruit his health. I fear that much of his and Moffat's illness was caused by neglecting the daily use of quinine.

The days before we started were employed by me in overhauling all our loads, and redistributing, so as to avoid as much as possible any delay on the road.

Our route from Rehenneko lay over the Usagara mountains, up and down steep, rocky hills, over great bare and slippery sheets of quartz and granite. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of these mountains, they were mostly wooded to the summits, principally by acacias, which, as Burton very aptly observes, reminds one much of a crowd of people sheltering themselves under umbrellas.

In the hollows and dips where water collects, the noble mparamusi rears its lordly head. This tree is one of the most splendid specimens of arboreal beauty in the world. A tall, clean, towering shaft, running to a hundred and fifty, or even two hundred feet, without a knot or excrescence to break its symmetry, and crowned by a spreading head of dark green foliage. The natives have a proverb about this tree, and it is supposed to be impossible to climb one. When they think anything is beyond their powers, they say, "We have climbed many trees, but this one is indeed an mparamusi, and this one we can't climb."

Passing over the first part of the mountains, we came into the gorge by which the Mukondokwa breaks through the side of the mountains. Our camp above it was on the steep hillside, and for comfort one might as well be on the side of a roof. The next day we crossed the Mukondokwa, a swift and brawling stream of turbid water about knee-deep, and eighty yards wide. We crossed at the old village of Kadetamaré. This is not entirely deserted; the chief having learnt the danger of this position when the larger part was swept away by a fresh of the river at the time of the great hurricane at Zanzibar, has now settled on an adjoining knoll.

From the river we went along through gigantic crops of mtama or Caffre corn, the stalks being often from sixteen to eighteen feet high, and camped near the village of Muinyi Usagara. We were delayed here by one of our men accidentally shooting a native when a party was sent out for food, and before we could leave had to pay a heavy fine of cloth to his relations. When this matter was settled (for which we were indebted to the good offices of a gentlemanly old Arab settled near), we started on our road again, passing up the right bank of the Mukondokwa, through a rough and tangled country, the path in places almost overhanging the river, so that a false step or slip would have sent one down fifty feet into its muddy waters. The hills here were mostly of granite, but occasionally great masses of new red sandstone showed out, forming a vivid contrast to the foliage of the trees and creepers and the more sombre tints of the weathered granite.

Quitting Burton's route, which turns sharp off over the Rubeho mountains, we made our way up to Lake Ugombo, after having twice more forded the Mukondokwa. Lake Ugombo is full of hippopotami, and numerous waterfowl speckle its surface.

From Lake Ugombo to Mpwapwa, distant two long marches, no water is to be found, so we were initiated into one of the incidents of African travel, commonly known as a *terekesa*, viz., a forced march after noon.

Just before we left Lake Ugombo we saw a mixed multitude of men, women, children, and goats travelling to the valley of the Mukondokwa. They were carrying all their household utensils with them, and on inquiry we found that their homes near Mpwapwa had been harried by the Wadirigo, a predatory highland tribe, and that they were escaping with what they had been able to save.

We left Lake Ugombo at about eleven A.M., and marched across a parched and arid country, with great blocks of granite strewn about its arid surface, the vegetation being only euphorbiae, kolqualls, &c., and baobabs, with a few patches of coarse grass already parched up by the burning sun of the tropics.

We camped out with the sky for our roof, and a gunstock for our pillow, and

were off before daylight to make our way to Mpwapwa, passing through a thorny jungle, and across open tracts with scarce a blade of grass or a weed on their burnt-up surface. About half-past two in the afternoon, we arrived at the sandy bed of the stream at Mpwapwa, and going up it soon came to pools, and then to running water, which soon, however, filters away through the sand. I sent back men with water for those who had straggled behind, but notwithstanding this precaution, a man and a donkey fell victims to this trying march.

Mpwapwa, situated on the slope of the hills and well supplied with water, was a land of plenty, but prices were high as the Wadirigo had looted many of the neighboring villages. The Wadirigo were a fine manly looking race, who carried a huge shield of bull's-hide, a heavy spear, and a sheaf of beautifully finished assegais. They walked about among the villagers like people of a higher race, and told them coolly that they only held their cattle and villages at their pleasure.

Although these Wadirigo were physically a fine race, they wore no clothes (many even of the women being perfectly naked, except perhaps a string of beads round their necks), and built no permanent villages. They are much feared by all the tribes in their vicinity, but unless opposed they do not kill or maltreat their victims, or make slaves of them.

Mpwapwa is a very favorite halting-place, being situated between the arid tract reaching to Lake Ugombo, and the desert of the Marenga Mkali.

After a couple of days' halt to rest our men after their trying march, we went to Chunyo, the last camp before starting to cross the Marenga Mkali.

On our road we passed a village occupied by the Wadirigo, and, as with most thieves, it was light come light go, we got some goats and a couple of small bullocks cheap from these roving caterans. To obviate the inconvenience of being without water during our march across the Marenga Mkali, I filled four india-rubber air pillows with water, which held three gallons each, and besides giving us plenty for ourselves, allowed us some to spare for the weaker men and donkeys. The Marenga Mkali is a desert plain rather more than thirty miles across, reaching from the inland base of the Usagara

mountains to the eastern limits of Ugogo, and scattered about are numerous small irregular granite hills, many of a conical form.

There are many watercourses, which are flooded in the rainy season, and I am firmly of opinion that water might be obtained by digging.

On our march across it we saw many zebras and other wild animals, but were unfortunately unable to get within shot of any.

Our camp at night, under a grove of thorny acacias, was a scene for a poet instead of a sailor to describe.

No tents were pitched or huts built, but every knot of two or three men had its separate fire. Above, the velvety sky, with its golden lamps, then the canopy of smoke looking like frosted silver, next trees looking as if made of ebony and ivory, and, below, all the blazing fires with the wild figures of the pagazi and askari moving about amongst them.

After leaving our camp we marched across a broken sterile country with thorn brakes and dry nullah, or sometimes a sandy plain, till we reached the outskirts of Ugogo.

Here we arrived at extensive plains, largely cultivated, but now, after the harvest, and in the midst of the dry season, parched and arid. The country, however, supports large herds of cattle, which seem to subsist on the dry stalks of the Caffre corn.

The natives made us pay before we were allowed to let our thirsty donkeys drink, or to cut the stalks of the corn to feed them on. The only growing crop was a small and tasteless water-melon, and as one or two of the men who picked one to quench their thirst were unfortunately detected, we had to pay a heavy fine. At this camp occurred a desertion *en masse* of a body of Wanyumwezi hired by Murphy at Bagamoyo. He had entrusted their payment to Abdoolah Dina, and that worthy had paid them in such vile cloth that when they saw what the men whom I had paid personally had got, their anger rose, and shortly after sunset they levanted.

We marched from this station to the vicinity of the *tembé* of the chief of the district, when we were fully initiated into the delays and vexations incurred by every one who has any dealings with

the Wagogo. The Wagogo are a bumptious, overbearing race, but, contrary to the opinions of most travellers, I believe them to be like all bullies, arrant cowards; however, in Africa, a bullying brow-beating manner often passes for courage.

Their huts are miserable places, built round a square, in which at night the cattle are penned. Sheep, goats, and fowls share the huts of their masters; and smaller inhabitants are more in number than the sands of the sea.

The Wagogo, inhabiting a country which requires hard work to make it produce the necessaries of life, are slave importers, and often tempt some foolish fellows to desert their Arab masters; only too soon do the fools find that they have exchanged from lenient masters to a bondage worse than that of the Egyptians.

The chiefs, as well as the meanest of the people, have to take their turn in tending the herds of cattle which form their principal wealth, the only privileges enjoyed by the chief being that he has, as a rule, more wives, obtains a larger share of the tribute, and can indulge in drunkenness oftener than his subjects. Their arms are bows and arrows and spears, and the more eastern portion of them also carry hide shields painted in a pattern of red, white, and black. Their ears are pierced, and the lobes so enlarged that in many instances they hang down to their shoulders. In them they carry gourds, snuff-boxes, and all sorts of heterogeneous objects. Their hair is dressed in a most fantastic manner. In fact, nothing seems to be too hideous or absurd for the taste of a Mgogo. After a delay of two or three days, caused by the drunkenness of the people during the mourning for a sister of the chief, which rendered them incapable of transacting any business, we marched for the next station.

Our road lay along a fairly level country, sometimes cultivated, sometimes thorny scrub, and sometimes sterile sand, till in the evening we arrived at a lovely pond about four hundred yards by two hundred in length and width, embosomed in a grove of green trees, with short turf-like sward stretching back from its shores. A complete oasis in the bosom of parched Ugogo. We formed our camp and feasted our eyes on the first fresh

verdure we had seen since Mpwapwa. We found the chief here more reasonable than the one at Moumè, but still had to pay tribute as usual. We showed some of the people our guns, pistols, watches, &c., and one old man said, that people who were able to make and use such wonderful things, ought surely never to die. From this place we went along by a chain of small ponds, all frequented by waterfowl, and then through a broken country fairly wooded, till we arrived at Kanyenyé or Great Ugogo. Kanyenyé is a level plain, extending between the feet of two ranges of hills, and is ruled over by a chief of great age and decrepitude, concerning whom there are many stories. People say that he is now getting a fourth set of teeth, and that he is over three hundred years old. I have no doubt that he is considerably over the century. His grandchildren are grey and grizzled men.

From his *tembé* we went on across the plain of Kanyenyé, which in many places is covered with a coating of bitter, nitrous salt, which is collected by the natives and made into small cones like sugar-loaves, and sold by them to their neighbors. Ending the plain we came up a sharp ascent, at the top of which was a plateau, on which was a range of rocky hills, through which we marched, and came to Usekhé, where granite boulders of the most fantastic shapes and forms were scattered about. Concerning some of these there are curious stories, which the space at my command does not permit me to relate here.

Our next station was Khoko, which we reached after passing through a thick jungle, and here we camped close to the chief's village, under one of three enormous trees, a species of fig or sycamore; our own party, and other caravans accompanying us, in all amounting to about five hundred people, finding plenty of room under the shade of one.

We had now nearly finished Ugogo, the only other place being Mdaburu, a fertile vale situated on a nullah of the same name, which, in the rainy season, is a furious torrent, and in the bed of which large and deep pools of water are found in the driest seasons. Here, as no white men had ever passed by exactly the same route as that we followed, we were

detained in order to be stared at by the people.

Leaving Mdaburu we entered on what used to be dreaded as the *Mgunda Mkali*, or "Fiery Field;" but we found villages springing up all across, most being built by the Wakimbu, who, having been expelled from their former homes, are busy colonising this whilom forest.

Just after leaving Mdaburu we crossed the Mabunguru, another large nullah, and also one of the last affluents of the Kwaha, the more important of the two streams forming the Lufiji. From here we went on rising up over rocky hills, strips of thick jungle, bare sheets of granite, nature in her most lovely form, if it were not for tracts of miles and miles being blackened by fires lighted by preceding caravans, both to drive game and to clear a way for marching.

Halfway across this "fiery field," we came to Jiwé la Singa and its surrounding villages. Here there is now a large population, fields well cultivated, numerous villages, some out in the open, others sheltered by groves of trees, but all surrounded by the inevitable stockade.

The fields here are mostly separated from each other by deep ditches and banks, and in one or two places I saw attempts at artificial irrigation. When Haji Abdullah (Burton) passed here in 1859, Jiwé la Singa, and one or two other small hamlets, were all that existed; but now this is one of the most populous and fertile places in Eastern Africa.

From Jiwé la Singa, our track again led through the uninhabited woods: spoors of giraffé and other big game were numerous, but caravan-marching in Africa is not the way for a Shikarry to enjoy himself, the men grunt and groan under their burdens, or some more spirited than the rest strike up a monotonous chant to lighten the fatigues of the way, and all game is most effectually scared. Besides, in these uninhabited tracts water is scarce, and the day's march is in consequence long, so that on arrival in camp, though game would have been an acceptable addition to our larder, we were too tired to go out shooting, unless we had neglected more necessary work.

During our marches here water was very bad, besides being scarce, and we

were often fain to be content with stuff that any decent English dog would turn up his nose at.

At the end of this bit of wilderness we arrived at Urguru, one of the outlying districts of Unyamwesi proper, and yielding to the pressing invitation of the chief of the chiefs, camped in his village.

We were objects of intense curiosity to the inhabitants, and our tents were crowded the whole day with the rank, beauty, and fashion of the place.

Though very kind in their manners towards us, they left some disagreeable mementoes behind them in the shape of a variety of entomological specimens, which however much they might be valued by the British Museum or the Linnean Society, were decidedly objectionable as companions.

We were now nearing Unyanyembé, the largest Arab settlement in Africa; but some heavy marching had first to be gone through.

Our first march from Urguru was through wild jungle, but with here and there strips of open grass; and in the evening we camped at a place called Simbo, where water is obtained a couple of feet below the surface by digging, and there are also numerous old water-holes at which the wild animals come to drink.

Next day, just after our start, we saw some buffaloes, and though Dillon started after them, they winded the caravan before we could get within range. After this we each took one side of the road, and I saw innumerable guinea-fowl, and also shot a small antelope. Besides this, I saw a cobra, and almost got caught by some Ruga Ruga (or banditti). As I was working my way back to the caravan I saw what I thought was a camp and went to look at it, and found it a small but very substantial palisade partly roofed over, which I afterwards heard was a den belonging to these fellows. If they had been at home when I passed, nothing could have saved me. That night we camped amongst some enormous boulders at a place called Marwa, where water was only to be obtained by digging at the foot of one.

There is a legend about a destroyed village here, and it is considered unlucky to say Maji (water), or fire a gun, or pass by with one's boots on for fear of offending the demon in charge of the spring,

and thereby causing him to stop the water-supply. From here we started before daylight, and in the grey of the morning Dillon and I saw a couple of lions trotting off home, after having been out on the range all night; and in the afternoon we heard that ruga-ruga were in front of us, and had attacked a small party who were preceding us by about half-an-hour. On going to the front we found that this was quite true. The ruga-ruga had attacked the party and carried off some ivory and a couple of women slaves.

We went on to near a largish pond, and there encamped for the night. About nine P.M. some arrows were shot into our camp, but we had no more trouble.

The next day we arrived at one of the outlying villages of Unyanyembé, where we had to remain a day until news of our arrival had been sent on, according to African etiquette, to the Arab governor there.

The next day we marched into Kwikurul, the capital of Unyanyembé, and had breakfast with Said-ibn-Salim, the Arab governor, who afterwards, in company with a number of other Arabs, showed us the house which he had placed at our disposal during our stay, and which was the same he had lent Livingstone and Stanley during their stay here.

Kwikurul is the settlement of the native chief and several Arabs; and at Kwihara, where our house stood, are other Arab settlements. Besides these there are many other Arabs settled close to, some at, Kazeh or Taborah, and some at places which have different local names; but the whole is generically called Unyanyembé, although that properly is the name of a considerable district.

The various small settlements of the Arabs are scattered about—some on the plain, and some on a hill divided from the rest by another low and rocky hill. The total number of Arab traders now at Unyanyembé may number about two hundred; but sometimes three or four, or even more, live together, so that there are not above fifty or sixty large Arab houses, and some of these were the property of men away on different journeys, or who had gone to Zanzibar for fresh stores or a holiday. All the Arabs here possess large numbers of slaves, and use

them as porters and to cultivate their gardens and farms.

The poorer Wamerima and Wasuahili do not give their slaves any rations, but tell them to go and steal food where they can find it; and these hungry wretches render it unsafe for any one to move about unless well armed.

Our time at Unyanyembé was a monotonous round of fevers and illnesses. We all had fever upon fever. Dillon lost the sight of one eye from atony of the optic nerve, and I was totally blind for about a month from a violent attack of ophthalmia, chiefly induced by the glare, wind, and dust.

The famous Mirambo (who, if all accounts be true, is more sinned against than sinning) was reported to be on the move on the route to Ujiji, and our men deserted daily. Others engaged in their place followed their example, and there seemed sometimes to be no hope of our getting away to the westward at all. However, I stuck to the resolution of getting on somehow, being determined never to turn back.

Towards the end of October, Chuma and another man belonging to Livingstone's caravan arrived, bringing a letter from Jacob Wainwright, announcing the melancholy fact that the great pioneer of African exploration was dead in the country of Ubisa, and that the whole party with the corpse would arrive in a day or two. I sent back cloth for the men behind, and soon after they all arrived.

All the principal Arabs assembled at our house when the body was brought there, in order to show respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone; and as the men carrying the corpse entered the house, we hoisted our colors half-mast high. Murphy now resigned, saying that the object of the expedition had been achieved, and that there was nothing more to be done. I supplied Livingstone's men with stores for the journey to the coast, and redoubled my exertions to get away from Unyanyembé, which was becoming hateful to me.

A couple of days before the day fixed for starting, Dillon found that he was too ill to proceed, and reluctantly yielded to my persuasions to try and return to the coast, in the faint hope of recovering his health by a speedy return to his native land.

On the 9th of November the two parties left Unyanyembé, two homeward bound, and one Westward Ho!

The parting with Dillon was a sad wrench to me; but hope is long-lived, and I trusted that we might both live to talk over this parting in England. This trust, alas! was not to be fulfilled, for a week after our parting I received the news of his sad end.

He was a scholar and a gentleman, a good officer, a pleasant messmate, and one of my dearest friends; but he is dead on the "field of honor," as surely as if he had died leading a forlorn hope, or charging an enemy's battery.

I was much delayed by desertions and thefts, and forced out of my road by the cowardice of my men, so that in the beginning of December I met Murphy again in Uganda, as he also could not follow his direct route, and had had to send back to the Arab governor for more cloth, as much had been wasted in drunkenness by the men, and some had been stolen.

Three days after I left him I was met by a chief who was at variance with the Arabs, and who refused me a road across his country. At last, on the 1st of January, we got a fair start, having lost and wasted a large quantity of stores, and been compelled to abandon twelve loads of beads, and throw away much of my kit and private stores on account of the desertion of porters.

Leaving the cultivated grounds of Uganda, we passed first across a level plain almost waterless, but with clumps of trees here and there where the water was near the surface, and came to the South Ngombé nullah. The country here was marvellously beautiful. Small mounds crowned with trees, groves, and bosquets, and broad reaches of the Ngombé reaching for miles and miles. In the rainy season much of this level country is under water, and we saw a dilapidated bark canoe about three miles from the nullah.

Game was very plentiful here, but wild, and I was unsuccessful in my attempts to get any. I saw a large white rhinoceros, wild boar, and several sorts of antelope; but all were scared by my own people, and by hunting parties from the neighborhood.

From the Ngombé we passed on

through Ugara, which is divided into three districts under independent chiefs. Most of this country at one time had been cultivated and populous, but most of the people had been destroyed or carried off as slaves in the various wars, which are constantly going on, especially in that waged between Mirambo and the Arabs.

All the country of Ugara was nearly a dead level, with the exception of a couple of small hills near the centre, until we arrived on its western boundaries, but marvellously fertile; villages which had only been abandoned a year or two being almost hidden in the luxuriant growth of underwood.

After leaving Ugara my guides missed their road, and as I was dead lame from a large abscess on my leg, I was unable to take the lead of the caravan and direct them. After wandering some days in trackless woods, and fording many streams or crossing them in Matthews's india-rubber boat, we arrived at Mân Komo's, the chief of a portion of the mountainous country of Kawendi. Here we hoped to get food, but it was not forthcoming, as Mân Komo demanded a ridiculous tribute which I refused to pay.

Leaving Mân Komo's, we went on struggling over the mountains of Kakwendi, hungry and tired, and little or no food to be obtained. The people, profiting by experience, have built their huts amongst almost inaccessible crags, and carefully defended the approaches; many of them, indeed, live in regular caves, and refuse intercourse with all passers-by.

One day during this march I was carried in my chair slung to a pole, as I was utterly unable to walk or ride, and suddenly I saw my men throw down loads and guns and skedaddle up the nearest trees. The men carrying me also bolted, and I was left perfectly helpless and unable to move, and at a loss to know what the stampede was about. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw a buffalo charging down the line. Luckily he did not notice me, although he passed within twenty yards of where I was dropped.

After Kawendi we crossed the Sindi on a bridge of floating vegetation, and then arrived in Uvinza, where we got something substantial to eat, after a fortnight's starvation.

In Uvinza we had to pay heavily to the chief for permission to cross the Malagarazi, and then to pay his *mutwalé* at the ferry for leave to hire canoes, besides the hire of the ferrymen themselves.

We got across the swift brown stream of the Malagarazi without any disasters, although the canoes were some of the most primitive that I ever saw. The people refused to allow the donkeys to be hauled across until a fetish man had made medicine. Bombay swore that the reason of Stanley's losing a donkey when crossing was his neglecting this precaution.

After crossing the Malagarazi we went along a short way from its northern bank, and first travelling through the salt-producing part of Uvinza, and then through an uninhabited part of the country, we came in sight of the great Lake Tanganyika—sixteen years to the day from the time when it was first discovered by Burton.

When I first saw the lake the day was dull and cloudy, and the lake looked so grey that I thought it was sky, and the distant mountains of Ugoma were clouds. By degrees it dawned on me that this was *the lake* and nothing else, and then only did its immensity truly realise itself to my mind.

I had sent on a man in advance with letters to Ujiji, to announce our arrival and ask for boats to be sent to the Ruché River, to take us to Kawélé, the capital. They were duly forthcoming; and on the 22nd I arrived there, being the fifth white man who had ever reached the Tanganyika.

Kawélé now is almost entirely an Arab settlement; all the people who trade to the westward having houses there, and wheat, rice, onions, and other good things are cultivated in their gardens. Every morning there is a market from 7.30 to 10.30 A.M., at which fish, meat, tobacco, butter, and all sorts of native produce are sold, and at last we were in a land of plenty, and the hungers and hardships of the road were in a fair way of being forgotten. I, however, thought of what was to be done, and having secured Livingstone's journals and maps, made preparations for a cruise round the lake, as I had heard that travelling to the westward or it was impracticable in the rainy season

The Arab traders at Ujiji were most kind and hospitable, though at the same time they made me pay very dearly for everything I had to buy or hire from them.

My preparations for my cruise were

completed on the 8th of March, when I left Kawélé with two boats, the *Betsy* and the *Pickle*, to survey the southern end of the lake. This cruise and my other wanderings will be related hereafter.—*Good Words*.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

IN his Life of Reynolds, Northcote tells an interesting story of the great painter. Soon after he came to London, he went to a picture sale. The room was crowded, the business was going on briskly. Suddenly, there was a pause, a flutter at the door, and then the company divided, to make a lane for a great man to approach the auctioneer's rostrum. The great man was Mr. Pope. As he passed up the room he shook hands with the persons nearest him. Reynolds, who was in the second rank, put out his hand, the poet took it, and Sir Joshua used to relate in after-life that this was the only time he saw Mr. Pope, and how much he treasured the memory of that shake of the hand. In the same book, Northcote tells a somewhat similar story of himself. When he was a boy of sixteen, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson came on a visit to Plymouth. It was in 1762. "It was about this time," he says, "that I first saw Sir Joshua. I had seen several of his works which were in Plymouth (for at that time I had never been out of the country), and these pictures filled me with wonder and delight, although I was then very young; insomuch that I remember when Reynolds was pointed out to me at a public meeting, where a great crowd were assembled, I got as near to him as I could from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind." It was a genuine case of hero-worship, which lasted throughout Northcote's life. He begins at sixteen with touching the skirts of Sir Joshua's coat; seventy years afterwards, when he is dying of old age, almost his last words are praises of Sir Joshua.

There was a long interval, however, between this first contact with Reynolds and the close association with him which afterwards marked the lives of the two painters. Northcote had to struggle very hard with adverse fortune, narrow means,

and restricted opportunities. His father was a watch and clock maker in Market Street, Plymouth Dock. He was poor—so poor indeed, that, as Allan Cunningham relates, it was said by the members of a little club to which he belonged, that in his supper with them he took his dinner. James, his second son, was born on the 22nd of October, 1746. Even in boyhood he had a liking for painting, but as this taste developed, it was repressed by the elder Northcote, who intended the lad to be his own apprentice. He was a dissenter, too—a Unitarian—and in those days, Art did not stand well in the estimation of persons of his class or creed. Besides, he had views of life, and made estimates of character. "My father used to say," Northcote tells us, "that there were people of premature ability who soon ran to seed. He had known several who were very clever at seventeen or eighteen, but who turned out nothing afterwards; at that time of life the effervescence and intoxication of youth did a great deal, but we required to wait till the gaiety and dance of the animal spirits subsided, to see what people really were." Whatever his motive, the old man made Northcote wait. He apprenticed him to the watch-making, and allowed him to paint only in the evening and morning hours of leisure. Northcote submitted, and persevered. He served out his term of apprenticeship, and continued to work at his father's business until he was twenty-four years old—painting, meanwhile, as much as he could; confining himself chiefly to portraits, and studies of animals.

In 1771 his chance came to him. His portraits were talked about in Plymouth; people spoke of him as a prodigy; and then Dr. Mudge, the friend of Reynolds and of Johnson, encouraged him to go to London to see Sir Joshua, giving him a letter of introduction for that purpose.

Northcote went at once. It is said that he walked the whole distance from Plymouth to London; and it would seem that at first he made little progress in his great desire. Reynolds shook his head at the crude performances of the young man, and Northcote had to seek employment—that of coloring prints of flowers at a shilling a sheet—to get bread. He was persevering, and did it, contriving to improve his knowledge of Art at the same time, until Reynolds, struck with his determination, took him as a pupil and assistant, not only into his studio, but as a resident in his house.

"It was in the year 1771," says Northcote (in his *Life of Reynolds*), "that I was first placed under the tuition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was introduced and strongly recommended by my good and much respected friend, Dr. John Mudge. I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of Art; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar."

It was a good house to be in: a house in which there was the best Art and the best company—Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Garrick; the wits and the poets, politicians and painters, rank and fashion, and, above all, Sir Joshua himself, sovereign in Art, polished in manners, capable of holding his ground alike with men of fashion and men of letters.

Here Northcote remained for five years, treated, he tells us, quite as one of the family. Sir Joshua appreciated his earnestness and industry, encouraged his studies, both at home and in the schools of the Academy, and relished his sharp outspoken comments and retorts. In his *Century of Painters* Mr. Redgrave says that Northcote, in his apprenticeship to Reynolds, "had full opportunity of acquiring the technical knowledge he must have so greatly needed. He stood beside Reynolds before his easel, he enjoyed free converse with him, he saw his works in all stages, he assisted in their progress, laying in draperies, painting backgrounds and accessories, and forwarding the numerous duplicates and copies required of such a master, and he shared the usual means of advancement and study enjoyed by Reynolds's pupils; at the same time he

did not neglect the essential study of the figure at the Royal Academy." Northcote himself, in the *Life of Reynolds* and in his *Conversations*, gives a somewhat different account. He worked with Reynolds, no doubt, and derived benefit from the association; but he complains that Sir Joshua was a bad master, that he taught him nothing directly, would not allow him to use any but the commonest preparations, and locked up his own colors. "He would not suffer me," Northcote says, "during the whole time I resided in his house, to make use of any other materials than the common preparations of color, just as we have them from the hands of the colorman; and all varnishes, and every kind of experiment, were strictly prohibited. Likewise, all his own preparations of color were most carefully concealed from my sight and knowledge, and perpetually locked secure in his drawers, thus never to be seen or known by any one but himself." Sometimes, however, Reynolds gave him a sharp lesson in practice. "It was very provoking," Northcote writes, "after I had been for hours laboring on the drapery of one of his portraits, from a lay figure, to see him, with a few masterly sweeps of his brush, destroy nearly all my work, and turn it into something much finer," and yet, he adds, with a touch of pride, "but for my work it would not have been what it was." Copying pictures, though unquestionably useful to him, Northcote detested. "It is," he says, "like plain work among women; it is what anybody can do, and therefore nothing but a bare living is to be got from it." Occasionally he tried to argue with Reynolds, and got put down. Criticising some directions as to color, given by a visitor, Sir Joshua replied, "He is a sensible man, but an indifferent colorist. There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of coloring: we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art." Notwithstanding this rebuff, Northcote ventured to advise Reynolds himself:—

"I once humbly endeavored to persuade Sir Joshua to abandon those fleeting colors, lake and carmine, which it was his practice to use in painting the flesh, and to adopt vermilion in their stead, as infinitely more durable, although perhaps not so exactly true to nature as the former; I remember he looked on his hand, and said, 'I can see no vermilion in

flesh.' I replied, 'But did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh color?' Sir Joshua answered rather sharply. 'What signifies what a man uses, who could not color? You may use it if you will.'

Of Northcote's imitative art, Sir Joshua had a high opinion. Northcote painted a portrait of one of the maid-servants. The likeness was recognised by a macaw belonging to Sir Joshua; the bird disliked the woman, and flew right at the face of the portrait, and tried to bite it. Failing here, he struck at the hand. The experiment was often repeated for the amusement of visitors. Of his own work at that time, Northcote had not formed a very high estimate. Many years afterwards he told Hazlitt how keenly he noted the failures of other pupils in the Academy,—

"The glaring defects of such works almost disgusted me with the profession. Is this, I said, what the art is made up of? How do I know that my own productions may not appear in the same light to others? Nothing gave me the horrors so much as passing the old battered portraits at the doors of brokers' shops, with the morning sun shining full upon them. I was generally inclined to prolong my walk, and put off painting for that day; but the sight of a fine picture had a contrary effect, and I went back and set to work with redoubled ardor."

The direct connection between Reynolds and Northcote ended in 1775, when Northcote was twenty-nine years old. They parted on good terms, Reynolds saying that Northcote had been very useful to him, more so than any other scholar that had ever been with him, and adding, "I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live." Northcote now went back to Plymouth for a time, and painted portraits until he had made enough money to fulfil his purpose—that of going to Italy to study the great masters—to steal from them, as he afterwards described the process. He spent three years in Italy, not knowing a word of the language, or indeed of any language but his own. This proved no hindrance. He said to Hazlitt, speaking of this journey, "there may be sin in Rome, as in all great capitals, but in Parma, and the remoter towns, they seem all one family. Their kindness to strangers is great. I travelled from Lyons to Genoa, and from Genoa to Rome, without speaking a word of the language, and in

the power of a single person, without meeting with the smallest indignity; everywhere, both in inns and on the road, every attention was paid to my feelings, and pains taken to make me comfortable." In the *Conversations* Hazlitt sums up Northcote's impressions of this period,—

"He spoke of his journey to Italy, of the beauty of the climate, of the manners of the people, of the imposing effect of the Roman Catholic religion, of its favorableness to the fine arts, of the churches full of pictures, of the manner in which he passed his time, studying and looking into all the rooms in the Vatican. He had no fault to find with Italy, and no wish to leave it. Gracious and sweet was all he saw in her. As he talked (this was when he was an old man of eighty) he looked as if he saw the different objects pass before him, and his eye glistened with familiar recollections. He said, 'Raffaello did not scorn to look out of himself, or to be beholden to others; he took whole figures from Masaccio to enrich his designs, because all he wanted was to advance the art, and to ennoble human nature.' 'Everything at Rome,' he said, 'is like a picture, it is calculated for show. I remember walking through one of the by-streets near the Vatican, where I met some procession in which the Pope was; and all at once I saw a number of the most beautiful Arabian horses curvetting and throwing out their long tails like a vision, or part of a romance. All our pageants are Bartholomew Fair exhibitions compared with what you see at Rome. And then, to see the Pope give the benediction at St. Peter's, raising himself up, and spreading out his hands in the form of a cross, with an energy and dignity as if he was giving a blessing to the whole world!'"

Raffaello, Titian, and Michael Angelo—the last named especially—were the great objects of attraction to him. He told Reynolds, on his return, "For once that I went to look at Raffaello, I went twice to look at Michael." He made good use of those studies. You must use the great masters, not imitate them: that was his conclusion. It is easy, he says, to imitate one of the old masters, but repetitions are useless.

"If you want to last, you must invent something. To do otherwise is only pouring liquor from one vessel into another; that becomes staler every time. We are tired of the antique; the world wants something new, and will have it; no matter whether it be better or worse, if there is but an infusion of new life and spirit, it will go down to posterity. There is Michael Angelo, how utterly different from the antique, and in some things how superior! There is his statue of Cosmo de Medici leaning on his hand, in the chapel of San Lorenzo, at Florence. I declare it has that look

of reality in it, that it almost terrifies one to be near it. Is it not the same with Titian, Correggio, and Raffaele? These painters did not imitate one another, but were as unlike as possible, and yet were all excellent. Originality is neither caprice nor affectation. It is an excellence that is always to be found in Nature, but has never had a place in Art before."

Northcote, as this passage shows, was a sound critic. He could also describe a fine picture so as to bring it bodily before us. Speaking of Titian, he said to Hazlitt:—

"There is that fine one which you have heard me speak of—Paul the Third, and his two natural sons, or nephews, as they are called. My God! what a look it has. The old man is sitting in his chair, and looking up to one of the sons, with his hands grasping the arm-chair with his long spider fingers, and seems to say, as plain as words can speak, 'You wretch, what do you want now?' while the young fellow is advancing with a humble, hypocritical air. It is true history, and indeed it turned out so, for the son (or nephew) was afterwards thrown out of the palace windows by the mob, and torn to pieces by them."

Here is another criticism, on Velasquez,—

"When a work seems stamped on the canvas by a blow, you are taken by surprise, and your admiration is as instantaneous and electrical as the impulse of genius which has caused it. I have seen a whole-length portrait by Velasquez, that seemed done while the colours were yet wet; everything was touched in, as it were, by a wish; there was such a power, that it thrilled through your whole frame, and you felt as if you could take up the brush and do anything."

A criticism of Titian's portraits is worth recalling. Hazlitt gives it in the *Conversations*.

"He mentioned his gning with Prince Hoare and Day to take leave of some fine portraits by Titian, that hung in a dark corner of a gallery at Naples, and as Day looked at them for the last time, with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Ah! he was a fine old monster.' I said I had repeated this expression (which I had heard him allude to before), somewhere in writing, and was surprised that people did not know what to make of it. Northcote said, 'Why that is exactly what I should have thought. There is the difference between writing and speaking. In writing you address the average quantity of sense or information in the world; in speaking you pick your audience, or at least know what they are prepared for, or else previously explain what you think necessary. You understand the epithet, because you have seen a great number of Titian's pictures, and know that cat-like, watchful, penetrating look he gives to all his faces, which nothing else

expresses, perhaps, so well as the phrase Day made use of; but the world in general knows nothing of this; all they know or believe is, that Titian is a great painter, like Raffaele or any other famous person."

Some painters are as little impressed as the world in general, by the glories of Italian Art. Romney and Edwards were in Italy, and went to the Sistine Chapel. Edwards, Northcote says, "turned on his heel and exclaimed, 'Egad, George, we're *bit*!'"

While Northcote gained inconceivably in Art by his Italian journey, he lost little or nothing in purse. He was very thrifty. Allan Cunningham, in his *Lives of the Painters*, sketches his way of living when abroad.

"I have heard that as necessity and Nature united in making him economical, he lived meanly; associated with none who were likely to lead him into expenses; and as he copied for dealers or travellers a number of the favorite works of the Italian masters, he improved his skill of hand, and rather increased than diminished the sum with which he started from England. Common apartments, common clothes, and common food sufficed for one who was too proud to ask aid from any source, and who had resolved to be independent."

His powers as an artist were recognised, however, by others than dealers. The Italian artists elected him a member of the academies of Florence, Cortona, and Rome. Thus fortified in mind, reputation, and purse, Northcote returned to England and settled for a time in Devonshire, but removed in 1781 to London, where he took a house in Old Bond Street, with the resolution of combining portraiture and historical painting, making the money earned by the one provide leisure for the other.

He met with discouragement at the beginning of his career. Reynolds told him, half playfully, that there was not much chance. "Ah! my dear sir, you may go back; there is a wondrous Cornishman who is carrying all before him." This was Opie, lately come to London, under the auspices of Dr. Wolcot, best known as Peter Pindar. "What is he like?" asked Northcote. "Like? why like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one." Northcote was a prudent man; he resolved to be on friendly terms with the Cornish wonder, and friends they became, though they were commonly considered rivals in painting. Mrs. Opie's

letters bear testimony to Northcote's intimacy with her husband. She quotes, with manifest satisfaction, Northcote's observation, that "while other artists painted to live, Opie lived to paint." Speaking to Hazlitt of Opie, Northcote said, "You did not know Opie. You would have admired him greatly. I do not speak of him as an artist, but as a man of sense and observation. He paid me the compliment of saying that we should have been the best friends in the world if we had not been rivals. I think he had more of this feeling than I had; perhaps because I had most vanity." Northcote, however, had the feeling of rivalry pretty strongly. In 1787 Opie and he were elected full members of the Academy. Northcote exhibited his picture—perhaps his best work—*Wat Tyler*, now in the Guildhall. Opie exhibited his chief work, the *Murder of Rizzio*, now also in the Guildhall. While the works were in progress, Northcote went to see Opie's picture. He found it better and more advanced than his own.

"When I returned to my painting-room, I took up my palette and pencils with an inveterate determination to do something that should raise me a name; but my inspiration was only a momentary dream. The ghost of that picture stood between me and my blank canvas. I could see nothing but the murderers of Rizzio. I felt I could have rejoiced if they had seized the painter and murdered him instead. Yes, I could. This dwelt upon my fancy until I laughed at the conceit, for, thought I, then there had been a meddling fiddler and rival painter dispatched at the same expense; and if all the fiddlers and painters were smothered, for aught I know they might well be spared. I dreamed of the picture whilst wide awake, and I dreamed of the picture when fast asleep. How could I help it? There was a passage in the composition wherein the torches—for the scene was represented, as 'ee may remember, by torchlight, and it was the finest trait of effect that ever proceeded from mortal hand. I still dwell upon it in my mind's eye, in sheer despair. To attempt anything so original, so gloriously fine, I might as well have set about creating another world. I should have died, but for a fortuitous circumstance. I called again to see the hated picture. 'Well, my dear friend,' asked Hazlitt, 'and how did you feel?' 'How did I feel? Gude God! I would not have had Opie know what was passing in my mind for all the world; no, not even to have been the author of the picture. Judge, if 'ee can, what I felt. Why, some wretch, some demon had persuaded him to alter the whole structure of the piece. He had adopted the fatal advice, had destroyed the glory of the

Art, and ruined—yes, to my solace—irrecoverably ruined the piece."

Candid, this; but Northcote was candid. When Opie died, in 1807, they feared to tell Northcote, lest he should be too greatly shocked. There need have been no such alarm. "Well, well," he said, "it's a very sad event; but I must confess it takes a great stumbling-block out of my way, for I never could succeed where Opie did."

In this endeavor to sketch the character of Northcote it is needless to dwell at length upon his pictures. It is said that he painted altogether about two thousand works—portraits, historical and scriptural pieces, subjects from home life, and studies of animals, in the last of which he excelled. The best known of his larger works are the gallery pictures painted for Alderman Boydell. The engravings afford sufficient means to judge of them. They are powerful in parts, but are exaggerated in attitude, and generally too careless in composition, and, like all other works of that period, utterly defiant of propriety in costume and other accessories. He was thinking of Michael Angelo, and aiming at the grand style; but the grand style proved too large for him—it needed the hand of a great master.

The man himself, however, is a more interesting study than his works. He lived so long and his life covered so great a period—from 1746 to 1831—that he became a sort of institution, a depositary of Art traditions, professional and personal, of the most varied and amusing kind. These he loved to narrate in his own dry, cynical way, for he was an admirable talker. In person he was very short, in dress very careless—his trousers were commonly too long, and his shoes too large,—and in habits penurious to miserliness. By saving, and pinching, and screwing, he accumulated more than £40,000—a large fortune in days when prices were so much lower than they are now. One of Fuseli's sarcasms points this phase in his character. Somebody said that Northcote was going to keep a dog. "Northcote keep a dog!" exclaimed Fuseli; "why, what will he feed him on? He will have to eat his own fleas!" Something had occurred at the Academy to gratify Northcote: "Now," said Fuseli, "he will go home, put more

coals on the fire, and almost draw the cork of his only pint of wine." When the exhibition of old masters was begun at the British Institution, a scurrilous publication, called "The Catalogue Raisonné," was issued; it was presumed in the interests of the Academy. Haydon writes, as a departure from Northcote's ordinary habits, that he "ordered a long candle, and went to bed to read it in ecstasy." Notwithstanding his niggardliness and his biting sarcasm, Northcote's studio was for many years a common resort. "About eleven o'clock" (I quote Mr. Redgrave), "unless he had a sitter, a sort of levée commenced. It seldom happened that he remained long alone—one succeeded another, occasionally three or four at a time; and he talked over his work till his dinner-hour, freely discussing any subject which arose, with great sagacity, acuteness, and information, and always maintaining his own opinions."

Haydon in his Autobiography mentions Northcote more than once. This is an entry in 1807:—

"On the day the exhibition opened, we all dined with Hoppner, who hated Northcote, who in his turn hated Hoppner. We talked of Art, and after dinner Hoppner said, 'I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of Art who paints like that fellow Northcote, Heaven only knows.'"

In 1821, in a sketch of the sale of Reynolds's pictures, Haydon again introduces Northcote. The former had induced Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Phillips to buy Reynolds's *Piping Shepherd* for four hundred guineas, then a very large price.

"The purchase," he says, "made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. I soon found it was considered by the artists a sort of honor to be near him, and in the midst of the sale up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused. I turned round and found on the other side, Northcote! I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the 'Shepherd Boy.' At first he did not recollect it, and then said, 'Ah! indeed! Ah! yes! it was a very poor thing. I remember it.' Poor Mr. Phillips whispered to me, 'You see people have different tastes.' I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous of something. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are quite amusing; he exists upon it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face when he knows that something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond every-

thing; and as soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away."

Again, in 1825, Haydon has another fling at Northcote, now an old man of eighty, and who might well have been spared:—

"While I was at the Gallery yesterday, poor old Northcote, who has some fine pictures there, was walking about. He nodded to me. I approached. I congratulated him on his pictures. 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'they want varnishing, they say.' 'Well,' said I, 'why don't you varnish them?' He shook his head, meaning he was too feeble. 'Shall I do it?' 'Will 'ee?' said Northcote. 'I shall be so much obliged.' To the astonishment of the Academicians, I mounted the ladder and varnished away. The poor old mummy was in raptures. I felt for the impotence of his age. He told me some capital stories when I came down."

Readers of Northcote's Conversations know well enough that "the poor old mummy" revenged himself amply on Haydon. In Leslie's Recollections we have an equally graphic, but kindlier notice of Northcote:—

"It is the etiquette for a newly elected member to call immediately on all the Academicians, and I did not omit paying my respects to Northcote among the rest, although I knew he was not on good terms with the Academy. I was shown up-stairs into a large front room filled with pictures, many of the larger ones resting against each other, and all of them dim with dust. I had not waited long when a door opened which communicated with his painting room, and the old gentleman appeared, but did not advance beyond it. His diminutive figure was enveloped in a chintz dressing-gown, below which his trousers, which looked as if made for a much larger man, hung in immense folds over a loose pair of shoes, into which his legs seemed to have shrunk down. His head was covered with a blue silk night-cap, and from under that, and his projecting brows, his sharp black eyes peered at me with a whimsical expression of inquiry. There he stood, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and a mahl-stick, twice as long as himself, in the other: his attitude and look saying, for he did not speak—'What do you want?' On telling him that I had been elected an Associate of the Academy, he said, quickly, 'And who's the other?' 'Mr. Clint,' I replied. 'And so Clint's got it at last. You're an architect, I believe?' I set him right, and he continued, 'Well, sir, you owe nothing to me; I never go near them; indeed, I never go out at night anywhere.' I told him I knew that, but thought it right to pay my respects to all the Academicians, and hoped I was not interrupting him. He said 'By no means,' and asked me into his painting room, where he was at work on an equestrian picture of George IV. as large as life, which he must

have made up from husts and pictures. 'I was desirous,' he said, 'to paint the King, for there is no picture that is like him, and he is by far the best king of his family we have had. It has been remarked that this country is best governed by a woman, for then the Government is carried on by able men; and George IV. is like a woman, for he minds only his own amusements, and leaves the affairs of the country to his ministers, instead of meddling himself, as his father did. He is just what a King of England should be—something to look grand, and to hang the robes on.' I asked leave to repeat my visit, which was readily granted, and from that time we were very good friends. He talked better than he painted."

Leslie continues:—

"When I first found myself painting in the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy, where most of its members were at work, retouching their pictures, I was a good deal puzzled at the very opposite advice I received from authorities equally high. Northcote came in, and it was the only time I ever saw him at the Academy. He had a large picture there, and not hung in the best of places, at which he was much dissatisfied. I told him of my difficulties, and that Wilkie and Lawrence had just given me extraordinary advice. Everybody," he said, "will advise you to do what he himself would do, but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, and if not you may spoil your picture."

"Northcote then complained to Phillips of the ill-usage he had received from the Academy, and said, 'I have scarcely ever had a picture well hung. I wish I had never belonged to you.' Phillips said, laughing, 'We can turn you out!' Northcote answered, 'The sooner you do so the better; only think of the men you have turned out. You turned out Sir Joshua, you turned out Barry, and you turned out West; and I shall be very glad to make a fourth in such company.'

"Mr. Shee, with the adroitness which was natural to him, paid him some compliments. Northcote said, 'Very well, indeed. You are just the man to write a tragedy' (Shee was a very indifferent poet). 'You know how to make a speech.' At another time Northcote complimented Shee in his own peculiar manner, by saying, 'You should have been in Parliament, instead of the Academy.'

Another painter—Thomas Bewicke, the pupil of Haydon—records in his journals a visit to Northcote shortly before his death. Bewicke had been sent to Rome by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to copy some of Michael Angelo's figures in the Sistine Chapel. On his return, he went to show his drawings to Northcote.

"An old servant, almost blind, who had lived with him for half a century, and who had been ordered to leave scores of times, but would not go, opened the door. I sent in my

card, and was ushered into the miser's study. I found him alone, dressed in an old dingy green dressing-gown, and cap to match. He received me very graciously, and when I told him I had just returned from Italy, he opened his eyes with amazement. I said I had brought my drawing of Jeremiah to show him. I then unrolled the drawing, and he, holding up his hands, said, 'Ah! wonderful—strange! How grand. Ah! sir, Raffaele and Michael Angelo were grand fellows—we are puny and meagre compared with them, and I fear ever shall be. The style of education in the Arts is so effeminate, if I may so speak, in this country.' Then, in a sententious manner, he added, 'No, sir, they will never be able to comprehend the grandeur of Michael Angelo; you may show Jeremiah upside down for the next century, and no one will see the difference.'

One more quotation—from Hazlitt, the closest friend and intimate of Northcote's closing years:—

"Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man, eighty years of age, pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away; and yet, what fine things he says. 'Yes,' observed some one, 'and what ill-natured things: they are all malicious to the last word.' Lamb called him, 'A little bottle of aquafortis, which, you know, corrodes everything it touches.' 'Except gold,' interrupted Hazlitt; 'he never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters.' 'Well,' persisted the other, 'but is he not flowing over with envy, and hatred, and all uncharitableness? I am told that he is as spiteful as a woman. Then his niggardness! Did he ever give anything away?' 'Yes,' retorted Hazlitt, 'his advice; and very unpleasant it is!' At another time the conversation turned upon the living painters, when one of them (Haydon, I think) was praised as being a capital relater of an anecdote. This brought Hazlitt's thoughts to Northcote, of whom he spoke again—'He is the best teller of a story I ever knew. He will bring up an old defunct anecdote, that has not a jot of merit, and make it quite delightful by dishing it up in his own words; they are quite a *sauce piquante*.' 'All he says is very well,' said some one, 'when one, who it touches only our neighbor; but what if he speaks of one's self?' 'You must take your chance of that,' replied Hazlitt; 'but, provided you are not a rival, and will let him alone, he will not harm you; jostle him, and he stings like a nettle.'

This last remark is illustrated by a story told by Mr. Redgrave in his sketch of Northcote. He hated Sir Thomas Lawrence, probably because the portrait painters of the Reynolds school had gone down before him.

"An artist, then young," says Mr. Redgrave, "who afterwards became a member of the Royal Academy, relates that one day calling upon Northcote, he found him mounted on a pile of boxes, working away with the zeal of a boy at one of his equestrian portraits of George the Fourth, and that his first inquiry of the visitor was whether he had been at the exhibition, and what he thought of the year's collection. To this interrogatory the young artist replied that he thought Lawrence had in the exhibition one of the most perfect pictures in the world. 'A perfect picture, do 'ee say, and from the hands of Lawrence! A perfect picture! Why, you talk like a fool! A perfect picture! Why, I've been to Rome, and seen Raffaele, and I never saw a perfect picture by him; and to talk of Lawrence doing a perfect picture, good Lord! what nonsense! Lawrence doing anything perfect—why, there never was any perfect picture; at least I never saw one.'"

Occasionally, his sharp retorts were turned to legitimate uses. Once when a pedantic coxcomb was crying up Raffaele to the skies, he could not help saying, "If there was nothing in Raffaele but what *you* can see in him, we should not now have been talking of him." Sometimes Northcote professed to be troubled, or really was troubled, by the sharpness of his tongue. Hazlitt says he blamed himself often for uttering what he thought harsh things; and on mentioning this to his friend Kemble, and saying that it sometimes kept him from sleep after he had been out in company, Kemble replied, "Oh, you need not trouble yourself much about them, others never think of them afterwards!" Northcote returned to this point seriously in one of his talks with Hazlitt, and spoke of it with much shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

"It will never do," he said, "to take things literally that are uttered in a moment of irritation. You do not express your own opinion, but one as opposite as possible to that of the person who has provoked you. You get as far from a person you have taken a pique against as you can, just as you turn off the pavement to get out of the way of a chimney-sweeper; but it is not to be supposed that you prefer walking in the mud, for all that. I have often been ashamed myself of speeches I have made in that way, which have been repeated to me as good things, when all I meant was that I would say anything rather than agree to the nonsense and affectation I heard. You then set yourself against what you think a wrong bias in another, and are not like a wall but a buttress—as far from the right line as your antagonist, and the more absurd he is, the more so do you become."

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXIV., No. 2

Though he had no great literary capacity, and literally no school training, Northcote was desirous of making a reputation as an author. His reading was extensive, but his faculty of composition was limited. He knew no language but English, and this imperfectly. Throughout life he spoke with a broad Devonshire accent, and spelled many words, amongst them the commonest, much as he pronounced them. For Greek literature, even in translation, he had no relish.

"There are some things," he said to Hazlitt, "with respect to which I am in the same state that a blind man is as to colors. Homer is one of these. I am utterly in the dark about it. I can make nothing of his heroes or his gods. Jack the Giant-killer is the first book I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me, even now." This was when he was eighty. "I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. I do not know what it is (whether good or bad), but it is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. This is what I was going to say about Homer. I cannot help thinking that one cause of the high admiration in which it is held, is its being the first book that is put into the hands of young people at school; it is the first spell which opens to them the enchantments of the unreal world. Had I been bred a scholar, I dare say Homer would have been my Jack the Giant-killer."

The narrow culture thus indicated scarcely fitted the painter for the business of authorship; but, with his customary perseverance, he contrived to write a good deal, and to do it fairly well. He began by contributing essays on Art, critiques, and poems, to Mr. Prince Hoare's Journal, the *Artist*, in 1807. "Mr. Prince Hoare (he says) taxed me the hardest in what I wrote for the *Artist*. He pointed out where I was wrong, and sent it back for me to correct." His *Life of Reynolds*—still, to a great extent, the best memoir of Sir Joshua—was published in 1813, when Northcote was sixty-seven. Many years afterwards he published a series of his Fables, in prose and verse, illustrated by spirited engravings of animals; and a second series was issued after his death. At eighty, he published his *Life of Titian*—none but an artist, he said, could write the life of an artist. It is, however, a feeble and tedious performance, although Hazlitt assisted in the composition, as he did also in that of the Fables. This has

been denied; but we have Hazlitt's own testimony to the fact.

A close intimacy had been struck up between Hazlitt and Northcote, and had lasted for several years. Hazlitt conceived the idea of writing down and publishing their conversations. Northcote assented. "You may, if you think it worth while; but I do assure you that you overrate them. You have not lived long enough in society to be a judge. What is new to you, you think will seem so to others." The Conversations were printed, under the title of "*Boswell Redivivus*," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under Campbell's editorship. Their personalities, their freshness, and the racy character of Northcote's sayings, attracted much notice, and provoked sharp controversy. This led to a quarrel between Northcote and Hazlitt. The Mudge family, who had befriended Northcote in youth, were somewhat coarsely assailed in the conversations. Mr. Rosdew, of Plymouth, the nephew of Mr. Zachary Mudge, expostulated with Northcote. The painter "broke out into the most violent expressions of rage and passion. He called Hazlitt a Papist, a wretch, a viper, whom he would stab if he could get at him." Then he wrote to Campbell—

"I find there are frequently papers in your publication, entitled, very modestly, '*Boswell Redivivus*,' insinuating that the hero of this trivial stuff is to be compared to the immortal Dr. Johnson. This person seems pretty clearly to be made out to be myself. Good God! do you not feel this to be dreadful? But this is not the worst of the matter. I have often, in my vain moments, said that I should be pleased to receive morning visits from the Devil, because I might be amused by his knowledge of the world, and diverted by his wit, and should be sufficiently on my guard to avoid his snares. This impious desire has indeed been granted to me, and '*Boswell Redivivus*' is the consequence."

Now that personal controversies are silenced by time, we may estimate The Conversations of Northcote at their true value. As republished in a volume—in the lifetime of the painter—they are softened down from the original draught; but spice enough is left to make them most attractive and amusing reading. Northcote was unquestionably proud of them. "Don't," he would say to his visitors with a chuckle, "go and print what I have said;" and, as to the Con-

versations themselves, he excused himself by saying that "he did not print them," while Hazlitt excused himself by saying that "he did not speak them." This depreciation, however, is mere affectation; both speaker and writer were secretly delighted with their work: and not without cause, for there are few books of the same class which are more original, fuller of shrewd observation, or expressed with greater force and freedom. The reputation of Northcote may, indeed, rest more securely upon this volume than upon his more pretentious efforts in literature, or than even upon his pictures; for, as Hazlitt presents him, he was far brighter and more picturesque than he was upon canvas. To the collected and revised editions of the Conversations, Hazlitt prefixes a motto from Armstrong—

"The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite."

With a liberal interpretation, this is not too much to say. The charm of the book consists in its frankness and its discursive character. Stimulated by his acute interrogator, Northcote discourses with unreserve on whatever topic may happen to come uppermost—the old masters; Sir Joshua; the brilliant group which met at Reynolds's house; contemporary men, women, and manners; politics, literature, religion, morals—all take their turn, and are all discussed with vigorous freedom, and illustrated with witty observations, or appropriate anecdote. All the while the talker himself is present to the life—his tastes, fancies, prejudices, preferences.

Cynicism was Northcote's habit of mind. He knew it, and tried to excuse the propensity. "I am sometimes thought cold and cynical myself; but I hope it is not for any overweening opinion of myself. I remember once going with Wilkie to Angerstein's, and because I stood looking and said nothing, he seemed dissatisfied, and said, 'I suppose you are too much occupied with admiring, to give me your opinion?' I answered hastily, 'No, indeed! I was saying to myself, "And this is all that the Art can do."'" But this was not I am sure, an expression of triumph, but of mortification, at the defects which I could not help observing even in the most accomplished works." The Ireland forgeries

were mentioned. "Caleb Whitefoord," said Northcote, "who ought to have known better, asked me if I did not think Sheridan a judge, and that he believed in the authenticity of the Ireland papers. I said, 'Do you bring him as a fair witness? He wants to fill his theatre, and would write a play himself and swear it was Shakespeare's. He knows better than to cry stale fish.'" Some printsellers failed. Northcote "did not wonder at it; it was a just punishment of their presumption and ignorance." Hazlitt told him that he had seen "the hair of Lucrezia Borgia, of Milton, Bonaparte, and Dr. Johnson, all folded up in the same paper. It had belonged to Lord Byron." Northcote replied, "One could not be sure of that; it was easy to get a lock of hair, and call it by any name one pleased." Of authors and painters he said, "the most wretched scribbler looks down upon the greatest painter as a mere mechanic; but who would compare Lord Byron with Titian?" Speaking of Byron, and the dispute about burying him in Poets' Corner, he said, "Byron would have resisted it violently if he could have known of it. If they had laid him there, he would have got up again. No, I'll tell you where they should have laid him: if they had buried him with the kings in Henry VII.'s chapel, he would have had no objection to that." Of royalty he had something to say.

"You violent politicians," he said to Hazlitt, "make more rout about royalty than it is worth: it is only the highest place, and somebody must fill it, no matter who; neither do the persons themselves think so much of it as you imagine: they are glad to get into privacy as much as they can. Nor is it a sinecure. The late king, I have been told, used often to have to sign his name to papers, and do nothing else for three hours together, till his fingers fairly ached, and then he would take a walk in the garden, and come back to repeat the same drudgery for three hours more. So, when they told Louis XV. that if he went on with his extravagance, he would bring about a revolution and be sent over to England with a pension, he merely asked, 'Do you think the pension would be a pretty good one?'"

On religion he was cynical also.

"I said to Godwin, when he had been trying to unsettle the opinions of a young artist whom I knew, 'Why should you wish to turn him out of one house, till you have provided another for him? Besides, what do you know of the matter more than he does? His non-

sense is as good as your nonsense, when both are equally in the dark.' As to the follies of the Catholics, I do not think the Protestants can pretend to be quite free from them. So when a chaplain of Lord Bath's was teasing a Popish clergyman, to know how he could make up his mind to admit that absurdity of transubstantiation, the other made answer, 'Why, I'll tell you: when I was young, I was taught to swallow Adam's apple; and since that, I have found no difficulty with anything else.'"

The Academy did not please him in his later years: they put his pictures into bad places, and gave preference to other painters of portrait and history. The recommendation-paper for students contained a blank for a statement of the candidate's moral character.

"This zeal for morality," said Northcote, "begins with inviting me to tell a lie. I know whether he can draw or not, because he brings me specimens of his drawings; but what am I to know of the moral character of a person I have never seen before? Or what business have the Academy to inquire into it? I suppose they are not afraid he will steal the Farnese Hercules. I told one of them, with as grave a face as I could, that as to his moral character he must go to his godfathers and godmothers for that. He answered very simply that they were a great way off, and that he had nobody to appeal to but his apothecary. This would not have happened in Sir Joshua's time," he went on, "nor even in Fuseli's; but the present men are dressed in a little brief authority, and they wish to make the most of it, without perceiving the limits."

On another occasion he said—

"When the Academy first began, one would suppose that the members were so many angels sent from Heaven to fill the different situations, and that was the reason why it began. Now, the difficulty is to find anybody fit for them; and the deficiency is supplied by interest, intrigue, and cabal. Not that I dislike the individuals, neither. As Swift says, I like Jack, Tom, and Harry, very well by themselves; but all together they are not to be endured. We see the effect of people acting in concert in animals (for men are only a more vicious sort of animals). A single dog will let you kick and cuff him as you please, and will submit to any treatment; but if you meet a pack of hounds, they will set upon you and tear you to pieces with the greatest impudence. The Academy very soon degenerated. It is the same in all human institutions. The thing is, there has been found no way yet to keep the devil out."

Space fails to quote his opinions of artists and others whom he had known—Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick; and later, Wordsworth, Scott, Fuseli, Lawrence, Canova, Godwin, and

others—of all of whom he spoke with the most engaging freedom and candor. His character has disclosed itself throughout the narrative; it was cynical in a high degree, but it was marked also by the better qualities of self-reliance, perseverance, and sturdy independence. Two anecdotes bring out these qualities in prominent relief. When Master Betty, the Young Roscius, was playing to crowded houses, Northcote painted him. William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, took the young prodigy to the painter's house and stood watching the progress of the picture.

"The loose gown in which Northcote painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might, perchance, be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. The royal visitor, standing behind him while he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched, the collar of the gown, which Northcote resented by suddenly turning, and expressing his displeasure by a frown; on which his Royal Highness, touching the professor's grey locks, said, 'You don't devote much time to the toilette, I perceive.' Northcote instantly replied, 'Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me; you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to remember that I am in my own house.' The artist then resumed his painting; the prince stood silent for a minute or so, then opened the door, and went away. The royal carriage,

however, had not arrived, and rain was falling; the prince returned, borrowed an umbrella, and departed. 'Dear Mr. Northcote,' said one of the ladies present, 'I fear you have offended his Royal Highness.' 'Madam,' said the painter, 'I am the offended party.' The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote was alone, when a gentle tap was heard, the studio door opened, and in walked the prince. 'Mr. Northcote,' he said, 'I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resented. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more about it.' 'And what did you say?' inquired a friend to whom the painter told the story. 'Say! Good God! what could I say? I only bowed; he might see what I felt. I could, at that moment, have sacrificed my life for him—such a prince is worthy to be a king.' The prince afterwards, in his sailor-like way, said of Northcote, 'He's a damned honest, independent, little old fellow.'"

The next and last anecdote—highly characteristic of the man—carries us back to the studio of Reynolds, when Northcote was his pupil. The Prince of Wales met Northcote, and was pleased with him. "What do you know of his Royal Highness?" asked Sir Joshua. "Nothing," answered Northcote. "Nothing, sir! why, he says he knows you very well." "Pooh!" said Northcote. "that is only his *brag*!"—*Fortnightly Review*.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"How is the work of our houses to be done?" Though a homely theme, this is really one of the most pressing questions in modern social life. Many may feel that they have already heard more than enough about it. Still there seems to be room for some suggestions which may prove useful.

It is vain to sigh after the olden times, when simpler life and manners made domestic service another name for a loyal tie and happy relationship between rich and poor, who mutually helped and benefited each other. All that is changed. Modern civilization, among many other things, has largely increased our wants. Money in ever increasing amount is necessary to supply these; and additional labor is requisite as well as money. Men in thousands leave our

shores, to push their way in the world, and make fortunes if they can, while women remain the majority in our home population. In many cases these women must earn money that they may live, since there are not men to do it for them. Long ago, in like circumstances, many of them turned to domestic service as a natural sphere. But now, since remunerative work of all sorts (even what has hitherto been considered strictly masculine) is being opened up to women, a reaction has set in which threatens us with a sort of social revolution.

How, then, is the work of our houses to be done? Each member of every family in the country is affected by the reply given to this question, and all the "nameless unremembered acts" which make up life are really colored by it.

Almost every woman, who has a house to govern, knows how increasingly difficult it is to obtain efficient service; and though, if wise, she will keep her own counsel and patiently endure much, her difficulties about servants will be betrayed from time to time, by important posts in the household being left vacant, with all the discomfort which that implies.

The whole middle class, especially the poorer section of it, is at present suffering serious inconvenience and loss from this difficulty. Hence the necessity for discussing the matter in a practical spirit. An efficacious remedy for a tangible evil is required and must be found, sooner or later. Alongside of this unsatisfactory state of matters as to service, we find an outcry for work, higher education, the opening up of professions to women, and so forth. All this is natural, inevitable, commendable. But, is there no risk of its obscuring or even hiding the truth as to woman's primary duty and sphere? It may not be easy to explain or account for it, but the fact remains, that while on all hands occupation is sought for by women, the kind of work peculiarly theirs is neglected. It is a great evil that well educated and sensible women are forced to give so much time and thought to the mere finding of persons to clean their houses, cook their food, and tend their children. Instead of the mother and mistress being able to devote herself to the training of her children and the governing of her household, this worrying quest consumes her strength and time.

Two things are needed to remedy the existing evils: the one—greater competency in servants; the other—a larger number of women willing to undertake domestic work. It is surely worth while to inquire whether anything can be done to meet both of these.

Oddly enough, women seem to be supposed capable of doing house service without special training for it, or at least with just such as they can pick up anyhow, and anywhere; just as they were once supposed competent to keep school without training. No baker, mason, or groom expects to be hired till he has learned his trade; but women appear to take for granted that they can sweep, dust, clean silver, steel, glass, and boots,

can wash, iron, and even cook by a sort of intuition. And unfortunate mistresses, forced to hire the best they can meet with, too often find that they have taken persons into their houses whom they pay and feed well, and lodge in comfort, and yet have to teach how to do the very things which they confidently undertook to perform, and for the very purpose of doing which they were hired. In some few cases, the teaching process may be brief, when, for example, the servant is clever and anxious to learn, and the mistress has few demands on her time, and some strength to spare. But in a home where there are young children, indifferent health, and limited income, the lady who is obliged to teach her own servants leads a life which is simply one not worth having.

Ought there not then to be a training-school for domestic service?—an institution where women could be taught how to clean a house and all its various implements, to light a fire, to wash and dress linen, also simple cookery, and methodical, punctual and tidy habits; or at least shown the practical utility of such habits? It is true that cooking is now taught in many places, and, from the general attention given to the subject, it may probably be taken for granted that before long some knowledge about the preparation of food will be a recognised branch of a girl's education. But in other departments of housework, no less than in this one, training is requisite. Some such institution as is suggested in the following sketch would afford this training.

1. As heads of the school, Two Ladies. One the head-mistress, with absolute authority; the other, subordinate to her, but also an educated lady, who might keep the accounts, and give practical instruction.

2. Under these, one experienced woman from the working class, with good ability and thorough knowledge of housework in all its details. The ladies must also possess this knowledge.

3. Entrance fee for every pupil to be 1*l*.

4. Time of residence, six weeks, and if a longer time is required, the entrance fee to be paid again, at the commencement of the second six weeks. The pupil to be free to leave at any time. No holidays granted, and the entrance

fee never to be returned in any case, whether the entire six weeks' term be made out or not. Insubordination to be followed by dismissal.

5. Board to be paid by each pupil weekly in advance, at the rate of, say, 10s. per week.

6. The apartments of the mistress to be furnished in such a way as to give the pupils the same work as they would have to do in service in a family, with plenty of plated silver and crystal to keep. Their table to be as elaborate as circumstances permit.

7. The pupils' rooms, beds, and fare to be rigidly what they might expect to find in service, in the families of the poorer middle class.

8. The pupils to do the work of the establishment, and to be trained in the doing of it.

9. If this did not provide sufficient employment, the head mistress might be at liberty to take in work to whatever extent she deemed necessary,—such as washing to rough dry, laundry work, neglected steel grates, or silver to put in order, &c. &c. In every case payments to go to the school funds, and not to the individual workers.

10. After pupils had attained a certain proficiency, the mistress might arrange that they went out to work in families by the day or hour, returning to the school at night, and (when practicable) to meals. The fees in this case also to go to the school funds. It would be understood that in this matter of working out (as well as everything else), the head-mistress had absolute authority, and would decide according to what in her judgment was the sort of practice each pupil required.

11. If it were found that young ladies wished to become pupils, a wing or flat of the house might be set apart, with superior bedrooms for them. They would take their meals with the mistresses and pay proportionate board, say 1l. 10s. per week. Their entrance fee would be 1l., as in the case of the other pupils.

12. If any Lady wished to learn how to conduct a similar "school," she would also be received as a boarder, her entrance fee being 5l.

Pupils of these two classes would be an advantage, because they would in-

crease and give variety to the work of the house.

In starting such a school, it may be taken for granted that the rent, taxes, and furniture must be supplied either by subscriptions, donations, or private enterprise. The rate of board would require to be fixed at the lowest possible point, and yet high enough to cover the cost. The entrance fees should meet the salaries of the mistresses and head servant; and the payments for outside work might be calculated upon to cover the outlay in brushes and cleaning implements. With salaries at say 100l., 75l., and 25l., and an average of twenty-five pupils all the year round, there could be no serious financial loss, and probably the number of pupils would soon be greatly above that average number.

It may be objected that the women for whom this kind of instruction is specially intended will not avail themselves of it, that they will argue, not unnaturally, "since without such training we can get situations and the wages we wish, there is no need for going to school, in any sense of the word." This difficulty might be met, so far, by a system of certificates of merit, and by mistresses giving a steady preference to all possessing such certificates. Still it is to be feared, that so long as the number of females available for service continues less than the number required, the standard of competency will not materially rise.

This introduces the question, Can nothing be done to increase the number of women willing to undertake domestic work?

The first thing that suggests itself is, that all unnecessary servants, all kept entirely or mainly for show, ought to be dispensed with. And if in addition to the merely useless servants every family were to reduce the numbers it employed as much as possible, many would be at once set free for service in those households which at present cannot find any. But might not a further step be taken, and the ladies of the family (where there are several of them) perform regularly a *certain share* of the work? Girls seem content to know nothing whatever of domestic work or of the management of children—expend their superfluous ener-

gy either in croquet and dancing, sewing for fancy fairs, or distributing tracts and teaching Sunday classes, and believe that they work hard. They marry, and take upon themselves the responsibilities of that state while totally ignorant of the duties it involves. Is it surprising that much evil and unhappiness result? Every young woman in the middle classes ought to know, not only how to spend and keep account of money, but each detail of household work. This knowledge she can only attain by some practice in her father's house; nor should she feel this work, though sometimes called "menial," in any sense degrading. As habitually used, the term "menial" is utterly vague, and frequently means just what we wish it to mean. It is a degradation to be idle, whether rich or poor, and it is a degradation to do badly any work which one has undertaken; but no household duty that a lady chooses to do can degrade her, *if she does it well*. If every girl, after school-life ended, undertook a certain portion of the daily work in her home, a number of servants might at once be dispensed with.*

Several objections may be raised to this. Some may think that by doing such work young girls might become vulgar. This need never follow. It is not at all meant that they should work along with women of a lower class; and it is not what we do with our hands, but the spirit in which we do it, that vulgarises or refines. If girls could only be made to see that they have definite duties to perform, and that their time is of value to others, much would be accomplished towards the cure of that frivolity of which we hear so many com-

plaints. With a suitable dress, a covering for the hair, and housemaid's gloves, a lady may make beds and clean rooms without the slightest injury, and probably with gain in some directions.

Another objection may be that young ladies are deficient in the physical strength necessary for this sort of work. In some instances this is true. But when we recall how much fatigue most girls undergo in dancing, riding, skating, rinking, archery, &c., it is difficult to believe that there is much weight in this objection. If even a share of the force required for these fatiguing amusements was reserved for housework, a great deal might be accomplished.

It may be objected further, that for educated girls to engage in housework is a waste of time, and will prevent their mental improvement and culture generally. There is even less force in this than in the former objection. Every one knows how easy those things become which we are obliged to do daily in the same order, and to an educated girl housework would soon become so nearly mechanical as to make a very small demand on her brain power. But even if it should make *more* than a small demand, every woman ought to know how to do it, and is therefore bound to acquire such knowledge in the first place. It is not fixing a lower but a higher and broader standard for women's education and culture to maintain that it should begin at the foundation. Speaking, not of the gifted or talented, but of the average woman, it may be safely affirmed, that to make herself in the first place thoroughly acquainted with her natural work—viz., the care of the home and the young—will prove an aid and not a hindrance to her "higher education." Only a small percentage of women have the brain-power, time, health, and money requisite to follow purely intellectual pursuits, but every one can learn her special work and duty *as a woman*.

A second way to increase the number of women available for service would be, a much more extensive employment of them as time-workers. In many parts of Scotland it is common to have all washing and rough cleaning done by a woman hired for the day or half-day. And if this same system could be introduced into other departments of work,

* A supposed case may explain this more fully. A family of five persons, two of them daughters, have a cook, waitress, and housemaid. The daughters (A B) undertake part of the work. Immediately after breakfast (say at nine o'clock or half-past nine) A removes the breakfast dishes and dusts the breakfast-rooms; B in the meantime doing the drawing-room. A and B then make the beds and dust the bed-rooms. All this will require an hour. In addition, A daily covers the table for luncheon, and B takes charge of looking over the clothes and prepares the lists for the laundress. With such assistance regularly given, and a re-arrangement of the work of the house, two servants would be sufficient for this family.

and women of the humbler classes, who could not become servants and yet have spare time, induced to do some sort of housework in families at so much per hour, a good many resident servants might be dispensed with. There are cases where a lady is forced to hire an additional servant, for whom, however, she cannot provide full work. If, in such circumstances, she could find a woman willing to come to her house and do some definite thing for two or three

hours a day, this additional servant would be unnecessary.

There may be better remedies for our domestic difficulties than those now indicated; but these are at least natural ones, and to whatever extent they are adopted, they will undoubtedly lessen the pressure of the great household problems, How to obtain good servants, and a sufficient number of them?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE APPROACH OF THE SEASON.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

I.

AT ten o'clock your maid awakes you;
 You breakfast when she's done your hair;
 At twelve the groom arrives and takes you
 In Rotten Row to breathe the air.
 From twelve to one you ride with vigor;
 Your horse how gracefully you sit;
 Your habit, too, shows off your figure,
 As all your cavaliers admit.
 One other habit I could mention—
 I hope your feelings won't be hurt,
 But you receive so much attention,
 I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.
 Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
 Your life as you lead it by day and night.

II.

At two you've lunch; at three it's over,
 And visitors in shoals arrive;
 Admirers many, perhaps a lover—
 Your next event is tea at five.
 At six o'clock you go out driving
 From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,
 To occupy yourself contriving
 Till dinner time comes round at eight.
 Each hour as now the night advances
 Some fresh attraction with it brings;
 A concert followed by some dances—
 The opera, if Patti sings.

III.

At twelve you waltz; at one you've leisure
 To try some chicken and champagne;
 At two you do yourself the pleasure
 Of starting off to waltz again.

At three your partners hate each other—
 You scarcely know which loves you best;
 Emotion you have none to smother,
 But lightly with them all you jest.
 At four your chaperon gives warning
 That it is really time to go;
 You wish good night, and say next morning
 At twelve you'll meet them in the Row.

IV.

My darling, you're so very pretty,
 I've often thought, upon my life,
 That it would be a downright pity
 To look upon you as a wife.
 I don't think your ideas of marriage
 With those of many would accord,
 The opera, horses, and a carriage,
 Are things so few men can afford.
 And then you need so much devotion—
 To furnish it who would not try?
 But each would find it, I've a notion,
 Too much for one man to supply.
 Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
 Your life as you lead it by day and night.

Macmillan's Magazine.

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 A. R. SPOFFORD, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, a portrait of whom accompanies this number of the magazine, is a native of New Hampshire, having been born at Gilmanton, in that State, September 12th, 1825. His father was a clergyman, and his ancestry (like that of all the Spoffords in America) runs back to John Spofford, a Yorkshire man, who settled at Rowley (now Georgetown), Mass., in 1638. The juvenile years of the subject of our sketch were passed in domestic study, and he early developed that passion for books and learning which gave the bent to his after career. Deprived by ill-health of the advantages of a college course, he removed from Massachusetts to Cincinnati at the age of sixteen, where he became clerk in a book-store, learning French and German in the winter evenings, and becoming in 1850 one of the founders of the Literary Club of Cincinnati, an organization still in vigorous existence.

In 1859, the book-publishing firm of which he was a member having failed, Mr. Spofford became associate editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and in 1861 re-

moved to Washington, being appointed Assistant Librarian in the Library of Congress. In January, 1865, he became Librarian-in-Chief, a position which he still holds.

In this office, Mr. Spofford's services are indissolubly associated with the rapid growth and development of the library of the Government, which has become, from an insignificant collection, a great library of over 300,000 volumes, rich in every department of science and literature, as well as in law, history, and politics, which are its great specialties. It was under his personal influence that the laws making the National Library the office for all records of copyright and the permanent depository for all copyright publications were passed, and, as one result, the American people will, ere long, be able to rely with confidence upon finding in one great library, belonging to the nation, every book which their country has produced.

The subject of this sketch has at different periods of his life contributed liberally to the periodical press, though he has produced no distinct work in book form.

The long, arduous, and unobtrusive labors of the librarian who builds up with assiduous care a monumental library are apt to be overlooked by the crowd, and the prizes of ambition can not be his. His best reward may be found in the apprecia-

tion of all lovers of systematic learning, and in the hope that he may be found, when gone, to have usefully served his generation and, in some degree, the generations of the future.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TRANSCENDENTALISM IN NEW ENGLAND. A History. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As Mr. Frothingham observes in his preface, it is fitting that, while we are exhibiting to other nations the results of a century of American progress in the material arts of civilization, "some report should be made of the influences that have shaped the national mind, and determined in any important degree or respect its intellectual and moral character;" and the present work is offered as "a modest contribution" to the knowledge of these influences. For, though it has now become, in common parlance, a term of derision or contempt, Transcendentalism was once an important factor in American life. "Though local in activity, limited in scope, brief in duration, engaging but a comparatively small number of individuals, and passing over the upper regions of the mind, it left a broad and deep trace on ideas and institutions. It affected thinkers, swayed politicians, guided moralists, inspired philanthropists, created reformers. The moral enthusiasm of the last generation, which broke out with such prodigious power in the holy war against slavery; which uttered such earnest protests against capital punishment and the wrongs inflicted on women; which made such passionate pleading in behalf of the weak, the injured, the disfranchised of every race and condition; which exalted humanity above institutions, and proclaimed the inherent worth of man—owed, in a larger measure than is suspected, its glow and force to the transcendentalists." Even now, strongly as the current of opinion sets in the direction of the "experience school" of philosophy, transcendentalism exercises a deep influence upon practical affairs as well as upon speculative theories, and is perhaps the most powerful as it is certainly the most original force in our literature.

It can not be denied, however, that for the present at least the movement has spent its force, and is in a position to be surveyed from an historical standpoint. Such a survey, if at all adequately performed, would have been interesting at any time, but in a

very short while it would have been impossible to produce such a history as that with which Mr. Frothingham has now provided us. "For the disciples, one by one, are falling asleep; the literary remains are becoming few and scarce; the materials are disappearing beneath the rapid accumulations of thought; the new order is thrusting the old into the background; and in the course of a few years, even they who can tell the story feelingly will have passed away." Every philosophical system is best understood when studied sympathetically, and this is especially true of Transcendentalism, which was not a mere body of opinion, but indissolubly linked with religious faith on the one hand, and with conceptions of social duty on the other. It is an advantage, therefore, that Mr. Frothingham was once, as he says, "a pure transcendentalist, a warm sympathizer with transcendental aspirations, and an ardent admirer of transcendental teachers;" for what his book loses in impartiality, it more than gains in the luminousness and adequacy of its exposition.

The point, however, in which his book gains most by the fact of his having been a "confessor of the faith," is that his discipleship brought him into close relations with the great leaders and exponents of the movement, thus enabling him to include the personal element in his delineation of history of the creed. Competent knowledge of the mutations of metaphysical speculation, from John Locke to Mill and Spencer, would suffice for the preparation of the preliminary chapters on transcendentalism in Germany, France, and England; but only Mr. Frothingham, or one who had stood in his peculiar relations with the New England phase of the movement, could have written the semi-biographical, semi-analytical studies of "The Seer—Emerson," "The Mystic—Alcott," "The Critic—Margaret Fuller," "The Preacher—Theodore Parker," "The Man of Letters—George Ripley," and the "Minor Prophets"—William Henry Channing, C. A. Bartol, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, D. A. Wasson, T. W. Higginson, and John Weiss. These sketches constitute the charm of the volume for the general reader; though the concise lucidity of Mr. Frothingham's ex-

positions renders it easy even for one little versed in metaphysics to trace the sources of a philosophy which seemed to promise at one time to gain a national ascendancy over American thought.

Before closing, we would call the publisher's attention to a misprint on page 249, where 1779 instead of 1799 is given as the date of Alcott's birth.

A NILE JOURNAL. By T. G. Appleton. Illustrated by Eugene Benson. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

The most accurately descriptive passage in Mr. Appleton's "Nile Journal" is that in which he describes his book as "full of trivial details, and without learning or eloquence." This may fairly be commended as sound and discriminating criticism, and if the clause were not so brief as to preclude the possibility of a grammatical blunder, it would so exactly characterize the Journal as to leave nothing for us to do but to copy and indorse it. We must not be understood, however, as intimating that a sentence of nine words could, under no circumstances, afford sufficient scope for Mr. Appleton's ability in setting Lindley Murray at defiance. His dexterity in placing the parts of speech in strange, unprecedented, and unlawful combinations is limited by no considerations of space or number, and we may enter upon his most *staccato* sentences or his three-page paragraphs with a well-grounded confidence that in neither of them will he fail to display his accomplishments in this respect. Even restriction to a single word would not of necessity paralyze the author's resources, for he shows that if he were cut off from the inexhaustible possibilities of blundering which lurk in the intricacies of grammatical construction, he could still assault the accepted orthography of his mother tongue with such words as "Coran" for Koran, "Gothama" for Gautama (Buddha), "Kartoom" for Khartoum, "Winapissiogge" for Winnipissioege, and "Gen. Maclellan" for Gen. McClellan.

It speaks well for Mr. Appleton's general sprightliness of mind, that, in spite of these defects, his "Journal" is neither unreadable nor unamusing. It takes us off the beaten track of Egyptian sight-seeing, not by introducing us to novelties, if any such there be, but by reproducing the subjective impression made by objects upon the mind of the sight-seer, instead of giving detailed descriptions of the objects themselves. The traveller would find it a very unsatisfactory substitute for "Murray," and yet it gives one a vivid and, we have no doubt, accurate idea of what the Nile journey really is. Mr. Appleton's chief

fault as a writer, aside from those already touched upon, is that he attempts to produce "effects" with the dull rigidity of types which can only be accomplished with the brush. He looks at Nature like a painter before his canvas, not like a man with whom ink is the chosen medium of expression. For this reason, among others, we are disposed to regret that, in making his book, Mr. Appleton did not exchange rôles with his illustrator. Had he done so, the letter-press would certainly have been better, and the pictures could hardly have been worse.

LIFE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM ("OLD PUT"), MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE CONTINENTAL ARMY. By Increase N. Tarbox. With Map and Illustrations. Boston: *Lockwood, Brooks & Co.*

Mr. Tarbox explains that "it is not the aim of this volume to report any new historical discoveries, but simply to bring back to its old anchorage-ground an important piece of American History, which, for a quarter of a century, by a subtle undertow, has been drifting from its place;" which, being interpreted, means that his object has not been primarily to write a new and more satisfactory biography of General Putnam, but to refute the arguments by which Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Bancroft, and other recent writers have attempted to prove that Colonel Prescott and not General Putnam was commander-in-chief at the battle of Bunker Hill. In pursuance of this purpose, he devotes about one half of his goodly-sized volume to an extremely minute, not to say tedious, discussion of all the circumstances that preceded, accompanied, and followed that battle. We are bound to say that Mr. Tarbox establishes a very strong presumption that Putnam and not Prescott was responsible commander of the expedition; but the truculent and aggressive spirit with which he conducts the controversy is peculiarly unfortunate at this time, and will do much in the minds of many to weaken the force of his arguments. Moreover, the disproportionate attention bestowed upon this single episode in a remarkably varied and adventurous career has effectually prevented him from giving us such a complete and satisfactory life of Putnam as the materials at his command and his mastery of them ought to render an easy and congenial task.

The book, in short, is essentially a contribution to the Bunker Hill controversy, and would have to be recast and remodelled before it could be made to meet the requirements of the general reader, to whom that controversy probably seems superfluous and unimportant.

WORDS; THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By William Mathews, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Dr. Mathews has not attempted in this book to produce a systematic treatise on words. He simply uses them as the text for a series of essays dealing in a sketchy way with the more salient aspects of oral and written speech, and overflowing with anecdotes, stories, illustrative extracts, and *apropos* quotations. The author's reading covers many departments of literature, and he possesses the rare art of giving to the materials with which his memory or note-book supplies him all the charm and freshness of original inspirations. Philological discussions and verbal criticisms do not usually belong to a type of literature which can be recommended for mental recreation, but the reader of Dr. Mathew's essays will find it difficult to say whether he has been most instructed or amused. Even the list of words in the chapter on "Common Improperities of Speech" is relieved by the appositeness of its examples from the tediousness of a mere catalogue.

Several of the essays were originally prepared as lectures, and the entire book has the air of being adapted to the wants of those "intelligent mixed audiences" which prefer having knowledge administered to them in sugar-coated capsules, and which are yet not content with empty collocations of words.

A CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER IN EUROPE. By John W. Forney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

This is a collection of the letters which Mr. John W. Forney, editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, sent home to his paper during the two years of his absence in Europe on behalf of the Centennial Exposition. They are sketchy, bright, and gossipy—dealing now with persons, again with places, and still again with current events, and always in a sprightly and interesting way; but we are inclined to think that their mission was fulfilled when they appeared in the journal to which they were contributed. Letters of this kind must possess literary merits of a very high order to bear perusal long after the events and circumstances which suggested them have become stale, and Mr. Forney has not so much as aimed at literary effect. He wrote *currente calamo*, feeling evidently that the product would be read in the same cursory and off-hand way, and he has undoubtedly made a mistake in attempting to secure permanence for literature which is essentially transient in type.

MESSRS. OSGOOD & Co. (Boston) have performed a genuine act of benevolence toward the great mass of non-moneyed readers in is-

suuing cheap "Centennial Editions" of Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson. The complete poetical works of each of these popular favorites are issued in a single large paper-bound volume, well printed on good paper, and tastefully illustrated, the price being only one dollar. Thus, for three dollars, one may possess himself of a considerable portion of what is best, most enjoyable, and most characteristic in the poetry of our time. The same publishers are issuing a new edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson's works, in the chaste and elegant "Little Classic" style.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. A. H. HUTH, one of two fellow-travelers of the late Mr. Buckle, who accompanied him from the beginning of his tour, and was with him when he died, is writing a life of the historian.

MICHELET's posthumous works, which are to be edited by his widow very shortly, are understood to be in some part reviews of Comtist philosophy.

NEWSPAPERS continue to multiply even in the most outlandish localities. We hear that "Corea has started a newspaper." It is styled "pious and official, and which all ought to read."

WE are promised books from two Royal authors. One, the Sultan of Zanzibar, who is to publish the diary of his journey to Europe, and Prince Leopold, who is to issue a volume of travels in Italy and the South of France.

THE oldest of all newspapers is the *Pekin Gazette*, which is over 1000 years old. It is a ten-page paper, with a yellow cover; has no stories, no "advts.," no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains the official notices of the Government.

IN Professor Lassen, whose death is announced in the German papers, Germany has lost her most distinguished Sanskrit scholar. Lassen was by birth a Norwegian, born at Bergen in 1800, but he was never looked upon as a foreigner in Germany. He spent all his life at Bonn, as Professor of Sanskrit, and was really the true founder of the critical and historical school of Sanskrit Philology in Germany.

THE General Literature Committee of the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have in course of preparation a series of volumes illustrative of life in the great heathen centres visited by St. Paul. Dean Merivale is engaged on St. Paul at

Rome; Prof. Plumptre has in hand Antioch, Ephesus, and Tarsus; and the Rev. G. S. Davies, of the Charterhouse, is preparing a volume on Athens and Corinth in the time of the Apostle.

WE are sorry to have to announce the death at his residence, the Palazzo Orsini, Florence, of Mr. Lorimer Graham, the United States Consul-General for Italy, well known and gratefully remembered by most literary and artistic visitants to Italy. Mr. Graham was a man of great talent and taste; and as a collector of scarce editions of poetry and of MSS. he had some celebrity. Perhaps no man of his time enjoyed a wider intercourse with the foremost men of England and America.—*Athenæum*.

ANOTHER attempt is being made to translate the Talmud. Dr. Sammt, a well-known Rabbi and Talmudist, has in the press a German translation of 'Baba Mezia,' with a commentary in the same language. It is to be published by Benzian, of Berlin, in ten to twelve parts, large folio. The original text accompanies the translation. The volume, which has hitherto been published both in France and Germany, is the first ('Berachoth'), and no more has been issued till now.

COL. C. CHAILLE LONG, of the Egyptian Staff, has in the press an account of expeditions made by him into Central Africa when under the command of Col. C. E. Gordon. The chief expedition, already mentioned in our "Geographical Notes," was to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and a residence of some time with King Mtesa a few months prior to Mr. H. M. Stanley's arrival there. He returned northward by the Victoria River to Mnooli, thus connecting and identifying it with the White Nile. On this journey, which had never before been performed by a white man, he discovered Lake Ibrahim. Col. Long also made some important expeditions west of the Bahrel Abiad (White Nile), in the countries of Makraka and Mam-Niam.

THE fame of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' has declined greatly of late years. So much of the book is occupied with topics which had only a personal or local and, therefore, transient interest, that Timothy Tickler and the Ettrick Shepherd, and even Christopher North himself, are mere names to this generation. Mr. Skelton is about to make an attempt to rescue the most valuable portions of the Ambrosial Nights:

"My design," he says, "has been to compress into a single manageable volume whatever is permanent and whatever is universal in the Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' The 'Noctes' are conceived in the true spirit

of Comedy, using the word in its widest sense, and their presentation of human life is as keen, as broad, and as mellow as that of any of our dramatists."

And again:

"I have tried, as far as practicable, by preventing any dialogue from being broken into mere fragments, to preserve the current and continuity of the narrative. The *lacunæ*, I suspect, are sometimes visible to the naked eye; but on the whole I do not feel that they are likely to affect the reader's enjoyment, or that they mar the general effect—the *font-en-somme*, as the Shepherd would say—of an almost unique piece of dramatic humor."

The volume will be entitled "The Comedy of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' by Christopher North."

SCIENCE AND ART.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN BONES.—While some workmen were excavating, some time ago, in a quarry of Jurassic limestone near Belfort, in France, they discovered an opening in the hill, which it was found led to a cave of larger dimensions. On entering the cavern, its floor was discovered covered with human bones, and so disposed as to lead to the belief that the cavern had once been used as a place of sepulture. Polished flint weapons, ornaments, and other articles were found, including several beautiful vases, and a mat of rushes. The authorities of Belfort at once took possession of the cavern in the interest of science, and delegated M. Felix Voulot, an archaeologist of renown, to examine the cavern and its contents. There is no doubt that these are remains of the polished stone age, and some are sanguine that further research will bring to light relics of a much older period. One writer in the *Revue Scientifique* hopes to find remains belonging not only to the Tertiary, but even to the Cretaceous period. This cavern is situated in a bed of one of the lower strata of the Jurassic period, "on the exact limit of the shore of the ancient Jurassic sea."

A MUSICAL INVENTION.—A rather numerous company met recently at the house of M. Frédéric Kastner, in the Rue de Clichy (says the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*) to witness his experiments with a strange invention of his which he calls the "Pyrophone." The pyrophone, as its name indicates, is an instrument which produces sounds by means of gas-jets. It had long been known that flames emit sounds, and M. Kastner himself had tried experiments in London; but yesterday the special public found themselves in the presence of an almost complete instrument composed of a series of glass tubes similar to organ-pipes, of different lengths and dimensions, in which gas-jets were burning, and which played some very powerful and very moving *morceaux*. The difficulty of the invention con-

sisted, of course, in regularising the jets. The theory is this: When an isolated gas-jet produces a sound, you have only to bring another similar jet near it to make the sound cease. M. Kastner, then, has invented a contrivance which opens and shuts like the fingers of a hand of which each one should allow a jet to escape. When the fingers are extended the sound is produced; when they are closed or approached to each other the sound ceases. He next regulated the force of the sound by the dimensions of the tubes, and by the height at which the jets were placed in the tubes. The contrivance corresponds to the keyboard of a piano, and you are deeply moved at hearing those jets sing with extraordinary power, purity, and correctness. The audience was still more astounded at suddenly hearing the gaseliers placed in the centre of the room, and set in motion by invisible electric wires, execute "God save the Queen" in sonorous and penetrating tones. The invention is still in a rudimentary state.

NEW DISCOVERY IN AGRICULTURE.—The curious discovery is announced by Professor P. B. Wilson, of Washington University, Baltimore, that minutely pulverized silica is taken up in a free state by plants from the soil, and that such silica is assimilated without chemical or other change. The experiment consisted in fertilising a field of wheat with the infusorial earth found near Richmond, Virginia. This earth, it is well known, consists of the shells of microscopic marine insects, known as diatoms, which under strong magnifying powers reveal many beautiful forms that have been resolved, classified, and named. After the wheat was grown, Professor Wilson treated the straw with nitric acid, subjected the remains to microscopic test, and found therein the same kinds of shells, or diatoms, that are present in the Richmond earth, except that the larger-sized shells were absent; showing that only silica particles below a certain degree of fineness can ascend the sap pores of the plant. This discovery opens up a new line of research in agricultural investigation from which important results and much additional knowledge may accrue.

RETURN OF THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.—The Challenger has returned from her three years' voyage round the world, laden with specimens of plants and animals, with samples of the sea bottom from many latitudes, and with observations and theories, all of which, when sifted and classified, will be taken into the service of physical science and of natural history. Two hundred cases of specimens, in addition to the prodigious heap

previously sent home and stored in the cellars of the University of Edinburgh, imply an amount of work yet to be done in description and classification which seems overwhelming. It may be that Professor Wyville Thomson will find this harder work than the work of collection was amid vicissitudes of wind and weather. But not until it has been done can the results of the voyage be satisfactorily known. A popular account of the memorable cruise will in all probability be published before the end of the present year; and some years hence the scientific account of the voyage, with its discoveries, its facts, and conclusions, will appear in a goodly series of quarto volumes with appropriate illustrations.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—An account of another curious fact is published in a recent number of the *American Journal of Science*. "Several years ago," remarks the writer, "after spending a portion of the day in experimenting with phosphuretted hydrogen, prepared from phosphorus and solution of potash, on retiring to bed I found my body quite luminous, with a glow like that of phosphorus when exposed to the air. Either some of the gas having escaped combustion, or the product of its burning, must have been absorbed into the system, and the phosphorus afterwards separated at the surface have there undergone slow combustion. I was conscious of no feeling that could be attributed to it, nor was my health apparently in any way affected by it.

DISCOVERIES AT ROME.—*Galignani* states that the works undertaken for the prolongation of the Strada Nazionale at Rome have brought to light some interesting discoveries. An edifice of the second century, partly destroyed for the construction of the Baths of Constantine, has been brought to light. It consists of the half of a habitation, containing bath-rooms and the *viridarium*, or grove. The ruins comprise two basins or baths, of elegant build, lined with marble and ornamented with niches, an *ambularium*, or avenue bordered with trees, as well as a portico, the sides of which are also disposed in nymphée. The upper part of the walls is adorned with pilasters in colored mosaic, and carved stone foliage in the panels between them. In the midst of the ruins was found a sort of spout, having on it the name of "Avidus Quietus," of whom some relics were found near the Church of San Antonio. The city has taken measures to preserve these precious remains *in situ*.

ALCOHOLIC AND NON-ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS.—At the present time, scientific opinion is divided as to whether stimulants are to be

properly classed as foods or not. In this regard the much larger series of stimulants denominated alcoholic is that alone which is generally alluded to. As yet, the food value of alcoholic fluids is by no means exhaustively determined, and although we incline to the opinion that the important part played by alcoholic fluids in the process of nutrition must be sooner or later generally admitted, still the food value attributed to the so-called non-alcoholic stimulants, tea, coffee, and cocoa, has been frequently overrated. Without attributing to each of these articles the power of injury which the ignorant and excessive use of the first two indubitably entails, if from no other point of view than that a larger attention has been devoted to the subject of cocoa in these chapters, it must be recorded in favor of that article, that no evidence at present exists of its having caused nervous irritability, and deterioration of tissue consequent upon that state, which have followed as certainly upon the misuse of tea as upon that of opium or ardent spirits.—*Notes on Food and its Effects*, by G. Overend Drewry, M.D.

FLOWER COLORS.—The *London and Provincial Illustrated Newspaper* says: One would hardly think that the fragrant violet and the bright-colored iris would ever be utilised in commerce, but it seems that an Italian chemist has just found out that they may be put to some other purpose than that of gladdening the eye and refreshing the nose. They yield, it appears, a very fine blue color, and this is so sensitive to exterior influences, as to render it of considerable value to the analytical chemist. Most people know that one of the best and most delicate tests employed by chemists to ascertain whether a solution is acid or not is to dip into it a piece of blue litmus paper, which at once reddens if the least trace of acidity exists. In like manner the reddened litmus paper may be employed in searching for alkalies, for the paper returns to a blue tint on coming in contact with these. The coloring principle of the violet and iris is found to be more delicate still than litmus, and for this reason we may expect soon to see phyllocyanin—for so the new color is called—introduced into all our laboratories.

* **RADIOMETERS.**—Mr. Crookes and his radiometers with their remarkable movements continue to engage the attention of scientific men throughout Europe. Professor Wartmann of Geneva, in a series of experiments, has discovered that the motion of the vanes of the little mill can be made to spin direct or inverse at pleasure, or can be entirely neutralised. In the latter case, the rays of two lamps

at unequal distances are concentrated on the vanes, and it is by the difference of distance that the effect is produced. From the general result of his experiments, Professor Wartmann is led to agree with Professor Osborne Reynolds of Owens College, Manchester, that the movement of the whirligig is occasioned by the dilatation of gas (or air) under very low pressure, and that radiation has nothing to do with it. It is impossible to produce a perfect vacuum. There is always a small quantity of air left in the glass apparatus in which the whirligig spins; and the warmth from the light placed near the glass affects this residual air, and occasions the rotation. Professor Challis of Cambridge, in accounting for the phenomenon, says there is "a decrement of *etherial density* from the dark towards the bright surface (of the vane), and the atoms, being immersed in this variation of density, will be urged as if the vane were pushed on the black surface." With these explanations in mind, Mr. Crookes and other experimentalists will now be able to proceed on new lines of discovery.

CINCHONA CULTIVATION.—The progress of the cinchona plantations in India has been such that, as we learn from a paper read to the Society of Arts by Mr. Markham, they now yield one hundred and forty thousand pounds of bark a year, with a tendency to increase. The advantage of cultivation over the crop of wild bark formerly collected on the slopes of the Andes, is therefore most strikingly demonstrated; and Mr. Markham now advocates a similar experiment with the caoutchouc or india-rubber tree. The demand for india-rubber increases every year, and the supply—a wild one—diminishes. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the measures already taken to establish plantations of caoutchouc in the hot and moist hill-districts of India, will be persevered with until a sufficient quantity shall be grown, and the quality improved. The best kind of caoutchouc grows in South-America.

VARIETIES.

BLACKWOOD ON MACAULAY.—*Blackwood*, contrary to our expectation, reviews Macaulay's life with a feeling thoroughly appreciative and generous. The review concludes thus:—He liked the pretty house he was at last persuaded to bestow upon himself, and he liked his title, and he was happy in the family love which had been his highest object through all his life. His latter years, however, were full of suffering, and his last days were clouded by unnecessary alarms about losing his sister, to whom it had become necessary to join her

husband in India. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear;" had Macaulay but known it, he might have been spared that last heaviness. It was he who left her, not she who left him, after all. He died in his library characteristically, with a book before him, in the favorite attitude most familiar to him all his life, having won almost everything a man could wish to win in this world. The end is sad, as almost all ends are. What it would be to have the power of cutting off that last chapter, and setting somehow, as the sun does, in full light, without the appendix of those waning days and this period of death in life! Macaulay's life, however, had been mildly happy during these almost sixty years of his—and wonderfully prosperous, as it was laborious, and honest, and straightforward. We should not feel ourselves justified in giving to his extraordinary talents the rare title of genius. But few have equalled those brilliant and splendid gifts of nature; and none ever cultivated them more assiduously, or used them with more effect. He was not great as a man, though his character has gained, by all the revelations of family affection contained in this book, a new and deeper interest for the million of his readers who knew nothing of this best part of him; but he was a great writer, justly deserving of the highest place in that literature which comes next after the inspired rank. At variance with almost all his opinions, disliking where he adored, opposing where he supported, his political adversary, out of reach of all those special influences which form friendship, Maca is not beyond the reach of a generous pleasure in dropping such flowers as are to be gathered on her northern heights, upon Macaulay's grave.

A LADY ON LADIES.—Women have their own place both in nature and society; a place beautiful, important, ennobling, and delightful, if they would but think so, if they would but care to make it so. But with the curse of discontent resting on them from the beginning, they prefer to spoil the work of men rather than to try and perfect their own. Say, of their own special work, what is perfected to such a high degree of excellence as warrants their leaving it to take care of itself while they go to manipulate something else? The servant question in all its branches annoys and harasses every one; but this, essentially a woman's question, a circumstance of that part of life which is organized, administered, and for the larger proportion fulfilled by women, is confessedly in a state of chaos and disorder, paralleled by none other of our social arrangements. The extravagance of living, of dress, of appointments, which is one part of the servant disorder—because malds,

being women, will trick themselves out in finery to attract as much admiration as their mistresses; and men, being animals, will gorge where their masters feast—whence do these come save from women, rulers of society, regulators of modes and fashions as they are? Do the husbands order the dinners or decide on the length of the train, and the fashion of the dress? If the ladies of England chose that the rule of life should be one of noble simplicity, beautiful, artistic, full of meaning and delight, the false ornament and meretricious excess with which we are overweighted now would fall from us, and the servant question among others would get itself put straight. It is a matter of fashion, not necessity, and the *mot d'ordre* comes from above. But where is the spirit of organization, the resolution to meet difficulties, the courage of self-control, through which alone great movements are made and great reforms led? The women who want to influence the councils of the empire, to have a voice in the making of laws which are to touch and reconcile contending interests, to help in the elucidation of difficult points, the administration of doubtful cases, see the servants standing in a disorganized mob at the gates of the social temple, and are unable to suggest anything whereby they may be reduced to order and content. But at the same time the women who complain of their own stunted lives, and who demand leave to share the lives and privileges of men, deny the right of their maids to live up to a higher standard so far as they themselves are concerned, and hold the faith that service should mean practically servitude.—*Mrs. Lynn Linton in the Belgravia Magazine.*

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE—WE ARE SEVEN.—When Wordsworth and Coleridge were at work on the "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth one day, being at Nether Stowey, produced the poem known as "We are Seven," all but the first stanza, in a little wood near by. It was based on actual talk with a child met when he had visited Goodrich Castle some years before, the dialogue yielding fit matter for a poem, since it involved suggestion of the natural instinct of immortality. When Wordsworth repeated what he had murmured out to himself in the open air (the manner of producing nine tenths of his poems), and it was written down, he said that it wanted an opening verse, and he should sit down to tea more comfortably if that were supplied. "I'll give it you," said Coleridge, and gave at once the first stanza, which—as addressed to a friend, James Tobin, with whom they were on terms of playful friendship—he began "A little child, dear brother Jim."—*Cassell's Library of English Literature.*





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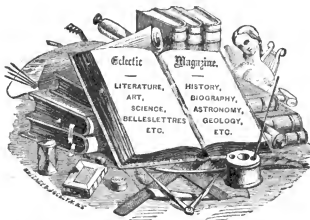
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LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SAINTE-BEUVE.*

'TO-MORROW,' exclaims Mr. Phœbus to Lothair, 'to-morrow the critics will commence. You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature and art.' This is certainly not true of the literary critics of our time, who comprise an absolute majority of the most successful authors, e.g., Scott, Southey, Moore, Hallam, Sydney Smith, Gifford, Brougham, Milman, Lockhart, Lord Stanhope, Lord Houghton, Mill, Carlyle, Froude, Macaulay, Lytton. Moreover, success in criticism, like that of Jeffrey or Sainte-Beuve, is success in literature; but one of these, Sainte-

Beuve, might be cited as giving the semblance of plausibility to the paradox; for, if he did not actually fail in literature, his reputation derives comparatively little lustre from his original compositions in prose or verse. The 'Cause-ries du Lundi' have thrown 'Joseph Delorme' and 'Volupté' into the shade, and it is pre-eminently as a critic that we feel bound to reconsider his claim to the high place amongst the classics of his tongue which the general voice of his countrymen has gradually and reluctantly, compulsively rather than impulsively, assigned to him.

'To praise the talent of Sainte-Beuve,' observes a far from partial biographer, 'would be a superfluous work: public opinion has slowly got accustomed to consider him as the first critic of our time, and my modest suffrage is not necessary to maintain him in that rank.' His influence and renown in that capa-

* 1. *C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par le Vte. D'Haussonville, Député à l'Assemblée Nationale. (M. L.) Paris, 1875.

2. *Souvenirs et Indiscrétions. Le Dîner du Vendredi-Saint.* Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie française. Publiés par son dernier Secrétaire. Paris, 1872.

city have not been confined to France. Without going quite so far as Mr. Matthew Arnold, a bold and original thinker, who terms him 'the finest critical spirit of our time,' we readily admit that we, in England, rarely undertake a subject, falling within the department of letters, that has attained to European interest within the last forty years, without first turning to see what Sainte-Beuve has said about it. Nor in the great majority of instances, whatever the extent of our prior knowledge, have we failed to meet with something useful or valuable, if only a trait of character, an anecdote, an illustration, or haply the key to an unknown or neglected train of thought. At the same time we have been repeatedly struck by the want of breadth and elevation of view, as well as by the entire absence of settled convictions that led him into so many startling inconsistencies: that caused him to be more admired than esteemed by the most illustrious of his compeers and colleagues in the Senate and the Academy.

'I was once,' relates M. d'Haussonville, 'accidentally present at an animated discussion between persons who were comparing Sainte-Beuve with Mérimée from the point of view of moral value. The controversy was warm; some stood out for Mérimée, others for Sainte-Beuve. All of a sudden one of the company who had hitherto, contrary to his habits, preserved a deep silence, exclaimed, as he began pacing up and down the room: "Do you know the veritable superiority of Mérimée over Sainte-Beuve? I will tell you. Mérimée is a gentleman; Sainte-Beuve is not." (*Mérimée est gentilhomme; Sainte-Beuve n'est pas gentilhomme.*)'

'I should never,' adds M. d'Haussonville, 'have dared to translate my thoughts under so aristocratic a form if I had not heard this judgment fall from the mouth of M. Cousin.' But Sainte-Beuve and M. Cousin were declared rivals, almost open enemies, and we should say that Mérimée's superiority was conventional rather than moral: that it lay more in birth, breeding and manners, than in mind. This probably is all M. Cousin meant; for a man may be what we understand by 'gentleman' without being *gentilhomme* in France.

This very conflict of opinion touching Sainte-Beuve makes him a moral problem to be solved, an intellectual anomaly to be investigated, a psychological phenome-

non to be classified, and we are now in a condition to consider him and his works in all their bearings without reserve, which, when we risked a review of them (January, 1866) in his lifetime, we confessedly were not. We then owned with regret that the required fulness of detail was wanting; that we were compelled to grope in semi-darkness, where our successors or ourselves might live to walk in full sunlight. There is no longer room for such regret; the full sunlight has broken upon us; the most trustworthy materials were poured out with unexampled profusion so soon as the seal of secrecy was broken and the restraints of private confidence were removed by his death. We have now an autobiography concise but complete as to dates and facts, a long autobiographical letter, a volume of reminiscences entitled '*Souvenirs et Indiscretions*' by a private secretary; and (above all) the '*Life and Works*,' by the Vicomte d'Haussonville; a biography which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of information, illustration, or appreciation. It is Sainte-Beuve drawn from close observation and study, and judged as well by his personal qualities as by his works. Corrected editions of his principal writings, with notes by himself or his secretary, have been multiplied since his death, and it is an additional reason for the resumption of our task that some of the most remarkable passages of his career occurred within a few years of its end. To save the trouble of reference, we will briefly recapitulate the details of his birth, education, early youth, and hesitation in the choice of a calling till his destination became irrevocably fixed.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve was born on the 23rd of December, 1804, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. His father was an *employé* in the department of taxes; the mother, of a respectable family in the same town who delayed their union till he was named comptroller. This event did not come to pass till he was fifty-two, and she past forty. He died within a few months of the marriage, leaving her with child of Charles Augustin, who, although he never saw the paternal face or heard the paternal voice, was still thought to have been indebted more for his distinctive tenden-

cies to the father than to the mother, who watched over him from infancy and was domesticated with him till her death at the advanced age of eighty-six. He seems to have shared and encouraged this theory; for when it was the fashion to celebrate mothers, when Victor Hugo and Lamartine were emulously eloquent about *theirs*, the combined inspiration of filial gratitude and example could only extort from Sainte-Beuve a meagre and solitary tribute to *his*. Coupling her with an old aunt whom he had just seen laid in her coffin, he exclaims:

'Elle m'aimait pourtant—et ma mère aussi m'aime,
Et ma mère à son tour mourra.'

This contrasts strangely with the lines in which he refers to his father:

'Mon père ainsi sentait. Si, né dans sa mort même,
Ma mémoire n'eut pas son image suprême,
Il m'a laissé du moins son âme et son esprit,
Et son goût tout entier, à chaque marge écrit.'

The father was a man of cultivated taste and (for his means) a liberal purchaser of books; two or three of which he left covered with marginal notes, showing discrimination and research. His memory reflected honor on his descendant, and he was no longer present in the flesh with those outward and visible marks of straitened circumstances which are trying to fastidiousness or wounding to self-love. The mother, on the other hand, was simply a warm-hearted, homely, affectionate creature, who was hard pressed to provide for his material wants. 'He is always without socks,' was her recorded exclamation to a female friend. As he grew to man's estate, she was sorely disquieted by his more ambitious yearnings. She regarded literature as a precarious and unprofitable trade, and never felt confident of his position till he was elected of the Academy. Instead of consulting her, as Molière consulted his old woman, he was wont to treat superciliously any opinion she ventured to express on topics not lying within her peculiar province as housekeeper.

In more than one official document, his father is inscribed as *de* Sainte-Beuve, but there is no proof that the noble prefix was otherwise adopted by him; it was clearly never used by the mother,

and Sainte-Beuve, although naturally anxious to prove a connection with the Doctor Jacques de Sainte-Beuve who figures in his 'Port Royal,' failed in carrying his pedigree higher up than his grandfather, a comptroller of taxes at Aix. He therefore took his part bravely, and openly repudiated the pretension he was unable to make good. 'Not being noble,' he writes, 'I did not choose to give myself the air of being so.' Just so Béranger:

'Hé quel! J'apprends que l'on critique
Le *de* qui précède mon nom.
Etes-vous de noblesse antique?
Moi, noble? Oh! vraiment, messieurs, non.'

Je suis vilain, et très-vilain.'

To adopt Sainte-Beuve's own account in his Autobiography:—

'My mother without fortune, and a sister of my father, who joined her, brought me up. I followed my studies at the pension of M. Blierot, at Boulogne. I had terminated the entire course, including my rhetoric, at thirteen and a-half. But I well knew all that was wanting in me, and I desired my mother to send me to Paris, although this was a great sacrifice on account of her small means.

'I came to Paris for the first time in September, 1818, and since this time, saving rare absences, I have never ceased to inhabit it. I was put to board with M. Landry, Rue de la Cerisaie. M. Landry, formerly professor of Louis-le-Grand, mathematician and philosopher, was a freethinker. I dined at his table, and met at it from the first his favorite friends, the academician Picard amongst others. I was treated as a big boy, as a little man.'

During his first year at this boarding house he was a student at the Collège Charlemagne, where he gained the first prize for history: during the second, he completed his second course of rhetoric at the Collège Bourbon, where he gained the first prize for Latin verse.

'But I was already emancipated. In doing my philosophy under M. Damiron, I hardly believed in it. Enjoying full liberty at my pension, because I did not abuse it, I went every evening to the Athénée, Rue de Valois, at the Palais Royal, from seven to eight, to follow the courses of physiology, chemistry, and natural history, of MM. Magendie, Robiquet, de Blainville, and hear literary lectures, &c. I was there presented to M. de Tracy. I had a decided taste for the study of medicine. My mother came then to settle in Paris, and, lodging with her, I followed the course of the School (of Medicine).'

This was in June, 1823. Besides attending medical lectures, he (in English

phrase) walked the hospitals for nearly three years; and there can be no doubt that his anatomical studies strengthened, if they did not found or form, the marked leaning towards materialism which he subsequently avowed. 'I began frankly and bluntly by the most advanced eighteenth century, by Tracy, Daunon, Lamarck, and the physiology; there is my veritable ground (*fonds*).' It was said of Tracy that he blushed to believe, and cared only to know; and the apostrophe placed in the mouth of the old savant by M. Octave Feuillet (in 'Redemption') breathed the true spirit of the school: 'How should I help believing in the immortal soul? I have touched it with my finger.' We agree with M. d'Haussonville, that it was almost a matter of course that a disposition like Sainte-Beuve's should be warped by such pursuits. 'One must have the soul and the intellect singularly inclined to spiritualism not to feel an involuntary trouble in presence of the mysterious phenomena that physiological science reveals to our researches. When we see, palpitating under the dissecting-knife, the organs in which life appears to be concentrated, we may sometimes be tempted to forget that the principle and the source of life are elsewhere.' There is ample proof, however, that Sainte-Beuve had too much spiritualism or poetry in his nature to adopt implicitly the hard cold doctrine of the Tracy school. At the Landry boarding-house he had formed a life-long friendship with Eustache Barbe, afterwards the Abbé Barbe, with whom he kept up an uninterrupted correspondence of the most confidential kind, exhibiting all the oscillations of his mind on religious subjects. In a letter to this friend, about the time when he spoke of the eighteenth century as his *fonds*, he writes:—'You tell me that the Government is a power exercised by Ministers, which is very true; and you add, Power emanating from God alone. Undoubtedly this power comes from God in the sense that all comes from Him, and that He is the source of all; but I believe'—and he then proceeds to show why he does *not* believe in Right Divine.

Contemporaneous with this mental struggle between faith and reason, was another intimately connected with it—

whether he should adopt medicine or literature as a profession. In 1827, Dubois, the professor under whom he had studied at the Collège Charlemagne, founded the 'Globe,' invited him to become a contributor, and took considerable pains to train him as a journalist. 'He tried me with a number of small articles. They are signed S. B., and it is easy for any biographer to follow my tentative beginnings. One day, Dubois said to me, "Now you know how to write, and you can go alone."' His success in this line was apparently not marked enough to decide his future career till an incident occurred which threw a fresh and preponderating influence into the scale and speedily caused medicine to kick the beam. There are two versions. Victor Hugo's is, that one morning as he was at breakfast, the servant announced M. Sainte-Beuve, and showed in a young man, a stranger, who introduced himself as a neighbor and writer for the 'Globe,' ready and willing to undertake a continuation of the articles (already commenced by another), on the poet's 'Cromwell.*' 'The interview,' it is added, 'was a very agreeable one on both sides, and promises of a renewal of intercourse were exchanged.' Sainte-Beuve disputes the accuracy of this circumstantial narrative. He says that, Dubois having commissioned him to review Victor Hugo's 'Odes et Ballades,' he wrote (January 2nd and 9th, 1827) two articles which attracted the notice of Goethe:—

'I had then no acquaintance with Victor Hugo. We were near neighbors without knowing it. He came to thank me for the articles, without finding me. The next day, or the day after, I called on him, and found him at breakfast. This little scene, and my *entrée*, have been painted in lively colors in "Victor Hugo, raconté." But, it is not accurate to say that I came to offer to place the "Globe" at his disposal. From my youth upwards I have understood criticism differently: *modeste, mais digne*. I have never offered myself, I have waited for people to come to me. Dating from this day, began my initiation into the romantic school of poets. Till then I was sufficiently antipathic, on account of the royalism and the mysticism, which I did not share. I had even written in the "Globe" a severe article on the "Cinq Mars" of M. de Vigny, shocked by the falsehood of its historic side. It was in this

* 'Victor Hugo, raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie.'

same year that I left the study of medicine. I had been *élève externe* at the hospital Saint Louis. I had a chamber there, and was regular in my attendance. Finding it easier to make my way in the career of literature, I took to it.

The intimacy with Victor Hugo grew rapidly, and he became a welcome member of the coterie called *Le Cénacle* (the guest-chamber), composed of poets or poetasters, painters and sculptors, who claimed a monopoly of French genius and, taken at their word, had almost all of them a masterpiece in preparation or conception. Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, David d'Angers, Louis Boulanger, and the two Deschamps were of the number. They met constantly at Victor Hugo's, where they called one another by their Christian names. Indeed, the tone of familiarity became so general and so catching, that he was compelled to issue a peremptory injunction to prevent Madame, his wife, from being addressed as Adèle. A spark of jealousy or rivalry would occasionally flash out in a sarcasm, as when Emile Deschamps said of a rising light, '*That poet have a star! Say rather a taper (bougie).*' But they presented a united front to the outer or philistine world: forming a kind of Mutual Admiration Company (Unlimited) and animated by the spirit which originated *La Camaraderie* of Scribe.

George Smythe (Lord Strangford) used to describe a scene at one of the Young England breakfast-tables, to which the editor of a daily paper had been invited in the hope of enlisting his services in the cause. He was explaining how far his political notions agreed with theirs, when one of them broke in: 'This is all very well, but when do you intend to *butter* us?' It may be suspected that the same question was put to Sainte-Beuve by more than one of the eager aspirants to immortality with whom he was now associated. Nor was he slow in responding to the call. Besides ringing the praises of the most distinguished members of the school, he undertook a series of articles on Ronsard and the French poetry of the sixteenth century, with the avowed object of discovering in the older poets the (to borrow M. d'Haussonville's apt expression) ancestors of the romanticists, of drawing up their genealogical tree, and estab-

lishing that they had hit upon the veritable tradition of French poetry from which the classicists had been the first to stray. In thus reverting to the bards of the olden time as the true sources of inspiration, Sainte-Beuve, consciously or unconsciously, was following in the track of the leaders of the same school in Germany, the Schlegels and Tieck, whose views were amusingly paraphrased by Henri Heine. 'Our poetry,' he makes them say, 'is antiquated; our muse is an old woman with a distaff; our hero no fair boy, but a shrivelled dwarf with grey hair; our feelings are withered, our fancy is dried up; we must refresh ourselves; we must seek out the neglected fountains of the naive simple poetry of the middle ages; there the draught of renovation bubbles up for us.' Their disciples, he adds, hurried off at once to these wondrous springs, where they sipped, and gulped, and swallowed with such extraordinary zest, that it chanced to them as to the elderly waiting-woman who drank so much of the elixir of youth on her mistress's dressing-table, that she not only became young again but was turned into a little child.

Sainte-Beuve laid himself equally open to raillery, when, instead of relying on the simple touches of fancy and feeling, the graces snatched beyond the reach of art, the native wood-notes wild, of the early unsophisticated poets, he adduced their irregularities to justify the licences in which the modern renovators of art and literature systematically indulged. There was a line, however, beyond which he refused to go along with the new school. The unrestrained admiration which he bestowed on their lyrical productions was not extended to their dramas: he was a classicist on the stage; and his sympathies were not with the party who, after the first representation of 'Henri Trois' at the Français, formed a ring in the foyer and danced round the bust of Racine, shouting *Enfoncé Racine! Enfoncé Racine!*

There was a suppressed bitterness in the smile with which Alfred de Vigny listened to some female admirers who, when he was meditating a rivalry with Milton, cried out in chorus, 'Oh, give us more Cinq Mars; *that* is your line.' Sainte-Beuve would have received much in the same manner the compliments and

congratulations of friends on his having hit upon his own richest vein in criticism. His destiny, he fully believed, was to achieve immortality as a poet: he was burning to enter the lists with the most brilliant of his associates, and early in 1829 he came before the public with the first of his original compositions, entitled 'Vie, Poésies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme.' This Joseph Delorme, he states in his autobiography, without being identically himself as to biographical circumstances, was faithfully his 'moral image.' We therefore turn to the 'Vie' to verify his moral image or ascertain at least what sort of moral image he deemed likely to conciliate favor for the 'Poésies' reflecting it.

Joseph Delorme, then, is a moody, sickly, wayward lad, who—a commonplace thing enough in precocious boys—passes most of his time in day-dreaming. His place of refuge from haunting fancies was the church, and he found strength and comfort morning and evening in long prayers. His school days were marked by displays which betokened a brilliant career. 'If, on leaving school, he had given way unreservedly to his literary and poetical tendencies, no doubt, we think, he would have succeeded to his heart's desire; he would have found in his virgin soul sufficient energy for all; his obscure name would now be linked to more works than one.' Unluckily the genial current of his virgin soul was stopped or frozen by science. Abjuring his Christian creed, he gave himself up to the impiety of the eighteenth century, 'or rather to the sombre and mystic adoration of nature, which, with Diderot and Holbach, almost resembles a religion.' He would have scrupled to set foot in a church, and on coming home on a Sunday evening, he would have walked a league to throw into the hat of a pauper the savings of a week. He was ready for any amount of sacrifice. He abruptly broke off his visits to a charming young person with whom he might hope, at the end of some years, a suitable union.

* But his rather rude (*un peu farouche*) philanthropy dreaded to be permanently imprisoned in too contracted affections, or, as has been said, in an *égoïsme à deux personnes*. Moreover, he had formed for himself a perspective of I

know not what ideal of marriage, in which the sacrament should count for nothing. He required a *Mademoiselle de Chaux*, a *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, or a *Lodowska*.*

He kept a journal, almost all the pages of which are dated at night, 'like the prayers of Dr. Johnson and the poems of the unhappy Kirke White.' One evening, as he was returning to his humble and elevated abode on the fifth story by moonlight he caught himself murmuring and intoning plaints which resemble verses. Then the long-hidden truth broke upon him; science was not his strong point: verse was. He read over again with candor and simplicity those melodious poetical lamentations which he had once treated with mockery.

'The idea of being associated with those chosen beings who sing their sufferings here below, and of groaning harmoniously after their manner, smiled on him in the depths of his wretchedness, and set him up again a little. Art, no doubt, went for nothing in his first attempts. He desired merely to tell himself his sufferings faithfully, and to tell them in verse. This occupation proved an inadequate restorative; he thought only of living as the condemned of yesterday who is to die to-morrow, and to lull himself with monotonous songs to put death to sleep.'

To carry out this purpose of dying like the fabled swan, he shut himself in a garret and passed his time between fainting-fits and frenzies, his chief trouble being the occasional recurrence of reason, which, prowling round him like a phantom, and accompanying him to the abyss with a lurid glare, suggested the agreeable image of drowning with a lantern round one's neck.

* Joseph retired last summer to a little village near Meudon. He died there, some time in October, of a pulmonary cough, complicated, it is believed, by an affection of the heart. A melancholy consolation for us mingles with the reflection on so premature an end. If the malady had been prolonged some time more, it is to be feared that he would not have waited its effects; at least, in reading the collection, it can scarcely be doubted that he secretly nourished a sinister thought.*

In 1829, when these 'Poésies' were published, Sainte-Beuve had outlived his own analogous struggles and delusions: he may have suffered from poverty or disappointments of the heart, but, although below the middle height, he was of strong, healthy make, especially as regards chest and lungs. It is hardly conceivable, therefore, that he should

have selected such a character for his poetical début. This diluted mixture of Byronism and Wertherism, of Chatterton and Rousseau, of maudlin sentiment and perverted imagination, has not even the poor merit of novelty. It was the malady of the generation. A diseased liver, a heart complaint, or a hectic cough, was mistaken by intense vanity for an infallible proof of genius, and morbid self-consciousness sought notoriety in default of fame, at the first grave check or mortification, in suicide. It was in the height of this mania that two young men, named Lebras and Escousse, on the failure of a small piece at the *Gallé*, put an end to their lives by charcoal. 'I request,' writes Escousse, 'that the journals which announce my death will add this declaration: "Escousse killed himself because he felt that his place was not here; because he wanted force at every step he took, before or behind; because the love of glory did not sufficiently animate his soul—if soul he had."' One of the journalists who complied with the request, retorted: 'Madman, you die *non pas parce que la gloire vous manque, mais parce que vous manquez à la gloire.*' Beranger aggravated the evil by embalming their memory in a sonnet:—

'Quoi, morts tous deux ! dans cette chambre close
Où du charbon pèse encore la vapeur !
Leur vie, hélas, était à peine éclose.
Suicide affreux ! triste objet de stupeur !
Et vers le ciel, se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.'

Starting for heaven in the same fashion, and probably in the same doubt about a soul, a notary's clerk left a piece of paper declaring that he quitted the world because, having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon.*

The best (or worst) half of Joseph Delorme's poetry is pervaded by the same tone of feeling and of thought, if it can be called thought. In 'Le Suicide,' Charles ascends a rock overhanging the sea, with the view of taking a plunge into eternity. He looks round, and the prospect brightens as he gazes

on it. Pleasure boats, carrying laughing friends, approach and hail him as they pass. He smiles a pitying smile at their lightness of heart, emblematic of human folly; but resolves to wait till a wandering cloud shall momentarily obscure the sun.

'Ce sera l'heure alors. . . . Et quand, d'un flot docile
Mollement ramenés vers un retour facile
Et poussés par le flux,
Les joyeux promeneurs regagneront la terre,
Celui que, le matin, ils virent solitaire,
Ils ne le verront plus.'

In 'Les Rayons Jaunes' (which, he says, in a note, provoked more criticisms and epigrams than any piece in the collection) the golden tints of evening, as he sits at his window, recall how everything looked yellow when he attended chapel as a child. But, alas! the time has come, when, let things look as yellow as they would, they could not bring back the trusting piety of youth. The scene is the aunt's funeral:—

'Le cercueil arriva, qu'on mesura de l'aune.
J'étais là . . . puis, autour, des cierges
brûlaient jaune,
Des prêtres priaient bas.
Mais en vain je voulais dire l'hymne dernière :
Mon œil était sans larme et ma voix sans prière,
Car je ne croyais pas.'

Why the coffin on its arrival should be measured with the *aune*, except to get a rhyme for *jaune*, is not self-evident. The dreary future in store for him is summed up in two lines:—

'Jamais sur mon tombeau ne jaunira la rose,
Ni le jaune souci.'

There are some verses of a later period in a healthier spirit and more elevated tone, as when the shade of Milton appears and calls on him to lay aside vain fancies and idle complaints for the serious business of life.

'Et moi, rêvais-je alors qu'Albion en colère,
Pareille à l'Océan qui irrite et bondit,
Loin d'elle rejetait la race impopulaire
Du tyran qu'elle avait mauditi ?
Il fallut oublier les mystiques tendresses,
Et les sonnets d'amour, diis à l'écho des bois,
Il fallut, m'arrachant à mes douces tristesses,
Corps à corps combattre les rois.'

Sainte-Beuve's place in the *Cénacle* is indicated by Alfred de Musset, in his Stanzas to Charles Nodier:—

* Bulwer's (Lord Dalling's) 'France.' 1834. Vol. I., Book I., 'Vanity.'

' Sainte-Beuve faisait dans l'omhre,
Douce et somhre,
Pour un œil noir, un blanc bonnet,
Un Sonnet.

He was always more or less the slave of some passion or fancy. In the words of a friend (Mérimée, we suspect,) cited by the biographer: ' Sainte-Beuve was of an amorous complexion; but for his misfortune he was ugly, and of an ugliness which the women never forgive.* Thus he never, or hardly ever, succeeded in his pretensions. "The women," he exclaimed with bitterness, "always offer me their friendship!" He also wanted what Prince Püchler calls the education of the drawing-room; and his sonnets to women of society are sadly deficient in the air of refined gallantry. Thus, in the 'Causerie au Bal,' to Madame . . . when she looks cold:—

Avons-nous donc fait mal? d'une voix qui
souple
Ai-je effrayé ce cœur, ou d'un trop long sou-
rire?
Ai-je parlé trop bas? ai-je d'un pied muin
Agacé sous la robe un souler de satin?'

It was presuming a good deal to suppose the bare possibility of such causes of offence, except at one of the balls which are described *con amore* by Paul de Kock. The three following lines are from 'Le Suicide':—

' L'aspect du mal souffert repose l'âme usée:
La sueur de midi nous retombe en rosée
Quand le jour va finir.'

The sweat of the midday descending upon us toward nightfall in dew, may be a truer image but hardly so graceful or pleasing as Lord Chesterfield's:—

' The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.'

Sainte-Beuve's verses are not merely deficient in refinement. They want ease, nature, and spontaneity: they do not flash, glow, or sparkle: we smell the midnight oil: we hear the grating of the file: we are constantly reminded that rhymed rhetoric is not poetry. His friends of the *Cénacle*, however, in the true spirit of *camaraderie*, were enthusiastic in their admiration. 'Your Joseph Delorme (wrote Alfred de Vigny) prevents me from writing, prevents me from going

out, prevents me from thinking of anything but his verses. Ah, good evening! this mask troubles me; your verses, your prose, your sonnets, your elegies,—I am enchanted with all.' What gratified his vanity still more was some letters from women who, mistaking, or pretending to mistake, the fiction for reality, wrote to him to say that, if they had known Joseph Delorme, they would have consoled him. The scandal caused in graver circles was, in one sense, an advantage; for fame may be compared to a shuttlecock which is kept from falling by being struck from side to side:—

' This unlucky book,' wrote Sainte-Beuve to M. Loudière, 'has had all the success I could hope: it has irritated worthy people much more than I should have thought credible. Madame de Broglie has condescended to find it immoral; M. Guizot, that it is a Jacobin and Sawbones* Werther. It has given rise to schism, and debates in the "Globe." Is not this glorious and amusing?'

At the same time he wrote in an apologetic tone to Barbe that he would bring the book to him: that it was too profane to be sent from a distance without explanation and commentary, 'although, rest assured, perfectly inoffensive towards religion and monarchy.' The strangest criticism was an anonymous one quoted by M. d'Haussonville: 'I was acquainted with a woman who was handsome, but her breath always betrayed the fever of an agitated night. Such is the poetry of this M. Delorme; it is not healthy, but it is *pénétrente*.'

The 'Poésies et Pensées' of Joseph Delorme appeared in March, 1829: 'Les Consolations' in March, 1830; and rarely has so startling a transformation been undergone within so short a space. The second work—a collection of lyrical effusions in much the same form—is in studied antagonism to the first. Every trace of doubt, despair, mocking scepticism, and gloomy materialism, has disappeared; and the pervading tone is pious to monotony. To Victor Hugo, of all people in the world, is assigned the credit of this conversion. In a preliminary address, after vividly portraying a friendship which 'walks and

* Mirabeau said of his own ugliness that it was interesting: *Une laideur intéressante*.

* Carabin, a cant term for a medical student.

mounts with us, and raises us to the foot of the Eternal throne,' he breaks out :—

'That, my Friend, is the happy refuge which I have found in your soul. By you have I been brought back to the outward life, to the movement of this world, and thence, without shock, to the most sublime truths. You have begun by consoling me, and you have then carried me to the source of all consolation; for you have learnt it from your youth upwards; the other waters dry up, and it is only on the border of this celestial Siloe that one can be permanently seated and refreshed.'

The moral of sonnet after sonnet in 'Les Consolations' is that there is no happiness, above or below, except in faith. In 'Consolation' No. 1, addressed to Madame Victor Hugo, who has confessed a constant tendency to shed tears in the midst of all earthly blessings, he gives her the full benefit of her husband's teaching, and winds up :—

'Aux instans de tristesse on peut, d'un œil plus ferme,
Envisager la vie et ses biens et leur terme,
Et ce grave plaisir, qui ramène au Seigneur,
Soutient l'âme et console au milieu du bonheur.'

Sainte-Beuve was a safe man, of whom no husband, it would seem, thought it worth his while to be jealous; but we should like to know what Victor Hugo thought, from the poetic point of view, of these verses to his wife :—

'Quand il n'est plus main et que j'attends le soir,
Vers trois heures, souvent, j'aime à vous aller voir :
Et là, vous trouvant seule, ô mère et chaste épouse !
Et vos enfans au loin épars sur la pelouse,
Et votre époux absent et sorti pour rêver,
J'entre pourtant ; et vous, belle et sans vous lever,
Me dites de m'asseoir : nous causons, je commence
A vous ouvrir mon cœur, ma nuit, mon vide immense.'

By way of experiment let us see how these lines will read in a free translation :—

'When 'tis no longer morning, towards noon,
without stopping
For eve, about three, I most like to drop in,
And find you, oh! chastest of spouses and mothers,
And your children, so like you, both sisters and brothers,
The dear little innocents, all out at play
Far off on the grass, and your husband away,
With his head in the clouds—what's by no means surprising—

I enter, however: you, fair and not rising,
Request me to sit, which I do with a start,
And, as usual, begin a discourse on my heart,
On its vast aching void, its tremor, its fright
At the unholy thoughts that besiege it at night.'

Another eminent poet apparently assisted in the new birth which led to the 'Consolations,' indeed rather more than assisted; for, forgetful of the prior (if it was prior) debt of gratitude to Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, with the minuteness of Crabbe, particularises the day and month on which the healing influence descended upon him through the instrumentality of Lamartine, to whom the Sixth Consolation is addressed :—

'Le jour que je vous vis pour la troisième fois,
C'était en juin dernier, voici bien deux mois.

Vous m'avez par la main ramené jusqu'au Ciel.

"Tel je fus," disiez-vous. " Cette humeur inquiète,
Ce trouble dévorant au cœur de tout poète
Et dont souvent s'égare une jeunesse en feu,
N'a de remède ici que le retour à Dieu."

Most of the consolations are in the shape of flattering communications *pour faire part* of an interesting event. Those to whom they were addressed could do no less than repay his compliments in kind. 'Consoler, may you be consoled!' wrote Alfred de Vigny, as if Sainte-Beuve had seriously thought of consoling anybody. '*Ecoutez votre génie, Monsieur!*' exclaimed Chateaubriand. 'I have wept, I, who never weep,' was the tribute of Lamartine, of whom might have been said what Curran said of Byron, that he wept for the press and wiped his eyes with the public. Mérimée, who had come in for one of the poetic epistles, laughed in his sleeve, and Béranger wrote: 'When you use the word Seigneur, you make me think of those old cardinals returning thanks to Jupiter and all the gods of Olympus for the election of a new Pope.'

This phase of Sainte-Beuve's life, although, in point of fact, very little out of keeping with the rest, has been studiously investigated by the critics with the view of discovering the precise cause of the change between March, 1829, and March, 1830. He writes to his friend, the Abbé, July 29, 1829 :—

'I must fairly own to you, that, if I have returned with sincere conviction and extreme

good-will to ideas that I had stripped off before feeling all their bearing and all their meaning, this has been less by a theological or even philosophical road than by the path of art and poetry; but what signifies the ladder, provided we rise and arrive.

This smacks of the Don Juan doctrine:—

'And whether coldness, pride, or virtue dignify
A woman—so she's good, what can it signify?'

Liars are proverbially said to have short memories: so have confirmed egotists: they renew the excitement of self-analysis by self-contradiction. In 1869 Sainte-Beuve added this note to an article on La Rochefoucauld:—

'My first youth, from the moment I had begun to reflect, had been all philosophical, and of an entirely positive philosophy, in accord with the physiological and medical studies to which I destined myself; but a grave moral affection, a great trouble of sensibility, intervened towards 1829, and produced a genuine deviation in the order of my ideas. My collection of poetry, the "Consolations," and other writings which followed,—notably "Volupté," and the first volume of "Port Royal," sufficiently testified this unquiet and excited disposition which admitted a large part of mysticism.'

Starting from this passage the eloquent biographer flies off:—

'We must no longer shrink back from the appropriate word: it is by *love* that Sainte-Beuve reached religion, and, I add, he is not the only one, nor the first, who has been led to it by this road. I should be unwilling to say anything in this matter that might have the air of a paradox, or above all of irreverence; but I have always found palpably superficial and deceitful the distinctions which our moralists commonly establish between the different affectionate sentiments of the human heart. Friendship is not so different as is believed from love, nor the love of the creature from the love of the Creator.'

This is a flight beyond us. We humbly own that we are amongst the moralists who still draw such distinctions, and we think it will fare ill with morality when they are definitively laid aside: when human love may pass unchallenged as love divine, and illicit passion make its stealthy approaches under the hallowed name of friendship. There may be large-hearted people in the world to whom love is heaven and heaven is love: a pure unselfish attachment may have an elevating effect: Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings that 'to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior,

and to love her is a liberal education.* But the most irreproachable of Sainte-Beuve's heroines exercised no influence of the sort; and the moral, if there be a moral, of 'Volupté' is that refined passion is *not* a preventive or corrective of sensuality.

'Volupté' is the supposed confession of a priest named Amaury, who, after leading a somewhat loose life, enters one of the strictest religious orders and dies in the odor of sanctity in America, after administering extreme unction to the lady who had enjoyed the principal share of his adoration, which was distributed in constantly varying proportions between three: a young and innocent girl, an accomplished married coquette, and the virtuous high-minded wife of a royalist noble. Distractions enough, one would have thought, for a simple man of letters of a languid, indolent turn; but his coarser nature gets the better of his finer, and as a relief from mystic transport he plunges headlong into sensuality, seeking out by preference the sirens who are most destitute of soul.

The confession is reduced to writing for the edification of a young friend prone to the vice which gives the title to the book, and the young friend must have been most exceptionally constituted to be either amused or reformed by it:—

'Two categories of readers' (observes M. d'Haussonville) 'decide the success of a work of imagination: the young people and the women. It is their judgment which imposes and which the graves judge end by accepting.† Now, neither the young people nor the women could be warmly interested in a work where the study of the passion occupies more space than the passion itself, where the analysis of love anticipates in some sort the expression. "Volupté" is addressed rather to that stage of life when the soul, already calmed without being indifferent, finds pleasure in studying without disturbance, in their complications and their shades, sentiments which have not yet become for it reminiscences. But I do not believe there is a man who, having truly loved, has not after reading certain passages of "Volupté" been tempted to exclaim 'Tis true.'

In an appendix to one of the later

* 'Tattler,' No. 44.

† 'I began with our patriotic and impetuous youth. With youth and woman on our side, success is certain.'—Lesseps, 'History of the Suez Canal.' Translated by Sir H. D. Wolff.

editions (the seventh is now before us), Sainte-Beuve has brought together a quantity of testimonials in the shape of letters from admiring friends, which recall Sheridan's remark that the number of endorsements throws doubt upon the bill. Chateaubriand, who heads the list, begins: 'I am only yet at p. 51, but I tell you, without flattery, I am enchanted.' Michelet declares it is a book to be tasted drop by drop; that no book of the time will bear detailed examination so well. Villemain has devoured it 'with praise, blame, doubt, lively interest, admiration.' Lamartine did not like it and called it a book *à deux fins*, 'but (must it be said?) he was not pleased at finding himself anticipated in the supreme confession reproduced by him two years afterwards in his poem of "Jocelyn."' The mysticism naturally secured the suffrage of Madame Swetchine; and a *grande dame*, who had ample experience of the range of feelings in question, having passed through a *jeunesse orangeuse*, naively writes:—

'I love the work which reveals me to myself, which explains to me the struggles, the dreamy thoughts, too weak as I was to lift the burden of them, or too impotent to give expression to them.'

By a hardly excusable indiscretion Sainte-Beuve states that 'this ravishing person' was the Duchesse de Castries, who figures in one of Balzac's stories ('La Grenadière') as the Duchesse de Langeais. To this list might have been added the distinguished name of General Radowitz, who speaks highly of the book as an analysis of passion. The chief value of 'Volupté,' in our eyes, is that it supplements a chapter of biography:—

'It would not be difficult to give the name of the Marquise de Concaën, and well-informed people know even that of Madame R...; but the genuine portrait is Amaury. Amaury is Joseph Delorme in love with a marchioness. We clearly recognise in him this mixture of sensuality and romance, of feebleness and passion, of sensibility and egotism, which, painted with more or less of ideal or reality, constitutes the eternal type of the hero of romance, whether called Saint-Preux, Werther, Oswald, or Benedict. That, however, which is peculiar to Amaury and his model are those alternations of romantic passion, of gross disorder, and mystic remorse, which faithfully portray the state of mind of Sainte-Beuve when he was writing "Volupté." The resemblance stops, it is true, at the *dénouement*,

But many of Sainte-Beuve's best friends believed that he was about to follow the example of his hero. "It is reported," wrote Madame Sand, "that you are about to become a priest."

They mistook him widely, and the best proof that M. d'Haussonville is right in tracing his religious fit to his love fit is that they began and ended together. The affair with the marchioness was broken off by a quarrel, and a scene after the breach is thus narrated by an eye-witness, a lady:—

'They were not yet reconciled, when, one evening, chance brought them together in my presence. Nothing but what is very common in this; it happens every day; but the piquancy of the thing was that M. Sainte-Beuve, wishing to utter all he had upon the heart, made use of me to express the bitterest reflections on inconstancy in friendship, misunderstood sentiments, &c. &c. . . . As I was near enough for her to hear, and she listened motionless without losing a word, you can fancy the scene and my embarrassment between the three personages; for the husband, two paces further off, was listening too.'

Sainte-Beuve had met with his usual luck, and been thrown over; the real grievance being not that the lady was inconstant in friendship, but that she kept within its bounds.

The connection of subject has led us to anticipate and we must retrace our steps. It is clear from the suddenness and eagerness with which Sainte-Beuve closed with the advances of Victor Hugo and Co. in 1827, that there was little cordiality between him and the leading writers of the 'Globe;' such as MM. Charles de Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Vitet, Duchatel, and Ampère. They were men of the world or politicians who used journalism as a stepping-stone. He had, therefore, no cause for surprise, much less for complaint, when they took their own course at and after the revolution of July.

'I was absent (he says) during "the three days" in Normandy. I returned in all haste. I found dissension already amongst our friends in the "Globe." Some had become Government men and Conservatives, suddenly alarmed. The others only demanded to move on. I was one of these last. I therefore adhered to the journal with Pierre Leroux, Lerminier, Desloges, &c.'

Half repenting a decision which excluded him from a share in the spoil,

he subsequently exclaims: 'To hear certain persons, it would seem now-days that the "Globe" had no other object than to smooth the way to power for MM. the doctrinaires, great and small, after having passed six long years in flattering one another.' Yet there came a moment of candor when he admitted that he had graduated in the doctrinaire school.

According to Goethe there is no more enviable situation for a man than to find himself between a love that is ending and a love that is beginning. If this be true of intellectual attachments Sainte-Beuve must have had a most enviable time of it; for in less than ten years, besides the vitally important change from infidelity to faith, he changed sides and systems three or four times over, and had been the professed admirer, or sat at the feet as a disciple, of Victor Hugo, Pierre Leroux, Armand Carrel, Chateaubriand, and Lamennais. It is an awkward fact, brought to light since his death, that in 1829 he was prepared to accept the appointment of Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople from the Prince de Polignac. One of his excuses for the versatility of his earlier years was that the critic was not yet born in him. But, tested by consistency, the critic was never born in him: he never attained fixity of any kind, either of head or heart; never at least till that period of life when, like the old coquette, he might be compared to the weathercock which only became fixed when it was rusty. In a less apologetic mood he insists that this versatility was essential to the complete study of the conflicting systems to which he successively adhered; or (as M. d'Haussonville states the case) he persuaded himself that he should see more of the edifice within than without, and if, to gain admittance to the consecrated ground, he was required to put on the gown of the neophyte, he put it on without hesitation. 'The plan of the localities once drawn, he insensibly lets drop the gown which he always took care to wear loosely, and it will be resumed no more.' This is rather an ingenious illustration than an argument. Numerous as were his gyrations, and much as he was swayed by circumstances, he was (with rare exception) quite in earnest when he turned, and

wore the new gown as if made for him till he threw it off.

When the 'Globe' was sold by Pierre Leroux to the Saint-Simonians, Sainte-Beuve went with it and wrote for it after it had become the organ of the *père Enfantin* and had assumed the motto: *A chacun selon sa vocation, à chaque vocation selon ses œuvres*. All he could say in his defence was that he did not go all lengths with the socialists:—

'When it is said that I attended the preachings of the rue Talbott, what is meant? If, that I attended, like Lerminier, in a sky-blue coat, and on the platform, it is absurd. I went there as one goes everywhere when one is young, to every spectacle that attracts; and that is all. I am like the man who said, "I may have smelt at the bacon, but I was not caught in the rat-trap."'

He glosses over his connection with the "National":—

'It was in 1831, that Carrel proposed to me, through Magnin, to write in it. I joined it and remained in it till 1834, having done some services which were not always too well recognised. The publisher, honest man, Paulin, knew this better than anybody, and was grateful to me for it to the last.'

He omits to state that his intimacy with Carrel, the uncompromising republican, grew so close as to alarm his mother, and he advocated the democratic cause with a vehemence which justifies a suspicion that he was a democrat at heart. At the same time, he was unable to resist the charm of aristocratic society when it was thrown open to him. Some time in 1833, Ampère, a former colleague of the 'Globe,' presented him to Madame Recamier, and he was immediately received on a footing of familiarity in the brilliant circle which clustered round her and Chateaubriand, at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Unluckily forgetting the adage that it is good to be off with the old love before one is on with the new, he published, in 1834, whilst still a writer in the 'National,' an article on Ballanche (a favored *habitué* of the Abbaye-aux-Bois), in which he alluded with respect, almost with regret, to 'that historical legitimacy which no enlightened publicist contests.' There were other phrases flattering to the admirers of the old *régime*, and a vehement protest, signed by Bastide and Raspail, declared that all men of heart had read the article with indignation and astonishment. Béranger took part with

Sainte-Beuve, but Carrel remained neuter, and the schism resulted in a definite separation, happily for Sainte-Beuve, who was shortly afterwards congratulated by Carrel: 'You are fortunate; yes, you are not bound.' 'Bound,' exclaims M. d'Haussonville, 'Sainte-Beuve was never bound to anyone.' And in due time he made this clear to many others, besides Carrel and Raspail. He made it tolerably clear to Lamennais, although it may be alleged that the Lamennais whom he quitted was no longer the Lamennais he had joined.

The primary object of the remarkable triumvirate (Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert) who founded the 'Avenir,' was to exalt Christianity as represented by the Church, to base all that is best in human institutions upon Faith as upon a rock. Although these views were not incompatible with Sainte-Beuve's when the connection was formed, he declares that he never wrote for the 'Avenir,' but speaking of Lamennais, he says, 'One was never bound to him by halves'; and he was so deep in Lamennais' confidence that he was entrusted with the duty of seeing the 'Paroles d'un Croyant' through the press. Without authority from the author, he struck out a passage injuriously reflecting on the Pope. He wished to leave a reconciliation open, and it pained him (to borrow M. Renan's image) to see the hand of the priest lifting the axe against the still respected statue of the god. The full import of the work, however, was first revealed to him by the printer who brought him the proofs saying: 'My very compositors cannot set it up without being, as it were, elevated and transported; the printing-house is all *en air*.'

It was an eloquent diatribe against priestcraft and kingcraft, strong enough to satisfy the philosopher who longed for the day when the last king would be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. It left the friends of Lamennais no alternative but to separate from him, and Sainte-Beuve had ample ground for remonstrance and reproach when he wrote: 'Nothing, be assured, is worse than to invite souls to the faith and then leave them without warning in the lurch. . . . How many hopeful souls have I known that you held and carried with you in your pilgrim scrip, and who, the

scrip thrown down, are left strewed along the ditches?' or, when in conversation, he employed another of the strong homely metaphors in which he excelled: 'Lamennais has upset the coach into the ditch; then he has planted us there, after taking good care to blow out the lamp before he took to his heels.' * Giving an account of a chance meeting between himself and Sainte-Beuve in the streets of Paris, Lamennais is reported to have said: 'He at first stammered out I know not what, then, completely taken aback, looked down.' Sainte-Beuve sharply retorted: 'I know not how I may have looked, for one does not see oneself; but if I really appeared embarrassed, as is quite possible, it must have been for him and not for myself.'

'It was towards the end of 1837 that, having long meditated a book on Port Royal, I went to Switzerland, to Lausanne, to execute it in the form of courses of lectures in the academy or little university of the place. I there became acquainted with very distinguished men, of whom M. Vinet was the first. I returned to Paris in the summer of 1838, having only to give the lectures the form of a book, and strengthen my work by an exact version and the finishing touches. I spared neither reflection nor leisure; the resulting five volumes were not less than twenty years in appearing.'

He tells a different story in a private letter, May 8th, 1837, from which it may be collected that he was leaving Paris without any fixed plan:—

'I go straight to Geneva, but beyond—I know nothing more. There are moments, in truth, when I think that I may haply never return; and that if I had the means of subsisting elsewhere, I would plunge into the austere sadness of exile and regret. . . . Read, talk, visit beautiful places, associate them with regretted or hoped-for sentiments: this is the true life, the rest is mechanical (*du métier*) and hateful to him who has comprehended the other.'

Speculating on the motives that could have induced this acclimatised Parisian, who in four years had never passed three weeks out of the city, to encounter such an exile, M. d'Haussonville suggests the desire of extrication by absence from a situation like that in which Amaury found himself between the rival ladies in

* A full account of Lamennais' breach with the Papacy, and its consequences, is given in the 'Quarterly Review' for April, 1873, Art. v., 'Charles, Comte de Montalembert.'

'Volupté.' Be this as it may, the expedition was so far successful that it led to the production of an original work, which may be commended without reserve as the masterly treatment of a difficult, delicate, and vitally important subject. The historical portions, in particular, merit the highest praise. The first two volumes appeared in 1840; the third in 1846; the concluding three in 1859; his mode of thinking having undergone the usual, or more than the usual, amount of change in the intervals. Although the lectures were delivered before a Protestant audience, and his own faith was on the wane, his glorification of the Port Royalists did not lack enthusiasm; and he discoursed with the requisite amount of unction on the mysteries which puzzled Milton's angels:—

'Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in woad'ring mazes lost.'

He spoke thus of Grace, the hope, pride, and mainstay of the institution:—

'This state of Grace, in effect, changes the soul, regenerates and renews it. To employ a happy image which a clever man applied to another love which is but the inferior form of this divine love, Grace, so to speak, crystallises the soul, which before was vague, diverse, and flowing. . . . The soul here below and in the bosom of its shadow, enjoys this true life so long as it remains possessed (*prise*), according to the mysterious mode.'

He describes the *Mère Angélique* as possessed in the mysterious mode on the memorable *Jour du Guichet*,* and he employs all the colors of poetry to throw a halo round her in her hour of trial and triumph. She is the Esther of Racine, fainting at the approach of Assuerus. To her and her miraculous elation or inflation, we are indebted for the *Polyeucte* of Corneille and the *Provinciales* of Pascal!

An amusing and instructive contrast is his treatment (vol. iii.) of the miracle of the Holy Thorn, which he introduces by stating that it came at the most opportune moment, when the Port Royalists were at the lowest state of despondency, with hardly a hope or chance of being saved from their persecutors:—

'It was the very day when they sang these words of the Psalmist "Show me a token for good; Lord, cause a prodigy to be performed in my favor that my enemies may see it and be confounded." It is this very day that God throws all secrecy aside, and there is heard, is heard all round on every side, this Holy and Terrible Voice. The miracle of the Holy Thorn was the thunderclap which suspended all.'

The miracle is succinctly told by the *Mère Angélique* in a letter to the Queen of Poland. The holy relic was the donation of a priest who, after having had it richly set, sent it to be seen and revered:—

'Our sisters of Paris received it with great reverence, and having placed it in the middle of the choir, adored it one after the other. When it came to the turn of the pensionnaires, their mistress, who led them, took the reliquary, for fear they might drop it, and as a little girl of ten years old approached (who had a lachrymal ulcer so bad that the bone of the nose had become carious), it occurred to this woman to say to this child: "My daughter, pray for your eye;" and, touching her with the relique at the same moment, she was cured, *which no one thought of at the moment*, each thinking only of devotion to the relic. Afterwards, this child said to one of her little sisters: "I think I am cured." Which turned out so to be, that it was no longer discernible which of her eyes had been diseased.'

'Whether we will or not,' observes Sainte-Beuve, 'we must discuss this affair, or at least throw a little light on it. The Jansenists saw in it the triumph of their cause. I see in it, above all, the humiliation of the human mind!' Reverting to his medical experience, he reduces the miracle to the bursting of a tumor, or the removal of an obstruction in the lachrymal duct, through the pressure of the relic, a spontaneous effort of nature, or a nervous movement of the child. The house-doctor, the principal witness, had not seen her for two months prior to the cure, and was not called in till seven days after. The medical men, who emulously attested that the cure (as described to them) surpassed the ordinary powers of nature, were turned into ridicule by Guy Patin. But the miracle was formally recognised by the Vicar-General in the name, the holy and venerable name, of the Cardinal de Retz, that unexceptionable champion of the Faith! and the belief in the Holy Thorn lasted long enough for eighty miraculous cures to be worked by it. It, moreover, silenced and put to shame the

* The *Jour du Guichet* (Day of the Wicket) was the day when her father, M. Arnauld, who came to claim her, was barred out, whilst she fell into an ecstatic trance or fainting-fit within.

profane detractors of the Holy Mother and her flock.

Whoever wishes to understand Pascal in his weakness and his strength, should read this third volume, which is almost exclusively devoted to him. It may be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of Sainte-Beuve; and it was composed under circumstances which materially added to the inherent difficulties of the undertaking. The domain which he deemed his by priority of occupation had been unceremoniously invaded by M. Cousin, who broke ground in it by a Report to the Academy on the text of Pascal in 1843, which he followed up by his "Etudes de Pascal," and other works relating to Port Royal, without taking the smallest notice of his contemporary. This was damaging to Sainte-Beuve's literary interests, as well as wounding to his self-love. What embittered the blow was that, in 1840, he had accepted the nomination to the conservatorship of the Mazarine Library from M. Cousin. After expressing a regret that he lay under an obligation which prevented him from speaking his mind freely, he says:—

'M. Cousin does not like competition. I found myself without wishing it and by the simple fact of priority, a competitor and a neighbor for certain subjects. Instead of according me (what would have been so simple and in such good taste in a man of his superiority) a frank and honorable mention, he found it simpler to pass over in silence and to consider as *non avenu* what vexed him. . . . One day when I was complaining orally to him he made me this singular and characteristic reply: "My dear friend, I believe, I am as delicate as another at bottom; but I own I am rude in the form."'

M. Cousin's notion of delicacy seems to have resembled Mr. Peter Pounce's theory of charity, as consisting rather in the disposition than in the act.

To Sainte-Beuve's Swiss expedition may be traced not only his 'Port Royal,' but the last of his published collections of poems, 'Pensées d'Août,' which appeared towards the end of 1837. Its reception was unfavorable, 'absolutely savage' (to use his own expression), which he attributes to his separation from the batch of romantic poets and the bad blood he had stirred up by his criticisms in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes':—

'I had, I believe, already criticised Balzac,

or I had not praised him sufficiently for one of his novels, and in one of those accessions of self-love which were common with him, he exclaimed: "I will run my pen through his body."'

Balzac said of his style that it was not French but Sainte-Beuve.

It did not strike Sainte-Beuve that, if the bad reception of this collection was owing to the coldness or alienation of friends, the favorable reception of the former collections may have been equally owing to their support. The title referring to the autumn of life was meant to intimate that he had arrived at that stage when the feelings are faded or grown tame; but he had yet an evanescent hope or fugitive glimpse of a home consecrated by love:—

'A heaven less brilliant than that of Italy was witness of this short illusion: it took birth in the society of two sisters, Frederica and Elisa Wilhelmine; if these are not imaginary names. He believed for a moment that he had found (*avoir trouvé*). It was, perhaps, one evening when, whilst he suffered a distracted and ignorant hand to stray over the keys of a piano still trembling with the notes she had first been drawing from it, the eldest approached and said with a smile:

"Try, who knows? The poets know a great deal by instinct. Perhaps you know how to play without having learned."

"Oh, I will take good care to do nothing of the kind," I replied; "I like better to fancy that I know, and I like still better to be able to say to myself still, *perhaps*."

'She was there, she heard and added, with that fine and charming naïveté: "It is thus with many things, is it not? It is best not to try to be sure."

"Oh, do not say so, I know it too well," I replied with a tender expression and a long look. "I know it too well, and for things of which one dares to say: *peut-être*."

'She understood at once, and drew back, and took refuge blushing all over beside her father.'

This is a charming scene, more poetic than his choicest poetry, and it might have ended differently had he remembered Montrose's sonnet:

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.'

When not far from his meridian, Sainte-Beuve said that the critic was not yet born in him, he mistook his vocation. The critic was not only born but rapidly growing into ripeness and maturity. His

contributions to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' are the proof.

'It was there,' says M. d'Haussonville, 'that, dating from 1831, he has published his finest and broadest studies. It is there that he inaugurated this kind (*genre*) in some sort created by him of *Portraits Littéraires*, and that he has traced the principal figures of this long gallery—where the Abbé Prévost and M. Jouffroy, Francis I. and General Lafayette, Mademoiselle Aïsse and Madame Roland, must be somewhat surprised to find themselves in company.'

The article on Rochefoucauld in the 'Revue' of January 15th, 1840, has been specified by him as 'making a date and a point in his intellectual life, and the decisive return to sounder ideas, which time and reflection have only helped to confirm.' The more obvious allusion is to the ideas or dreams of romance and mysticism which he had at length succeeded in dispelling—on the principle indicated by St. Evremond, who boasted of having conquered his passions by indulging them. But M. d'Haussonville thinks that Sainte-Beuve saw something more than the cynic moralist in the author of the 'Maxims':—

'May he not have been attracted by the destiny of the man, who, after having been at the opening of his life the lover of one of the most brilliant heroines of the Fronde, had, towards the close, contracted bonds of close affection with the incomparable friend whose divine reason Madame de Sévigné was incessantly praising. In painting this respectful and constant *liaison* which united M. de la Rochefoucauld to Madame de La Fayette, and which had embellished with a last ray the old age of the one and the sufferings of the other, was he not thinking of himself whilst still caressing the hope of a last dream? Oh! long communications permit me here to lift the corner of the veil behind which nothing but that which is pure and delicate has lain hidden.'

The features disclosed by the lifting of the veil are those of Madame d'Arbouville—the author of some sentimental novels of merit—who is described as having received from her ancestress Madame d'Houtetot 'the inheritance of a cultivated mind and a loving heart, enhanced and tempered by the severity of a Christian's conscience.' Sainte-Beuve had lent her the 'Poésies of Joseph Delorme,' then well-nigh forgotten, without naming the author, on whom she wrote some severe remarks, which she re-

quested Sainte-Beuve to transmit to him. He replied by a long letter of justification, which did more than satisfy her scruples. 'During ten years,' he wrote, on her death in 1850, 'she has been my best friend, and I have been her best friend.' He refused to write the customary tribute to her memory, which he called erecting her tomb with his own hands; and the only notice of her in his published writings is: 'Madame d'Arbouville, a woman whom the future will know too.' This lady exercised a marked and an improving influence upon his character in more ways than one. She gave him so far as it could be given to a man of middle-age, that education of the drawing-room of which we have already spoken; and the effect may be traced in the female portraits (Mademoiselle Aïsse, Madame de Krüdner, &c.) which he drew after the formation of the tie. In reference to this newly-acquired tenderness and delicacy of treatment, he said: 'I have introduced the elegy into criticism.' There is a wide range of subjects—indeed, all more or less affecting one-half of the species—of or on which criticism, without what he calls elegy, is incomplete.

Introduced by her, he gradually became an assiduous guest in 'the too rare salons where the old legitimist society of the Restoration mingled with that which the Government of July had wafted to power.' Even the doctrinaire element did not repel him; and he played the literary tame cat in them with complacency. Besides writing sonnets to the Duchesse de Rauzan, and complimentary verses on the 'orgueil et cher appui' of another 'antique maison,' he took a small house in the village, to be near the Château du Marais (the residence of Madame de la Briche, mother-in-law of the Comte Molé), where he dined daily. He had been one of the first to recognise (in the 'Globe') the brilliant and original genius of Georges Sand, and he had received from her, in the midst of her troubles, letters pouring all the bitterness of her heart into the bosom of a friend she believed discreet. These letters were seen circulating from boudoir to boudoir in the noble Faubourg or the Chaussée d'Antin, inclosed in a large envelope, on the back of which—half-effaced, but legible—were the

names of the ladies to whom they had successively been sent.

The tone of his writings at this time was perceptibly modified by his social position. He spoke of the literary contemporaries with whom he had the fewest sympathies without bitterness; and M. d'Haussonville cites his articles on M. de Barante, M. Mignet, M. de Remusat, M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin even, as models of urbanity. He refused the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1837 when offered by M. de Salvandy, and again in 1843 at the hands of M. Villemain; but he accepted a place (that already mentioned) from M. Cousin in 1840; and he was mainly indebted to his new friends for his election to the Academy in 1843: when Chateaubriand and Comte Molé steadily supported him, and Victor Hugo (as he believed) voted eleven times against him. 'I was received (he says) by Victor Hugo: this piquant circumstance added to the interest of the sitting.' The reception was brilliant, but the slave in the chariot was not wanting in the triumph:—

'How happens it,' asked Madame de Girardin, in her 'Causeries,' that M. Sainte-Beuve, whose incontestable talents we fully appreciate, but whom all the world has formerly known as republican and advanced romanticist, is now-a-days the favorite of all the ultramontarchical and most classical salons, and of all the clever women who reign in those salons? We are told "He has abjured." Precious reason! Ought women ever to come to the aid of those who abjure? . . . This looks of no account; well, it is very serious. All is lost, all is over, in a country where the renegades are protected by the women.'

Buffon, as interpreted by Gibbon, 'fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis.*' Sainte-Beuve fixes our moral unhappiness to this same season—

'There comes a sad moment in life; it is when one feels that one has reached all that one could reasonably hope, that one has acquired all to which one could reasonably pretend. I am at this point. I have obtained much more than my destiny offered me at

first, and I find at the same time that this much is very little. . . .

In youth, there is a world within us; but as we advance, it comes to pass that our thoughts and our sentiments can no longer fill our solitude, or, at least, no longer charm it. . . . At a certain age, if your house is not peopled with children, it is filled with *manies* or vices.'

Rogers used to say that, if God did not send children, the devil sent nephews and nieces.

As things go, Sainte-Beuve's existence was something more than tolerable, was what might fairly be termed a happy one, when it was suddenly disturbed by the revolution of February, 1848. By an Athenian law, attributed to Solon, neutrality was punished as a crime: and in any country where the form of government is unsettled as in France, indifference, if not a crime, is a mistake. When bad men conspire, good men must co-operate. 'You do not meddle with politics, Monsieur. I pity you, for some day or other politics will meddle with you.' This remonstrance, addressed by M. Royer-Collard to a pocourante friend, is aptly applied by M. d'Haussonville to Sainte-Beuve, who had stood aloof, making no effort by tongue or pen to avert the catastrophe which drove him to seek the bare means of livelihood in a foreign land:—

'The Revolution of February did not disconcert me, let people say what they will, and found me more curious than irritated. It is only for M. Veuillot, and those who care equally little about truth, to say that I had fears—blue or red. I was present as an attentive observer at all that passed in Paris during the first six months. It was then only that, from the necessity of living and having found the occasion, I went in October, 1848, to lecture at the University of Liège, where I was for a year in the capacity of ordinary professor.*'

There is a note to this passage by his last secretary:—

'M. Sainte-Beuve has often related to me that, during the insurrection of June, he walked about Paris with his umbrella in his hand (the sole weapon that he never laid aside, even when, at another time, he fought, and fought well, a pistol-duel with M. Dubois), and ap-

* Gibbon's Autobiography, which concludes with this sentence: 'I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.'

proached the theatre of insurrection as near as possible to have the news.'

But what did him harm in fair unprejudiced opinion, was not the imputation of cowardice, but the want of earnestness and patriotism, such as he unconsciously betrays in what he meant for a sarcastic account of an interview with Lamartine on the evening of the memorable day at the Hôtel de Ville, when Lamartine, by a wonderful combination of courage and eloquence, so signally defeated the Reds. Sainte-Beuve was stopped by the march of troops on his way to read a chapter of 'Port Royal' to some friends, and was coming home by a by-street, when he met Lamartine, agitated and exhausted, returning from the Hôtel de Ville. He exhorts his friend to stand firm, and pictures him '*posant* as the man who had just been making a hundred speeches and embraced a hundred thousand men, retaining all the time an inviolable confidence in the virtue of the workmen of Paris as well as in the repentance of Ledru-Rollin.' It never crosses Sainte-Beuve's mind that the author, sneaking home with his manuscript in his pocket, is more an object of ridicule than the excited orator escaping from the tumultuous assembly which he had confronted and controlled at the risk of his life.

One of the many troubles brought upon him by the revolution, was an imputation based upon the discovery of his name in the secret service list of the late Government. It eventually turned out that the sum, about 100 francs, had been really allowed for the repairs of the apartment he occupied in the Institute; but the explanation was not forthcoming in the first instance, and Sainte-Beuve was cut to the quick by finding that a charge of corruption, which he knew to be baseless, could be accepted by any decent portion of the public. 'They are there,' he truly said, 'attacking me on my strong side.' But he resigned his place rather than provoke a renewal of the attack; and was again left entirely dependent upon his pen under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable to an honorable or profitable employment of it in France. He accordingly left Paris for Liège, pursued by a chorus of reprobation from a portion of the press.

The choice of subject for his course at

Liège was unlucky. The time had hardly arrived for an impartial estimate of 'Chateaubriand and his Literary Group,' especially by one who, besides standing in a peculiar relation to the principal figure, had private grudges against some and personal obligations towards others of the group. Chateaubriand had been hardly dead a year, and Madame Recamier was supposed to be dying. That he was bound to spare her feelings is proved by his own repeated letters of grateful acknowledgment. He was one of the favored few invited to the first reading of the '*Mémoires d'outre-tombe*,' at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and the article in which he commemorated the scene abounded in terms of eulogy. When twitted with having been equally prodigal of them in his notice of the '*Vie de Rance*,' he casuistically replied: 'The book was manifestly so weak, that the sentiment which made me speak well of it was above suspicion.' Equally above suspicion would be the sentiment that should have induced him to be fair, if not lenient, to the illustrious dead on whose living accents he had so often affected to hang. It was because he had been seen to hang on them in a forced attitude of ill-simulated complacency, because he had occupied a position beneath his pretensions in the group, that (M. d'Haussonville suggests) he seized the first opportunity of indulging a long-suppressed spleen. We are not prepared to say that his estimate of Chateaubriand, as a man of letters, is incorrect; but 'Chateaubriand and his Literary Group' vividly reminded us of 'Lord Byron and his Contemporaries' by Leigh Hunt; in which much is set down in malice, and from a spirit of wounded self-love, although little or nothing but what is literally true.*

If these Lectures had been delivered at Paris, or at a less preoccupied time, Sainte-Beuve might speedily have seen reason to regret the indulgence of his spleen. As it was, he betrayed an uneasy consciousness of a bad cause, by frequently returning to the charge. So recently as 1862, he seized the opportunity presented by the publication of

* The character of Chateaubriand is summed up in the twenty-first and concluding lecture, vol. ii., p. 113.

M. Joubert's letter on Chateaubriand, to reiterate his views in two *Nouveaux Lundis*, which have an independent value, as containing a detailed account of the method of proceeding which, in his judgment, a critic should pursue :—

'It is very useful to begin by the beginning and, when one has the means, to take the superior or distinguished writer in his native country, in his race. If we were well acquainted physiologically with the race, the ascendants and ancestors, we should have a clear light on the secret and essential quality of mind; but most frequently this deep root remains obscure and is lost. In the cases in which it is not entirely hidden, much is gained by observing it.'

M. Taine would insist that the country and the climate are more important than the race. After the ancestors, come the near relatives, the family :—

'The superior man will be recognised, recovered to a certainty, at least in part, in his parents, in his mother especially, this parent the surest and most direct : in his sisters also, in his brothers, even in his children. . . . This is very delicate ground, and would require to be illustrated by proper names, by a quantity of particular facts. I will indicate a few.

'Take the sisters, for example. This Chateaubriand, of whom we were speaking, had one sister with Imagination based (to use his own phrase) on stupidity (*bêtise*), which must have approached downright extravagance; another, on the contrary, the divine Lucile (the Amelia of "René"), with exquisite sensibility, a sort of tender Imagination, melancholy, without any of that which corrected or distracted it in him; she died mad, and by her own hand. The elements which he united and associated, at least in his talent, and which kept a sort of equilibrium, were distinctly and disproportionately shared between them.

He was not, he says, personally acquainted with the sisters of Lamartine, but he had heard Royer-Collard speak of them in their first youth as something charming and melodious, like a nest of nightingales. Balzac's sister, Madame Surville, 'whose physical resemblance to her brother is seen at a glance, is also so formed as to give to those who, like me, have the misfortune to admire but incompletely the great novelist, a more advantageous idea which enlightens, reassures, and reclaims them.' The sister of Beaumarchais, again, had all his humor, wit, and sense of fun, which she pushed to the extreme limit of propriety, when she did not go beyond. "She was

the very sister of Figaro, the same stock, and the same sap.'

His sole instances of brothers are the Despréaux, although many better suited for the purpose lay ready to his hand; e.g. the Mirabeaus and the Dupins: examples rendered familiar by the saying of Mirabeau, that in any other family his elder brother would have passed for a roué and a wit; and the simple inscription on a tomb in Père la Chaise: *A la mère des trois Dupins*.

A host of celebrities who acknowledged a similar debt to mothers crowd upon us :—Goethe, Schiller, the Schlegels, Victor Hugo, Canning, Brougham, George Selwyn, Curran.* These are not so much as mentioned. 'Madame de Sévigné, I have said it more than once, seems to have divided herself between her two children—the Chevalier, light, giddy, endowed with grace, and Madame de Grignan, intellectual, but a little cold, having taken reason for her share.' Would both her children, added together, have made up Madame de Sévigné? After alluding to some daughters of unnamed poets who had aided him to comprehend their fathers, he proceeds :—

'This is enough to indicate my thought, and I will be moderate. When we have learned as much as possible of the origin, parentage and near relatives, of an eminent writer, the next essential point is the chapter of his studies and his education.'

After this comes the set or group to which he belonged at starting, and when we have tracked him step by step so far, we are to get the best answers we can to the questions mentioned in a preceding article touching his religious opinions, behavior towards women, pecuniary habits and circumstances, mode of living, &c. &c.

Information on all these points might be required for a complete biography, but would be worse than superfluous as a preparation for the critical examination of a contemporary author in his works.

* 'The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasure of her own mind.'—Curran.

If it did not give rise to personality or impertinence, it would mislead, as it misled Sainte-Beuve in his judgment of Chateaubriand, which was mischievously warped by a minute acquaintance with his peculiarities. Are we bound to and melodious versification in a poem because the poet's daughters sang like nightingales, or wit in a comedy because the dramatist had a witty sister? or (reversing the argument) insist that there can be no real genius in an author whose mother or brother was a fool? It is sad enough to have the dark or soiled passages in a great man's life recalled to us when we are filled with honest admiration of his genius—to be reminded of the meanness of Bacon, the morbid selfishness of Rousseau, the irritable vanity of Voltaire, the petty vindictiveness of Pope. But to what shall we be brought by criticism if, travelling beyond the record of the works before us, we are to pry into the private history of families—to drag out the skeleton in the closet, and condemn or absolve the author on the strength of the good or bad qualities lineally or collaterally inherited with his blood?

By far the most crucial and important questions which a critic should ask himself have been omitted by Sainte-Beuve. Have you any personal feelings that may affect your judgment either way? Do you like or dislike the author? Are you already committed for or against his style of writing, his views, his party, his system, or his school? Are you quite sure that you are free from indirect influence of any kind, that you have no vanity to indulge, no coterie to assail or flatter, no impugned line of conduct to vindicate, no real or fancied wrongs to avenge? It would have been well for his fame if Sainte-Beuve had occasionally submitted to this sort of self-examination, especially before undertaking his celebrated 'Causeries du Lundi,' to which these remarks on his method may serve as an appropriate preface.

They were commenced (October, 1849) in the 'Constitutionnel,' at the invitation of the proprietor, Veron, and continued in that Journal till the end of 1852. They were then transferred to the 'Moniteur Officiel' (with short interruptions), till 1861, when he accepted a fresh engagement from the 'Constitu-

tionnel,' which lasted till within a year of his death. The concluding series, entitled 'Nouveaux Lundis,' make thirteen volumes octavo; the first and second, entitled 'Causeries du Lundi,' fifteen. Add the 'Portraits Littéraires,' the 'Portraits Contemporains,' &c.; and there are more than forty volumes of literary, historical, and biographical essays, on the most surprising variety of subjects, rarely if ever failing in knowledge, command of language, apt illustration, reflection, penetration, and capacity. His gallery is not restricted to an age, a country, or a class. Ancients and moderns, Greeks and Romans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, poets and historians, wits and beauties, statesmen and generals, are ranged round it with entire disregard of order or congruity, and on a careful review we are strongly disposed to think that (as regards contemporaries) he has painted best those with whom he had come least in contact, whose pursuits were most alien, or whose titles to fame had least in common with his own. The reason is obvious. His sympathies were stronger than his principles: his canons of criticism, at all events their application, varied with his society; and the laudable impartiality with which he started frequently gave way before the temptation of gratifying one of those hates or jealousies, *odia quæ in longum jaciens auctaque promeretur*, which he had always in store for an opportunity.

It was the misfortune of the third Napoleon to obtain power by an act which alienated an immense majority of the most illustrious statesmen of France. Men who have undergone exile or imprisonment under any given régime should be allowed time to get reconciled to it, be it ever so well adapted to the emergency. But in August, 1852, only seven months after the *coup d'état*, Sainte-Beuve published an article entitled 'Les Regrets,' for the sole purpose of heaping the most ungenerous and unfounded reproaches on the discomfited party, because they had given such utterance as the state of things rendered prudent or possible to their disapproval or discontent. He treats such men as Thiers, Molé, Berryer, Tocqueville, Odilon Barrot, Montalembert, Charles de Remusat, Duvergier

d'Haurannes, &c., with seeing nothing to regret in the destruction of constitutional government but their own relegation to private life and their lost liberty of speech. They were most of them persons whom he had known at the 'Globe' office or met in Orleanist or Legitimist houses; *l'état-major des salons* was his description of them, and we suspect that their worst offences in his eyes were that they had distanced him in public life and that he had never felt quite at ease in their society. He had taken the same ground with more management and tact in a preceding article (May 24th, 1852) on the retirement of MM. Villemain and Cousin from their professorships.

'You appear to complain that mind (*esprit*) has the worst of it at this moment. But who is to blame? Mind has been abused. Every celebrated professor, every clever writer has thought himself fit to be politician, orator, minister.'

On the 6th December, 1852, four days after the proclamation of the Empire, we find him formally enlisted in the 'Moniteur Officiel.' In 1854 he was nominated Professor of Latin Poetry in the College of France; and, after taking ample time for preparation, he delivered his opening lecture, 9th March, 1855. 'This lecture,' he says in one place, 'which was followed by a second, was disturbed by political manifestations, and the course stopped there.' In another place: 'I was only able to give two lectures, having been prevented by a sort of *émeute*, born of political passions and prejudices.' In point of fact, his reception was crushing: the students would have none of him; and (as he knew and felt) the sentiment which animated them was personal, not political; it was a generous outburst of indignation against the combined want of principle and candor of which he had given such signal proof in 'Les Regrets.' His mortification was extreme. A story got wind that he threatened to come to the third lecture with two pistols: to fire one at the audience and blow out his own brains with the other. M. d'Haussonville discredits this story, but states that, for some time after the suspended course, Sainte-Beuve never went out without a large poignard in his sleeve, affecting to be in danger of assassination. At the

same time he made the most effective appeal to a dispassioned public by recasting his lectures and publishing them as an 'Etude sur Virgile,' in 1857. It is esteemed one of his best performances, although opened to M. d'Haussonville's objection that his constant predisposition is to seek out what is ingenious and pretty, rather than what is simple and fine.

On resuming his 'Lundis,' Sainte-Beuve made it a point to demonstrate that the Second Empire was not unfavorable to literature; nor was it, any more than the First Empire, at its commencement. To cramp or dwarf the intellect, to stifle the genius, to vitiate the taste and morals of a great nation, requires time. The example of M. Renan, adduced in June, 1862, to negative a supposed sterility of original writers, came too soon; and in due course of time the baneful influences at work were seen in his own case; when he became the apologist of *Madame Bovary*, and the eulogist of *Fanny*. 'On what altar are you sacrificing?' expostulated his friend Morand. 'Sacrificing to avoid being sacrificed,' was the reply. 'You do not know, but it is a tide on the flow, and if we do not enter a little into their waters, they will submerge us.' The tide, swelled by a light literature of which *La Curée* and *Mademoiselle Girard ma Femme* may pass for samples, has become so foul, that to be submerged by it would be like being smothered in a sink.

Sainte-Beuve signalised his re-entry in the 'Constitutionnel' by declaring *guerre aux cléricaux*, by an anti-Catholic campaign, in which he indiscriminately assailed both the living and the dead—MM. de Falloux and Veuillot, Bourdaloue and Bossuet—and discussed with a hardihood justified by success most of the moral and religious questions of the day. His review of Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' for example, is a model of clever and ingenious criticism, so conceived and executed as to conciliate many and offend none.

Like Mr. Charles Greville, he was in the habit of reverting to his original impressions with the view of qualifying them; but rarely in a favorable sense, from a spirit of kindness or a feeling of compunction. He was a striking illustration of the fine reflection of Junius that insults (real or fancied) degrade the

mind in its own esteem and force it to recover its level by revenge: he in practice reversed the axiom, 'benefits in marble, injuries in dust;' and he acted literally on Talleyrand's advice, to distrust your first thoughts because they are generally good. In 1870 he published a new edition of his 'Portraits Contemporains' with a motto from Senac de Meilhan: *Nous sommes mobiles, et nous jouçons des êtres mobiles*, the main object being to withdraw or modify the honest glowing impulsive judgments of his youth. Thus, *à propos* Lamartine, he writes: 'I confess my weakness and my chimera. I had conceived for all these great men, these great spirits and talents of my generation, or of the immediately anterior generation, an ideal of character and career which they have not realised or which they have speedily overreached (*il passe*) and traversed out and out.' His ideal of the master spirits of his generation, of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Thiers, Cousin, Mignet, Mérimée, Béranger, Balzac, Georges Sand, &c., must have been very exalted indeed if he was disappointed in them.

In justification of his plan, he says: 'The note is more familiar, and gives the facility for lowering a tone. I have acted on the belief that it was allowable to speak on the entresol a little more freely than on the first floor,'—and, it might be added, a little more freely in the kitchen than in the entresol. Thus employed, he resembled one of the figures illustrative of *Ce qu'on dit et ce qu'on pense*, where the kind or flattering words supposed to be uttered aloud are contradicted by a sneering or sarcastic *aside*.

About the same time he replaced the Table of Contents at the end of the eleventh volume of the 'Causeries du Lundi' in the first edition, by a series of Notes and Thoughts, into which (as he said) he emptied the whole of his portfolio.

'In this fresh immolation of his former idols,' observes M. d'Haussonville, 'he sacrificed all whom he had hitherto appeared to respect. There may be seen his last words and his last appreciation of almost all the men of our time: appreciation almost always just, and which would be completely so, if by the side of the weakness, the ridicule, the vice that it places in broad relief, it also brought out the dominant quality, for, thank God, it is not always a vice that constitutes the distinctive trait of such or such a nature.' . . .

'Amongst the political men of our times, I could even cite one that he has never attacked: by dint of searching, others might possibly be found. At all events, the celebrated men whom he has spared are a very small number, and the account would be soon summed up of those who have escaped his thrusts.'

This is not expressed with the accomplished writer's wonted clearness. There is a slight ambiguity rather in the expression than the thought. No appreciation would be just if the dominant quality, when it happened to be good, was suppressed or thrown into the shade. Nor was Sainte-Beuve guilty of this species of falsification. He simply added the weakness, the ridicule, the vice which he had omitted in the original sketch, or modified the enthusiastic praise of which he had been unduly lavish in his youth. The effect of the finishing touches was to make the portraits less flattering but more like.

'Is it true that you are about to be named senator?' inquired one of his secretaries in 1855. 'Never again speak to me of such folly,' he replied, reddening with anger; 'do you believe that I wish to dishonor myself?' Yet in due time the nomination came, and gratified him more than any event of his life. It gave him the opportunity of achieving political distinction, for which he had all the while been longing whilst censuring men of letters for aspiring to it, and relieved him from the necessity, growing more irksome with advancing years, of earning an income by his pen. In allusion to the labor required for his 'Lundis,' he said, 'I descend on Tuesday into a well, from which I only emerge on Sunday.' From a memorandum of his second engagement with the 'Constitutionnel,' it appears that his ordinary remuneration was 300 francs (12*l.*) an article, and we learn from other sources that he was paid at the same rate for his more extended essays in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' If we add his salary as an academician and other occasional receipts, his average income probably fell short of 1000*l.* a year.

Although he employed a secretary, his habits, before this accession of fortune, were simple in the extreme. In a confidential note he states that from 1830 to 1840 he lived in a student's room on the fourth story (*Cour du Commerce*, No. 2), at a rent of 23 francs a month, including breakfasts. He also states that

he never had a debt. The salary of a senator was 30,000 francs (1200*l.*) per annum: a most acceptable addition, although he fully acquit him of an unworthy motive in accepting it. He owed it exclusively to the Princess Mathilde, and he steadily refused to accelerate the nomination (delayed till 1865) by the slightest sacrifice of his independence as a man of letters. 'When are we to have the article on the "Life of Cæsar?"' was the question abruptly put to him one day by M. Paulin Limayrac, the director of the 'Constitutionnel.' He flatly refused, and on being pressed by the director, impetuously repeated, 'Ah! for example, do you believe I wish to dishonor myself?' He held firm this time; he even dictated, on his return home, an article on Cæsar, in which he drew a distinction between 'Cæsars by nature and Cæsars by will, in whom we readily detect the Brummagem (*plaque*).' This article, of course, never saw the light. It was in part provoked by an unlucky slip of the Emperor (rarely guilty of such slips), who, three years after Sainte-Beuve had quitted the 'Moniteur' for the 'Constitutionnel,' said to him, 'I read you with interest in the "Moniteur."'

Although his 'Letters to the Princess' will hardly be cited as models of the epistolary style, they contain some curious passages; as when he is impatient at imperial hesitation: 'Let there be an end of this; let there be a thunderclap that shall set all the world to rights.' Or when he explodes against the Church:—

'Oh, when will the Emperor and France purge themselves of this clerical leprosy!... Let the Emperor be thoroughly persuaded of this: these men in black are odious to the generous mind of France. It is compromising to the future to let it be believed that one is leagued with them. They are messengers of evil, and counsellors of disaster.'

The delay and manner of his elevation seem to have emancipated him in his own eyes from all obligation to the Tuileries. 'I belong,' he said, 'to the small party of the Left of the Empire.' It was a very small party, boasting, when he joined it, only a single representative, Prince Napoleon, in the Senate; and he sat quiet until March 25, 1867, when M. de Ségur d'Aguesseau attacked the

Minister of Public Instruction for favoring atheism and materialism by a recent nomination to a professorship. Although naming no one, he was understood to point at Renan; and Sainte-Beuve instantly rose to protest, in a tone seldom heard in that assembly, against injurious reflections on a man whom he was proud to call his friend, and whose doctrines he was prepared to defend in the name of liberty of thought. He was called to order, and a stormy scene ensued. 'It is the first time,' was shouted out, 'that atheism has found a defender in the Senate.' But he held his ground, and thus established a position which he seized the first occasion to improve. A petition having been presented by the principal inhabitants of Saint-Etienne against the admission of (what they deemed) irreligious and immoral works into the public library of their town, Sainte-Beuve demanded an adjournment of the debate until June 29, 1867, when he read a carefully-prepared speech, in which he undertook the defence of Voltaire, Rousseau, Proudhon, Georges Sand, &c., and stood forth the apostle of free thought and free inquiry. Twice again, in the course of the year following (May 4 and 19, 1868), his voice was raised in advocacy of the same cause, and the insults heaped upon him within the walls of the Luxembourg were amply compensated by accumulated marks of adhesion from without. 'I have my public,' was his retort, and he proceeded to describe that public as 'a diocese which counted parishioners even in those of my lords the bishops.' The day following it was christened 'the diocese of good sense.' Two hundred students came in a body to thank him for defending their professors and their school; and he exclaimed exultingly to M. Gaston Boissier (his successor at the Ecole Normale), 'They applaud me now!'

He refused to write for the new official journal, and broke with the 'Moniteur,' even after the title and privileges of an official organ had been withdrawn from it, on account of an article, in which, referring to the vehement opposition of the episcopate to the establishment of a course of instruction for young girls at the Sorbonne, he wrote, 'The bishops have uttered cries (*cries of eagles*), as

if it were a question of saving the Capitol.' He refused to suppress the passage which, pointed by the parenthesis, was thought too strong; and exclaiming, '*Au diable les fanatiques*,' he sent the article to the '*Temps*,' a Liberal organ hostile to the empire, which inserted it as it stood. This was a rash step for the new senator, and showed an inexcusable want of consideration for the Princess, who had made sundry vows and promises in his name. She showed her sense of his conduct by refusing to receive or communicate with him; and adhered to this refusal till within a few hours of his death. Although it had been his evil destiny to incur the distrust of successive sets of friends, he wielded a formidable power: he was the chief distributor of fame: the celebrities of the new generation courted his acquaintance: he became the centre of a society in which the most heterogeneous elements of the literary world were attractively combined; the graver intellects being represented by MM. Renan and Taine; the lighter, by MM. Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, and Nestor Roqueplan. His dinners were in great request, and not merely for the sake of the company, of which, prior to the coolness, the Princess and her brother occasionally formed part. He had studied gastronomy, and took as much pains with the composition of a *menu* as with that of a *Lundi*. One of his dinners (April 16th, 1868) assumed the importance of a political event, supplied a topic to the newspapers for some days, and was formally brought to his notice by the President of the Senate as an objection to his being heard in that assembly. It grew famous as *Le Dîner du Vendredi-Sain*, and was compared to the *Débauche de Roissy* by which Bussy-Rabutin and his boon companions scandalised the pious Court of Louis XIV. The explanation was easy. The party consisted of MM. Taine, About, Renan, Flaubert, Robin (of the Academy of Sciences), and Prince Napoleon; for whose convenience the day, Good Friday, had been carelessly fixed. The dinner went off quietly enough, and bore not the slightest resemblance to an orgy; in proof of which the author of '*Souvenirs*' has printed the bill of fare. Sainte-Beuve continued his contributions to the '*Temps*' till within a few weeks

of his death, which took place October 13th, 1869. He died of a painful disease for which he had recently undergone an operation. The attendance at the funeral (October 16th) was a tribute to his talents and reputation which it was impossible to misunderstand. The students came *en masse*: the democrats were largely represented: and hardly a literary celebrity stayed away. Madame Georges Sand, who appeared leaning on the arm of Alexandre Dumas the younger, was loudly applauded by the crowd.

The general conclusion to which we are brought by the study of Sainte-Beuve's '*Life and Writings*' is of a mixed indefinite character; neither favorable nor unfavorable on the whole. Its color and complexion will mainly depend on whether we follow or reject his own system: whether we judge his works by the man or the man by his works. There is no denying the high intellectual claims of one who has lighted up such a variety of subjects, who has extracted and hived up the essence of so many masterpieces of learning and invention, who instinctively separates the golden ore of literature from the dross, and intuitively fixes on the best specimens of the true, the beautiful, the good—*du vrai, du beau, du bien*. It is more in conduct than in writing—or rather in the kind of writing which amounts to conduct—that the moral tone is found wanting, that Sainte-Beuve is open to the reproach implied in M. Cousin's invidious comparison with Mérimée.

'It is in the feeling of the chivalrous, and even of much less than the chivalrous,' remarks M. d'Haussonville in reference to the scene with Lamartine, 'that Sainte-Beuve has always failed. In the ordinary train of life this inferiority of nature manages to pass unnoticed; but let any extraordinary circumstance arise, and he, who ought to conceal it, will parade it before all eyes with perverted ingenuity.' It was his misfortune to be frequently placed in such circumstances. He was not chivalrous: he was scarcely loyal: he was vain and versatile: he did not carry anger as the flint bears fire: he did not easily forgive or forget a wrong; but he never acted from mean or interested motives; he was never provoked into coarseness: he

never stooped to encounter antagonists, like M. Veuillot, with their own weapons; his thrusts were made with the small sword according to the received rules of fence: he firmly upheld the honor of his calling, and in the exercise of it was uniformly fearless, independent, and incor-

rupt. This is no common praise. Let, then, his merits be fairly set against his demerits, his virtues against his faults; and no material deduction need be made from the high reputation of the writer by reason of the errors or weaknesses of the man.—*Quarterly Review*.

AFRICAN WEATHER AND AFRICAN SCENERY.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, *March 5th*, 1876.

I DON'T think I like a climate which produces a thunderstorm *every* afternoon. One disadvantage of this chronic electric excitement is, that I hardly ever get out for a walk or drive. All day it is burning hot: if there is a breath of air it is sultry, and adds to the oppression of the atmosphere instead of refreshing it. Then about midday great fleecy banks of cloud begin to steal up behind the ridge of hills to the south-west; gradually they creep round the horizon, stretching their soft grey folds further and further to every point of the compass, until they have shrouded the dazzling blue sky, and dropped a cool filmy veil between the sun's fierce steady blaze and the baked earth below. That is always my nervous moment. I declare I am exactly like a hen with her chickens, and I acknowledge that I should like to cluck, and call everything and everybody into shelter and safety. If little G— is out on his pony alone,—as is generally the case, for he returns from school early in the afternoon,—I think of the great open veldt, the rough broken track, and the treacherous swamp; what wonder is it that I can not rest indoors, but am always making bare-headed expeditions every five minutes to the brow of the hill to see if I can discern the tiny figure tearing along the open, with its floating white puggery streaming behind? The pony may safely be trusted not to loiter, for horse and cow, bird and beast, know what that rapidly darkening shadow means, and what sudden death lurks within those patches of inky clouds, from which a deep and rolling murmur comes from time to time. I am uneasy even if F— has not returned; for the little river—the noisy Umsindius—

thinks nothing of spreading itself over its banks far and wide, turning the low-lying ground into a lake for miles.

It is true that this may only last for a few hours, or even moments; but five minutes is quite enough to do a great deal of mischief when a river is rising at the rate of two feet a minute: mischief not only to human beings, but to bridges, roads, drains, as well as plantations and fields. Yet that tropical down-pour, where the clouds let loose their imprisoned moisture suddenly in solid sheets of water instead of by the more slow and civilized method of drops, is a relief to my mind, for there are worse possibilities than a wet jacket behind those lurid, low-hanging vapors. There are hail-storms, like one which rattled on the red-tile roof like so many musket balls and with nearly as damaging an effect, for several tiles were broken and tumbled down, leaving melancholy gaps like missing teeth in the eaves; there are thunderbolts which strike the tallest trees, leaving them in an instant gaunt, and bare, and shrivelled, as though centuries had suddenly passed over their green and waving heads; there are flashes of lightning which dart through a verandah, or room, and leave every living thing in it struck down dead,—peals of thunder which seem to shake the very earth to its centre: there are all these meteorological possibilities—nay, probabilities—following fast upon a burning-hot, still morning; and what wonder is it that I am anxious and nervous until everybody belonging to me is under shelter, though shelter can only be from the driving rain or tearing gusts of wind? No wall or window, no bolt or bar can keep out the dazzling death which swoops down in a violet glare, and snatches its victims

anywhere and everywhere. A Kafir washerman, talking yesterday morning to his employer in her verandah, was in the act of saying, "I will be *sure* to come to-morrow," when he fell forward on his face, dead from a blinding flash out of a passing thundercloud. An old settler, a little way up country, was reading prayers to his household the other night, and in a second half the little kneeling circle were struck dead alongside of the patriarchal reader,—dead on their knees. Two young men were playing a game of billiards quietly enough,—one was leaning forward to make a stroke, when there came a crash and a crackle, and he dropped dead with his cue in his hand. The local papers are full every day of a long list of casualties; but it is not from these sources I have drawn the preceding examples: I only chanced to hear them yesterday, and they all happened quite close by.

As for cattle or trees being killed, that is an every-day occurrence in summer; and even a hailstorm, so long as it does not utterly bombard the town and leave the houses roofless and open to wind and weather, is not thought anything of. The hail-shower of yesterday, though, bombarded my creepers, and reduced them to a pitiful state in five minutes. So soon as it was possible to venture outside the house, F— called me to see the ruin of leaf and bud which strewed the cemented floor of the verandah. It is difficult to describe, and still more difficult to believe, the state to which the foliage had been reduced. On the weather side of the house every leaf was torn off, and not only torn, but riddled through and through as though by a charge of swan-shot. All my young rose-shoots, climbing so swiftly up to the roof of the verandah, were snapped off, and stripped of their tender leaves and pretty buds. The honeysuckle's luxuriant foliage was all gone, lying in a wet, forlorn mass of beaten green leaves around each pillar; and there was not a leaf left on the vines.

But a much more serious trouble came out of that storm; though it passed with the passing of wind and rain, still it will always leave a feeling of insecurity in my mind during similar outbursts. The great hailstones were forced by the driving wind in immense quantities beneath

the tiles, and deposited on the rude planking which, painted white, forms the ceiling. This planking has every board wide apart, so it is not difficult to foresee that so soon as the warmth of the house melted the hailstones,—that is in five minutes,—the water trickled down as through a sieve. It was not to be dealt with like an ordinary leak: it was here, there, and everywhere,—on sofas and chairs, beds and writing tables,—and the moment the sun shone out again, bright and hot as ever, the contents of the house had literally to be turned out of doors to dry. Drying meant, however, warping of writing tables, and in fact of all woodwork, and fading of chintzes beneath the broiling, glaring mid-day sun. Such are a few of the difficulties of existence in South Africa,—difficulties, however, which must be met and got over as best they may, and laughed at, once they are past and over, as I am really doing, in spite of my affectation of grumbling.

A very pleasant adventure came to us the other evening, however, through one of these sudden thunder-storms. Imagine a little tea-table with straw chairs round it, standing in the verandah; a fair and pleasant view lies before us, of green rises and still greener hollows, with dark dots of plantations, from which peep red roofs or white gables. Beyond, again, lies Maritzburg, under the lee of higher hills which cast a deeper shadow over the picturesque little town. We are six in all, and four horses are being led up and down by Kafir grooms, for their riders have come out for a breath of air after a long burning day of semi-tropical heat, and also for a cup of tea and a chat. We were exactly even,—three ladies and three gentlemen,—and we grumbled at the weather, and complained of our servants, according to the usual style of South African conversation. Presently some one said, "It's much cooler now." "Yes," was the answer: "but look at those clouds; and is that a river rolling down the hillside?"

Up to that moment there had not been a drop of rain, but even as the words passed the last speaker's lips, a blinding flash of light, a sullen growl, and a warning drop of rain, making a splash as big as half-a-crown at our feet, told its own story. In less time than it takes me to write or you to read, the horses had been

hastily led up to the stables and stuffed into stalls only meant for two, and already occupied. But Natalian horses are generally meek, underbred, spiritless creatures, with sense enough to munch their mealies in peace and quiet, no matter how closely they are packed. As for me, I snatched up my tea-tray and fled into the wee drawing-room. Someone else caught up the table,—the straw chairs were left as usual to be buffeted by the wind and weather,—and we retreated to the comparative shelter of the house. But no doors or windows could keep out the driving torrents of rain, which burst like a water-spout over our heads,—forcing its way under the tiles, beneath the badly-fitting doors and windows, sweeping and eddying all around like the true tropical tempest it was. Claps of thunder shook the nursery where we three ladies had taken refuge, ostensibly to encourage and cheer the nurse, but really to huddle together like sheep with the children in our midst. Flash after flash lit up the fast-gathering darkness as the storm rolled away, to end in an hour or so as suddenly as it had begun. By this time it was not much past six; and though the twilight is early in these parts, there was enough daylight still left for our guests to see their way home. So the horses were brought, and adieus were made, and our guests set forth, to return, however, in half-an-hour, asking whether there were any other road into town, for the river was sweeping like a maelstrom for half a mile on either side of the frail wooden bridge by which they had crossed a couple of hours earlier! Now the only other road into town is across a ford or “drift,” as it is called here, of the same river, a mile higher up. Of course it was of no use thinking of *this* way for even a moment; but as they were really anxious to get home if possible, I volunteered to go back and see if it was practicable to get across by the bridge. I listened and waited anxiously enough in the verandah, for I could hear the roar of the rushing river down below,—a river which is ordinarily as sluggish as a brook in midsummer,—and I was so afraid that—or one of the other gentlemen might rashly venture across. But it was not to be attempted by any one who valued their life that evening, and I returned joyously, bringing our guests

home as captives. It was great fun, for, in true colonial fashion, we had no servants to speak of, except the nurse, the rest being Kafirs, the one more ignorant than the other. And fancy stowing four extra people into a house with four rooms, already full to overflowing! But it was done, and done successfully, too, amid peals of laughter and absurd contrivances and arrangements, reminding us of the dear old New Zealand days.

The triumph of condensation was due, however, to Charlie the Kafir groom, who ruthlessly turned my poor little pony carriage out into the open air, to make room for some of his extra horses, saying, “It wash it, ma’; make it clean: carriage no get horse-sickness.” And he was right, for it is certain death to turn a horse unaccustomed to the open out of his stable at night, especially at this time of year. We were all up very early the next morning, and I had an anxious moment or two until I knew whether my market-Kafir could get out to me with bread, etc.; but soon after seven I saw him trudging gaily along, with his bare legs, red tunic, and long wand or stick, without which no Kafir stirs a yard away from home. Apropos of that red tunic, it was bought and given to him to prevent him from *wearing* the small piece of waterproof canvas I gave him to wrap up my bread, flour, etc. in on a wet morning. I used to notice that these perishable commodities arrived as often quite sopped through and spoiled *after* this arrangement about the waterproof as before: but the mystery was solved by seeing “Ufan,” otherwise John, with my basket poised on his head, the rain pelting down upon its contents, and the small square of waterproof tied with a string at each corner over his own back. That reminds me of a hat I saw worn in Maritzburg two days ago, in surely the most eccentric fashion hat was ever yet put on. It was a large soft grey felt, and, as far as I could judge, in pretty good condition. The Kafir who sported it had fastened a stout rope to the brim, at the extreme edge of the two sides. He had then turned the hat upside down and wore it thus, securely moored by these ropes behind his ears and under his chin. There were sundry trifles of polished bone skewers and feathers stuck about his head as well, but the inverted

hat sat serenely on the top of all, the soft crown being further secured to its owner's woolly pate by soda-water wire. I never saw anything so absurd in my life, but Charlie, who was holding my horse, gazed at it with rapture, and putting both hands together, murmured in his best English and in the most insinuating manner, "Inkosi have old hat, ma' like dat?" He evidently meant to imitate the fashion, if he could. Poor Charlie has lost his savings,—three pounds. He has been in great trouble about it, as he was saving up his money carefully to buy a wife. It has been stolen, I fear, by one of his fellow-servants, and suspicion points strongly to Tom, the pickle, who cannot be made to respect the rights of property in any shape, from my sugar upwards. The machinery of the law has been set in motion to find these three pounds, with no good results, however, and now Charlie avows his intention of bringing a "witch-finder"—that is, a witch who finds—up to tell him where the money is. I am invited to be present at the performance, but I only hope she won't say I have got poor Charlie's money, for the etiquette is that whoever she accuses has to produce the missing sum at once, no matter whether they know anything about its disappearance or not.

Before I quite leave the subject of thunder-storms, of which I devoutly hope this is the last month, I must observe that it seems a cruel arrangement that the only available material for metalling the roads should be ironstone, of which there is an immense quantity in the immediate neighborhood of Maritzburg. It answers the purpose admirably so far as changing the dismal swamps of the streets into tolerably hard high roads goes, but in such a climate it is really very dangerous. Since the principal street has been thus improved I am assured that during a thunder-storm it is exceedingly dangerous to pass down it. Several oxen and Kafirs have been struck down in it, and the lightning seems to be attracted towards the ground and runs along it in lambent sheets of flame. Yet I fancy it is a case of ironstone or nothing, for the only other stone I see is a flaky substance which is very friable, closely resembles slate, and would be perfectly

unmanageable for road-mending purposes.

Speaking of roads, I only wish anybody who grumbles at rates and taxes—which at all events keep him supplied with water and roads—could come here for a month. First he should see the red mud in scanty quantities which represents our available water supply (except actually *in* the town); and next, he should walk or ride or drive—for they are all three equally perilous—down to the town, a mile or two off, with me of a dark night. I say with me, because I should make it a point to call the grumbler's attention to the various pitfalls on the way. I think I should like him to drive, about seven o'clock, say to dinner, when one does not like the idea of having to struggle with a broken carriage, or to go the remainder of the way on foot. About seven p.m. the light is peculiarly treacherous and uncertain, and is worse than the darkness later on. Very well, then, we will start: first looking carefully to the harness, lest Charlie should have omitted to fasten some important straps or buckle. There is a track, in fact there are three tracks, all the way down to the main road, but each track has its own dangers. Down the centre of one runs a ridge like a backbone, with a deep furrow on either hand. If we were to attempt this, the bed of the pony-carriage would rest on this ridge to the speedy destruction of the axles. To the right there is a grassy track which is as uneven as a ploughed field, and has a couple of tremendous holes to begin with entirely concealed by waving grass. The secret of these constant holes is that a nocturnal animal, called an ant-bear, makes raids upon the ant-hills, which are exactly like mole-hills, only bigger, destroys them, and scoops down to the very foundation in its search for the eggs, an especial dainty hard to get at. So one day there is a little brown hillock to be seen among the grass, and the next, only a scratched-up hole. The tiny city is destroyed; the fortress taken and razed to the ground: all the ingenious galleries and large halls laid low, and the precious nurseries crumble to the dust! If we get into these we shall go no further—(a horse broke his neck in one last week)—but we will suppose them

safely passed, and also the swamps. To avoid this we must take a good sweep to the left, over perfectly unknown ground, and we shall be sure to disturb a good many Kafir cranes, birds who are so ludicrously like the black-headed, red-legged, white-bodied cranes in a Noah's Ark, that they seem old friends at once. Now there is one deep, deep ravine right across the road, and then a steep hill, half way down which comes a very pretty bit of driving in doubtful light. You've got to turn abruptly to the left on the shoulder of the hill. Exactly where you turn is a crevasse of unknown depth,—originally some sort of rude drain. The rains have washed away the boarding, made havoc round the drain, and left a hole which it is not pleasant to look into on foot and in broad daylight. But whatever you do, don't, in trying to avoid *this* hole, keep too much to the right, for there is what was once intended for a reasonable ditch, but furious torrents of water racing along have seized upon it as a channel and turned it into a river-course. After that, at the foot of the hill, lies a quarter of a mile of mud and heavy sand, with alternate big projecting boulders and deep holes, made by unhappy waggons having stuck therein. Then you reach—always supposing you have not broken a spring—the willow-bridge, a little frail wooden structure, prettily shaded and sheltered by luxuriant weeping willows drooping their trailing green plumes into the muddy Umsingdusi, and so on to the main road into Pieter-Maritzburg. Such a bit of road as this is! It ought to be photographed. I suppose it is a couple of dozen yards wide (for land is of little value hereabouts, and we can afford wide margins to our highways), and there certainly is not more than a strip a yard wide which is anything like safe driving. In two or three places it is deeply furrowed for fifty yards or so by the heavy summer rains. Here and there are standing pools of water, in holes whose depth is unknown; and everywhere the surface is deeply seamed and scarred by wagon wheels. Fortunately for my nerves, there are but few and rare occasions on which we are tempted to affront these perils by night, and hitherto we have been tolerably fortunate.

March 10th.—You will think this letter is nothing but a jumble of grumbles,

if, after complaining of the roads, I complain of my hens; but really if the case were fairly stated I am quite sure Mr. Tegetmeier, or any of the great authorities on poultry-keeping, would consider I had some ground for bemoaning myself. In the first place, as I think I have mentioned before, there is a sudden and mysterious disease among poultry which breaks out like an epidemic, and is vaguely called "fowl-sickness." That positively alone is an anxiety to one, and naturally makes the poultry-fancier desirous of rearing as many chickens as possible, so as to leave a margin for disaster. In spite of all my incessant care and trouble, and a vast expenditure of mealies, to say nothing of crusts and scraps, I only manage to rear about 25 per cent of my chickens. Even this is accomplished in the face of such unparalleled stupidity on the part of my hens that I wonder any chickens survive at all. Nothing will induce the hens to avail themselves of any sort of shelter for their broods. They just squat down in the middle of a path, or anywhere, and go to sleep there. I hear sleepy "squawks" in the middle of the night, and find next morning that a cat, or owl, or snake has been supping off half my baby chickens. Besides this sort of nocturnal fatalism they perpetrate wholesale infanticide during the day, by dragging the poor little wretches about among weeds and grass five feet high, all wet and full of thorns and burrs. But it is perhaps in the hen-house that the worst and most idiotic part of their nature shows itself. Some weeks ago I took three hens who were worrying us all to death by clucking entreaties to be given eggs to sit upon, and I established them in three adjoining empty boxes with some seven or eight eggs under each. What do you think these hens have done? They contrived, in the first place, to push and roll all the eggs into one nest! Then they appear to have invited every laying hen on the place into that box, for I counted forty-eight eggs in it last week! Upon these *one* hen sits in the very centre! Of course there are many eggs outside her wings, though she habitually keeps every feather fluffed out to the utmost, which must in itself be a fatigue. Around her, slanting, but still sitting vigorously, were three other hens cover-

ing, or attempting to cover, this enormous nest full of eggs. Every now and then they appear to give a party, for I find several eggs kicked out into the middle of the hen-house, and strange fowls feeding on them, amid immense cackling. Nothing ever seems to result from this pyramid of feathers. It—the pyramid—has been there five weeks now, and at distant intervals just a couple of chickens have appeared, which none of the hens will acknowledge! Sitting appears to be their one idea: they look upon chickens as an interruption to their more serious duties, and utterly disregard them. It is quite heartbreaking to see these unhappy chickens seeking for a mother, and meeting with nothing but pecks and squalls, which plainly express, "Go along, *do!*" One hen I have left, as advised, to her own devices, and she has shown her instinct by laying ten eggs on a rafter over the stable, upon which she can barely balance herself and them. Upon these eggs she is now sitting with great diligence, but as each chicken is hatched there is no possible fate for it but to tumble off the rafter and be killed: there is no possible means of ascent or descent except a drop of a dozen feet. Another hen has turned a pigeon off her nest, and insisted on sitting upon the two eggs herself. Great was her disgust, however, when she found that her babies required to be fed every five minutes, and that no amount of pecking would induce them to come out for a walk the day they were hatched: she deserted them, of course, and the poor little pigeons died of neglect. Now do you not think Kafir hens are a handful for a poor woman (who has quantities of other things to do) to have to manage?

Part of my regular occupation at this time of year when nearly every blade of grass carries a tick at its extreme tip, is to extract these pertinacious little beasties from the children's legs and arms. I can understand how it is that G— is constantly coming to me, saying "A needie, mumsy, *if* you please: here is such a big tick!" because he is always in the grass helping Charlie to stuff what he has cut for the horses into a sack, or assisting some one else to burn a large patch of rank vegetation, and dislodging snakes, centipedes, and all sorts of veno-

mous things in the process. I can understand, I say, how this mischievous little imp, who is always in the front of whatever is going on, should gather unto himself ticks and mosquitoes and even "fillies," but I cannot comprehend why the baby who, only from lack of physical possibilities, leads a comparatively harmless and innocent existence, should also attract ticks to his fat arms and legs. I thought perhaps they might come from a certain puppy which gets a good deal of hugging up, but I am assured that a tick never leaves an animal, they will come off the grass upon any live thing passing, but they never move once they have taken hold of flesh with their cruel pin-cers. It is quite a dreadful thing to see the oxen out-spanned when they come down to the "sluit" to drink. Their dewlaps and indeed their whole bodies seem a mass of these horrible, swollen, bloated insects, as big as a large pea already, but sucking away with all their might, and resisting all efforts the unhappy animals can make, with head or tail, to get rid of them. Whenever I see the baby restless and fidgety I undress him, and I am pretty sure to find a tick or two lazily moving about looking for a comfortable place to settle. G— gave me quite a fright the other day. He was nicely dressed, for a wonder, to come for a drive with me in the carriage, and was standing before my looking-glass attempting to brush his hair. Suddenly I saw a stream of blood pouring down his neck, and on examination I found that he must have dislodged the great bloated tick lying on his collar, and which had settled on a vein just above his ear. The creature had made quite a wound as it was torn away by the brush, and the blood was pouring freely from it and would not be staunched. No cold water or plaister or anything would stop it, and the end was, that poor little G— had to give up his drive and remain at home with wet cloths on his head. He was rather proud of it, all the same, considering it quite an adventure, especially as he declared it "did not hurt" at all. Both the children keep very well here, although they do not look so rosy as they used to in England, but I am assured that the apple-cheeks will come back in the winter. They have enormous appetites, and certainly enjoy the free unconventional life amaz-

ingly, only baby will *not* take to a Kafir nurse boy. He condescends to smile when Charlie or any of the servants (for they all pet him a great deal) execute a war-dance for his amusement, or sing him a song, but he does not like being carried about in their arms. I have now got a Kafir nurse girl, a Christian. She is a fat, good-tempered, and very docile girl of fifteen, who looks at least twenty-five years old. Baby only goes to her in order to pluck off the gay kerchief she wears on her head. When that is removed he shrieks to get away from her.

It is so absurd to see an English child falling into colonial ways. G— talks to all the animals in Kafir, for they evidently don't understand English. If one wants to get rid of a dog, it is of no use saying "Get out," ever so crossly, but when G— yells "Foot-sack" (this is pure phonetic spelling out of my own head), the cur retreats precipitately. So to a horse: you must tell him to go on in Kafir, or he won't stir; and they will not stop for any sound except a long, low whistle. G— even plays at games of the country. Sometimes I come upon the shady side of the verandah taken up with chairs, arranged in pairs all its length, and a sort of tent of rugs and shawls at one end, which is the waggon. "I am playing at trekking, mumsy, dear. Would you like to wait and see me outspan? Here is a nice place, with water for my bullocks and wood for my fire. Look at the break of my waggon; and here's such a jolly, real bullock-whip Charlie made me out of a bamboo and strips of bullock-hide." G— can't believe he ever played at railways, or horses, or civilised games; and it is very certain the baby will "trek" and "outspan" so soon as he can toddle.

We grown-up people catch violent colds here; and it is no wonder, considering the changes of weather,—far beyond what even you, with your fickle climate, have to bear. Twenty-four hours ago it was so cold that I was glad of my seal-skin jacket at six o'clock in the evening, and it was bitterly cold at night. The next morning there was a hot wind, and it has been like living at the mouth of a furnace ever since. What wonder is it that I hear of bronchitis or croup in almost every house, and that we have all got bad colds in our throats

and chests? I heard the climate defined the other day as one in which sick people got well, and well people got sick; and I begin to think it is rather a true way of looking at it. People are always complaining, and the doctors (of whom there are a great many in proportion to the population) seem always very busy. Everybody says, "Wait till the winter;" but I have been here four months now, three of which have been the most trying and disagreeable, as to climate and weather, I have ever experienced, nor have I ever felt more generally unhinged and unwell in my life. This seems a hard thing to say of a climate with so good a reputation as this, but I am obliged to write of things as I find them. I used to hear the climate immensely praised in England, but I don't hear much said in its favor here: the most encouraging remark one meets with is, "Oh, you'll get used to it!"

HOWICK, *March 13th.*

It is difficult to imagine that so cool and charming a spot as this is only a dozen miles from Maritzburg, of which one gets so tired. It must be acknowledged that each mile might fairly count for six English ones, if the difficulty of getting over it were reckoned. The journey occupied three hours of a really beautiful afternoon, with the first, crisp freshness of autumn in its balmy breath; and the road climbed a series of hills, with, from the top of each, a wide and charming prospect. We travelled in a sort of double dog-cart, of a solidity and strength of construction which filled me with amazement until I saw the nature of the ground it had to go over: then I was fain to confess it might have been—if such were possible—twice as strong, with advantage; for in spite of care and an exceeding slow pace, we bent our axles. This road is actually the first stage of the great overland journey to the Diamond Fields; and it is difficult to imagine how there can be any transport service at all, in the face of such difficulties.

I have said so much about bad roads already, that I feel more than half ashamed to dilate upon this one; yet roads, next to servants, are the standing grievance of Natal. To see a road-party at work,—and you must bear in mind that thousands are spent annually on

roads,—is to understand in a great measure how so many miles come to be mere quagmires and pitfalls for man and beast. A few tents by the road-side here and there, a little group of lazy three-parts-naked Kafirs, a white man in command, who probably knows as little of the first principles of road-making as his own dog, and a feeble scratching up of the surrounding mud, transferring it from one hole to the other; that is road-making in Natal so far as it has presented itself to me. On this particular route the fixed idea of the road-parties, of which we passed three, was to dig a broad wide ditch, a couple of feet below the level of the surrounding country, and to pick up the earth all over it, so that the first shower of rain might turn it into a hopeless, sticky mass of mud. As for any idea of making the middle of the road higher than the sides, that appears to be considered a preposterous idea, and is not, at all events, acted upon in any place I have seen. It was useless to think of availing ourselves of the ditch, for the mud looked too serious after last night's heavy rain, so we kept to an older track, where we bumped in and out of holes in a surprising and bruising fashion. It took four tolerably stout and large horses to get us along at all, and if they had not been carefully and steadily driven we should have been still more black, and blue, and stiff, and aching than we were. I wonder if you will believe me when I say that I was assured that many of the holes were six feet deep? I don't think our wheels went into any hole more than three feet below the rough surface. I found, however, the boulders were worse than the holes. One goes, to a certain extent, quietly in and out of a hole, but the wheel slips very suddenly off the top of a high boulder, and comes to the ground with a cruel jerk. There was plenty of rock in the hill-sides, so every now and then the holes would be filled up by boulders, and we crawled for some yards over ground which had the effect of an exceedingly rough stone wall having tumbled down over it. If one could imagine Mr. Macadam's idea carried out in Brobdingnag, one would have some faint notion of the gigantic proportions of the hardening material on

that road. It was,—as is often the case where an almost tropical sun draws up the moisture from the earth,—a misty evening, and the distant view was too vague and vaporous to leave any distinct picture on my memory. Round Howick itself are several little plantations in the clefts of the nearest downs, and each plantation shelters a little farm or homestead. We can only just discern in more distant hollows deep blue-black shadows, made by patches of real native forest, the first I have seen; but close at hand the park-like country is absolutely bare of timber, save for these sheltering groups of gum trees beneath whose protection other trees can take root and flourish. Gum trees seem the nurses of all vegetation in a colony: they drain a marshy soil and make it fit for a human dwelling-place. Wherever they grow, there you see also willows with their tender delicate leaves, and sentinel poplars whose lightly poised foliage keeps up a cool rustle always. But now the road is getting a trifle better, and we are beginning to drop down hill. Hitherto it has been all stiff collar-work, and we have climbed a thousand feet and more above Maritzburg. It is closing in quite a cold evening, welcome to our sun-baked energies as we drive across quite an imposing bridge (as well it may be, for it cost a good many thousand pounds) which spans the Umgeni river, and so round a sharp turn and up a steepish hill among sheltering trees and a beautiful undergrowth (where the hotel stands) of arum lilies and ferns. Howick appears to be all hotel,—for two have already been built and a third is in progress. A small store and a pretty wee church are all the other component parts of the place. Our hotel is delightful, with an enchanting view of the Umgeni, widening out as it approaches the broad cliff, down which it leaps a few hundred yards further on.

Now ever since I arrived in Natal I have been pining to see a real mountain and a real river,—not a big hill, or a capricious spruit, sometimes a ditch and sometimes a lake, but a respectable river, too deep to be muddy. Here it is before me at last—the splendid Umgeni, curving among the hills, wide and tranquil, yet with a rushing sound suggestive of its immense volume. We can't waste

a moment indoors: not even the really nice fresh butter,—and what a treat that is you must taste Maritzburg butter to understand,—nor the warm tea can detain us for long. We snatch up our shawls and run out in the gloaming to follow the river's sound and find out the spot where it leaps down. It is not difficult, once we are in the open air, to decide in which direction we must go, and for once we brave ticks and even snakes, and go straight across country through the long grass. There it is: quite suddenly we have come upon it. So beautiful in its simplicity and grandeur; no ripple or break to confuse the eye and take away the sense of unity and consolidation. The river widens and yet hurries, gathering up strength and volume until it reaches that great cliff of iron stone. You could drop a plumb-line over it, so absolutely straight is it, for 350 feet. I have seen other waterfalls in other parts of the world, but I never saw anything much more imposing than this great perpendicular sheet of water, broken into a cloud of spray and foam so soon as it touches the deep silent basin below. The water is discolored where it flings itself over the cliff, and there are tinges and stains of murky yellow on it there; but the spray which flies up from below is purer and whiter than driven snow, and keeps a great bank of lycopodium moss, at the foot of the cliff over which it is driven by every breath of air, fresh and young and vividly green. Many rare ferns and fantastic bushes droop on either side of the great Fall,—droop as if they, too, were giddy with the noise of the water rushing past them, and were going to fling themselves into the dark pool below. But kindly nature holds them back, for she needs the contrast of branch and stem to give effect to the purity of the falling water. Just one last gleam of reflected sunlight gilded the water's edge where it dashed over the cliff, and a pale crescent moon hung low over it in a soft "daffodil sky." It was all ineffably beautiful and poetic, and the roar of the falling river seemed only to bear out with greater intensity the absolute silence of the desolate spot and the twilight hour.

March 15th.—If the Fall was beautiful in the mysterious gloaming, it looks a

thousand times more fair in its morning splendor of sunshine. The air here is so pleasant; almost cold, and yet deliciously balmy. It is certainly an enchanting change from Pieter-Maritzburg, were it not for the road which lies between;—at least it is not a road at all. What is the antithesis of a road, I wonder—the opposite of a road? That is what the intervening space should be called. After the river takes its leap it moves quietly away among the hills and valleys, a wide sheet of placid water, as though there was nothing more needed in the way of exertion. I hear there are some other falls quite as characteristic in their way, a few miles further in the interior, but as the difficulty of getting to them is very great, they must wait until we can spare a longer time here. To-day we drove across frightful places until we got on a hill just opposite the Fall. I am not generally nervous, but I confess to a very bad five minutes as we approached the edge of the cliff. The break of the dog-cart was hard down, but the horses had their ears pricked well forward, and were leaning back almost on their haunches as we moved slowly down the grassy incline. Every step seemed as if it would take us right over the edge, and the roar and rush of the falling water opposite appeared to attract and draw us towards itself in a frightful and mysterious manner. I was never more thankful in my life than when the horses stood stock-still, planted their fore feet firmly forward, trembling all over, and refused to move an inch nearer. We were not really so very close to the edge, but the incline was steep and the long grass concealed that there was any ground beyond.

After all, I liked better returning to a cliff a good deal nearer to the falls, where a rude seat of stones had been arranged on a projecting part from which there was an excellent view. I asked, as one always does, whether there had ever been any accidents, and among other narrations of peril and disaster I heard this one.

Some years ago—nothing would induce the person who told me the story to commit himself to any fixed period, or any nearer date than this—a waggon drawn by a long team of oxen was attempting to cross the drift or ford which used to exist a very short way above

the falls. I saw the spot afterwards, and it really looked little short of madness to have attempted to establish a ford so near the place where the river falls over this great cliff. They tried to build a bridge even at the same spot, but it was swept away over and over again, and some of the buttresses remain standing to this day, one of them rests on a small islet between the river and the cliff, only a few yards from the brink of the precipice. It is a sort of rudimentary island, formed by great blocks of stone and some wind-blown earth, in which a few tufts of rank grass have taken root, binding it all together. But this island does not divide the volume of the water as it tumbles headlong over the cliff, for the river is only parted by it for a brief moment. It sweeps rapidly round on either side of the frail obstacle, and unites itself again into a broad sheet just before its leap. The old Boers used to imagine that this island broke the force of the current, and would protect them from being carried over the falls by it. In winter, when water is low and scarce, this may be so; but in summer it is madness to trust to it. Anyway the Dutchman got his team half way across, a Kafir sitting in the waggon and driving, another lad acting as "fore-looper" and guiding the "span," as a team is called here. The Boer prudently rode, and had no sooner reached the mid-stream than he perceived the current to be of unusual depth and swiftness. He managed, however, to struggle across to the opposite bank, and from thence he beheld his waggon overturn, his goods wash out of it and sweep like straws over the precipice; as for the poor little fore-looper, nobody knows what became of him. The overturned waggon, with the struggling oxen still yoked to it, and the Kafir driver clinging on, swept to the very edge of the falls. There a lucky promontory of this miniature island caught and held it fast, drowning some of the poor bullocks indeed, but saving the waggon. Doubtless the Kafir might easily have saved himself, for he had hold of the waggon when it was checked in its rapid rush; but instead of grasping at hash or rock, at a wheel or the horn of a bullock, he stood straight up, holding his whip erect in his right hand, and with one loud, defiant whoop of exulta-

tion, jumped straight over the fearful edge. His master said the fright must have driven him mad, for *he* rode furiously along the bank shouting words of help and encouragement, which probably the poor Kafir never heard; for he believed his last hour had come, and sprang to meet the death before him with that dauntless bravery which savages so often show in the face of the inevitable. As one sat in safety and looked at the rushing irresistible water, one could easily picture to one's self the struggling pile of waggon and oxen in the water, just caught back at the edge, the frantic horseman by the river-side gesticulating wildly, and the ebony figure erect and fearless, with the long streaming whip held out, taking that desperate leap as though of his own free will.

I think we spent the greater part of the day at the fall, looking at it under every effect of passing cloud, shadow or sunny sky; beneath the midday brilliancy of an almost tropical sun, and in the soft pearly grey tints of the short twilight. The young moon set almost as soon as she rose, and gave no light to speak of; it was therefore no use stumbling in the dark to the edge of so dangerous a cliff, where we could see nothing but the ghostly shimmer of spray down below, and only hear the ceaseless roar of the water. So how do you think we amused ourselves after our late dinner? We went to a travelling circus, advertised to play at Howick "for one night only:"—that is to say, it was not there at all, because the waggons had all stuck fast in some of the numerous holes in that fearful road. But the performing dogs and ponies had not stuck, nor the "boneless boy,"—*he* could not stick anywhere, as G— remarked; and they held a little performance of their own in a room at the other hotel. Thither we stumbled through pitchy darkness at nine of the night, G— insisting on being taken out of bed, and dressed again, to come with us. There was a good deal of difference between the behavior and demeanor of the black and white spectators at that small performance. The Kafirs sat silent, dignified, and attentive, gazing with wide open eyes at the "boneless boy," who turned himself upside down, and inside out, in the most perplexing

fashion. "What do you think of it?" I asked a Kafir who spoke English. "Him musta take all him bone out 'fore him begin, Inkosa-casa; when him finish, put 'em back again inside him;" and indeed that was what our pliable friend looked like. We two ladies—for I had the rare treat of a charming companion of my own "sect" on this occasion—could not remain long, however, on account of our white neighbors. Many were drunk, all were uproarious. They lighted their cigars with delightful colonial courtesy and independence, and called freely for more liquor. So we were obliged to leave the "boneless one" in the precise attitude of one of those porcelain grotesque monsters one sees; his feet held tightly in his hands, on either side of his grinning Japanese face, and his body disposed comfortably in an arch over his head. Even G— had to give up and come away, for he was stifled by smoke and frightened by the noise. The second rank of colonists here do not seem to me to be drawn from so respectable and self-respecting a class as those I came across in New Zealand and Australia. Perhaps it is demoralising to them to find themselves, as it were, over the black population whom they affect to despise, but yet cannot do without. They do not seem to desire that contact with the larger world outside, nor to receive or welcome the idea of progress, which is the life-blood of a young colony. Natal resembles an overgrown child with very bad manners and a magnificent ignorance of its own shortcomings.

At daylight next morning we were up betimes, and made an early start so as to avoid the heat of the morning sun. A dense mist lay close to the earth as far as the eye could reach; and out of its soft, white billows only the highest of the hill-tops peeped, like islands in a lake of fleecy clouds. We bumped along in our usual style, here a hole, there a boulder; slipping now on a steep cutting,—for this damp mist makes the hillsides very "greasy" as our driver remarked,—climbing painfully over ridge after ridge, until we come to the highest point of the road between us and Maritzburg. Here we paused for a few moments to breath our panting team, and to enjoy the magnificent view. I have seen

a river at last worthy of the name; and now I see mountains,—not the incessant rising hills which have hitherto opened out before me in each fresh ascent, but a splendid chain of lofty,—not peaks, for they are nearly all cut straight against the sky, but level lines far up beyond the clouds which are just flushing red with the sunrise. The mountains are among and behind the clouds, and have not yet caught any of the light and color of the new day. They loom dimly among the growing cloud-splendors, cold and ashen and sombre, as befits their majestic outline. These are the Drakenfels, snow-covered except in hottest weather. I miss the serrated peaks of the Southern Alps, and the grand confusion of the Himālayan range. These mountains are lofty indeed, and rise far into cloud-land; but except for a mighty crag, or a huge notch here and there, they represent a series of straight lines against the sky. This is evidently the peculiarity of the mountain formation of South Africa: I noticed it first in Table Mountain, at Cape Town: it is repeated in every little hill between Durban and Maritzburg; and now it is before me, carried out in a gigantic scale in this splendid range. My eye is not used to it, I suppose; for I hear better judges of outline and proportion than I am declare it is characteristic, and soothing, and all sorts of complimentary adjectives; to which I listen in respectful silence, but with which I cannot agree in my secret heart. I like mountains to have peaks for summits and not straight lines, no matter how lofty those straight lines may be. It was a beautiful scene, for from the Drakenfels down to where we stood rolled a very ocean of billowy, green hills softly folded over each other, with delicious purple shadows in their hollows, and shining pale green lights on their sunny slopes. We had left the Umgeni so far behind that it only showed like a broad silver ribbon here and there, while the many red roads stretching away into the background certainly derived enchantment from distance. The foreground was made lively by an encampment of waggons, which were just going to "in-span" and start. The women fussed about the gipsy-like fires, getting breakfast; the Kafirs shouted to the bullocks, prudently grazing until the last

moment; and last, not least, to G—'s intense delight, four perfectly tame ostriches were walking leisurely among the waggons, eating food out of the children's hands and looking about for "digesters" among the grass. I felt inclined to point out the boulders with which the road was strewn to their favorable notice. They had come from the distant borders of the Transvaal, a weary way off. These ostriches were the family pets, and were going to be sold and sent to England. The travellers—"trekkers" is the correct word—expected to get at least £35 each for these splendid male birds in full

plumage, and they were probably worth much more.

We passed a Kafir kraal on our way into town, and I saw its chief, a "ringed" man sitting on the ground, waiting until his "scoff" should be ready. This is the sort of man I see so often passing our gate with either attendants of his own, or else in attendance himself on a bigger "Inkas" than he is. But I always see him with quantities of clothes on, coats and great-coats, even on the hottest day. It is quite a new idea to me to know that this is his simple costume *chez lui*.—*Evening Hours.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VEGETARIAN.*

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

REPORTED BY C. O. GROOM NAPIER, OF MERCHANTON, F.G.S.

AFTER the reading of my paper on the vegetarian cure for intemperance, before the Bristol Meeting of the British Association in 1875, I was addressed by an elderly gentleman and his wife, who said my views were strictly in accordance with theirs. After some conversation, we adjourned to his hotel, where he hospitably entertained me and gave me a narrative of his life, with permission to publish it in the interest of the good cause, suppressing his name and abode, as he said he was particularly shy and retired in his habits, and had a great objection to see his name in print.

He was born in the North of England in 1811; but although his hair was grey he otherwise appeared better preserved by fifteen years than most persons of his age. His father was a minister of religion, and he was the eldest of twelve children. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage, but his father never having had more than 300*l.* a year, he was obliged to send his children out early into the world, and so at fourteen he was put into a house of business in a great northern town.

For the first three years he had nothing but his board with one of the senior clerks, but at the end of that time he got as much dry bread and

water for his lunch as he could take and ten shillings a week to board and lodge himself. He accidentally obtained some works on vegetarianism, and was resolved to put in practice what he had read, as otherwise he found he could not support and clothe himself decently. I will give, now, his own words as nearly as I can recollect.

'I was seventeen years of age then, five feet eight inches high, and strongly built. I had but ten shillings a week for everything. How should I best lay it out? The senior clerk took me as a lodger at eighteenpence a week for one good room. There was a bedstead in it, but no bedding or other furniture. I was resolved to do what best I could, and owe no man anything. Some canvas coverings, which my good mother had put round my packages, served me to make a mattress when filled with hay. For the first eight weeks I slept in my oldest clothes on this mattress. My diet was ample and nourishing, but very cheap. Threepence a day was the cost. About one pound of beans, which did not cost more than a penny, half a pound of bread daily, and two halfpenny cab-bages, and three pounds of potatoes in the week. Twopenny worth of seed oil,*

* [This Defoe-like sketch of human character will, we believe, be found worth reading, apart from questions of diet.—ED.]

* Oil from rape seed or sesamé seed, which last is a favorite oil in the East for cooking, and is procurable in London at half the price of olive oil; it much resembles almond oil.

one pound of twopenny rice, and about a farthing's worth of tartar* from the wine casks, constituted my very nourishing diet.

'When my parents sent me a basket of fruit, I indulged in it freely; but I did not care for it unless the carriage was paid, which was not always the case. Thus 1s. 9d. for my food and 1s. 6d. for my lodging, and 9½d. for my fuel and light, left me 5s. 11½d. for other purposes. At the end of the eight weeks I have specified, I was in possession of above 2l. It took me nearly this sum to purchase a straw paillasse, blankets, sheets, and pillows second-hand. I persevered for another year on this diet, and found myself in possession of about 12l. As I had some respectable acquaintance in the town, I resolved on spending this sum in furniture, in order that I might have a decent room into which to ask my visitors. Taking a lesson from the poet Goldsmith, I had "a bed by night and a chest of drawers by day," so that my apartment, alternately sitting-room and bed-room, was suitable for lady visitors. I often invited the lady you see sitting opposite to you, to take tea on Sunday with me and then go to church. She was my own age exactly, and was the prey of a cruel stepmother; she was in fact a sort of Cinderella in a large family. Her step-mother aimed at marrying her to a widower of forty-five, with seven children, but this my young girl of eighteen objected to. Her father at first sanctioned our engagement, but when a suitor in a good position came forward for his daughter, he forbade me the house and made her walk daily with the gentleman whom we nick-named "number forty-five." I resolved to marry her as soon as I could furnish two more rooms and had laid in a good stock of clothes.

'My young lady studied my vegetarian books and determined not to eat any meat at home. All the family laughed at her, but she was sufficiently resolute to withstand ridicule.

'She told her father that he having once sanctioned her engagement to me, she must be bound to me and could not accept anyone else. Her father remon-

strated with her, but it was of no use. At the end of the two years, when I had just passed my twentieth birthday, I called on her father and said, "I have now three rooms well furnished, and am able to keep your daughter; I want you to fix a day for my marrying her." He pressed my hand warmly and said, "Well, I will, and give you my blessing into the bargain." He was a good-hearted man at bottom, but too much ruled by his wife. He gave my wife a good large outfit and a purse of 10l., and her step-mother even gave her 2l., and her brothers and sisters bought her a family Bible, and one of them wrote in it, "At the end of ten days their countenances did appear fairer and fatter of flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat—Daniel i. 15."

The old gentleman laughed very much when he told me this, and said that the vegetarianism of Daniel had been the text of many a sermon which he had preached to his children, who, profiting by so good an example, *were all vegetarians*.

But to resume. 'I found myself married and very happy, but with ten shillings a week only. We laid out our money as follows: We paid three and sixpence for three rooms, one shilling for fuel and light, three and sixpence for food, and had two shillings for other contingencies. Our food consisted of: Bean stew three times a week; potatoe pie twice a week; puddings without eggs twice a week; carrots, turnips, or some green vegetable daily. Our breakfast was porridge, either of corn or oatmeal. We ate bread with it, thus insuring mastication, and rendering butter, milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa unnecessary. We sometimes took tea in the evening, but oftener cold water. We formed the acquaintance of a fruit merchant, who, though laughing at our vegetarianism, often sent us baskets of fruit. I was married in December, and in the following November my wife had a son. In a few days the wife of the head of the firm paid us a visit, and the next day I was informed that my salary was to be raised to eighteen shillings a week. I was before this in great difficulty what to do, as I did not much like my wife being the sole nurse of her child. Before this

* The object of the tartar was to take the place of ripe fruit as a vegetable acid.

she had attended to all our wants. I now took an Irish servant girl, who was willing to be a vegetarian and receive sixpence a week in wages for the first year.

'I was in possession at the end of my second year of married life of 10*l.* sterling. I will now tell you how I invested it. "Our firm" was both speculative and manufacturing, and employed some hundred workmen, who purchased the tools they required at rather high prices in the town. Ascertaining that the tools might be had cheaper at Birmingham and Sheffield, I went myself and laid in a small stock, which I sold within a week to the workmen at eighteen per cent. profit, but still full ten per cent. under what they were in the habit of paying. Being offered a month's credit, I received a consignment of tools from Birmingham and Sheffield. At the end of a year I found myself in possession of 150*l.*, which I had made by the sale of these tools to my own hands. My wife kept my books, and this little business necessitated the hiring of another room. But in other respects this great increase of income did not induce us to enlarge our expenses.

'A foreman lost his hand through an accident, and was incapacitated for work; I made him my traveller, to call at other workshops and sell tools to workmen.

'The firms at Birmingham and Sheffield had confidence in me. I obtained credit more largely. I engaged a warehouse and a clerk. At the end of my fourth year of marriage I was in possession of 1,500*l.* by the sale of these tools. I now thought of a bold project, since I was a capitalist. I went to the head of our firm, and I said, "My wife is carrying on a business which seems likely to produce us 1,500*l.* a year clear profit; I have no wish to leave your service, but I shall certainly do so unless my salary is raised to 250*l.* a year." This sum being agreed on, I was contented for the present.

'We now kept two servants, and lived in two floors over our warehouse, and had two children.

'I had been married about six years, and had three children,' continued the old vegetarian, 'when my warehouse and all my furniture were totally destroyed by fire; fortunately they were insured

for about 5,000*l.* As this was another crisis in my career, I went to "the firm," and said, "I now know about as much of my business as I can learn, and have a large connection. I am offered credit if I will embark my capital—8,000*l.*—to open a business in opposition to yours. But I do not want to do this, if you will only give me a liberal salary. I want 450*l.* a year, and I will carry on my business in tools in my leisure hours as before." My terms were accepted; I was assigned a separate office, and five clerks were at my command. Every letter to me was now addressed Esquire; formerly I was only Mr., at least to the firm. I got my family arms engraved on a seal. I began to dress better. I kept three maid-servants and a page, and lived in a house out of the town—a roadside villa, with good vegetable garden—bringing my expenses within the 450*l.* a year; reserving the profits of my business for the increase of my capital.

'The heads of the firm—two brothers—paid a visit to Ireland, and coming back a terrific storm arose; they were washed off the deck of the steamer and drowned, leaving in the firm only the junior, the son of the elder brother, a young man of twenty years of age. As his capacity was moderate, and his habits not very regular, the trustees of the two deceased partners, of their own accord, proposed that I should receive 750*l.* per annum, take the entire charge of the business, and stay an hour longer than hitherto. But after six months, finding that I lost rather than gained by the arrangement, as it encroached on the time I had hitherto devoted to my private business, I plainly told the trustees that I must be taken into partnership, or I would abandon the concern and establish a rival business, which might very seriously damage theirs. They proposed that I should be partner for life, with 1,500*l.* a year as a first charge on the profits of the business, but should have no right to leave any part of it to my family, but should have two-thirds of the profits as surviving partner in case of the death of the present head of the firm without children. A deed was executed to embrace these provisions, and I bound myself not to enter into any other business which would aim to rival that of the firm. On this I took a superior

house, kept a horse and open carriage, two gardeners, and otherwise lived at the rate of about 1,200*l.* a year. My wife now retired entirely from business, which she had seen after for about the half of three days in the week.

'About four years after this, to my sorrow, but at the same time pecuniary advantage, the young man, my senior partner, died, after a few days' illness, from pleurisy, brought on by bathing. His constitution was mainly built up on beer, beef, and tobacco. I, a vegetarian, was never ill after bathing. This young man was a martyr to the abuse of stimulants, whom his foolish doctor encouraged in their use. I have made my will, and none of my children shall inherit a penny if they are not at the time of my death vegetarians and total abstainers.

'We had been so absorbed in business since we were married, that we had not for ten years taken a seaside holiday; so in the summer of 1846 we determined on a yacht voyage to last two months, from May 1 till July 1, round the coast of Ireland. We hired a yacht of 14 tons, four men and a boy. My wife and three eldest children and self went on board at Liverpool, and we had a most enjoyable sail until we reached the northwest coast of Ireland. We landed and explored many rocky bays, and I collected many beautiful sea-birds' eggs and shot many of the more uncommon of the sea-fowl, of which I have at present a trophy of stuffed birds, nine feet long, in my hall.

'Wishing to see the wildest part of the Irish coast, we sailed for the Arran Isles, and, landing there, spent some days in examining the curious stones for which these islands are famous. Some fishermen there spoke of an isolated rock in the sea, about a quarter of a mile long, very high, with a cavern in it, as the haunt of myriads of sea-fowl, some of species found nowhere else in the same abundance. With one of these fishermen as our pilot we reached the spot. There was a heavy swell round this island-rock, and we had great difficulty in landing. We determined to anchor the yacht about half a mile off, and proceed to the island in the boat with two of our men. Thinking we might like to spend the day there, we took with us two bags of rice, a basket

of oranges, some loaves of bread, some peas and beans for soup, and utensils and wood for cooking. In order to afford a seat for the children, a tin chest from the cabin, full of a variety of provisions, was put in the boat's stern, and we embarked, my wife expressing a regret that the provisions had not been emptied out lest they should make the boat too heavy. With great difficulty we managed to run the boat into a chasm about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long in the cliff, which was high and very precipitous. This chasm formed a miniature harbor, where the boat could lie without any danger of being swamped, in deep water close to the cliff, against which it was moored to a projecting rock, as to an artificial quay. It was a considerable scramble to get out of the boat and up the cliff; we just managed it, and landing our provisions, one of our men made a fire and acted as cook, while we wandered over the island, and explored the cave. It was, in fact, a sort of twin cavern, two branches having one entrance; that on the right-hand side was about a hundred and fifty feet deep, and was not tenanted, as it had no exit; that on the left hand was a tunnel of even greater length, and about forty feet high; it was the nesting-place of many sea-birds; cormorants, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, several species of sea-gulls, the arctic tern and gannet very abundant, and a few pairs of the shear-water; of some sort we took a good many eggs. We packed baskets with at least one hundred dozen. I did not shoot, as I did not like disturbing the birds, they were so tame, being but little accustomed to the visits of man. There were some goats on the island, which we conjectured had swam ashore from a shipwrecked vessel.

'This plateau, which was the highest part of the island, was reached by a path ascending about 200 feet. It was a beautiful emerald meadow bounded by almost precipitous cliffs, which my eldest boy and I climbed up, but my wife declined the ascent. At about five we sat down to our dinner of pea-soup, boiled cabbage, bread, haricot beans, batter pudding, and fruit.

'We were seated in the entrance of the cave, when suddenly a storm sprang up. The wind was so violent, that though we

sadly wished it we did not deem it prudent to get into our boat, to rejoin the yacht. One of the sailors went on a high part of the island to observe, and soon informed us that the yacht had apparently dragged its anchor, and was fast disappearing.

'We were all in a sad dilemma. Leaving my dinner unfinished, I with my eldest son went up the cliff; the yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the wind was so violent that we were hardly able to keep our feet on the cliff. I came down and said we should be obliged to pass the night on the island. Accordingly, the sailors brought out of the boat all we had left in it, including some shawls, a large fur rug, and two sails and a quantity of tarpaulin, which we had intended to sit on had the ground been damp. Lighting a small lamp, I made a careful survey of the right-hand cavern; it was not straight, but turned at a sharp angle; the floor was dry, as were also the walls. I collected a heap of loose dry sand eight or ten feet long by as many feet wide, and in this I spread the tarpaulin, and over this some shawls. As it got dark, myself, wife, and three children lay down on this extemporised bed, covering ourselves with the large fur rug. The wind made a great noise. The sailors lay down a short distance from us, wrapped in the sails. The next morning between five and six, we were all up, and I made an inventory of our provisions. We had about eight pounds of oatmeal, about the same quantity of haricot beans, about fourteen pounds of lentils, about twelve pounds of maize flour, three pounds of arrowroot, two pounds of potatoes, a cabbage, four loaves of bread, and about a dozen oranges. With economy, we had vegetarian provisions to last a fortnight, if we could get fresh water—as yet we had found none. In the cavern where the sea-birds were, there was a patch of green moss on the wall, nearly obscuring a deep crack, extending for some yards into the rock. On putting my ear to the crack I distinctly heard water dropping. I tied a towel to a walking-stick and poked it into the crack, and pulled out the towel dripping. By dint of probing the rock, I increased the supply, and at last was enabled to get an oar into the crack, which,

being placed obliquely, acted as a lead to the water, which now trickled down sufficiently fast to fill a tin can of a gallon capacity in about a quarter of an hour. I considered this providential. We were on this island ten days, and slept in the same manner. During the day we kept a sail on an oar attached to the boat's mast, on the highest part of the island, as a signal of distress. We saw several vessels, but they did not come near the island. At last a smack lay to, and sent a boat to the island, and in about an hour we were on board the smack. On the island we adhered strictly to our vegetarian diet, substituting sea-fowls' eggs for hens' eggs.*

'The sailors killed and roasted two kids.

'The smack put us on shore at Dingle Bay, and after a month's travel in Ireland we returned home, and heard that our sailors, taking advantage of our absence, had drunk too much of the store of rum they had provided at their own expense for the voyage, and that the vessel, becoming unmanageable, had capsized, the two men and pilot being drowned, the boy alone escaping, and, clinging to the keel of the yacht, he was picked up a few hours after. The yacht was righted by some fishermen, and eventually brought to the Isle of Man, where she was claimed by her owners, who had to pay a salvage of 7*ol.* As this incident had occurred during my hiring of her, I recouped them of part, and received back my baggage, not so very much injured as I expected. At the bottom of our box of provisions were some seeds from our garden, which we were carrying to distribute amongst the poor Irish at the places where we landed; so, thinking that some future shipwrecked wanderers might be benefited thereby, I cleared a patch of ground and planted carrot, parsnip, and cabbage seed, before I left the little island; hoping, but not expecting, the goats would leave the tender vegetables unmolested.

'I had been married about sixteen years, when I resolved to print a pamphlet on the subject of vegetarianism, giving my experiences and those of my

* Vegetarians usually admit a diet including milk, cheese, butter, and eggs.

wife and family. I gave away two thousand copies, and with some result, for they were the means of adding over forty to the vegetarian flock. In this pamphlet I propounded a scheme for the renovation of my neighborhood on vegetarian principles. At this time I employed about eight servants, male and female, in the house and garden. I gave the men 14s. a week to find themselves, and they were allowed a certain proportion of such common vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions free. Being married men, they had each a distinct cottage, large and comfortable, with an ornamental flower garden in front and a fruit garden at the back. They were built in the Gothic style, after my own design. Each of them kept bees and fowls for their own profit. Their style of living was the envy of all their neighbors. I allowed none of them to take lodgers, and insisted on cleanliness; no rooms were papered, but all were whitewashed annually. During the many years that have elapsed since the first cottage was built according to this plan, I have added to them, until the number has reached fourteen. They are mostly inhabited by Scotchmen. They are all temperance men, anti-tobacco, and mostly vegetarians. I do not give a man a cottage to himself until he is married to a clean, orderly, industrious woman. My laborers' children turn out well.

'One cottage is inhabited by my second gardener and his wife, without children. She teaches the boys and girls of the other cottages, and has done so for twenty years. I pay her 30l. a year. She was a trained schoolmistress before she was married. My head gardener is a religious man, and holds Divine service in one of my barns, for about a hundred persons connected with the estate. It is like a mothers' meeting, children of all ages being present. I am not sorry for this, for the parson of the neighborhood is a great man for beef and beer, and his influence I dread on my little Arcadia. My head gardener now and then gives a lecture on vegetarianism in school-rooms, and we two have drawn up a table suggestive of expenditure for rich and poor. Out of his wages he keeps his father and mother and two maiden aunts, comfortably, at an expenditure of

about 7s. per week. He is an Aberdeenshire man, and about forty years of age. I hope his eldest son will become an eminent man; and I am paying for his education at one of the universities, on account of his extraordinary ability and fine natural disposition, and also on account of the respect which I feel for his father, who has helped me to carry out my principles on my estate. This man's parents and aunts live in Aberdeenshire, and have never been on the parish. The laird gives them three rooms over an outhouse at 6d. a week. They spend 2s. a week on oatmeal, and 1s. a week on milk. They grow vegetables enough to make a stew for dinner; 1s. worth of flour gives them a meal of bread in the evening. They eat their bread without butter, but with their vegetable soup made either of peas or beans; 3d. buys what condiments or groceries they require. They are always clean and tidy, and gather what fuel they need from the peat on the moor. The blind aunts are very strong, whereas the father is very feeble. They work the garden and collect the wood, he going with them to lead them on their way. My gardener has drawn up a table showing how an adult man may supply himself with wholesome food, lodging, and clothing, at 7s. 6d. per week on vegetarian principles. He can get a room unfurnished for 1s. a week; he can get attendance to a certain extent for 1s. a week extra; his bread bill need not be more than 1s. 6d. per week; 1s. 6d. for green vegetables including potatoes; 6d. for butter or oil; 6d. for cocoa; and 6d. for groceries; 6d. for clothing; 6d. for washing. So the money is spent.

'Some of my gardeners' sons trained on the estate spend no more when they go away from it. In one of them, named Dickenson, I have always taken a great interest, as he was the first born on the estate, and for a humble working man he has had a glorious career. At sixteen I gave him 16s. a week for attending to my stove plants. At fourteen he had 10s. a week. When he was eighteen a nobleman's steward saw him, and offered him 30s. a week to superintend a great stove house. As I could not give such wages I let him go, but with great reluctance. He wrote to his father that although he got 30s. a week and many

perquisites, yet he limited his expenditure to 8s. a week until they offered to feed him and house him, when he cut down his expenditure to 3s. a week. He could have had the best of meat, but he still preferred the vegetarian diet, and he induced two of the other servants, who were much troubled with indigestion, to become vegetarians. This vegetarian movement in the servants' hall attracted the notice of the nobleman, who was much pleased to hear of it. By the greater use of vegetables than had been done formerly, especially by the introduction of potatoe pie, haricot-bean stew, and macaroni as every-day dishes in the servants' hall, a saving of 500*l.* per annum was effected in the commissariat of the vast establishment; therefore the nobleman was well satisfied, and presented my young Dickenson with a gold watch and chain, value 36*l.*, with an inscription, acknowledging his economy and fidelity. Dickenson's head was not turned by all this, although his wages were soon after raised to 3*l.* per week and all food found. When the nobleman died his successor presented Dickenson with 250*l.*, accompanied by a flattering letter, and retained him in his service at a salary of 200*l.* a year, Dickenson still living as he did before. After eighteen years' service he was pensioned off with 100*l.* per annum, and now has a nursery of his own, and is reputed to be worth between 7,000*l.* and 8,000*l.*, although he is not more than forty years of age. He has married lately a most frugal but accomplished governess, who has saved 2,000*l.* She was not a vegetarian when he married her, but is so now. I am as proud of Dickenson as if he was my own son. His sister is a most exemplary vegetarian governess; she has induced no less than eight families, with whom she has lived, to become vegetarians, and from her economy in her dress she has saved in the course of twenty years of governessing 400*l.* On her showing me her bank-book I added 100*l.* to it, and said if she saved 1,000*l.* during my lifetime I would add 500*l.* to it. She is trying hard, and her brother has given her 110*l.* towards it.

'My eldest unmarried daughter keeps my domestic accounts most beautifully, and audits those of any of the people I employ, with the object of impressing

on them the advantages of economy. I have intimated to my children that in proportion as they save they shall inherit. This may be an excess of paternal government in the estimation of many, but it has had a most beneficial effect. My family are so methodical and self-denying that they are said to realise some people's idea of Quakers; but I have had little intercourse with that sect. The success of my own offspring, and the prosperity of my household and establishment, as you remarked to me, seem to be due to an exceptional combination of qualities and circumstances—in my wife and myself in the first instance, and, secondly, in those I employ, who are somewhat like myself. This is true, I will admit, but it does not militate against the great principle as laid down in the Bible, that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' that 'industry has its sure reward,' and that those who honor their parents shall receive blessing. I have done more for my parents than all my brothers and sisters united, and I have received more blessing than all my brothers and sisters united. Pardon my egotism.

'I will give you a few facts of vegetarians in our county. A squire and magistrate, with 2,000*l.* a year, used to spend 1,500*l.* as a flesh-eater; he now spends 1,150*l.*, and is more comfortable, as a vegetarian. A barrister, whose doctor assured him that he should take three meals of meat and a bottle of wine daily for his health's sake, now finds that by a vegetarian and temperance diet his expenses are reduced more than one-half, his health is better, and there is a corresponding increase of vigor and power of sustaining labor, such as he never before knew. A struggling clergyman, whose custom induced, he called it "compelled," to take three meals of meat daily, was under this system always in debt, and obliged to send the church-wardens round every Christmas, to ask for means to pay his way: now on the vegetarian diet he balances his income and expenditure, and is able to carry forward a few pounds every quarter. I believe, from more than forty years' experience of the vegetarian diet, that were it generally adopted nine-tenths of the pauperism and crime would disappear, that England would be able to supply herself with all

the home-grown corn she requires, and that the National Debt, if deemed desirable, could be paid off in thirty years.

'I corresponded regularly with my parents, and they, hearing I was getting into comfortable circumstances, would frequently write me complaints of poverty. To these I responded by remittances of money, and at this time wrote to my father saying I would allow him 25*l.* a year and my mother a similar amount. I visited my father about once in two years, but always took a lodging and took my meals apart from him, for he was an inveterate smoker and a great beer-drinker, and filled his snuff-box three times weekly. I once made a random calculation, that he had wasted 1,500*l.* on stimulants in his life. These reflections prevented me from being more liberal to him. If I had given him 100*l.* a year, I only know he would have spent more on cigars. He would have bought wine at 6*s.* a bottle, and, perhaps, have increased his consumption of snuff. On getting a legacy of 75*l.* once, 40*l.* of it went to pay his publican's bill. One day my father wrote asking me to accommodate my youngest brother and two sisters a few weeks that they might see the sights of the town and get change of air. I wrote to my father that my wife and I would be very glad to see them, but they must not expect us to make any change in our vegetarian and temperance diet, but at the same time intimating that our style of living was very comfortable. There was an amount of formality between me and my father; he would sometimes call me, in derision, the Joseph of the family, because I went away from the rest and got rich, and I held his ill-success in life to be owing to his improvidence and self-indulgence, and feared he might want me to keep the whole family in idleness; accordingly I was not very much pleased at his proposal to send my sisters and younger brother to me. However, I assented, and they came. My elder sister, Mary Ann, was one of those sulky, vain, indolent natures, which neither my wife nor I can sympathise with at all. Public opinion was her god and Mrs. Grundy her godmother. One day she said to my wife, "I wonder you can endure to live as you do with your means; it strikes me as being very poor and miserable.

Most people of your means have three meals of meat a day. Do you never feel tired of the vegetables?" My wife said no, and that she did not think she could preserve the same health and strength on a meat diet. My wife rose at six and went to bed at half-past ten, whereas Mary Ann and her sister could not get down to breakfast till ten at home; but when they were with us we took care to have the breakfast cleared away at eight, so that if they came down at ten they had to wait till lunch before they got anything to eat. This strict commissariat roused Mary Ann two hours sooner than usual.

'Mary Ann was fantastic in her dress, and talked a great deal of nonsense to the servants, endeavoring to make them discontented with the vegetarian diet, and one of them gave notice to leave in consequence; so I thought it was time to settle with my sisters, and I placed them in a lodging and gave them 2*l.* a week to feed themselves as they chose, but they were welcome to come to our meals when they liked. To my surprise, although professing abhorrence of a vegetarian diet, they all came to take dinner and tea with us. My sisters were without watches or jewellery of any kind, and begged me to supply them. This I did, at a cost of about 40*l.* My other sisters living at home, as well as those married and away, hearing of these gifts, wrote to me and demanded similar presents almost as a matter of right. I complied, although it cost me 120*l.* more. I began to be weary of my family connections; they were no comfort to me, and my elder daughters began to be impertinent in consequence of the example of their aunts. My wife and I, when they left, resolved to drop all intercourse with them, lest the evil association might impair the discipline of our house.

'After staying six months instead of a few weeks, my sisters and little brother left, saying they would probably come again about the same time next year. True to their promise they appeared the next year, and asked me to take a lodging for them as before. As they had come without any invitation, I thought that I would now for the first time read them a moral lecture, which, for the sake of the other members of the family, I

put in the form of a letter, which was a good deal to the following effect. I have a copy of it in my letter-book at home. It began :

Dear Mary Ann, and my Sisters and Brothers,—After some prayer, I consider it my solemn duty to write to you, and warn you of your dangerous position. There is not one of you that fears God : you all are steeped in self-indulgence of one kind or another. I won't mention names, but I put it to your consciences whether any of you has ever denied him or her self to do any good action, whether or not you have not lived lives purely selfish. You wrangled and quarrelled like vultures at your meals, each demanding the largest share. You girls esteemed it degrading to make your own clothes when your milliner's rags were worn out, and adopted a style of dress which to my mind seemed a burlesque. You were at good schools, but you were too indolent to make good use of them ; and your brothers have spent a small fortune on stimulants. Your marriages have all been contemptible. Finally, let me say, I have no respect for any of you, but, as I fear God, I will not see you want. Those of you, married and single, who will become vegetarians and renounce stimulants, I will endeavor to assist in life, provided you bring up your children as vegetarians. But I shall renounce all connection with those relatives who do not in six months become vegetarians. I feel impelled to do so by a sense of duty.

'I had this letter printed, and sent a copy to all my brothers and sisters ; most of them replied, and said they would consider the proposal. Of my numerous brothers and sisters, none were at this time in prosperous circumstances, and yet they had all had a much better chance than I ; more money had been spent on their education, and all of them had some legacies left them by an uncle, who left me nothing, as I was supposed to be separated from the rest.

'After spending about 15,000*l.* on endeavoring to benefit my brothers and sisters and their children, I have determined to spend no more money on them, as they are incorrigibly self-indulgent, reckless, and vainglorious, but keep all my money for my own offspring and those whom I can morally respect. Do you not think I am right, Mr. Napier ?

'I will now tell you the state of my family. They are all healthy and well formed, luxuriant in hair, sound in teeth, and much better proportioned in feature and figure than usual. I confess, sir, that I take no small pleasure in my family. Even my married children do nothing of importance without consulting me. I share my income liberally with them, but they with commendable prudence live plainly and economically, and save much ; some are better at it than others, but I cannot complain of any of them ; they are liberal too. My grown-up sons spend a tenth of their incomes on moral and religious purposes. I do not devote much time to business now—not much more than three hours daily ; literary, scientific, and other intellectual pursuits fill up the rest of my time.'

The vegetarian's wife described their mansion in the country as containing thirty rooms, among which is a fine picture gallery ninety feet long ; about twenty conservatories and thirty gardeners are attached to the house. By the sale of early fruits and vegetables, and the rearing of certain orchids, the great expense of this wholesale gardening is reduced to about 1,000*l.* a year, which her husband does not wish this hobby to exceed. He grows grapes throughout the greater part of the year, and pine-apples also, so that the dessert fruit on his table is scarcely to be surpassed. His entire living expenses do not exceed 3,000*l.* a year, although his income is something like six times that amount. Sometimes he will spend 3,000*l.* a year in relieving distress, as he did at the time of the cotton famine. His wife said he is so shy and reserved with people in general that he avoids society ; but rich people are sought after, and he sometimes receives a thousand begging letters in the year. He thought his life ought to be written, and added as an appendix to Mr. Smiles's *Self-Help* ; and so I have sent this sketch of it for publication.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

LETTER ON MODERN WARFARE.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

SIR,—The article on modern warfare in your last June number* contains statements of so great importance to public interests that I do not hesitate to ask you to spare me space for a question or two respecting it, which by answering, your contributor may make the facts he has brought forward more valuable for practical issues.

The statistics given in the second column of page 695, on which 'P. S. C.' rests his 'incontestable' conclusion, that 'battles are less sanguinary than they were,' are incomplete in this vital respect, that they furnish us only with the proportion, and not with the total number, of combatants slain. A barricade fight between a mob of rioters a thousand strong, and a battery of artillery, in which fifty reformers get shot, is not 'less sanguinary' than a street quarrel between three toppers, of whom one gets knocked on the head with a pewter pot: though no more than the twentieth part of the forces on one side fall in the first case, and a third of the total forces engaged, in the second. Nor could it be proved, by the exhibition of these proportions of loss, that the substitution of explosive shells, as offensive weapons, for pewter pots, rendered wounds less painful, or war more humane.

Now, the practical difference between ancient and modern war as carried on by civilized nations, is, broadly, of this kind. Formerly, the persons who had quarrelled settled their differences by the strength of their own arms, at the head of their retainers, with comparatively inexpensive weapons, such as they could conveniently wield; weapons which they had paid for out of their own pockets, and with which they struck only the people they meant to strike. While, now-a-days, persons who quarrel fight at a distance, with mechanical apparatus, for the manufacture of which they have taxed the public, and which will kill anybody who happens to be in the way; gathering at the same time, to put into the

way of them, as large a quantity of senseless and innocent mob as can be beguiled, or compelled, to the slaughter. So that, in the words of your contributor, 'Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent—in fact, are—whole nations in arms.' I have only to correct this somewhat vague and rhetorical statement by pointing out that the persons in arms, led out for mutual destruction, are by no means 'the whole nation' on either side, but only the individuals of it who are able-bodied, honest, and brave, selected to be shot, from among its invalids, rogues, and cowards.

The deficiencies in your contributor's evidence as to the totality of loss do not, however, invalidate his conclusion that, out of given numbers engaged, the mitrailleuse kills fewer than the musket. It is, nevertheless, a very startling conclusion, and one not to be accepted without closer examination of the statistics on which it is based. I will, therefore, tabulate them in a simpler form, which the eye can catch easily, omitting only one or two instances which add nothing to the force of the evidence.

In the six undernamed battles of bygone times, there fell, according to your contributor's estimate, out of the total combatants—

At Austerlitz	1/7
Jena	1/6
Waterloo	1/5
Marengo	1/4
Salamanca	1/3
Eylau	1/2½

while in the undernamed five recent battles, the proportion of loss was—

At Königgratz	1/15
Gravelotte	1/12
Solferino	1/11
Worth	1/11
Sedan	1/10

Now, there is a very important difference in the character of the battles named in these two lists. Every one of the first six was decisive, and both sides knew that it must be so when the engagement began, and did their best to win.

* Reproduced in ECLECTIC for August.

But Königgratz was only decisive by sudden and appalling demonstration of the power of a new weapon. Solferino was only half fought, and not followed up because the French Emperor had exhausted his *corps d'élite* at Magenta, and could not (or, at least, so it is reported) depend on his troops of the line. Worth was an experiment; Sedan a discouraged ruin; Gravelotte was, I believe, well contested, but I do not know on what extent of the line, and we have no real evidence as to the power of modern machines for death, until the proportions are calculated, not from the numbers engaged, but from those under fire for equal times. Now, in all the upper list of battles, probably every man of both armies was under fire, and some of the regiments under fire for half the day; while in the lower list of battles only fragments of the line were hotly engaged, and the dispute on any point reaching its intensity would be ended in half an hour.

That the close of contest is so rapid may indeed be one of the conditions of improvement in our military system alleged by your correspondent, and the statistics he has brought forward do indeed clearly prove one of two things—either that modern weapons do not kill, or that modern soldiers do not fight, as effectually as in old times. I do not know if this is thought a desirable change in military circles; but I, as a poor civilian, beg to express my strong objections to being taxed six times over what I used to be, either for the equipment of soldiers who rarely fight, or the manufacture of weapons which rarely kill. It may be perfectly true that our last cruise on the Baltic was 'less sanguinary' than that which concluded in Copenhagen. But we shook hands with the Danes after fighting them, and the differences between us were ended: while our expensive contemplation of the defences of Cronstadt leaves us still in daily dread of an inspection by the Russian of those of Calcutta.

It is true that the ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and that in a few years more we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner and bombard a fleet over the horizon; but I believe the effective result of these crowning scientific successes will only

be to confirm the at present partial impression on the minds of military and naval officers, that their duty is rather to take care of their weapons than to use them. 'England will expect' of her generals and admirals to maintain a dignified moral position as far as possible out of the enemy's sight: and in a perfectly scientific era of seamanship we shall see two adverse fleets affected by a constant law of mutual repulsion at distances of two or three hundred miles; while, in either squadron, an occasional collision between the leading ships, or inexplicable foundering of the last improved ones, will make these prudential manœuvres on the whole as destructive of the force, and about ten times more costly to the pocket, of the nation than the ancient, and, perhaps, more honorable tactics of poorly-armed pugnacity.

There is, however, one point touched upon in 'P. S. C.'s' letter, to me the most interesting of all, with respect to which the data for accurate comparison of our former and present systems are especially desirable, though it never seems to have occurred to your correspondent to collect them—the estimates, namely, of the relative destruction of civil property.

Of wilful destruction, I most thankfully acknowledge the cessation in Christian warfare; and in the great change between the day of the sack of Magdeburg and that of the march into Paris, recognise a true sign of the approach of the reign of national peace. But of inevitable destruction—of loss inflicted on the peasant by the merely imperative requirements and operations of contending armies—it will materially hasten the advent of such peace, if we ascertain the increasing pressure during our nominally mollified and merciful war. The agricultural losses sustained by France in one year are estimated by your correspondent at one hundred and seventy millions of pounds. Let him add to this sum the agricultural loss necessitated in the same year throughout Germany through the withdrawal of capital from productive industry, for the maintenance of her armies; and of labor from it by their composition; and, for third item, add the total cost of weapons, horses, and ammunition on both sides; and let him then inform us whether the cost, thus summed, of a year's actual war between

two European States, is supposed by military authorities to be fairly representative of that which the settlement of political dispute between any two such Powers, with modern instruments of battle, will on an average, in future, involve. If so, I will only venture further to suggest that the nations minded thus to try their quarrel should at least raise the stakes for their match before they make the ring: instead of drawing bills for them upon futurity. For that the money-lenders whose pockets are filled, while everybody else's are emptied, by recent military finance, should occultly exercise irresistible influence, not only on the development of our—according to your contributor—daily more harmless armaments, but also on the deliberation

of Cabinets, and passions of the populace, is inevitable under present circumstances; and the exercise of such influence, however advantageous to contractors and projectors, can scarcely be held consistent either with the honor of a Senate or the safety of a State.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I wish I could get a broad approximate estimate of the expenditure in money, and loss of men by France and Prussia in the respective years of Jena and Sedan, and by France and Austria in the respective years of Arcole and Solferino.—*Fraser's Magazine*.



IN TOWN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"The blue fly sings in the pane."—TENNYSON.

GRINDING in town now is "horrid,"
(There is that woman again!)
Sun beating down on one's forehead,
Thought gets dry in the brain.

There is that woman again:
"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"
Thought gets dry in the brain;
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"
O for the green of a lane!
Ink gets dry in the bottle;
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane!

O for the green of a lane!
O to lie down and be lazy!
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane;
Bluebottles drive me crazy!

O to lie down and be lazy!
Careless of town and all in it!
Bluebottles drive me crazy:
I shall go mad in a minute!

Careless of town and all in it,
-With some one to soothe and to still
you;
I shall go mad in a minute.
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you!

With some one to soothe and to still you,
As only one's feminine kin do;
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you:
There! I have broken the window.

As only one's feminine kin do,—
Some MABEL, or ETHEL, or GRACIE!
There! I have broken the window!
Bluebottle! *abi in pace!*

Some MABEL, or ETHEL, or GRACIE
To dash one with eau de Cologne;
Bluebottle! *abi in pace!*
And why should I stay here alone!

To dash one with eau de Cologne,
All over one's talented forehead!
And why should I stay here alone!
Grinding in town now is "horrid!"

Good Words.



HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WELCOME as he ever was, Tom Reed was perhaps never so anxiously looked for as on the present occasion. Kate felt that he could disentangle the ravelled skein of her affairs; that he only could deal with Trapes; and his tact so manipulate the difficulties with which her relations to Galbraith bristled, as to effect a fair division of the property she hoped to prove her own, without letting Galbraith know her identity till it was accomplished.

Kate enjoyed the rare advantage of being in sympathy with her adviser. Generally an adviser is an enemy, whose opinions, ranged under a different banner from one's own, are to be in some way circumvented or twisted into accord with the advised; or, possessing sufficient weight to impose them upon the hearer, they are so often acted upon in an unwilling spirit as to neutralise their possible good effect.

But there was a real accord between Tom Reed and the young widow; even when they differed, each knew that he or she was thoroughly understood by the other.

Fanny was of course in a state of unconcealable joy. She had stolen half an hour in the afternoon to compound a lobster currie for the late dinner or early supper at which Tom was expected. A low and mundane method of preparing for a lover's reception, perhaps, in the reader's opinion, but—ask the lover's!

The trains between Stoneborough and Pierstofte were by no means patterns of punctuality, and the friends agreed not to expect Tom till quite half an hour after he was due. That half an hour was nearly exhausted, when their attention was diverted by the entrance of Mills with a note, an untidy note without an envelope, and fastened by a wafer. It was directed to T. Reed, Esq., in a very intoxicated-looking hand.

"This has just been brought by a boy from the *Shakespeare Inn*, ma'am, and he wants to know if Mr. Tom is come."

"Say he has not, but we expect him

every moment," replied Mrs. Temple, scanning the note critically. "This is from Trapes, no doubt."

"Don't you think we might open it?" insinuated Fanny, laying a couple of covetous little fingers on it. "It is all about yourself, of course. I really think you might read it, Kate."

"You impatient puss! I think we might wait for Tom to read his own correspondence. He will be here in a quarter of an hour if he comes at all."

"Ah, Kate, that is a cruel 'if'!"

"Never fear, Fan——. There, there is some conveyance stopping at the door. Here he is, and I shall run away!"

"Indeed, Kate, indeed you need not!"

But Kate was gone. The next moment a hearty hug, a long, loving kiss, put everything and every one save the donor out of Fanny's head. "It seems a hundred years since I saw you, my darling," cried Tom, who, though looking a little thin and worn, was in high spirits and full of animation. "You little, ungrateful, saucy coquette! you are as blooming and bright as if I had been at your elbow all the time! Where is the pale cheek and tear-dimmed eyes that ought to show the sincerity with which you mourned my absence, and the severe mental arithmetic you exercised counting the days till I came?"

"Ah, Tom, I should have had a dash of uncertainty to reduce me to the proper condition of paleness and dimness. But I know you, and I am at rest; a small responsive hug and some half-uttered ejaculations interrupted, as may be imagined.

"I see I do not go the right way to work to show what a valuable article I am!" cried Tom.

"If you worried, or gave me any trouble, I should not care a straw about you," said Fanny, with a pretty moan.

"Now let me call Kate, she is dying to see you."

"I think she might give us a few minutes more law."

"Oh, here, Tom, is a note for you!" cried Fanny, darting to the mantelpiece

and taking it down. "I believe it is from that strange man, Mr. Trapes."

"Trapez!" echoed Tom, in much surprise. "How does he know that I am here?"

"Oh because—but I will leave Kate to tell everything. Just do look at the note!"

"There! you may discount your rights, if you choose," said Tom laughing, and handing the scrawled morsel of paper to her.

"What a hand! What is that word?"

"Seriously."

"Read it to me, dear Tom?"

"My dear Reed,—I am seriously ill, and cannot go to see you as I promised Mrs. T——. I feel as if I was near the end of the race, and nowhere! Look in on me, like a brick, to-morrow. Yours, 'G. TRAPES.'"

"If Trapez knocks up, he will not last long," said Tom gravely; "but call Mrs. Travers. I long to hear all about everything!"

"Now tell me how you unearthed Trapez," asked Tom.

They were sitting round the fire after dinner, Mrs. Temple having insisted on his refreshing himself before going into any discussion of business.

"He came to the surface of his own accord," she replied, and proceeded to describe her encounter with him clearly and shortly, till she came to the part performed by Galbraith, where she broke down for an instant, paused, collected herself, and continued her narrative by a decided abridgment. "When I was sufficiently recovered to walk home, Sir Hugh Galbraith was good enough to come part of the way, and I have not seen him since." She then passed rapidly on to Trapez's evening visit, and his remarkable boast: "I can produce the man who drew out the will, two or three months after Mr. Travers's death; and I can produce the man that employed him to do it!"

"This is very extraordinary," said Tom, when Kate ceased speaking. "If Trapez can make good his promise, of course your success is an accomplished fact. But I must warn you that my former acquaintance is given to the wild-est romancing at times. Still, I believe he does know something of importance.

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One point, however, I must press upon you, Mrs. Temple: do not see this scamp any more—leave him to me."

"Most willingly and thankfully, dear Tom."

"Very well. Now, do you think he recognised Galbraith?"

"No; I do not think he did."

"Mind," continued Tom, "I don't think it matters a straw whether he tells his tale to Galbraith or to you, if he can support it; for, of course, a man of Galbraith's position and character would not for a moment hesitate about restoring your rights. All I want to make sure of before we stir in the matter is, to be prepared with irresistible proof. As things are at present, we should only be knocking our heads against the stone wall of a long lawsuit were you to move. However, you must leave Trapez to me."

There was a pause, during which Tom appeared lost in thought—a condition which Kate and Fanny respected too much to disturb. At last he roused himself, and assumed the attitude peculiar to Britons when about to dictate or domineer—that is, he placed himself on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire. "It was a remarkable, though fortunate accident that Sir Hugh Galbraith came to your assistance. Is it permitted to ask what brought him to Pierstofte just in the nick of time?" And Tom, with an air of comical solemnity, paused for a reply.

Kate crimsoned even over her little ears, but answered steadily, though in a low voice, "No, Tom, you must not ask. I cannot tell you any fibs, so I would rather say nothing."

"Ahem!—and in spite of this gallant rescue and unexpected appearance—I presume it was unexpected?"

"Most unexpected!" she returned.

"You are determined to carry the war into the enemy's country?"

"Quite determined," said Kate, rising and coming to the fire, where she leant against the chimney-piece, "if I can bring an overwhelming force to bear upon his position."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Tom quickly, darting one of his keenest glances at the fair, downcast face before him, "that you have any fresh cause for vengeance?"

"For vengeance? oh, no!" she return-

ed, looking frankly into his eyes. "My opinion of Sir Hugh is changed for the better. It is for his sake as well as my own that I wish matters hurried on."

"You are incomprehensible!" he returned, less amiably than usual.

"Then do not try to comprehend me," she said, gently laying her hand on his arm, "but act as if the chapter of accidents had never brought Hugh Galbraith to lodge under my roof—continue to be my best friend as you have been."

"You generally make slaves of your friends," replied Tom resignedly. "However, I have not opened my budget yet. I saw Wall this morning. He had just had S——'s opinion, and showed it to me. He considers that there are grounds for taking criminal proceedings against Poole."

"And will Mr. Wall arrest him, then?" asked Kate anxiously.

"No. He would in the first instance summon Poole to answer the charge of having fully perjured himself by swearing that he was present when Mr. Travers executed the second will. But, as nothing could be done till Monday, I advised his waiting my return before he took any step, thinking there might be something in your idea, that Trapes could give us information that would implicate Ford"

"And he can, depend upon it, Tom!" said Kate thoughtfully. "I dropped a hint that, perhaps his information might be more valuable to Mr. Ford than to me, and I saw his countenance change unmistakably."

"You should be exceedingly cautious what you let out to a man like Trapes," returned Tom. "There is no telling what mischief he might make of anything—or nothing."

"I do not think I did my cause any harm by my remark, but it certainly affected Mr. Trapes."

"Well, I shall probably find out tomorrow. I am not sorry the poor devil is obliged to keep his room. Men of his type are always easier to manage when they feel the grip of their proprietor upon them! Do you know, I have always been sorry for Trapes. He was a very pleasant, good-natured fellow once, seven or eight years ago—never quite free from a dash of the blackguard, but would per-

haps have kept right if he had fallen into better hands."

"Perhaps," said Kate doubtfully. "Yet I imagine, if we could open such a man's head or heart, and look at the works as you do at your watch, we should find some weak or imperfect mechanism—some faulty bits in which the tempter can insert the point of his wedge."

"Still, with different influences, he might have been a different man."

Kate, gazing at the fire, made no reply.

"The long and short of it is," said Fanny, with sly gravity, "he had not your adamantine firmness, Tom! At any rate," with a pleasant, almost tender smile, "Kate and I are inclined to believe that the main-spring of your heart's machinery works true and steadily." To which Tom's appropriate reply was a good, honest kiss, despite Kate's presence.

She smiled, and naturally inquired, "What have you two dear friends decided upon?"

"You mean as regards a joint establishment?" asked Tom. "I cannot get a distinct reply from your undecided assistant. I wanted her long ago to give a month's warning, and take another situation. I am glad to have a chance of pleading my cause before you, Mrs. Temple. As matters stand at present there is no reason why Fanny should not take me for better for worse, say,—come! I will be reasonable—this day fortnight! Meantime you might advertise the bazaar. You will easily dispose of it. Come, join us in London, be on the spot to enact the importunate widow, and make life a burden to old Wall! Come, now, like a brace of angels, say 'Done!' and we will arrange preliminaries before we sleep to-night."

"There is no particular reason why Fanny should not marry you," said Kate thoughtfully; "but I cannot leave Pierstoeffe! This is not the most agreeable life to me nevertheless; I will not break up the little home I have made till the question I am about to raise is settled; *then* I shall in any case make a change."

"There!—I told you so," said Fanny; "and as long as Kate keeps in this stupid, odious, disagreeable shop, I will stay with her. You don't think I am of much use, I suppose," a little querulously;

for, though true to her friend, poor Fanny's heart had leaped with delight at the picture presented of going to live with Tom in London; "but I know Kate could not live without me, at least not comfortably—could you, Kate?"

"No, indeed!" heartily. "Tom, will you think me very selfish? Leave Fanny with me just a little longer. I feel we shall soon know something more of this will,—and—I do not know why, but I am very sad and fearful." She held out her hand, and her rich, soft voice faltered.

"My dear Mrs. Travers, you are our first consideration. It is a bargain. This case is postponed till this day month, when a decree will be given."

"Thank you, dear Tom. And now Fanny will entertain you. I feel weary and headachy, so will go to bed."

The next morning, after breakfast, Tom Reed announced his intention of going to see Trapes at once.

"Yes, do, Tom," said Mrs. Temple; "we can do nothing until we know what he has to reveal."

"Well, I shall go to church," remarked Fanny.

"And I will escort you there," added Tom. "Will you come?" addressing Kate.

"No, it would be a mockery. I could not attend to what was going on. I am too much on the stretch to know about Trapes. I shall pray at home."

Tom and his *fiancée* set out accordingly, and Kate bore the lonely waiting as best she could. Seated near the fire—her eyes fixed on the red coals, her thoughts roaming far and near—trying to picture to herself the effect of her claim upon Hugh Galbraith's temper and character, to recall the various indications of his nature which she had noticed, and from them to decide how he would take the final revelation. "I have done nothing wrong—nothing he has any real right to be angry with; yet will he not think that I ought to have told him the truth when I first refused him? But then, I never thought we should meet again. I never dreamed that I could care about him. I have such an extraordinary longing to vindicate my real self—the self he so doubts and despises—before he knows the truth; and if I do, how will he act? At present, he has some romance about me in his head, practical

and unimaginative as he is; how will it be when he knows who I really am? Will he shrink from the plebeian adventuress? He is very prejudiced; but he can love! Half-past twelve. Tom is having a long talk with that dreadful man. I earnestly hope I shall not have to prosecute any one."

In a few minutes more, Fanny came back.

"Oh, how glad I am to see you! I am dreadfully in the blues."

"Then it would have been much better for you to have been at church with me. The dean of some place preached such a splendid sermon!—made me feel as if I should like to clap some parts. The church was so crowded; lots of the county people were there. I saw Lady Styles and some ladies in the rector's pew. They put a strange gentleman into ours—a very elegant personage, I assure you. He was most attentive to me, and was good enough to offer me part of my own hymn-book! I don't think he imagined I looked sufficiently dignified to be even part proprietor of a pew. I found him there and I left him there, for I came out quickly, hoping to find Tom."

"He has not yet returned," said Kate languidly; "and as to your elegant neighbor, you had better see if your purse is safe! High-class pickpockets generally attend the preaching of eloquent divines—at least, in London."

"How disenchanting," cried Fanny, feeling rapidly in her pocket. "I thought he was an earl at least; not even disguised."

It was considerably past their usual dinner hour when Tom reappeared.

"I think you are right," said he to Kate. "He knows something of importance; but he is in a curious mood. Though well disposed to you, his ramshackle conscience seems to suggest some scruple about disclosing what he knows. He is in a state of great debility, and penniless; though I can see by the condition of his wardrobe that it is not long since he was flush of cash. He had been drinking very hard; and now he has an extraordinary craving to go back to town with me. I shall indulge him, and settle him under Mrs. Small's care for a few weeks, at any rate; he will then be safe, otherwise we shall lose him."

"But, Tom, this will cost you a quantity of money?"

"Not so very much; and when you have floored Sir Hugh, you shall repay me."

"Then, shall you take this man with you to town to-morrow?"

"Yes, by the eight o'clock train. Nothing later will suit me."

"And you have gathered nothing of what Trapes really knows?"

"Nothing; or next to nothing. However, be sure of this, that I shall never relax my hold of him till I *do* know."

"Thank you, dear Tom. And you believe it is not all talk, his boasted knowledge?"

"I do. The fellow *has* the secret, whatever it is."

CHAPTER XL.

THIS same Sunday evening settled down with the orthodox Sabbath gloom at Weston. Sir Marmaduke Styles's preserves were known to be well stocked, and his lively partner had a certain undercurrent of good nature in her gossip that gave her popularity in the minds of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. The autumn parties at Weston were therefore not to be despised; and when Galbraith so suddenly deserted his friend Upton, the latter, having lost the incentive Hugh's company would have lent to an excursion in the wild West of Ireland, applied for extension of leave, and availed himself of Lady Styles's renewed invitation.

The household being conducted on the country type, dinner was celebrated on Sundays at half-past six instead of half-past seven—why, it would be difficult to explain, as the alteration gave no help to the well-disposed servants who wished to attend evening service; but as it inconvenienced all parties, the arrangement probably fulfilled its end: at any rate, in keeping up the custom, Lady Styles experienced the conscious approving glow that ought to wait on self-sacrificing christianity.

The ladies had assembled in the drawing-room after dinner. It was a small party; three or four, besides the hostess, lounged comfortably round a glowing fire of wood and coal.

"I have heard the Dean preach better

than to-day," Lady Styles was saying; "he had not his usual fire and go."

"A country congregation is perhaps refrigerating," remarked the Honorable Mrs. A—.

"Ha, ha, ha! I assure you Pierstoffe considers itself peculiarly intelligent or intellectual."

"There is a great difference between the terms, dear Lady Styles," said Miss Brandon, a handsome woman in the earliest period of the "turn of the leaf," who knew and could do nearly everything, save how to make a fortune, or pick one up, and who had a sort of relative's right to be at Weston in the autumn.

"A distinction without a difference, I suspect, Cecilia; at any rate, there was a very full attendance. I saw all the principal tradespeople there, except my *rara avis* of the Berlin Bazaar; but her friend and partner represented the house. By-the-way, if I am not much mistaken, they put Colonel Upton into her pew. I wish he could see the young widow. I should like to know his opinion of her."

"You must know," said Miss Brandon, in reply to an interrogative elevation of Mrs. A—'s eyebrows, "Lady Styles has a sort of '*rêve de quinze ans*' about two women who keep a fancy bazaar here. They certainly appear very distinguished compared with the Pierstoffe standard, but I think their elegance would pale beside Madame Elise's or Howell and James's young ladies. Their principal charm consists of a mystery which the joint efforts of Lady Styles and Doctor Slade have failed to elucidate."

"Doctor Slade!" cried her ladyship; "pray do not imagine I am a gossip like him. His gossip is of the commonest type—mere surface sweepings to amuse his lying-in women with." When speaking warmly Lady Styles was not always limited by sensitive delicacy in her phraseology. "He always imagines the most commonplace solution even to the most piquant mysteries. He has no grasp of mind, no real experience of the world."

"Doctor Slade is the man in a shirt frill, who is dining here to-day?" put in Mrs. A—.

"Yes; and what an enormous time they are sitting," continued the hostess.

"Barnes," to the butler, who appeared with tea, "have you taken coffee to the gentlemen?"

"Yes, my lady."

"It is always the case; that man always keeps Sir Marmaduke. He has a lot of old stories which Sir Marmaduke is accustomed to laugh at, and likes to hear over and over again. But for all that he is clever as a medical man. I believe his treatment of Sir Hugh Galbraith was masterly—he had concussion of the brain, compound fracture of the arm, various contusions, and I do not know what besides, and in two months he was nearly well. By-the-by, he—Galbraith I mean—lodged at my charming widow's, and I believe he never saw her but twice all the time he was there, she is such a prudent, dignified creature. Ah, here they are at last. Colonel Upton, did they not put you in the Berlin-wool pew at church to-day?"

"I cannot say," he returned, coming over and sitting down at the opposite side of the ottoman on which Lady Styles, in the splendor of her dinner-dress, was spread out. "I saw no Berlin-wool there, only a very pretty, piquant little girl. Who is she? The rector's daughter?"

"Nothing of the kind. Do you not remember, when you were last here, coming with me to the Berlin bazaar and buying a purse, and how disappointed you were because you could not see your friend Galbraith's landlady?"

"Yes, very well."

"Then the pretty girl is the assistant at the bazaar. I wonder why Mrs. Temple was not there. Perhaps she has gone away again."

"Has she been away lately?" asked Upton carelessly, as he helped himself to sugar.

"She was in London about a fortnight ago."

"I am really sorry to miss seeing this object of your speculations," said Upton meditatively, while he stirred his tea. "I suppose she often runs up to town?"

"No, scarcely ever. At the change of seasons—and——"

"This last expedition of hers," struck in Doctor Slade, "was rather disastrous—she had her pocket picked, and lost five pounds."

"You don't say so, Doctor; are you

sure? She has never mentioned the matter to me."

"Oh, I am quite correct, I assure you. I met little Miss Fanny, with a face of woe, going to the post-office for an order to replace it."

"Really I am quite sorry for her," said Lady Styles.

"A serious loss for a Berlin bazaar," remarked Upton. "Pray, when did it occur?"

"About three weeks ago. Why? Did you hear anything of it?"

"No—nothing," slowly and thoughtfully.

"I do protest, Willie," cried Lady Styles, with much animation, "I believe you know more than you say. Perhaps you were the pickpocket yourself—just to get an introduction? Do make a clean breast of it!"

Upton laughed. "I have not your acute curiosity about this fair shopwoman," he said, and he relapsed into silence, though an amused smile lingered on his lip and in his eyes.

"Come, Doctor," said Sir Marmaduke, who was setting forth the chessboard, "you must give me my revenge to-night."

The Honorable Mrs. A—— and Miss Brandon, followed by two or three young men who completed the party, sauntered to the music-room, whence the sound of sacred songs soon issued.

"Pray, Lady Styles," said Upton, interrupting a rambling, highly colored version of the quarrel between Galbraith's sister and her husband,—"pray what became of your nephew John? I remember thinking him such a fine fellow when I used to meet him here ages ago."

"My nephew John!" repeated Lady Styles, in a tone of high-pitched surprise. "What put him into your head? He has disappeared I do not know how long. He was a nice creature once. All you scamps are. But he went to the bad completely; cost his mother a heap of money, and died abroad—D. T., I believe."

"Did he not marry?"

"Well I am not sure. I think it was doubtful."

"I heard he did."

"There were all kinds of reports; but I am sure I have not heard his name nor any mention of him for twenty years."

A pause, which was broken by Upton. "If you will give me a mount I think I will ride over to Pierstofte and reconnoitre the Berliners."

"My dear boy, let me drive you over."

"No, my gracious cousin, I prefer doing the part of a single spy. You shall then have the benefit of my pure, unsophisticated impressions."

"Very well, you shall have my groom's horse; it is the best in the stable."

But the next day was wet—not pertinaciously wet—what our northern relatives call "an even down-pour," though sufficiently moist to check Colonel Upton's fancy for a solitary ride.

It was the Wednesday after Tom's visit he had sent a hasty line announcing his safe arrival with his precious charge, and Mrs. Temple had resigned herself to an interval of patient waiting. The shop was empty, and Fanny had retired into the shop parlor in order to trim a new straw bonnet in the latest fashion. Fanny sang to herself in a subdued tone.

Her heart was very light. She was not without sympathy, sincere sympathy, with Kate's depression; nevertheless, her own prospects were so sunny that for the moment she doubted the possibility of serious sorrow. All would come right for Kate also, and that delinquent, Galbraith, whom she could not help liking. She could give him plenary absolution too.

"Miss Fanny," said Mills, coming in, with the well-known curl on her mouth, which indicated distrust of and contempt for the world in general. "There's a gentleman—leastways he has spurs and a whip—wants to see you."

"To see me? Who is he, Mills?"

"I dunno, miss; a pickpocket for all I know. You had better not—" But Mills's wise counsels were cut short by the appearance of the individual in question, whom Fanny, had she been left to her unassisted conclusions, would have considered a distinguished-looking man. Prompted by Mills's doubts, she fell into a state of fear and confusion. Was he an emissary of Ford sent to discover and annoy Kate? Was he a detective dispatched by Galbraith's lawyer, with the uncanny prescience of his tribe, to find out what was going on? She stood

up, bonnet in hand, looking prettily bewildered.

"I beg your pardon," said Upton, for he was the intruder. "I understood you were at home, and that I might enter."

Fanny, still holding her bonnet, which was filled with blond lace, ribbon, and flowers, made a little nervous curtsy while Mills officiously dusted the chiffonier. There was an instant's pause, broken by Fanny's saying, in an accent of unmistakable surprise, "You wished to see me?"

"I do,"—a glance at Mills, who, finding no further excuse for remaining, departed with a portentous frown to Fanny.

"I took the liberty," resumed Upton when they were left alone, "to look into your prayer-book when you left your seat last Sunday. A great liberty, I acknowledge; yet you must allow the temptation to ascertain my charming neighbor's name was a powerful motive," concluded Upton, with an insinuating smile.

"Well," exclaimed Fanny.

"You left your prayer-book behind you," drawing it from his pocket. "I confess, then, to having opened it, and read this inscription." He pointed to the fly-leaf as he spoke, whereon was written, "John Aylmer to his wife Catherine, Gangepore, August, 1836."

Fanny's eyes dilated as she gazed upon it with doubt and dread. "I am going to be cross-examined," she thought, "and I shall make a mess of it."

"I see," said she, looking blankly up in her interrogator's face. "And what then?"

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Aylmer?" said Upton blandly.

"No, no, my name is not Aylmer!" cried Fanny, breathless.

"My reason for asking," continued Upton, "is that a distant relative of mine of that name died in India, I imagine somewhere about that date," laying his finger upon it.

"His relative indeed!" was Fanny's mental commentary. "I am sure I know nothing about it," she said aloud. "The book is not mine. It was quite by accident I used it. I know nothing about it. I——" stopping in confusion.

"What is your name, may I ask?"

"Oh, Jenkinson," cried Fanny, with

a desperate determination not to tell the imagined detective a word of truth.

"Perhaps the lady who—who keeps the shop could tell me something about these names," persisted Upton.

"No, indeed she could not," said Fanny, resolving at all risks to shield Kate from the terrors she was undergoing. "And you had better not see her. She is very clever, and would see through you in a moment."

"That is quite possible," exclaimed Upton, a good deal surprised; but while he spoke Fanny's blond lace fell to the ground, and the gallant Colonel hastening to restore it, contrived to entangle the delicate fabric in his spurs.

"Oh, dear," cried Fanny, crouching down to rescue her treasure. Upton stood tolerably still, but as Fanny bent round he could not help half turning to watch the pretty, troubled face. "Pray stand steady," she exclaimed, "or you will tear it. I thought it was your work to get things out of tangles, instead of into them."

"My work," echoed Upton, greatly puzzled. "What do you take me for then?"

"Oh, I think I know very well! You fancy I am a simple country-girl, but I can guess what you are—at least, I think I can!" with dignity and triumph.

"I suppose a long course of regimental drill leaves its stamp on a fellow?" said Upton, good-humoredly.

"Regimental, indeed!" cried Fanny, with indignation. "That will not do."

"I see I have offended in some way," returned Upton insinuatingly. "And I assure you I have but two motives in my visit: first, a strong wish—irresistible, I confess—to make your acquaintance; secondly, a sincere desire to know the history of this prayer-book."

"He has the impudence to pretend he is smitten with me," thought Fanny wrathfully. "I consider it altogether unwarrantable," she said aloud. "your coming here to try and find out things from me! I daresay you thought you had an easy case, but——" Fanny had warmed up, and was now reckless of consequences.

"Will you be so very good as to say for whom you take me?" asked Upton, with grave politeness.

"A detective of some kind sent by——"

A burst of good-humored laughter from Upton arrested any imprudence into which Fanny might have hurried.

"I am infinitely flattered," he said, drawing out his card-case, "Allow me to introduce myself."

"Colonel Upton," cried Fanny, glancing at the morsel of pasteboard he held forth, while a quick blush spread over cheek and brow. "I am so surprised! Are you Sir Hugh Galbraith's friend we used to write to for him?"

"The same. And I must say such a premium on breaking an arm as your secretaryship, is a temptation to fracture one's bones I never foresaw."

"I am afraid I spoke very rudely," said Fanny, with evident contrition; "but I felt so sure you were a detective—though now I see you are quite different."

"At any rate, you have taught me a lesson of humility I shall not soon forget," returned Upton pleasantly. "Perhaps you will have no objection to give me some information about the prayer-book, now you know who I am?"

"Indeed I must not—I mean I cannot!" And Fanny stopped, fearful of having committed herself.

"Of course I have no right to press you," returned Upton, noting the change of phrase.

"But wait," cried Fanny, anxious to atone for her scant courtesy; "I will call Kate—Mrs. Temple—and you can ask her. Pray sit down."

So saying she rushed into the shop. "Do come, Kate. There is Colonel Upton asking all sorts of questions about your old prayer-book. And I have been so rude! I thought he was a detective. Was it not dreadful? Pray go to him, and I will stay here."

To Kate's hasty, astonished queries Fanny could only reply, "It is Colonel Upton—do go and speak to him."

Thus urged, Kate went into the parlor and stood face to face with the supposed detective.

There was a nameless something, a gentle, composed dignity in her bearing that Upton at once recognised, and his own manner changed insensibly. He rose and stood silent, while he gazed

keenly at the fair, quiet face opposite him.

"I have to thank you for restoring my prayer-book," said Kate, taking the initiative.

"It is yours, then? May I ask if this 'John Aylmer,' whose name is written here, is any relation or connection of yours? Do you know anything of him, in short?"

Mrs. Temple did not reply instantly. She paused, gazing earnestly at her interrogator. "May I ask why you inquire?" she said at length.

"Because I had a relative of that name in India at this date; indeed, to the best of my belief, he was in this very place"—pointing to the inscription. "He is dead, and I have heard nothing of him for years. Yet I should like to know if you can give me any traces of him or his family."

"And you were related to a John Aylmer?" said Mrs. Temple. "How? In what degree?"

"That I can hardly say," returned Upton smiling, and looking in vain for an invitation to sit down, for he was greatly struck by Mrs. Temple's appearance and manner. "I never could thread my way through the maze of cousinly degrees. But the man I mean was a nephew of Lady Styles, and she is a second or third cousin of my father: so you see we are all cousins together. It has roused my memory and my curiosity to find his name in the prayer-book Miss Jenkins left behind."

"A nephew of Lady Styles," repeated Mrs. Temple in much surprise, not hearing the conclusion of his sentence.

"Then you know something of this defunct kinsman of mine?"

"Whatever I may know, Colonel Upton," she returned decidedly, though not uncivilly, "I do not feel at liberty to tell you now, at any rate, so you must ask me no more questions."

"Certainly not, if you put it in that way," said Upton, bowing and handing her the prayer-book. "However, I fancy you put a slight emphasis on 'now.' Pray, will you allow me to call again, when perhaps you will be at liberty to tell me a little more?"

"No," said Mrs. Temple, a sweet, arch smile softening the rugged monosyllable. "I shall not be able to tell

you for some time. But if you really care to hear, leave me your address, and I will write to you."

"Yes, I care very much, and will be greatly obliged by your taking that trouble. Perhaps you will be so good as to write my direction?"

Kate opened her blotting-book unsuspectingly, and traced the words as he spoke them—"Colonel W. Upton, —th Hussars, Cahir, Ireland"—under his eyes.

"Not the first time I have seen your writing," he said pleasantly. "I am almost sorry my friend Galbraith is able to manage his own correspondence—reading his letters has again become a difficulty, whereas——" He stopped abruptly, too genuinely good-natured not to regret having in any way disturbed Kate's equanimity; for, in spite of her strongest effort at self-control, a quick burning blush overspread her cheeks, and even the stately, rich white throat that rose over the Quaker-like frill which adorned the collar of her dress.

"I saw Galbraith in town the other day," went on Upton hastily, "and he seemed all right. You must have taken capital care of him, Mrs. Temple! I really think I shall hunt here this season again, if only for the chance, should I be spilt, of falling into your hands."

"We could do very little for Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Kate in a low voice, but recovering herself; "Nature and his own servant seemed to accomplish everything."

She stopped, and Upton felt he ought to go, but preferred to stay. "I was sorry to hear you had met with such a loss," he continued, for the sake of something to say. "Have you found any trace of your purse yet?"

Again Kate colored; this time with an acute feeling of annoyance. Galbraith must have spoken somewhat freely of her to this chum of his; and the care and delicacy with which he seemed to guard their intimacy, and which had always touched her, must have been in some degree a sham. "I have not," she returned coldly, adding, with a sort of haughty humility, "although, as you are no doubt aware, Sir Hugh Galbraith did his utmost to assist me!"

"Did he?" exclaimed Upton, with such unmistakable surprise that Kate

instantly felt she had made a false move. "Ah, he is not a bad fellow, Galbraith," continued Upton, "though he seems rather a rough customer. Well, I am afraid I have trespassed too long on your time, Mrs. Temple. I must bid you good-morning; and you will, when it suits yourself, give me the history of the prayer-book?"

"I will, Colonel Upton. Meantime will you grant me a favor?"

"It is granted," said the Colonel gallantly.

"Then, if you have not mentioned this matter of the prayer-book to Lady Styles, pray do not. She is one of my best friends here, but you can imagine the effect of such partially-admitted knowledge as mine upon her. I should not be able to call myself or my shop or anything else my own till all was revealed."

"Gad, she would hunt up the scent like a bloodhound," cried Upton laughing. "No, no, Mrs. Temple, that would be too bitter a revenge even for having been taken for a detective. Your charming young friend owes me some reparation. Pray tell her so with my best respects. So good-morning, Mrs. Temple, and *au revoir*—for I have a strong presentiment that we shall meet again!"

With a low bow, Upton retired, leaving Kate still standing in deep thought. No, Galbraith had not made her a topic of idle talk. She had betrayed herself; but Upton, however he heard of her loss, knew nothing whatever of Galbraith's communications with her in London.

"Fanny," she said, slowly returning to the shop, "did you ever tell Lady Styles that I had my pocket picked?"

"No, indeed, I did not!"

"Then who did you tell?"

"Not a creature: that is, yes!—now I remember it. The morning I was going for the post-office order for you, before you had told me not to tell any one, I met old Dr. Slade, and I told him!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Temple.

"Was it very shocking?" asked Fanny, in deep contrition.

"No, never mind. Do you know, Fanny, I quite like that Colonel Upton. I believe he is a gentleman."

"To be sure he is; and to think of

my taking him for a detective! I am sure I shall never look him in the face again."

"You will not be obliged, I imagine," said her friend.

Meantime Upton strolled slowly towards the hotel where he had put up his horse, meditating more profoundly than was usual with him. "I believe I have a clue to the maze," he thought. "By George, I fancy Galbraith has caught it hot and strong!—that Mrs. Temple is just the kind of woman to inspire a great passion, and Hugh, in spite of his cold airs, the very man to feel one. What with his pride and hers—for she will stand no nonsense, I suspect—there will be the devil to pay. I am certain he forsook me that day at H—to go after her. Ay, it was the next morning he was going down to Scotland Yard; it is as plain as that pretty little Miss Jenkins' *nez retroussé*! Galbraith has had a squeeze; he had better go abroad; change of air and scene is the best remedy; but to apply that nostrum in such a case, the plan would be to take a new love. I have a great mind to offer a remedy to the fair widow in the shape of myself! I should not dislike making love to her at all. There is a world of undeveloped feeling in her eyes. What a 'cheerful visitor' I might make myself to Lady Styles if I were to sit down and treat her to a dish of my surmises and discoveries! But how did that Mrs. Temple come to possess poor Jack Aylmer's prayer-book? I should like to ask Lady Styles more about him and his possible marriage—but no, I have promised silence, and will keep my word in the spirit as well as the letter."

CHAPTER XLI.

IF Kate and Fanny, especially the former, waited with almost sickening anxiety for news of Tom's proceedings, they had at least the comfort of full faith in him. No doubts of his ardent friendship or his earnest action complicated their pangs of endurance, even when Wednesday and Thursday brought no tidings.

In the meantime, Tom, who was overwhelmed with work on his own account, contrived to see Trape every day, but without extracting any tangible informa-

tion from him. He (Trapes), though recovering, was feeble, and always spoke as if it was his intention to "make a clean breast of it as soon as he had settled a little business he had on hand," or "as soon as he was able to go into the City to see a fellow he wanted to speak to."

"Come, now," cried Tom at last, "do you want to see Ford? for if it is that, I will call and tell him. I shall be passing his place this afternoon, and I suspect it will be some days before you are equal to a journey due-east."

To this, after some demurs, Trapes assented. "Don't you let on that I have seen Mrs. Travers," he urged.

"Of course not. Ford is not to know that she is in England."

"Ay, to be sure. Perhaps after all, Reed, I had better wait and write him a line."

"No, no, have him out here, and say your say! Then make a clean breast of it, and you will be ever so much better."

Tom was growing very anxious for Trapes's revelations. He feared a relapse of low fever, or a sudden failure of intellect. He was evidently linked in some strange way with Ford; how, it was impossible to conjecture. Tom therefore made it a point to call at Ford's office, and, on mounting the stairs, was struck by the evident increase of the ex-clerk's business: various anxious-looking men—some with pocketbooks, some with papers in their hands—were coming up and down; the office-door was open, and several persons were speaking to the clerks or writing on slips of paper.

In the middle of the office stood a very respectable-looking, gentlemanlike man older than Ford himself, evidently the manager. He seemed deeply engaged with an irate personage, whom he was endeavoring to soothe, and who held out an open letter. "I see, sir, that letter is very conclusive," he was saying, "but you need be under no apprehension."

"The delay is most annoying!" returned the other—a young man got up in "country-gentleman" style. "You see he promises to procure me eight hundred pounds' worth of Turkish Fives and Russians, at once. Now, there was a fall of an eighth on Friday in one, and a sixteenth on Monday in the other, and he missed both opportunities!"

"I really am not in a position to

assert anything," returned the manager. "I know Mr. Ford transacted business on the Stock Exchange on Friday and on Monday, but, being suddenly called away, he had not time to leave me full instructions. If you will call to-morrow, I shall, no doubt, be able to arrange matters to your satisfaction, and make the purchases you require. I shall have heard from Mr. Ford by that time."

"I hope so," said the other. "It is altogether very extraordinary; and, with a running growl, he turned to leave, very nearly knocking against Tom Reed, who now advanced.

"Is Mr. Ford away, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said the manager, looking sharply at his interrogator. "Obliged to run over to Vichy for a few days' holiday; but I shall be happy to do anything for you in his absence."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I only wished to speak to him on a private matter."

"Private," repeated the manager, thoughtfully. "I think I remember your coming here with Mr. Ford one day last spring."

"I did do so."

"Then, perhaps, you would do me the favor to call to-morrow, either early or after five? You might—that is, I shall probably be able to tell you something of Mr. Ford's movements." He paused, and then added, "I should feel obliged by your calling."

"I will, then, but it must be nearer six than five," returned Tom, feeling that the request was unusual. So saying, and placing his card in the chief clerk's hand, he left the office.

"I wonder 'wot's up!'" he pondered, as he rolled westward in the first cab he could find. "There is something wrong with Ford! I wonder if he is gone mad? There was a very suspicious glitter in his eye the last time we met." So reflecting, he called to the driver to set him down in B—— Street, where he spent a few minutes in explaining matters to Mr. Wall.

"Very well, Mr. Reed—very well," said the lawyer, "but I really begin to have serious doubts that this man Trapes knows anything at all! However, as Mrs. Travers seems content to await your rather tardy operations, I have no right to find fault. But, if I find you

have nothing more tangible to communicate by Saturday, I really must summon Poole! That is our line, I am convinced."

"No doubt, Mr. Wall, you will be all right in that direction; meantime, I hope to bring you a lot of information by Saturday." And Tom hurried off with more of hope in his manner than in his heart. It was too provoking to feel the goal almost within his grasp, yet evading his touch!

The next day was excessively occupied; and six o'clock had tolled from the great clock of St. Paul when Tom Reed ran hastily up the stairs to Ford's office—those on the ground and second floors were already closed—and when he reached the door he met the manager just issuing forth. "I had given you up," he said quickly, and in a different tone from that in which he had spoken the day before. "Pray step in."

Reed followed him. An old clerk was in the act of turning off the gas: "One moment, if you please," said Reed's conductor; "I want to speak to this gentleman. But you need not wait; I will give the key to the housekeeper as I go down."

The old clerk bowed and withdrew, and Tom could not resist a chill, creepy sensation, as if on the verge of a discovery—whether of a crime or a tragedy!—while his companion raked the fire together and threw on some more coals.

"May I ask if you have known Mr. Ford long?" he asked, sitting down at one of the high desks.

"Not very long, Mr. —," returned Tom.

"Rogers," said the other, gravely supplying the word. "My name is Rogers."

"Well, then, Mr. Rogers, I have not known Mr. Ford more than a couple of years."

"But you knew him when he was at Travers's? My reason for asking is, that I am exceedingly perplexed; and not knowing any friend of Mr. Ford's to apply to (for he led a singularly isolated life), I was in hopes you might afford me some information. The fact is, I fear he has committed suicide!"

"Suicide!" cried Tom aghast.

"I am not sure. I will tell you the whole story; it will soon be noised

abroad. I had thought him looking very wild and haggard for a few days, and on last Saturday was rather pleased to hear him say he would go over to Vichy for a week, just to recruit. There was really nothing to prevent him—no business I could not do; so he said he would leave me a power-of-attorney to sign checks and letters, &c. On Monday morning, accordingly, he came in early, and transacted a good deal of business, gave me the power-of-attorney to act for him, and started off with one of those portmanteau-bags to catch the boat-express from London Bridge, saying as he went, 'You shall hear from me fully on two or three points towards the end of the week;' and I thought no more of it. But on Tuesday evening I had occasion to go to the strong-box for some coupons, and to my great surprise I found all the continental securities—Turkish and Egyptian bonds, and a few Americans—which I knew were safe there on Friday evening, had been removed—altogether between two and three thousand pounds' worth. I confess I felt great uneasiness, not knowing Mr. Ford's address; but, remembering his last words, I hoped the morning's post would bring me his promised letter. It did not; but in the afternoon, shortly before you called, I received from his housekeeper, a respectable, elderly woman, this long letter."

"This is very strange! Has he bolted, then?" cried Tom.

"Not in the ordinary sense. I do not feel at liberty to show you the letter," continued Mr. Rogers; "but it is to the effect that I am to use the power-of-attorney to settle his affairs; that he has left ample funds to meet all claims upon him; that I am to act as his executor, for I shall never see him again in this life! I went up to his place last night, and found from the housekeeper that he had not taken any clothes with him, and that on Sunday night he had sat up late writing. On quitting the house he had said: 'If I do not return on Wednesday evening, send this letter'—which he gave into her hands—in the course of the next day to Mr. Rogers," which the housekeeper accordingly did."

"An extraordinary affair!" exclaimed Tom Reed, rising and coming over to the desk at which the other was sitting

"Do you think it was his intention to commit suicide?"

"I do."

"I do not," returned Reed, quickly.

"His object is to escape."

"Escape what?" asked the other rather indignantly. "A more honorable, straightforward man never existed! Do you know any reason why he should fly the country?"

"No, Mr. Rogers, I do not. I only judge from what you tell me. A man who is about to terminate his existence does not want a capital of two or three thousand pounds in the world he is going to!"

"Then you believe he removed all the foreign securities?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"I do not know what to think. I hoped you might have known something of poor Ford's real circumstances. He lived singularly alone. I have telegraphed to a brother of his in Lancashire, and have set the police on the track, so far as I know it."

"Tell me, Mr. Rogers, has a man called Trapes—a seedy, flashy, turfy-looking fellow, been in the habit of coming here occasionally?"

"Not of that name," he answered, "but decidedly of that description. He called himself Jones. However, I daresay he went by various names. Yes, a fellow like what you describe has been in here now and then. Sometimes he would be here two or three times running, and would then disappear for a considerable period. Why, do you connect him with Ford's disappearance?"

"I have a vague idea—mind, very vague—that he has something to do with it. Should I ascertain more, I shall let you know."

After some further desultory talk and conjectures, Reed took his leave, very much astonished at the result of his inquiries, and resisting as illogical the tendency of his imagination to connect Ford's strange disappearance with Trapes, and Trapes's alleged knowledge of the will.

He was determined to lose no time in communicating his curious intelligence to Trapes, for he could not help feeling that it would affect his broken-down protégé strongly. But the editor of a morning paper is a slave to the thunder

he wields, and it was past Trapes's late breakfast hour before Tom could make his way to him next day.

"He was very bad last night, sir," said the landlady as she opened the door smiling, as she ever did upon the favored Tom. "He had such severe spasms as it took near a pint of the best brandy before he came right, and then he begged and prayed, and cursed and swore, because I took away the bottle, so that, if my son had not been at home, I don't know what I should have done. But he is as mild as new milk this morning, and I have given him a cup of fine, strong tea, but, bless ye, he won't taste a bit!"

"Now, Mrs. Small," said Tom sternly, "Mr. Trapes must have no brandy without medical advice. Provide it at your peril. I will not pay for it, remember that!"

He opened the door of the little sitting-room, and found Trapes—a pipe in his mouth, and *Bell's Life* in his hand—leaning back in one chair, his feet elevated on another.

"Well, so you never looked in last night," he began in a querulous, growling voice.

"My good fellow, I have brought you news enough to atone for any shortcoming. Your friend Ford has disappeared—decamped—is not to be found, in short."

Trapes started up, dropped his paper and his pipe, which smashed on the fender. "Bolted! What then! How the deuce did he get scent of what was brewing?"

"I know nothing of the whys and wherefores," returned Tom. "I only know what his head clerk told me," and he proceeded to repeat what he had learned.

"And has he smashed for a large amount?"

"I don't believe he has smashed at all. I believe no one has any interest in hunting him up, except his attached relatives—unless it's yourself, Trapes—for I strongly suspect you could read the riddle."

"I am not so sure of that. But it's an extraordinary move on the part of Ford. To be sure he threatened; but," checking himself, "that is nothing to the point."

He suddenly lapsed into silence, picking up the fragments of his pipe in an absent, mechanical manner. "And that fellow Rogers thinks he has made away with himself?"

Tom nodded, watching Trapes, who seemed from the changes of his countenance to be undergoing some mental struggle.

"Well, whether he has or not," cried Trapes at length, with an oath, turning his face to Tom, "it seems as if his game was up, and I will make a clean breast of it!"

Whereupon he launched into a long narrative, at the end of which, and some talk with his friend, Tom administered refreshment in the shape of cold beef and a judicious allowance of brandy-and-water. A cab was summoned, and Tom Reed carried off his prize in triumph to Mr. Wall.

It was not until the afternoon post on Saturday that Kate reaped the reward of her faith and patience. The letters were unusually late, and seeing a packet of considerable dimensions, Mrs. Temple had the self-control to put it in her pocket till "closing time" set her free to plunge into its contents. Indeed, she felt she dared not commence its perusal until she was safe from the eyes of her customers. Then with closed doors, and her faithful little friend by her side, she read the following particulars, which are here set forth free from Tom's introductory and explanatory remarks.

About the end of February succeeding Mr. Travers's death, Trapes, who had been suffering from a run of ill-luck, happened to pitch his tent—*i.e.*, take lodgings—in a small street off Gray's-inn-lane, where a former acquaintance—a law-writer in very low circumstances, named Nicholls—managed to drag on a wretched existence. The poor fellow, moreover, was in a rapid decline, and Trapes, with the queer, incongruous generosity which flecked his reckless, ignoble nature here and there, was kind to the sufferer and shared what trifling supplies he managed to pick up with him; in return, the consumptive scrivener was glad to divide any windfall that came to him. The partners were, however, reduced to great straits; when one day, as Trapes returned from an aimless, hopeless walk, the

law-writer told him he had written to a former employer for help, and the employer had replied, promising a visit.

"Now he cannot come and not leave a blessing behind," said Nicholls. "He is coming this evening, and as he is uncommon particular, and a bit of a prig, I think you had better keep out of sight;" to which Trapes acceded. When the visitor had departed, Nicholls informed his friend that he had made him a present of a sovereign, and promised him a job at writing.

"Now I really am not equal to this," said the poor scrivener; "but I saw that his mind was set on it, and that I should get very little out of him if I did not agree. So I thought we might do it between us, for you can write a legal fist; but I did not mention you, for it strikes me there is some mystification in the matter."

In due time the "job" was put in hands. It was to copy out and engross a will, simple and short, with blanks left for all names, sums of money, and dates.

Some slight delay occurred in procuring parchment, &c. However, the task was accomplished in the given time, but by Trapes, as Nicholls, in going to purchase the materials, caught cold, and was really incapable of holding a pen. The gentleman for whom the work was done seemed anxious for speed and secrecy. He came himself for the document, and was satisfied with the manner in which it had been executed. He seemed, Nicholls said, concerned to see him suffering so much. He paid liberally, and called twice again. On his second visit he found Nicholls on his death-bed, and Trapes saw him distinctly for the first time. Very few words passed between them. The employer expressed becoming sympathy with the employed, bestowed an alms, and departed a couple of hours before the sufferer breathed his last, leaving no clue by which Trapes (had he wished it) could identify him. Nicholls had always carefully abstained from mentioning his name.

But Trapes forgot all about him, and scrambled on through another jagged, ragged year, when accident threw him once more into Poole's society, from whom he heard much gossip respecting his former acquaintance, Tom Reed; of his intimacy with

Mrs. Travers (of which Trapes was already aware, forming his own conclusions thereon); also of the general upset in "The House" by the finding of a new will, and the disappearance of Mrs. Travers. This talk of wills did not recall any associated ideas to his muddy brains; he only chuckled with dull, gratified spite to think that Tom Reed was not to have his fortunes crowned by marriage with a rich, beautiful widow after all.

It was not till the previous spring that his curiosity and self-interest were roused by coming suddenly upon Tom Reed in evidently close and familiar conversation with the benevolent individual who had befriended Nicholls.

His visit to Reed followed. Directly he became aware that Ford, formerly manager at "Travers's," and the defunct scrivener's employer were one and the same, a light broke in upon him; ease, indulgence, fortune, were in his grasp! "That fellow Ford" had of course been employed by the baronet, and the thieving rascals should pay for their villany by enabling an honest, well-disposed party (himself) to enjoy a little peace and comfort! With a glow of conscious virtue he proceeded to expend a shilling of the sovereign requisitioned from Tom for permission to peruse the "last will and testament" of Richard Travers, Esq., late of St. Hilda's Place, E.C., &c., &c. A glance at the document confirmed all his suspicions. It was his own

work, written nearly three months after the death of the supposed testator!

A visit to Ford, and an immediate improvement in the appearance of the fortunes—but, alas! not in the habits—of the lucky Trapes ensued. It was evident, even on his own showing, that he had extracted quantities of money from Ford, besides making life a burden to him.

At last Ford rebelled, and declared that, rather than drag on such an existence, he would give up the game, make a clean breast of it, and defy Trapes.

This suggestion by no means suited that ingenuous individual. He therefore strove to collect all moneys due to him by hook or by crook, in order to give Ford time to cool and repent his rash intentions. With a view to turn what he would probably term "an honest penny," he attended the Stoneborough races, and there victimised young Turner, who, not being able to pay up in full, in an unwary moment gave his address at Pierstoffee. Thither Trapes hunted him, and thus stumbled upon Fanny. He knew of her relationship to Tom, of her connection with Mrs. Travers, and once more he felt on the road to high fortunes!

Such were the principal facts contained in Tom's letter. It must be added that a tardy sense of compassion for Ford seemed to have induced Trapes to refrain from speaking out until he could give him some warning of the crash that was impending.

INTERNATIONAL PREJUDICES.

WHEN General Grant delivered an address the other day upon the opening of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, we courteously expressed our surprise that he had not talked greater nonsense. He indulged in pretty good common sense instead of soaring into the regions of bombast upon the wings of the American eagle. He even admitted that Americans might have something to learn from Europe; and that the inevitable struggle with material obstacles had distracted their attention from the pursuits more immediately interesting to the intellect and the imagination. This, doubtless, was all as it should be. A certain lowering of the old tone of patriotic bluster is perceptible just now

throughout the world. It is curious to notice the great waves of sentiment which sweep at intervals across whole nations. Popular fits of depression and exultation seem to propagate themselves like the cholera. At one period in the life of a people everything seems to be rose-colored. A great chorus of self-satisfaction goes up from the whole civilised world. We believe—as people believed at the opening of the French revolution—in the perfectibility of mankind: war was about to disappear; reason was then to take the place of blind prejudice; social wrongs were all to be redressed; man was about to become omnipotent over matter; and all human wants to be supplied by the labors of half

an hour in every day. Then came a change in our anticipations. The dawn was overcast. The old specfres of tyranny, cruelty, and superstition stalked abroad; we learnt anew the old lesson that the cause of our evils lies deep in the hearts and heads of mankind; and that stupid heads cannot be cleared nor corrupt hearts purified by any political catastrophe. A gloom settled over our spirits, and instead of expecting the millennium, we sought for analogies to our position in the periods of decaying empires and declining faith.

The external causes of this revulsion of sentiment are sometimes palpable; sometimes they must be sought for in some obscure morbid tendency. They represent the dim forecasts of

the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

Nobody can fully explain his own moods, and tell why one hour of his own life is tinged with a mystic glory and the next wrapped in darkness; and still less can we unravel all the symptoms of widespread social disquiet. The race, like the individual, has strange presentiments of coming good or evil, which help perhaps to fulfil themselves. Just now, it may be said, the spiritual barometer is low. We are tormented by a vague unrest. The enigmas of life torment us more than usual; and we know not whether our constitutional twinges forbode a coming attack or are destined to pass away like a bad dream. Men are not disposed either in England or America to indulge in that extravagant exhilaration which greeted the first great show a quarter of a century ago; an exhilaration which, seen by the light of later history, looks almost like a judicial infatuation. Grave men in all seriousness declared that the opening of large bazaar was equivalent to the proclamation of a gospel of peace. We cannot think of such utterances without a cynical smile. We are looking rather at the seamy side of things; we ask whether the old order has vitality enough to throw off its maladies, and whether the new order promised by the sanguine is anything but a skilful pretext for an attack upon the very bases of society. In such a mood, the pleasant old confident formulæ are out of place. We are tired of calculating the number of miles of railway and yards of cotton turn-

ed out of factories and looms; and we cannot speak of the boundless stores of mineral wealth in the American continent without thinking of some mining enterprises which have redistributed rather than augmented the aggregate wealth of mankind. Instead of purple and fine raiment we are disposed to fancy that sackcloth and ashes might be the most appropriate fashion of the day.

Why, indeed, should we not return to the good old custom of days of fasting and humiliation? The practice may have been wholesome in the main, when it did not mean that every man was lamenting his neighbor's sins. A Liberal would humble himself with great complacency for the shortcomings of a conservative ministry; and the Conservative would groan over the long arrears of mischief bequeathed by the supremacy of his antagonists. But if for once we could make up our minds to apply the lash to our own backs heartily and sincerely, some good might be done. The press sometimes affects to discharge the duty; but the affectation is not very successful. When its lamentations get beyond mere party squabbling, they are apt to ring hollow. Even the platitudes about modern luxury and overexcitement—the most popular text of the would-be satirist—do not seem to imply sincere indignation so much as a thinly disguised satisfaction in dwelling upon the vicious splendors described. When a man really quarrels with the world and strikes with all his force at its vulnerable points, he soon finds as of old that the world takes him for a madman. We are melancholy just now; but we have not got so far as to admit that our sins are of a deep dye.

Englishmen indeed boast themselves to be grumblers by profession. We confess, it is said, and even exaggerate our own shortcomings. Surely of all our national boasts this is about the emptiest. I have known a sincerely religious person rather confounded by the discovery that somebody had taken in downright earnest his confession that he was a miserable sinner. He was forced to explain with some awkwardness that though, on proper occasions, he admitted the utter vileness of his heart, yet, as a matter of fact, he was not more in the habit of breaking the Ten Commandments than his most respectable neighbors. The admission that they do

things better in France means just as much or as little as this confession of the ordinary Pharisee. Nations differ widely in their mode of expressing their self-satisfaction, but hardly in the degree of complacency. A German, perhaps, is the most priggish in his consciousness of merit. He expounds his theory of world-history with the airs of a professor, and lays down his superiority to all mankind as the latest discovery of scientific thought. French vanity is the most childlike and therefore at once the least offensive and the most extravagant. American brag is often the noisiest; but it has a certain frankness which is not without its attraction. If you meet an English and an American snob together in a picture gallery, they may be equally indifferent to the fine arts; but the American will frankly confess that he never heard of Raphael before, and dislikes what he now sees; whereas your true Briton puts on a sheepish affectation of good taste and hopes that you will mistake his stupidity for pride. If English patriotism is not pedantic, nor vain, nor bombastic, it has a tinge of sulkiness beneath its apparent self-depreciation which is almost peculiar to itself, and can therefore be more offensively vulgar than that of any other race.

There is, however, little to choose in reality between the varying manifestations of the feeling. A profound conviction that everyone is a barbarian who does not wear clothes of our pattern is common to all mankind. Whether it takes this or that coloring, whether it is frank or reserved, directly or indirectly boastful, is a secondary consideration. And, moreover, the reason is obvious enough; namely, that the conviction does not, properly speaking, represent any intellectual conviction whatever, but is simply the reverse side of the universal instinct of self-satisfaction. When Johnson said, "foreigners are fools," he expressed a belief as universal as the belief that two and two make four. Like that valuable proposition, it may be regarded as really an identical proposition. It means simply, foreigners are foreigners. A man is a foreigner in so far as he differs in some degree from my ways of thinking; that is, as I think that he thinks wrong; but thinking wrong is the mark of folly: therefore, I think that he is a fool. No mathematical demonstration can be more practically convincing, though, from

the point of view of universal reason, it may be possible to detect some error in the chain of reasoning.

So long as we remain in generalities, most people will admit that there is an ugly side to all patriotism. Patriotism is one of the great virtues, and the main-spring of the noblest human actions; but a monstrous brood of mean and ugly prejudices shelters itself under this venerable name. The people of whom we are most ashamed naturally brag the most of our acquaintance; and, on the same principle, the least admirable of Britons are apt to flaunt the silliest British prejudices most annoyingly in the eyes of the civilised world. We often have to blush for the pride of our countrymen. If, however, we were to try to go a step farther and to settle which Britons are offensive and which British prejudices are silly, we should no longer meet with the same agreement. Some people, for example, would begin by condemning all our military self-glorification from the days of Cr cy and Agincourt down to the Balaclava charge. At the outside, a battle should be remembered as long as we love to pay pensions to those who took part in it. But this doctrine is a little premature.

There is another question more relevant at the present moment, which will bear a few words—would that they could be the last ever devoted to it! Englishmen and Americans have had various uncomfortable relations and seem to be endowed with special power for irritating each other's vanity. The Americans, as we fancy, act like the perverse sailor who excited the boatswain's wrath. "A plague on thee!" exclaimed that official as he flourished the cat, "wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee!" We have laid on the lash in every possible way: sometimes it comes down with a stinging satire; sometimes with a lofty moral reproof; and sometimes with profound political reasoning. Then, to make things pleasant, we rub in a good unctuous compound of flattery and philanthropy, and to our surprise and disgust our attentions are scornfully rejected. If we condemn, we are prejudiced; if we praise, we are silly flatterers; if we speak calmly, we are treating our cousins like children; if warmly, like rivals; if we say nothing, we show a brutal indifference to their claims; if we say anything, we show our profound ignorance at every word.

We are like people examining some queer chemical compound, which, for anything they can say, will explode if it is touched, or heated, or chilled, or rubbed, or taken up, or set down, or let alone. We only know that our words are pretty sure to be taken the wrong way and our silence to be misinterpreted. That the fault is not entirely our own may be guessed from the remarks of intelligent Americans; but there may be some force also in their statement that we have spoken of their countrymen in every way but one, namely, as ordinary human beings with much the same faults and virtues as ourselves. If we could manage to hit off the mean between the patronising and the sycophantic attitude, we should perhaps succeed better. But it is not surprising that the failure of many attempts to make ourselves pleasant, and our signal success in attempts of the reverse kind, have produced a certain nervousness in our mutual relations.

After all, matters have improved. Americans have become more independent and less sensitive; and Englishmen perhaps have outlived some foolish prejudices. Let us reflect for a moment how a further advance of good feeling may be secured. A century of separation should have taught us to accept our mutual relations with a good grace. Why do, or why did, Americans and Englishmen dislike each other? One fact is plain. It was not because they knew anything of each other. If so, the question occurs whether it can be accurately said that they did in fact dislike each other. Each nation disliked a certain imaginary entity, which it chose to label with the name of its antagonist, but which had of necessity the vaguest possible relation to realities. Suppose, to imagine an impossible case, that Guy Faux was still alive and living in some English village; suppose further that he was in reality one of those highly respectable and immaculate personages who have been made scapegoats by historians to be rehabilitated in later days; suppose that, so far from wishing to blow up the king and the parliament, the true Guy Faux was really a devout Protestant, who occupied the vault for legitimate purposes of business, and that all the rest of the story was a lie contrived by politicians; if, then, the genuine Faux, being now some 300 years ago, should walk abroad on November 5, and see a hideous image of himself paraded,

with a turnip for a head, an old pipe in its mouth, and old rags on its back, and then assist at the conflagration of the said image amidst a discharge of crackers, general exultation, and vows to remember for ever something that never happened, and in regard of which the performers had no conceivable means of judging whether it happened or not—would the respectable Faux be justified in saying that he was hated, or in resenting the hatred? He might be excusably annoyed at the reflection that his Christian name had been converted into a new term of abuse, and regret the fallibility of mankind; but, if he was of a logical turn, he would console himself by thinking that the true object of popular contempt was a mere figment, accidentally connected with his name, and he would admit that the rioters were not responsible for the illusion which they had no means of testing. He would have no more cause for wrath or for a sense of martyrdom than if one of his old hats had fallen into the hands of a tribe of savages and been converted by them into a fetish, which might be accidentally worshipped or regarded as a symbol of diabolical power.

Now the ideal John Bull or Brother Jonathan is to the real Englishman or American what the factitious dummy is to our supposed Guy Faux. He is made up of vague scraps and tatters which have somehow floated across the Atlantic. The steeple-crowned hat of Guy Faux is, perhaps, a traditional portrait of the genuine original; and so the top-boots and knee-breeches of John Bull, and the lantern-jaws and bowie-knife of Jonathan, as they figure in our conventional caricatures, have no doubt a foundation in fact. But what is the substance clothed in this external form? In the case of Guy, it may be supposed, if we are charitable, that the ceremonial partly reflects a horror of dark conspiracy, which is a respectable if not a virtuous sentiment; or a love of Protestantism, with which we may or may not sympathise, but which is at least not intrinsically a vicious sentiment; and whatever the ostensible pretext, the chief constituent of the popular emotion is clearly a love of noise. What are the analogous elements in the absurd fetish which we call by the name of a nation? He is made up partly of vague antipathy—the dislike of a fat man for a thin, or of the man who shaves his chin

instead of the upper lip for the man who shaves on the inverse principle; partly, again, of the pure spirit of combativeness—a very excellent ingredient in national character, though sometimes developed in excess; but chiefly, of course, of what we call patriotic feeling. To an American, John Bull represents simply the outside world; England being the only country with which he has sensibly come in contact. England meant little more than not America; and the hatred of England was merely the shadow cast by his own self-esteem. The English sentiment is, of course, a little more complex. We have been knocked about enough in the world to distinguish between foreigners and foreigners; and the American dummy might be chiefly the reflection of that most sensitive part of national feeling which was bound up with pride in the British Empire. It is not simply dislike to the non-English world, but dislike to that part of it which had most humiliated England. That is to say, it is the reverse side of the vague but keen sentiment produced by a consciousness of our colonial greatness. To hate the foreign nation is, therefore, at bottom to think with complacency of ourselves. The feeling is of course natural. Not long ago I heard some farm-laborers chanting an old song which ended by a vigorous defiance hurled at "the Pope and the King of Spain." How the poor King of Spain came in for this denunciation I know not. Perhaps it was a tradition from the times of the Armada, or possibly from the more recent excitement in the days of Walpole. Anyhow it was highly probable that the singers did not know whether Spain was nearer to England or Australia, whether Spaniards talked Hebrew or Japanese, or worshipped Mumbo-jumbo or the Virgin Mary. They would doubtless have cheered the monarch whom they denounced if he had presented himself in flesh and blood. But, in any case, their hatred of Spaniards might just as well have been called hatred of the Chinese or love of ourselves. It implied no sort of opinion about the real Spain, bad or good. The ordinary English judgment of Americans is not much more valuable. In the lower classes it means a vague impression that America is the land of promise for laborers; in the higher a vague impression that America is a bad

place for people of artistic tendencies or conservative politics. But in any case it would be ludicrous to consider it as a serious judgment formed upon sufficient evidence.

If, indeed, we consider for a moment what it implies to make any decently satisfactory judgment of thirty or forty millions of human beings; how difficult it is for the imagination to realise different conditions of country and climate and social development; what ludicrous mistakes are committed by the most acute and impartial foreign travellers; how little we know even of our own country; how little an ordinary cockney, for example, knows of the farm-laborer or of the factory hand; how little he knows even of nine-tenths of his fellow-townsmen in this wilderness of brick and mortar; what miscalculations are made even by statesmen whose business in life is to understand their fellows as to the real currents of national sentiment on the most important matters; how hopelessly different are the estimates formed by intelligent persons as to the religion, the morality, the cultivation of classes with whom they are in daily contact; how confidently one man will decide, say, that intoxication is visibly increasing and another that it is diminishing;—we may form some estimate of the utter inadequacy of nine-tenths of our hasty verdicts about nations. We could easily mention writers of great ability who have studied English literature and English characteristics for years, and yet make errors in every page palpable to the most ordinary Englishmen. Our judgment of our neighbors is very unlikely to be as near the mark as (say) M. Taine's judgment of us. And yet what Englishman thinks that he can really learn from M. Taine? We think ourselves entitled, indeed, to form opinions by a very expeditious process. Most people reason by particular instances. An American ruffian plots the destruction of a ship, or a Frenchman cuts half-a-dozen throats, and we assume that they represent typical instances of national development. An international antipathy means a healthy instinct combined with a logical fallacy. The instinct flourishes in proportion as a nation is contented and happy. It is developed when the sentiments of which all the bonds of society are ultimately composed are in a thoroughly healthy

state; its decay would mean the approach of revolution or national dissolution. Its vigor means that the social order is moulded upon the strongest popular convictions. But this most desirable passion gives strength incidentally to a mass of silly prejudices. It encourages us to hate or despise people of whom we know nothing but the name and the fact that they differ from ourselves. We should be ashamed in any matter of daily life to frame any opinion upon grounds so slight as those which determine our judgment of a foreign nation. Those grounds are vague traditions, trifling observations of the external peculiarities of an infinitesimal fraction of the phenomena in question, or hasty surmises of incompetent judges passed through a dozen intermediate stages. But when a proposition falls in with a vigorous instinct, it acquires a strength utterly disproportionate to its logical value, and may produce serious mischief.

Does it really produce such mischief? Are these groundless prejudices really more than a harmless amusement? The mutual dislike of Americans and Englishmen has been lamented, but has it done much harm? So far as it has in fact envenomed diplomatic quarrels it has, of course, been objectionable. It may have made the preservation of peace more difficult, or produced discreditable diplomacy. Of that I can here say nothing; but there is an allowance or two to be made before we can judge rightly. Nothing, in the first place, is so transitory as a sentiment of this kind. Nations behave to each other like a pair of fickle lovers. They kiss one day, and curse the next. When the Northern States were angry with us during the war, some of their papers vowed eternal vengeance. The eternity has not lasted for ten years. The vows were pretty well forgotten before the ink was dry; and the same writers are as ready to talk the regular series of "Anglo-Saxon" platitudes. The reason is, doubtless, that the antipathy lies on the surface of men's minds, and, owing nothing to logic, may disappear without logic. Washington told his countrymen very sensibly in his last message that the national policy could not be determined by sentimental considerations. It is a cardinal virtue in a nation to guide itself by an exclusive regard to its own interest short of absolute

injury to others. The French Government did not help the American patriots because it loved them, but because it thought that it could strike at its great rival with their help. Therefore the French had no real claims upon American gratitude. Sympathy or antipathy between two races does not bring them into alliance or collision, but is caused by their collision or alliance. Frenchmen and Germans hate each other because they have been opposed; they have been opposed by force of geography and by tangible religious or political considerations. The hatred is merely the heat developed by the friction of two neighboring powers. We hated the French as long as we were in the habit of fighting them. Since we have fortunately been at peace for two generations, the hatred has died out, and the desire to avenge Waterloo, which some people thought so dangerous, has calmly gone to sleep.

Men are foolish enough and wicked enough in all conscience. But, foolish and wicked as they may be, they are not generally so bad as to cut each other's throats simply because they dislike each other. Some mistaken view of very solid interests generally brings them into hostile contact, and then the hatred develops itself, and may sometimes pass itself off as the pretext. But the more we look at the history of past wars, the less force we shall be inclined to attribute to this superficial feeling, however ugly it may look and however awkward may be the complications which it sometimes introduces. Desire of wealth or of power, religious or political propagandism have caused innumerable wars, but when has a war been caused by antipathy?

Doubtless, it does not follow that the evil is a trifling one. A better mutual understanding would be an important step towards many good things. It would facilitate the disappearance of the countless fallacies arising from our narrow views of national greatness and our inclination to believe that the gain of one people must be the loss of another. It would, therefore, be desirable, if it were possible, to bring reason to bear upon some of the fallacies involved. What, for example, do we mean when we speak of the faults of rival people? Do we mean that the average American, or a Frenchman, is made of intrinsically worse ma-

terials than ourselves—that he belongs to a distinctly lower type of the race? Surely not, for then we should not hate him in any sense. Nobody despises a child because it cannot talk, or a woman because she has not the muscular strength of a man. We seldom hate a negro; and that is just because we sincerely hold him to belong to a lower order of development. We don't hate a monkey for his want of a moral sense. Many people have, it is true, a certain prejudice against the monkeys, just in so far as they seem to be caricatures of men. We can pardon the ill behavior of a pig, because he clearly belongs to a different genus from our own; but we are more or less offended when a beast of semi-human appearance behaves himself after a fashion totally inconsistent with human dignity. That is, our antipathies become strong just in proportion as we recognise the essential similarity of the offender to ourselves. We should feel the absurdity of hating an insect because it had six legs; but we should be disgusted by a creature, otherwise like ourselves, which so far diverged from the common style.

Thus, antipathy is avowedly based upon an admission of similarity. It is not proportioned to the difference between ourselves and its object; but to the superficial difference, combined with underlying identity. We are startled by a kind of logical contradiction. Different conclusions seem to follow from the same premisses. This man is just like me, yet he acts differently from me. That is the very cause and justification of my offence. To be reasonable, then, we must take account of the implied resemblance as much as of the observed difference. If we really thought that Americans had an inferior nature to our own, we should not blame them, but nature; or rather, we should regard them as an odd phenomenon, not as a standing insult. The very ground of our dislike is that they are about as good as ourselves.

The French, the Germans, and the other European races differ from our own. Nobody will dare to say that any one of these races is intrinsically inferior to its neighbors. Each has its own special aptitudes and deficiencies: but even in the height of national vanity, we don't explicitly hold that an Englishman differs from a Frenchman simply as a superior from an inferior. Americans, again, are de-

scended—the majority within a generation or two—from the European races. Any differences which may appear must therefore be due, not to a radical difference of nature, but to circumstances of climate, social condition, religious persuasion, and so on. We may regard the whole nation, therefore, as the embodiment of a vast and most interesting experiment. We may trace back their characteristics to the circumstances which gave them birth. We have planted offshoots from our own stem in a new and vast territory within historical times. We have poured out these enormous masses of population of our own blood, or of blood closely allied to ours. The existing order of the United States represents the effect of the resulting processes, carried on under conditions all of which are tolerably ascertainable. There cannot be a more interesting field of enquiry; and the philosophical remarks of such a man as De Tocqueville, for example, are of the highest possible interest. Even De Tocqueville made many blunders, as a foreigner was certain to do; but his conclusions, though they may apply as much to France as to America, marked a distinct stage in political speculation, and indicate the true spirit of the enquirer. He began by admitting that American flesh and blood was like his own. Unluckily, very few writers have shown De Tocqueville's impartiality or acuteness. They have tried to justify their prejudices, good or bad, instead of trying to form their judgments; and it is here that Americans have some ground of complaint. If it should be proved that this vast operation in national chemistry has had an unfortunate result, we might be justified in disliking the race. If, for example, the Americans turned out to be rogues, the plea that their roguery was the result of natural causes would not be valid against our antipathy. I have a strong prejudice against the late Mr. Palmer, though I may hold that Palmer's wickedness was caused by temptations acting upon hereditary predispositions. Metaphysicians may settle the free-will question as they please; however they settle it, hatred of evil propensities will be as natural and rightful as before. If we suppose—purely for the sake of argument—that Americans are greater cheats than Europeans, I should take the liberty of disliking Americans in consequence,

though it might be proved by the most invincible logic that their knavery was the inevitable result of their democracy, and that again of their social condition, and that of the conditions of their growth. Trace back the chain of cause and effect as far as you please, and a knave remains a knave, and ought to be a hateful person to the end of the chapter. Scientific observation may to some extent unravel the causes of moral deformity, and thereby teach us very useful lessons, but it certainly should not diminish our disgust at such deformity.

The fact, however, that American vices, whatever they may be, are thus traceable to assignable causes suggest some cautions, though it would not justify indifference. The first is that on which I have already insisted—namely, the utter futility of 999 judgments out of 1000. To say deliberately that the moral standard of a nation is distinctly lower or higher than that of its neighbors, requires an amount of careful observation and candid reasoning, which hardly anybody can give. It is said, for example, that American politicians are more corrupt than our own. What is the legitimate inference, supposing the fact to be proved? One man is content to infer that Americans generally have a low standard of honor. Another explains it as a general incident of Democracy. A third excuses it by the universal excuse—which indeed asserts an undeniable fact—that America is a new country. A fourth sets it down to the unprecedented emigration of ignorant foreigners. A Roman Catholic, perhaps, traces it to the demoralising influences of Protestantism. A Protestant retorts that it is due to the influence of priests upon an ignorant population. A profound philosopher shows his ingenuity by connecting it somehow with the influence of climate. A radical thinks that it is part of the legacy left by slavery. A constitution-monger considers it to be clearly produced by the absence of a system for representing minorities. A sound English constitutionalist remarks upon the want of a House of Lords. An educational reformer thinks that the school system is defective. A believer in race puts it down to Celtic or Teutonic tendencies. A lover of the past says it is caused by the growth of luxury. A "nihilist" says that it is owing to the growth of centralization.

An historian says that we were once equally corrupt in England, and regards the disease as a kind of measles incident to all races in certain stages of development. Each of these and a dozen other causes may have something to do with the phenomenon. I only observe that to consider any one of them fully involves a whole series of complicated observations, and to allow to each its due share would be the work of a philosophic lifetime. The connection, for example, between the standard of honor accepted in private life and that recognized in political life suggests innumerable curious questions, upon which volumes might be written. In some cases, the morality of a nation is very high in particular directions—as, for example, in regard to domestic virtues—whilst it is very low in regard to politics; whilst the reverse is constantly illustrated. One nation, like one man, is more given to drink than its neighbors, or more given to one particular form of drinking, and at the same time less inclined to crimes of violence or to offences against property. To sum up all the lines of enquiry which converge upon such problems is a task of the utmost nicety, for which, perhaps, nobody is fully competent. It implies a combination of the imagination which can see through the eyes of a strange race, with the power of accumulating knowledge which can swallow whole libraries of statistics, and the power of reasoning which can digest them.

When, therefore, a hasty traveller brings out his pat explanation, ascribes the evil to the influence which he happens to dislike, and then ascribes the influence to a natural defect in the character of the people, and further, infers that we ought to hate them instead of pitying, he is guilty of a whole series of doubtful assumptions. So far from seeing this, he probably gives himself the airs of a philosopher, and henceforward takes his little theory for granted, as though it were a proposition in Euclid. The true moral is surely different. We should blame any vices and praise any virtues proved to exist as heartily as if they were our own. We should sympathise with efforts to reform and denounce the fallacies by which errors are defended. On all such matters we should speak without fear or favor. We are on safe ground, and may treat with contempt any resentment that we may excite. Un-

luckily, this is just the course which we generally decline. Either we make a show of shutting our eyes to evils, and are despised as insincere sycophants; or we proceed to make hasty inferences as to causes which are as obscure as the consequences are palpable. Bribery and corruption are abominable—that is an undeniable truth. A or B is convicted of corruption; that is often equally clear, and so is the inference that A or B ought to be punished. It is another and quite a different thing to assume that the forty millions of men represented by A or B must all share his faults, and are therefore corrupt by nature or perverted by that particular influence on which we happen to pitch as most offensive to our own tastes. It is by this error in logic and feeling that we give legitimate ground for complaint, and manage to oscillate dexterously between administering unworthily flattery and unprovable imputations.

This or that, we may most properly say, is bad. As to its causes, we can only form some general conjectures, entitled to more or less respect, but always requiring to be carefully tested by experience. Most of us have no right to any opinion whatever. Our rash conjectures about Americans have often little more claims to respect than a schoolboy's fancies about the ancient Trojans. They are founded upon evidence, so far as they have any connection with evidence at all, which is ludicrously insufficient to justify any distinct conclusion, favorable or the reverse. Conversely, we have no right to be angry when people form utterly absurd opinions about ourselves. They do not really hate us, but a figment which happens to be called by our name. Their error is not in judging wrongly, but in judging at all; but that offence is so universal that it does not deserve to be condemned severely. So long as we take advantage of the liberty common to all men of forming opinions without knowledge of the facts, we must not be angry if other people use the same privilege, and fall into similar blunders.

The argument, it may be replied, would justify a mischievous scepticism. Are we to admit that no judgment can be formed about national character? Are we to assume that all nations, or all civilised nations, are equally good? And are we therefore to love our neighbors as well as

ourselves, and to regard patriotism as a vice instead of a virtue? None of these terrible conclusions really follow; but some things follow which we do not admit so willingly as we ought, because we find it hard to resign pretensions to supernatural sagacity. Judgments can be formed about national character, and certain conclusions established, which are of the highest value in political and historical reasoning. We can assign with great confidence certain distinctions between the great varieties of the human race. We can define with some accuracy the peculiar qualities of temperament which separate the Teuton from the Celt, and the Englishman from the American. But what few people can do with any show of reason, and probably no one can do with any approach to certainty, is to effect a sound analysis of national character, to decide upon the intensity as well as the general tendency of the various constituent impulses, and then to determine the resultant value of the amazingly complex forces which result when these elements are brought together to form the whole which we call a nation. A few acute critics or political reasoners can say pretty accurately in what directions French modes of thought and action diverge from English, and can infer which is best on a given occasion. Even such men will be the first to confess their utter inability to say which type is on the whole the best. But as the overwhelming majority of the race are utterly incapable of taking the first steps in this difficult process; as their hasty conclusions are not even based indirectly upon rational judgment, but reflect a number of utterly irrational prejudices, it may perhaps be said that modesty in expressing their opinions is distinctly desirable. Nor, again, need we assume that all nations, and still less the institutions of all nations, are equally good. To learn in what respects and why one is better than another is precisely the great problem of the philosophical observer. We should be foolish indeed not to take warning by the breakdown of some constitutions or be encouraged by the success of others. A national calamity should be a warning to others besides the persons directly affected. The objectionable practice in this case is the common tendency of jumping at the conclusions which flatter our preconceived prejudices. The action

which takes place is so complex that every party has some excuse for attributing all the evils which arise to its own pet object of detestation. If you had all believed in my creed, we exclaim, this would not have happened; and the retort is easy—neither would it have happened if we had all disbelieved. Both remarks may be right. When two parties are struggling, many evils happen which would not occur if either had converted its antagonist; but that does not show which conversion is desirable. Nothing is easier than to devise taunts to vex your opponents from any historical incident that ever happened. You have only to read it by the light of your own theories. The true reason is that the extreme intricacy of all such problems makes all inferences precarious. Whether the ultramontanes or the unbelievers, the absolutists or the democrats, are most to blame is a question which may be ultimately decided by experience, but can only be confused by these hasty snatches at an immediate conclusion. The great mass may be content with observing frequent illustrations of the great truth that moral enormities bring round their punishment in time. The old maxims that honesty is the best policy, and oppression an evil both to tyrant and slave, are worth hearing afresh because incessantly forgotten. When, not content with those simple truths, we try to pronounce specific verdicts upon the conduct of people of whose motives, designs, characters, and difficulties we know next to nothing, we are apt to make disgraceful blunders and indirectly to flatter our own faults. The chief use of these national prejudices is to blind ourselves to the reflection that, if we had been in the same position, we should probably have done the same thing. The epithet "French" or "American" is easily made to account for everything, and flatters us into the generally erroneous assumption that we are not as those Publicans.

Is not this to preach a futile cosmopolitanism? We are proud of our English descent, and we won't admit that our pride can be wrong, for it is that pride which has made us do things to be proud of. But how can we be proud if we don't hold that we are better than our neighbors? This is, no doubt, the final difficulty which perplexes us, and yet the answer seems to be very simple. A man, for ex-

ample, may respect himself without holding that he is of more value than his neighbors. He may take an honest pride in doing his duty and exerting his talents without holding that he ought to be Prime Minister, or that he is the intellectual equal of Shakespeare and Newton. Or, to come nearer to the point, a man may love his wife and children; he may be ready to fight for them to the death, to work himself to the bone, to prefer their society to that of the best people in the land, and may yet be quite ready to admit that they are not far removed from the average standard. Undoubtedly it is difficult to keep our affections from prejudicing our reason; to judge things by their intrinsic value, and yet to value them in practice by their importance to ourselves; and, in short, to refrain from declaring our own favorite geese to be swans. But that is just one of the lessons which we all have to learn in our private relations, on peril of bitter disappointment to ourselves and serious injury to those we love. A man who is capable of learning by experience finds out that the face of one whom he loves need not be the most beautiful in the world in order to be the most delightful to his eyes; and that he may admit that the maternal instinct which proportions affection to the weakness of its object instead of to its abstract merit is so far from being irrational that it represents the great condition of domestic happiness. The paradox of patriotism is precisely the same. A man may hold that Frenchmen or Americans are every whit as good as Englishmen in all essentials; that virtue and wisdom are fortunately not confined by the four seas or the horizon visible from his parish steeple; and he may yet be as ready as his neighbors to die for his country, to do his best to carry the English flag to the North Pole or Timbuctoo, or to give his whole strength to remedy the many evils which threaten our social welfare. In this sense, indeed, the worse his country may be, the greater its demands upon him; and the more convinced he is that it is behind its neighbors, the greater should be his efforts to bring it up to their level.

The whole difficulty, in fact, lies in this persistent assumption that because I love a country or a person I must logically hold it to be the best of all countries or persons. That is the temptation, not the

legitimate inference. My country is or ought to be dear to me, because I am tied down to it by a thousand bonds of birth, connection, and tradition; because it is that part of the world in which I can labor to most purpose; because my affections are governed by all kinds of associations which have no connection whatever with my intellectual estimate of its value. But this is just what people in general refuse to see. They insist upon my drawing an illogical inference. If I am forced to admit by evidence that another race is in any respect better than my own, they declare that I am unpatriotic. They do not condescend to enquire whether my recognition of that fault leads me to love my country less. That is taken for granted; and therefore the test of patriotism is taken to be my persuasion of the truth of certain conclusions about matters of which, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, I am an utterly incompetent judge. It is sought to make patriotism rational by insisting that my emotions shall have a logical basis which may or may not exist. The only result is that I make a factitious basis by inventing the proposition which gratifies my vicarious vanity, and then assuming that it is the cause instead of the effect of the vanity.

I must, for my part, decline to stake my patriotism upon any such test whatever. Something may prove to-morrow morning that another nation is better than mine, and then I must either believe a lie or cease to be patriotic. I claim the right, on the contrary, of expressing such opinions as I can form, with absolute freedom, and without admitting any inference as to my sentiment. I believe that Englishmen are in many and important respects at the rear instead of being in the van of civilised races. As a mere matter of taste I generally prefer the society of intelligent Americans, because they are not hide-bound by British prejudice. I never go to Paris or travel in Germany or Italy without being impressed by the great superiority of foreigners in many respects,

intellectually, artistically, and socially. But, for all that, I may be just as patriotic as the Briton who makes his first trip to the Continent when he is already soaked to the core with native prejudices, and swears that all foreigners are filthy barbarians because he does not find soap by his basin in the first hotel. Why not? A man may love his children better than all the world, and yet know that they are short, ugly, stupid, and far from being models of all the Christian virtues.

And, therefore, I shall be perfectly happy on the next 4th of July. I shall admit most cheerfully that we made a dreadful mess of things a century ago, and that we shall probably make other messes for centuries to come. I shall admit that the United States have a larger territory than the British islands; that they have more coal and iron, and bigger rivers, mountains and prairies; nay, I would admit, if it were proved, that their system of government is in some ways better than ours, that they have better schools, less intoxication, and a greater diffusion of general intelligence. On all these points, and many others, I am perfectly open to conviction. Only I shall look with extreme suspicion upon any attempts to sum up the merits of their national character, and proclaim, as examiners do after a competition, that England deserves only ninety-nine marks whilst America has earned one hundred, or *vice versa*. I have a strong conviction that in such matters our confidence generally increases in proportion to our ignorance; and that the chief result of expressing it is to set up an irritation mischievous as far as it goes, though luckily it does not go so far as we think. And meanwhile I shall be quite content to be in ignorance about most of these problems, which nobody has yet solved, and shall, with Johnson and Savage, "stick by my country" so long as it does not insist upon my telling lies or doing dirty actions on its behalf.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A LADY'S VISIT TO THE HERZEGOVINIAN INSURGENTS.

RAGUSA.

It is difficult to imagine, when walking down the Corso of Ragusa, that one is on

the Dalmatian coast, and in an Austrian town. The old Loggia, the Market-place, the Fountain, all recall various Italian cities one has seen.

Its position on the Adriatic, surrounded by olive-clad hills, suggests Amalfi; its terraces of red-roofed houses are like Pistoja; while the architectural features of the principal buildings betray the influence of Venice. But, like her sisters across the Adriatic, Ragusa is only the shadow of her former self. Looking at her deserted palaces and grass-grown streets, one can hardly persuade oneself that her merchantmen once carried "Argosies" to the farthest parts of the civilised world, and that her citizens were (next to the Venetians) the most arrogant race in Europe.

The hereditary aristocracy still retain exaggerated ideas of their rank; but their means are extremely small, and by intermarrying among themselves they have degenerated mentally and physically.

Ragusa, in the days of her prosperity, thoroughly understood the advantages to be reaped by maintaining communication with the inland provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Servia, and thereby developed her commerce, and infused new Slav blood into her population. Now, however, Austria possesses only the narrow seaboard, and does not attempt any intercourse with the interior, so that Dalmatia is, as the Slavs themselves say, "Like a face without a head." Bravely did Ragusa withstand the incursions of Venetian, Turk, and Slav; asserting her independence until Nature itself conspired against her, and by the great earthquake of 1667 absolutely destroyed her pre-eminence and power. It is curious to note that, in spite of this catastrophe, the inhabitants should have rebuilt their houses on the very site of the disaster, instead of moving a mile away to the shores of the Bay of Gravosa, which is now the principal port.

The Duomo, Custom-house, and Palazzo, are the only remains of the old city; and truly one can say that Ragusa has gone to sleep. Her lethargy is disturbed just now, however, by the fighting which is carried on so close to her, and by the extra call made on her resources by the refugees and wounded combatants, who seek shelter across the frontier. The Austrian Government has given them the "Lazzaretto" to herd in, and nothing could be imagined sadder than the spectacle the place presents. Creatures scarcely human in aspect crawl about on the barren, rocky ground, in front of the long, low

building. They are half-clothed, and scarcely bear the semblance of humanity, wretched-looking women, crouching down, mending the only rags they have to cover them, whilst little naked children appeal vainly to them for food. Old men, dazed and stunned by misery, look on listlessly, as if indifferent to what fate holds in store for them. Six thousand Herzegovinian refugees are here now. The Government has done its best to help them, but the emergency is greater than its powers. An allowance of ten farthings a day has been made per head, but in consequence of the strain put upon the resources of the town, the price of all the necessities of life has doubled; and how, under such circumstances, can ten farthings suffice to keep body and soul together?

Not only are there the refugees to think of, but whenever an engagement occurs between Ragusa and Trebinje, and the wounded have to be brought here (it may be in considerable numbers), they must be accommodated and nursed somehow. In sooth, Ragusa has enough to occupy her, and to stir her to the very heart. One of the best apartments has been taken and fitted up as a temporary hospital, and one would have thought it a haven of refuge for these poor creatures after their privations on the hills. But as well ask a caged eagle to be happy, as one of these wild Herzegovinians to submit to the tedium and restraint of a sick room. As soon as it is possible for them to move, they invariably beg kind Baroness Lichtenberg to allow them to go back to their homes at Cattaro and elsewhere; they will listen to no persuasion, and many must perish on the road. Next to this are some of the dens where the sick among the poorer classes are housed. These consist of one dark, dank room without a window, where, on the stone floor, we saw huddled up in their brown blankets the forms of the wretched invalids. We then scrambled up, through groups of women and girls, who came to gaze on us as a sort of curiosity, to the main building. What we saw there would tax a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. I should think there were about a hundred and fifty people, living, eating, sleeping, and dying, side by side. The atmosphere was so thick and close that we had to stand for several minutes before we could either see or breathe, and then by degrees weird and

ghastly figures became visible; the most conspicuous being the women, who rushed towards us, gesticulating, and pointing to holes in the roof that let in the rain, and at the hard floor they had to lie on, without any bedding or covering.

Harrowing were the sights of suffering that greeted us on every side. Here lay a poor old man of eighty, stone blind, with hardly a stitch to cover him, moaning piteously; whilst close to him, in a wooden cradle lent by some sympathising mother in the district, lay newly-arrived twins, launched into this world of sorrow and struggle, but as yet conscious only of the pangs of hunger; whilst over them hung their mother, who told us piteously that ten farthings a day were all she could muster for herself and the two helpless beings with whom Nature had seen fit to bless her. We thought of the lines of Shakespeare:—

A terrible child-bed hast thou had,
My dear. No fire! No light!
The unfriendly elements
Forget thee utterly.

Heart-sick and weary, we struggled through them into the blessed sunshine.

The feast of St. Blasrus (the patron saint of the town) is a great day at Ragusa, and the spring sun lit up a brilliant scene; all the windows were hung with tapestry and the doors dressed with banners. The streets were crowded with holiday-makers, early as it was, and all were bound in the same direction to the gates of the town, where the "Communi" of the different villages around salute before entering. It was indeed a picturesque sight that greeted us, as soon as we had passed the draw-bridge. We were not a moment too soon, for the procession of villagers was winding down the hill in the distance, each municipality carrying the banner of the district. The Austrian band led the way, and as soon as the gate was reached, the standard-bearer of each village knelt down on one knee, and twisting his pennon round his head, he saluted the town, amidst the firing of blunderbusses and the rolling of drums.

The peasants' dresses were one mass of gold embroidery from cap to gaiters. Many of them had, I daresay, descended from father to son for hundreds of years. They cannot be purchased now-a-days for less than eighty or ninety guineas, and it

is therefore not wonderful if they represent all the savings made by their owners.

After they had shaken hands with the mayor of the town, they proceeded down the principal street to the square, opposite the Cathedral, where they again saluted, and then depositing their banners in the church of St. Blasrus, they trooped out to have a regular day's enjoyment.

There was to be seen the most singular and striking mixture of costumes—Brenesi, Canalesi, and Ragusan—some of the women wearing the becoming white caps of the country; whilst others had simply the home-embroidered muslin handkerchiefs common to all the female population of the Dalmatian and Albanian coast. The girls had tight-fitting serge bodices, and their hair was plaited and decorated with gold coins. To see them laughing and talking together, made it difficult to believe that danger, sadness, and privation were so near at hand.

Even the poor refugees seemed determined to cast their troubles away from them for to-day; and although one saw a tear let fall, and a bitter sob escape now and then, as some poor mother hears the news of a son wounded, or a wife of her husband being called to join the fighting, joy on the whole wins the day.

Here and there were men with earnest, careworn faces, whose dress and appearance showed they had come from the scene of war. They generally stood in groups, discussing the last news. It was curious to see these same rough warriors kneeling down with the greatest fervor to kiss the relics of St. Blasrus, which, enshrined in silver cases, were carried round the town. We were told that these consist of two left arms. The anatomical knowledge of these poor creatures, however, is not great, and they did not appear to question for an instant the genuineness of what was offered to their adoration. After this operation had been gone through, there was a lull in the proceedings, as the inner man must be refreshed in order to be able to go through the business of the day.

After luncheon came the "Tombola."

The Austrian Government have given three prizes, and these childlike people have entirely forgotten everything relating to St. Blasrus in their excitement about the lottery. The square was a mass of anxious eager faces, and instead of mur-

mured prayers and benedictions, nothing was audible but groans, hisses, and shrieks.

At last the winners of the principal prize (20*l.*) were declared (for it was a "tie" between the letter-carrier of the camp of Peko, the insurgent chief, and an Austrian soldier). As they stood together, they might be taken as types of the two powers that are striving for empire in the land—one, free, easy in all his movements, a thoroughly uncivilised Slav; the other, mechanical, with everything that drill can do for him. After the lottery was over, the peasants again went to fetch their flags, and, proceeding down the main street, repeated the salutation of the morning with even more vigor and impetuosity, owing greatly, we imagine, to a certain amount of stimulant imbibed during the day. The festivities were not over yet, however. There was to be a grand national dance in the theatre, where we had taken a box.

As we arrived at 8 o'clock, it was just beginning. Upon the stage sat two musicians, each armed with a one-stringed violin, from which they managed to extract a most wonderful amount of sound, aided enormously by their feet; sometimes indeed, when their hands, utterly wearied, refused to play any longer, they kept the dancers going by stamping energetically. They certainly were the most untiring votaries of Terpsichore I have ever seen. Round and round they went, like Derivishes, clapping their hands and shouting, sometimes seizing one another round the waist, at others round the neck. It made one perfectly dizzy to look at them, and an hour of the heat and noise was enough. As we came out, we saw the poor refugees clustered round the doorway, for they could not afford the entrance to the theatre on ten soldi a day, and so had to be content with looking on from the outside.

There is a great deal of the old-fashioned ways and manners of their Italian ancestors surviving amongst the Ragusans. It is still the habit for all the politicians and principal men to meet, either at the banker's, barber's, or chemist's, to discuss the political news of the day. It was at first strange to hear a magistrate, or dignitary of the law, talk upon the most solemn subjects while undergoing the operation of shaving; but we soon conquered this feeling, and made a point of turning

into the worthy barber's every morning to hear the last news from the seat of war.

From there we usually went to the banker's on the market-place, where, very often, we met some of the insurgent chiefs, who came in to buy food and get money. Sometimes all business was forgotten in the excitement of listening to an account of the battle just fought. It was impossible not to enter into the spirit of the situation, and very often the necessity of such sub-lunary matters as getting change for our circular notes was ignored whilst we sat listening to the excited Babel of tongues.

There are many pretty expeditions to be made in the neighborhood of Ragusa. The first in interest is to the island of La Croma, formerly the home of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and his wife, which lies about half a mile from the entrance to the harbor. Originally it belonged to a monastery founded by our King, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, being overtaken by storms in the Adriatic on his way home from the Holy Land, took refuge in the island of La Croma, and built this monastery and likewise the cathedral in the town. The monks were gradually scattered, and the place eventually bought by Maximilian, who, by utilising the old cloister, and building a new wing, succeeded in making a most comfortable country-house. It was very sad to wander through the rooms once tenanted by him and the Empress Charlotte.

The whole island and house have just been purchased by a gentleman from Trieste for the small sum of 4,000*l.* He has left everything exactly as it was when Maximilian occupied it. There was the blotting-book on the table in the study, with the ink dry in the bottle; whilst above, on the wall, hung a large map of Mexico. Often, I daresay, did he study it, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited him and his wife amongst the treacherous inhabitants of that Western land. The grounds are very prettily laid out, and one can hardly understand his preferring the uncertainties of an imperial crown to the peace and quiet of this lovely spot.

Another object well repaying a visit are the mills at Ombla. Our road towards Gravosa (the bay that forms the entrance to the Ombla) lay through a country bright with almond and orange trees in full blossom. One crop, of which we saw

many fields, excited our particular curiosity. It consisted of a yellow flower, creeping thickly and closely over the ground; and we were told that this constituted the principal article of commerce of Ragusa, and was the far-famed "Persian Insect-destroying Powder" (the botanical name we were never able to ascertain), which we in England imagine comes from the East, but which in reality is principally grown on the shores of Dalmatia. It can be purchased at wholesale prices, and requires to be used in wholesale quantities if you travel in the interior. A boat was waiting at the entrance of the river, and we were soon enjoying the indolent pleasure of being rowed along through the loveliest scenery. The green and fertile banks sloped down to the water's edge, whilst behind frowned the stony hills of Herzegovina at each new turn of the river; disclosing a pretty glen, with its fishing village, surmounted either by a convent or a palace. The country about here used to be a favorite summer resort of the rich Ragusan nobles, as the many deserted villas that line the river's bank amply prove; one in particular we noticed whose marble stairs were overgrown with moss, and its "Loggia" covered with frescoes, entirely uninhabited; it made one painfully realize the difference between the former prosperity of the town and its present sunk condition.

What a place the banks of the Ombla would be for an artist! Every house almost has its Byzantine window or carved doorway, making delicious little bits of picturesque background. As we rowed along, one of our party, whilst looking up at the dark blue sky overhead, descried a number of vultures wheeling and turning about. We could not understand it at first, until our boatman said, "Oh yes, they are waiting to see what prey they can pick up on the site of the battle-field of the day before yesterday." This rudely recalled us to the tragic events that were being enacted in our neighborhood, but which the beauty and tranquillity of the scene had made us forget for a time. After two hours' row, we found ourselves at the old mills, the bourne of our journey. The Ombla, like all the other rivers on this coast, gushes clear and bright out of the foot of the hill, with the same impetuosity and volume that it displays during the remainder of its course. The mills are

built over its source, where it first breaks over the rocks, and a picturesque and fern-grown place it is, not rendered less so by its groups of Herzegovinian inhabitants. For here we are just over the border and in the insurgent country. All around, the heights are covered with goats and herds of sheep, tended by poor refugee women, who have driven them hither to save them from the rapacity of the Turk.

On our way home we were met by the Russian Consul-General, Mr. Jonine, who is said to be the wire-puller of all the diplomatic intrigues carried on by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg in these provinces. His position can certainly be no sinecure just now, as his wearied and overworked looks prove. His employers are said to have the highest opinion of his capabilities. Canosa is also well worth seeing, and the eight-mile drive to it lies through some of the finest scenery on the Dalmatian littoral; the road winding along the face of the cliff that overhangs the Adriatic, which at this point is studded with islands. The principal sight at the village itself consists of two plane trees, said to be the largest in the world, and not less than 300 years old.

It was festa day when we were there, and the girls in their white aprons and bright-colored dresses formed a charming picture. The priest of the village is a well-known poet, and many is the warlike ode with which he has stirred up the hearts of his countrymen. He was playing "bowls" as we came up, his priestly cloak over his arm, but as much excited as any of his parishioners. When the game was over, he came and sat down, and held forth before us all. He by no means professed to carry out the Christian doctrine of peace and forgiveness, and wherever the Turks were concerned, was uncompromising in his hatred. "Fancy," he said, "the Archbishop having told one of my brother priests that it was not his duty to face the Turk, but that he ought to retire and leave fighting to soldiers! He came and asked me about it, and I very soon sent him back to defend his country and his faith." We thought, as we listened to him, surrounded by his flock, of the description in "Hermann and Dorothea" of the "Edle Verstandiger Pfarrherr," who knew life and the needs of his audience.

CATTARO AND MONTENEGRO.

Cattaro lies at the foot of the mountain of Montenegro. It is situated at the end of the narrow estuary called the Bocche-di-Cattaro. These Bocche are fifteen miles long, and about half-a-mile broad, and look more like a great river winding between mountains to the sea than an arm of the Adriatic. The scenery is striking in the extreme, reminding one often, in its sternness and ruggedness, of a Scotch loch. The hills rise, black and threatening, on either side, clothed half-way up with oak and pine woods, while the summit is generally bare and stony. It is proverbially the worst place on this treacherous coast for sudden storms, and the "Bora" comes swooping down through the clefts of the hills with extraordinary force. One moment may be clear and bright as an August day, and the next black as night: your pilot will point you out a little fleecy cloud lying on the hill side, and will say, "That means a Bora," and before you have time to shorten sail a tempest is blowing, accompanied by sheets of rain.

We were delayed here five days by heavy rains, which turned the Scala into a running river, and made it impossible to think of starting on our way to Cetigne.

On Thursday, the 10th of February, the wind changed, and although bitterly cold, brought a cloudless sky and clear atmosphere. Our little horses were ordered, therefore, and awaited us on the quay at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. We trotted across the old bridge, through the marketplace, and began the toilsome ascent. The path went zigzag up the mountain side; sometimes it seemed almost sheer over a precipice, making one dizzy as one looked down at the town of Cattaro far beneath.

Clear and piercing did the sound of the church bells come up through the frosty air, and the voices of the mountaineers talking to one another far above were as audible as though they had been close to us. They were trooping down to sell their potatoes, eggs, and milk, to the people of the Bocche, and to carry back in exchange stuffs and other simple luxuries the town affords.

The sight of poor women staggering along under heavy burdens, whilst the men walked beside them perfectly unen-

cumbered, struck us painfully; but we accepted it, after a time, with the same resignation as the women themselves, and learned to look on the Montenegrin warrior as a fancy article, that ought not to be expected to do anything save fight in time of war and saunter about in his splendor in time of peace.

The girls have a certain amount of beauty, but it soon fades, for they are married at thirteen or fourteen, and then enter upon a life of wretched drudgery. The wife of the Prince and of the President of the Senate are the only women who can read and write, and they, even, have to wait at table and do all the household cooking. It is needless to say, therefore, that their education is not advanced enough to have induced them to fight for Women's Rights.

At about 9 o'clock we got on a level with the old Venetian fortress, that protects the wall on the side of Montenegro. At its foot lies a little cluster of houses, for the most part in ruins, showing the lawlessness of their neighbors on the heights; for in times past, when wheat was scarce in Montenegro, its inhabitants made a raid on the adjoining country—Turk or Christian—to supply the deficiency; and many are the traces, both on this side and round about Ragusa, of their depredations.

As we got higher, the number of people coming down the mountain increased. The women were all dressed in the long white Dalmatian jacket; whilst the men wore the round scarlet Montenegrin hat, with the initials of the Prince, N. I. (Nicholas I.), embroidered in gold on the crown, and a black silk band round the edge, put on as mourning for the occupation of Servia by the Turks.

In their belts gleamed daggers and silver-mounted pistols, whilst all had on the "opanche," or sandals made of ox hide, which we, in our stiff-soled civilised boots, could not help envying when we saw the ease with which they enabled their wearers to climb. The agility displayed by them was astonishing. They quite disdained the winding path we followed, and went straight down the side of the mountain, those at the summit holding long conversation with their friends far below.

After about two hours' ascent, we found ourselves in a region of snow—a white

carpet two feet in thickness, that lay over everything. The country began to grow more and more wild, reminding one of Gustave Doré's pictures of Dante's "Inferno." Not a habitation of any kind was visible until we came to the village of Niëgush, our first halting-place. We drew up opposite the inn, a hovel thatched with straw, from which the icicles hung thick. Luckily we had brought provisions with us, for the place produced nothing but black bread, "starkie" (a strong sort of spirit), and coffee. We were surrounded as we ate by a number of insurgent women and children, who, although they did not beg, looked so longingly at our food, that we had to ask them to share it with us. Poor creatures! they had not yet learnt to hold out their hands for alms.

Gazing at the silver buckles and necklaces these Herzegovinian women wore, we wanted to purchase some of them; but it is curious how loth they are to part with their finery. They will go about in rags, and yet keep their caps covered with silver chains and coins. Our old hostess, seeing I had a fancy for these gewgaws, beckoned me to follow her; and, taking me up a ladder into a garret, the dirt and dilapidation of which it would be hazardous to describe, she unlocked a wooden box, in which was stored finery that might have made many a duchess envious. She had one belt for which, she said, she had given £20. It was of massive silver, with ever so many chains and ornaments hanging to it. Besides this, she had at least forty or fifty shirts, embroidered in colored silks, for festa days. I particularly wanted one of these, and offered her a handsome price, but she would not sell. "No," she said, "I am keeping them all for my daughter, when she marries," pointing to the pretty little girl who held a lamp for us to examine the family splendours; "and *she* can read," she added, "so she ought to make a good match."

Niëgush boasts of one building, a kind of "khan," which is said to be superior to anything at Cetigne. We could not see much in it in the way of architectural merit, as it is a plain stone house, looking uncommonly like a stable. When we had seen all the public edifices of Cetigne, however, we knew why the inhabitants thought so much of it.

After our frugal meal was eaten, and

the horses rested, we again mounted and continued our journey. It now lay over a most fatiguing road, ascending and descending a series of small hills, three or four feet deep in snow, until at last, on our reaching the top of the highest of them, a wonderful panorama burst upon the view. The lake of Scutari lay in the far distance, dark and mysterious, under the Albanian hills; whilst nearer we could descry the beginning of the plain of Cetigne, and even the smoke of the town.

In an hour we entered the principal street. The capital of Montenegro reminds one more of a large village in the Scotch Highlands than anything else. There is one main thoroughfare, intersected by a smaller one, each bordered by rows of, for the most part, straw-thatched cottages, none of which boast a chimney; nor is it till quite lately that it has occurred to a few of the more "advanced thinkers" to insert funnels into the windows in order to admit of the exit of smoke in that primitive fashion.

As we passed down the street, picturesque groups assembled at the doorways, for the arrival of a stranger is not an every-day occurrence in Montenegro. It was curious to see issuing from tenements, which in England would be designated hovels, warriors, gorgeous in green and gold, wearing senatorial badges on their hats. They did not exhibit any obtrusive curiosity, but offered a respectful salute.

Presently an individual, evidently high in office, introduced himself as aide-de-camp of the Prince. He told us that apartments had been prepared for us in the old palace, where we were to be the guests of royalty. "If you wait a moment here," he added, "you will see his Highness pass." We did so, and were rewarded by as romantic a sight as this prosy nineteenth century has to show. It was like a scene out of a mediæval romance. The Prince and all his "Perianikes," or body-guard, were in their beautiful national dress; the Prince being distinguished from his retainers by a light blue mantle thrown over his shoulders. All of them—and they numbered a hundred—were splendid-looking fellows, but none of them surpassed their chief. He was a man of about thirty-five, six feet four in height, and acknowledged as the strongest and most muscular person in his dominions,

which is saying a great deal. His face was open and frank, and usually wore a very sweet smile, which conferred on it a look of singular gentleness. "E bello, il nostro principe?—eh?" said our guide, in broken Italian, and we certainly agreed with him.

As we passed the Prince and his body-guard, they saluted us with distinguished courtesy, and we continued our route to the hospitable quarters prepared for us, right glad to sit by a warm stove and forget the deep snow and bitter cold outside.

After an hour of this luxury, however, we summoned up our courage and determined to sally out and see some of the sights of the place. Close to our quarters, and overshadowing the public fountain, stands the "Tree of Justice," for Montenegro is a happy country that knows neither parliament nor law-court, and where the people address all their appeals and grievances to the ear of the Prince himself, who sits underneath the tree, and either decides between the disputants or refers them to the Montenegrin Code of Laws. During fine and open weather, people come from all the country round to consult their Prince, his decision on any point, we were told, never being disputed. Capital punishment, in the form of shooting, is inflicted for murder. It was instituted by Danilo, to put an end to the *vendette* which existed, and which were transmitted from father to son and from family to family.

Imprisonment follows theft and acts of violence; but the longest term is seven years, during which time the condemned are allowed to go about in the day-time, and although marked men, they are trusted to go even as far as Cattaro. They have to pay so much a day for their keep, and are sometimes employed on public works; the women receive no education, but are nevertheless subject to the same penalty and incarceration as men. Their ideas of morality are extremely strict, and any breach of decorum is visited with the greatest severity.

Next morning we were awakened betimes by violent storms of rain and wind, for a sou'-wester had set in, bringing with it a thaw. Nothing more dreary could be imagined than the view that greeted us from our bed-room window. A thick mist hung over everything, only allowing

glimpses now and then of the wild-looking hills that surround the plain.

On the right rose a round tower, the one whereon Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, on his visit to Montenegro, had seen the row of Turks' heads hanging, and to which, at his instance, the "Vladika" had removed. To the left lay the New Palace, the residence of the Prince, with its small piece of garden reclaimed from the surrounding waste, but presenting at that moment only the aspect of mud. Just imagine what were our feelings when, under such circumstances, we received an invitation which was equivalent to a command to dine with the Prince that evening! How were we possibly to get across the flooded streets *en grand tenue*? For such a thing as a carriage has never been seen in Cetigne.

As we were in Montenegro, however, we felt we must do as the Montenegrins do. So, braving the elements, we mounted the little horses that had taken us up the Scala, and trotted across to our destination in time for seven o'clock dinner.

We were soon in the well-lighted, comfortable hall of the palace, where with great difficulty we disengaged ourselves of waterproofs and ulsters; thence we were shown upstairs between rows of servants in the national dress. After crossing a small but prettily furnished ante-room, with Eastern carpets and parquet floor, we were ushered into the Prince's presence. Unfortunately the Princess was too ill to appear, but he introduced us to a dear little fellow of seven, his son, who looked quite bewitching in his Montenegrin costume. The Prince has this one son and six daughters. Prince Nicholas talks French with perfect fluency. He spent two years in France, and "all those two years I sighed to be back in Montenegro," he said; adding, "We Montenegrins suffer dreadfully from home-sickness when we are away. There is no pleasure in the world to me like hunting the chamois or the deer on my native hills, and feeling that I am amongst my own people."

After a very good dinner, followed by a capital talk, we took leave of our kind host, and returned to our own quarters. The next day the weather was so frightful that it was not possible to dream of returning. So we remained indoors, except when hunger forced us out to get ou

meals at the hotel. Sunday, however, was nice and bright, and although the ground was rather slippery, we decided on retracing our steps; so, accompanied by a number of the inhabitants who came to bid us farewell and godspeed, we set out on our six hours' journey home, highly delighted at having seen Montenegro, with its quaint institutions and half-civilised people, and wondering if it be destined to remain in the condition it now is, or to be the head, at some future date, of a large and powerful Slav principality in the heart of Europe.

THE INSURGENT CAMP.

Castel-Nuovo is situated at the entrance of the Bocche-di-Cattaro, on the border of the Austrian, and what used to be Turkish, territory; but the latter is now in the hands of the insurgents.

Castel-Nuovo itself is at present the head-quarters of the Slav Committee, and the whole town is in a state of excitement. The market-place was full of fighting men, buying for Peko's and Socica's camp. The latter was stationed at about two hours' distance, the former two hours farther on. When we asked if we could visit them, "Nothing was easier," we were told; "as the ascent to Lutitz, their head-quarters, although steep, was not long." At last, then, our wish to see the insurgent chiefs in their own camp, surrounded by the fighting portion of the Herzegovinians, was to be gratified. One of the poor fellows we had met in the hospital at Ragusa immediately offered his horse, and said "he would act as guide to the place." The only difficulty was how to procure a lady's saddle. Such a thing had never been heard of at Castel-Nuovo. We were not to be defeated in our object, however, and managed, with the help of our kind friend, to whom the horse belonged, to rig out a sort of affair, to which it was, at least, possible to hold on. Luckily, the head of the Slav Committee at Castel-Nuovo was going to the camp himself that day, and he offered to accompany us and act as interpreter.

The road lay up a valley, with a magnificent range of hills on either side. Their rugged sides and stony precipices made a sombre contrast to the bright val-

ley we were traversing, with its olive-woods and vineyards, through which ran a little river, babbling over its rocky bed, as though its waters had never been dyed with the blood of the slain, as was the case in 1862, when the standard of revolt was the last time raised in this district. On we went, past the fort of Sutorina. In the distance, in front of us, a hill was pointed out to us, rising sheer out of the plain, on which the camp was situated. We turned our eyes towards it, as mariners do towards the light they have to steer for, until it got nearer and nearer, and at last we reached the foot of the ascent. The stiffest part of our journey then began. Our path lay straight up the side of the hill. It hardly deserved to be dignified by the name of path, for it had originally been the bed of a torrent, the rolling stones of which did not make a particularly comfortable footing for our little horses. Nevertheless, they began bravely to scramble up it, and, by dint of urging and shouting, we were landed in twenty minutes at the picturesque village of Lutitz, in and about which the insurgents were stationed.

All the animals, cows, pigs, horses, &c., which generally occupy the ground floor of a Dalmatian cottage, had been turned out on to the hill-side, and their domiciles were occupied by Socica's followers. He himself had his quarters in the "pope's" or "priest's" house. Here we were welcomed by a vast amount of firing and hurrahing.

Knowing the extreme shortness of ammunition in the camp, we suggested to Socica, after a few rounds, that we had had quite enough. "My men have not heard the sound of a rifle for a few days," he said, "and are quite delighted at the opportunity." What a wild set of fellows they were, as they stood around their chief! We might have imagined ourselves in some robber's fastness of the Middle Ages. They were dressed in all sorts of costumes; some in the blue baggy trousers of the Turk, taken in battle, the cartouch-box ornamented with the crescent; others keeping to the white flannel jerkin of their country. All looked well and healthy, and in first-rate condition, although our friend, the head of the Slav Committee, assured us, they had not eaten meat for a week.

"Garibaldi offered to send us up some volunteers," he said, "but they were no

good at all. They required meat every second day, whereas our men would march from here to Belgrade on a little maize bread."

There is no doubt about it, this is one of the great secrets of their success, and of the strength of the insurrection. The Turkish troops die right and left of the privations they have to undergo in this wild country, whereas the Herzegovinians and Montenegrins, who think nothing of walking fifteen miles for a drink of water, and back again, seem to thrive better for the hardships they suffer.

No Emperor welcoming his guests could have shown higher breeding than Socica, who came forward to receive us, introduced us to all his friends and companions in arms, and then begged us to enter the house. The room we were shown into evidently served as bed-room for about a dozen of his staff, and as a banqueting-hall for everyone, for on the table were spread out the principal luxuries the place afforded — black bread, raw mutton, smoked, and goats' cheese. The atmosphere was not sweet, and we begged that one of the windows might be opened: sitting down by it, and looking away over the most beautiful view of mountain and valley as far as Sutorina and the Bocche, we listened to these wild mountaineers, as they told the story of their wrongs, and insisted on the uselessness of Andrassy or anyone else trying to patch up the quarrel between them and their oppressors.

Socica is a man of much more refinement and education than his colleagues. He held a leading position at Piva, where he had amassed a certain amount of money, with which he had to fly, to prevent the rapacious Turk from seizing it. When the insurrection broke out, he gave his life and money to the cause. His wife and family are at Montenegro, and he and they will never be able to return to the Herzegovina as long as the Moslem remains in possession. "But," as he told us, "that could make little pecuniary difference, for before his flight he had been obliged to dispose of all his property." He introduced us to a brother chief, Melentia, who was a priest, but, like all the servants of the Gospel in this country, was ready to fight as well as preach. Nothing was talked about but the war, and the prospect of the coming campaign in the spring. One of the things that struck us

most was the slender resources on which the insurrection existed, and the indomitable energy and courage that must animate the chiefs, to enable them to succeed in defying the Ottoman power with the handful of men and the miserable supply of provisions at their disposal.

After luncheon we went outside, where, after half an hour, we were joined by Peko, Phillipovich, and Vukalovich, and one or two other heads of the movement. All of them were manly, rough-looking fellows, but it was only Peko who gave us the least idea of intellectual force. His massive head and jaw seemed made to command, and judging by the way he was listened to, his fellow-countrymen thought the same. His reputation as a warrior would of itself entitle him to respect, for he is a man who is now about sixty, and during the course of his life has fought sixty-two battles. What particularly excited their ire was the Andrassy Note. "As if," they said, "Turkey could carry out any promised reforms? As well ask a dead tree to bear fruit." Nothing will induce these people to go back to their homes, unless they have a surer guarantee than Turkey seems inclined to give. Their dream, of course, is to have a Slav principality in the centre of Europe, under a prince of their own choosing; but this, we fear, they will never be allowed to realise. They therefore ask, for the present, to be put on the footing of Serbia, only paying a tax to Turkey; and this they might be able to achieve, if not interfered with by one of the greater Powers.

The understanding between the chiefs and their followers seems complete, for whatever Peko said in his dry, funny way, was always greeted with a murmur of assent. There is said to be some jealousy between him and Socica; but of this we could discern nothing, as they were extremely cordial to one another in manner.

As the shadows grew longer, and evening came on, we thought it as well to prepare for our return. Peko and Socica insisted on riding back with us as far as the Austrian frontier. It was a procession that would have astonished Rotten Row. In front rode the two chiefs, whilst behind we were escorted by a number of their followers, whose horses plunged and kicked in a most uncomfortable manner for me, stuck as I was on my insecure side-saddle.

At last we came to the place where we

had to part, and with many wishes for the success of the cause on the one hand, and thanks for our visit and hopes for our speedy return on the other, we bade adieu to these brave fellows.

"Tell everyone in England," said Peko, "that we are fighting for our homes and hearths; and beg them not to support the Turk any longer."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LUNAR STUDIES.

WE wonder how many selenographers, properly so called, there are in this country. The Moon has been mapped and measured, and surveyed generally; her motions have been determined so precisely, that it was regarded as quite a serious matter when lately a very minute irregularity was discovered in her movements of which astronomers could give no account; her heat and light have been measured, and we have found how little she deserves to be called the "cold, pale moon," seeing that she is, on the whole, more nearly black than white, and at lunar noonday hotter than boiling water. But the selenographers proper form a class by themselves. They take a lunar crater, or walled plain, or mountain range, as the case may be, and in that chosen locality set up their rest. They study its aspect at lunar sunrise, mid-day, and sunset, now when the moon is swayed one way in her libration or balancing, anon when she is swayed the reverse way. Every spot and crevice upon or around the region selected is examined again and again for signs of change, and every appearance which can be regarded as in the slightest degree suggesting that there has been a change, is entered down in the record by which one day the world is to be convinced that the moon is not the dull, dead world astronomers have supposed. It argues well for the cause of selenography that a portly volume has recently been published for their benefit and encouragement. We infer that there must be a tolerably large selenographical constituency. The author of the work referred to, Mr. Neison, has been eight or nine years at work collecting material for this book,—selenographical fragments, so to speak. And moreover, which is even more to the purpose, so far as the future of selenography is concerned, he has made laudable efforts to show that there is certainly a good deal of air upon the moon, probably plenty of moisture, and possibly not a little vegetation. If there is not vegetation, there is, at any

rate, he thinks, a process of alternate tarnishing and brightening-up of portions of the moon's surface; and if this is not exactly equivalent to life on the moon, it has a life-like effect, calculated to be very encouraging to his selenographical brethren.

First, as to the air and moisture, for even selenographers admit that life would not be very comfortable in a dry and airless world. It is reasonable to assume that when first starting in the solar system as a full-fledged planet, the moon had her fair share of both air and water. Her mass being about the eighty-first part of the earth's, she was entitled to an atmosphere similarly proportioned in quantity to the earth's. Now the earth has 5300 millions of millions of tons of air, and therefore the moon in the same stage of planetary existence should have had more than 65 millions of millions of tons. Again, if the average depth of the ocean is about two miles, the earth has some 230 times as many tons of water as of air; and the moon, in the same stage, should have had, therefore, nearly 15,000 millions of millions of tons of water. But then the moon is very old,—not in years, indeed, but as a planet. She is in the sere and yellow leaf, even if she has not reached the winter of her existence. She is decrepit, if not dead; and as planets grow old, they lose more and more of their air, getting at the same time drier and drier. The air and water are not, indeed, bodily removed, but gradually absorbed by the surface. Taking due account of this circumstance, Mr. Neison will only allow the moon about 11 millions of millions of tons of air, and no surface-water at all, only a moist crust. But as he truly remarks, that is a great deal of air, after all, and a great deal might happen with a moist crust which would not happen with a dry one. Eleven millions of millions of tons of air should count for something in the economy of our satellite, and the warm rays of the sun poured during the

long lunar day (a fortnight of our time) without intermission upon the moon's moist surface ought to effect changes of some sort. If selenographers have not yet noted important changes thus occasioned, then all the better reason is there why they should examine the lunar features more and more searchingly, till they find the evidence they require.

There are two lunar spots which the selenographer regards with special favor, because of the evidence they seem to give of change. One is a crater lying on the so-called Sea of Serenity, which some popular lunar observers regard as the left eye of the Man in the Moon. Here there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mädler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the skilful astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers—who has, in fact, given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing—found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scientific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mädler's small telescope; but though they found a crater, it was nothing like the crater described by Mädler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. "The most plausible conjecture," said he, "as to the cause of this disappearance seems to be the filling-up of the crater from beneath by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity, casting no stray shadows." But how tremendous the volcanic energy required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly in-

credible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior, we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had been the floor of the crater. The forces at work on the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater-walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity. Under the tremendous and long-lasting heat of the lunar mid-day sun, the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand, while during the intense cold of the lunar night a corresponding contraction must take place. Under the influence of this alternate expansion and contraction, the strongest of the lunar crater-walls must be tending to their downfall. Their substance must be gradually crumbling away. From time to time, large masses must topple over, and occasionally long ranges of crater-wall must be brought to the ground. It seems conceivable enough, certainly far more probable than any other interpretation which has been offered, that the crater-wall first missed by Schmidt was destroyed in this way.

The other favorite region of selenographers is a much larger one,—the great walled plain called Plato, and by the older astronomers the Greater Black Lake, sixty miles in diameter, and surrounded by mountains, some of which rise nearly 2500 yards above the level of the floor. According to the selenographers, the whole of this floor changes in aspect regularly during each lunar day,—the lunar day, be it remembered, being equal in length to what we terrestrials term a lunar month. In the lunar morning-hours the floor is light, during lunar mid-day it is dark, and in the evening it grows light again. The idea of selenographers as to the cause of this change is that some process of vegetation takes place over this depressed floor (it lies more than half a mile below the mean lunar level); or else that vapors ascend when the sun's heat is poured on the floor and tarnish it in some way, while after mid-day heat has passed the vapors are reabsorbed, and the surface resumes its former lustre. The profane, however, urge that the whole matter is a mere effect of contrast: in the morning and evening the black shadows of the surrounding mountains are thrown on part of the floor,

and the rest by contrast looks light, whereas at mid-day the same mountains (which are white and bright) form a ring of light all round the floor, which, therefore, looks dark by contrast. The selenographers maintain, on the contrary, that they have not been deceived by contrast, and *adhuc sub judice lis est*.

One can understand that to those who have leisure to pore, after the selenographic fashion, into the details of our satellite's surface, the work must possess a cer-

tain charm. Though the nearest of all the heavenly bodies, the Moon still lies so far away that every minute apparent signs of change imply really important disturbances; and though astronomers have given up the idea that there can be life of any sort on the surface of our satellite, yet she still has interest for many, as a world which was probably at one time the abode of many orders of living creatures.—*The Spectator*.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY.

PART II.

TAKING up my journey again from where I left off last number, we left Kawélé on the 13th of March, 1874. I could not get away till past one o'clock; as my people spent the beads, which had been given to them to buy food, in getting drunk, I had to wait until they were sober, and we only made a short distance, camping a short way south of Jumah Merikani's permanent settlement at Point Infomdo.

Jumah Merikani (properly Jumah ibn Salim) is one of the largest traders to the west of Lake Tanganyika, and was the second or third that ever went into Manyéma. I had a waggon-roof awning over the stern of the boat, and made my bed up under it, so as to prevent the trouble of pitching and packing up the tent every day.

The next day we passed most lovely country, with red cliffs and the trees hanging over the edges, which were reflected in the beautiful clear water. Had to stop for two or three hours to patch a hole in the boat's stern, and had dreadful difficulty in getting the men to go on again.

In the evening after we camped I was knocked over by a very sharp attack of fever, and had to halt a couple of days until I got better. Soon after leaving the camp we passed the mouth of the Malagarazi, the current of which was perceptible a long way off the land, and after a short day's work camped at Ras Kibwé. In the night there was a thunderstorm, accompanied by a little wind, and my men were all afraid to start next morning be-

cause of a very slight surf and swell, so that we did not get away till the middle of the day, and even then I had to give in to them after an hour's pulling, and camp at Machachézi, where we found three canoes belonging to Wajiji, who were going south to sell goats and corn for slaves. The country all round here is now depopulated, as for many years the Arabs and Wanyamwesi drew their principal supply of slaves from this district, and the population have either all been carried off into captivity, destroyed in the forays of the traders, have died of disease or starvation, or emigrated to some less disturbed locality.

On the 19th of March we passed Ras Kabogo, a sort of double cape supposed to be haunted by a devil and his wife, and my Wajiji guides refused to pass without making an offering, as they were afraid of being lost if they neglected it; but he must be a very poor devil if he was satisfied with what they gave him.

After Kabogo we went round a bay, where Livingstone and Stanley left the lake, between it and Ras Kungwé. The shores of the bay were mostly low and marshy, but high hills spring up close beyond. In this bay we saw a few natives, and a large village of slave and ivory traders from Usukuma, one of the districts of Unyamwesi. Several rivers flow into the lake, but most of their mouths are hidden by the Matété grass; however, the herds of hippopotami are always numerous near to them, and point them out. The reason, I believe, why hippopotami are usually more frequent near the rivers than elsewhere is, because the current brings

down a quantity of mud which is deposited near their mouths and affords soil for the growth of the weeds on which the animals feed. No hippopotami are seen more than a mile from the shore or in very deep water.

On the 23d of March we rounded Ras Kungwé, formed by a bold mass of mountains, down the sides of which torrents fall in lovely waterfalls, and occasionally we saw a few patches of Mtama belonging to some of the wretched remains of the inhabitants who have taken refuge in the more inaccessible parts of the mountains to be more out of the reach of the slave-traders.

In the evening we camped near a village called Kinagari, where the inhabitants were principally dependent on the slave-trade for support. The Wajiji, who rounded Kabogo at the same time as ourselves, sold their cargoes of corn and goats and oil for slaves here, the price of a slave varying from three to four goats, according to quality. We had to stop here a day for my men to pound corn, and I went up to see a dance in the village; they made pirouettes, turned summersaults, etc., to the accompaniment of a big drum, which was vigorously beaten by a man who wore a remarkably hideous mask of zebra-skin, and howled a sort of recitative describing the Wazungu and others.

During our nights here we were very wretched, owing to heavy rain and thunderstorms, which wetted us all through and put out the men's fires. About twelve o'clock on the second night the rain was so heavy as to nearly swamp the boats, and a flash of lightning came down so close that I thought we were actually struck. The glare was intense, and I was quite blinded for some minutes. The cause of this especially heavy rain here was the attraction of the mountains, which almost overhung us. In the morning there was enough sun to dry most of our kit, and we got on a short distance in the afternoon.

On the 26th we passed a small island, and directly afterwards camped, as a little wind and rain came on, and frightened my gallant men. They said at every squall, "Lake bad; canoes will be wrecked;" and get them on I couldn't. The Wajiji, who have lived all their lives either on or close to the lake, were just as timid; they used to bring me their hire, and say, "Let

us go back; we don't want to die," and the trouble and bother they caused was almost indescribable.

The lake here seemed to turn to the south-eastward, and look as if it were coming to an end; the land on our side close to the shores became lower, the hills near the lake being low and rounded, and not running more than two hundred feet or so above the level of the water; the country was very fertile, and would, I fancy, form a splendid position for a mission-station.

On the 28th we came to the island of Kabogo, and pulled between it and the mainland through a broad deep channel, which had bars at each end. The island was thickly populated and well cultivated, and both on it and on the mainland were numerous fan-palms, of which the people eat the fruit, though they have not found out how to make palm-wine; they are quite contented with pombé. Gulls, darters, lily-trotters, and other waterfowl, were numerous, and the natives sold us some fish in exchange for palm-oil, which we had brought from Ujiji with us.

The chief lived on the mainland in a large fenced-in village. In order to land we had to force our way through a mass of weeds and canegrass; there were passages through which the small canoes of the natives could pass easily; but our large boats from Ujiji could only be got along by dint of much hauling, shoving, and tugging. The grass and canes were so thick, that as we beat them down on each side the men could get out of the boats and stand on them.

At the chief's village I found a half-caste Arab trader, who had come here by land from Unyanyembé to buy ivory and slaves. He bitterly lamented the high price of the latter, having to give forty yards of cloth for a man or woman, and twenty or thirty for a child. Ivory, however, was cheap—thirty-five pounds for fifty yards of inferior cloth. He seemed to be afraid of going back the way he came, as the Warori were out, and had stolen some cows sent as a present by the chief Unyanyembé to his son-in-law, the chief here. He at first wanted me to take him with me; but in the long-run decided to remain, as his porters were more afraid of the lake than of the Warori.

We went on from here, passing some more rivers and high cliffs, on the face of

one of which I saw an outcrop of coal and patches of marble and chalk, beside the usual granite and sandstone. Our camps often now had to be formed in places beaten down by hippopotami in their nocturnal rambles; but our fires kept them from intruding on us. The frogs used often to keep me awake at night with their croaking: some make a noise like caulkers or riveters; some of the larger kinds resemble smiths at work, whilst a rarer one makes a noise like a ratchet-drill, so that with a little imagination one could shut one's eyes and fancy oneself in a busy dockyard.

On the 2nd of April we put in behind a spit on account of a sharp squall; there were a few huts on it, and across its junction with the mainland a heavy stockade, with a crow's nest over the entrance. There were a few fires burning when we landed; but the people had all cleared out as soon as they saw the large boats, fearing a visit from the slaves of the Arabs, for they, when away by themselves, are far worse than their masters, as they have no thought, as to what the effect of their indiscriminate plundering and looting may be hereafter.

On the 3rd of April we camped close to the mouth of the Musamwira, the drain of the Likwa lagoon. The lake here is washing away its shores rapidly, and where, a few years ago, were flourishing villages, are now only shoals, spits, and sandbanks, on a few of which some fishermen have their huts. Many very large cages were lying about, which are used for catching fish; but we could get none, although I offered a high price, as I had had no meat, fowl, or fish since leaving the island of Kabogo.

Many points and bays, and the scenery lovely. Sometimes we had a fair wind, and made sail; but whenever a squall came on there was almost a mutiny amongst my men if I did not lower it. Not only were these beauties afraid of squalls, they also funked going any distance from the land, always wishing to hug the shore as closely as possible, and thereby running great risks, as there are many half-sunken rocks in this portion of the lake.

On the 7th of April we passed Ras Mpimbwé, a promontory formed of enormous blocks of granite and conglomerate, scattered about anyhow, as if the Titans

had been playing at building a jetty or breakwater. The cracks and crannies between the masses of stone had got filled with earth, in which large trees were growing, rendering the scene one of striking beauty.

The part of the lake we were now passing had many small islands, and the rocks in several places were of most extraordinary shapes—one pair especially. They were from seventy to eighty feet high, with sheer smooth sides, except where the granite had scaled a little.

Very little trade comes beyond this part, where there is a ferry from the Makakomo Islands to the western shore, the southern part of the lake being an *aqua incognita* to all the Arabs whom I met, though they have some routes which go a little to the southward of it altogether. Owing to there being no communication with the outward world, no European cloth finds its way here, the people being dressed in skins, bark-cloth, and cotton of native manufacture. This native cotton cloth is very coarse and heavy, like a superior sort of gunny-bag, and the commonest pattern is a sort of large shepherd's plaid, white divided into large squares by black lines. All, of course, have the fringe, which seems inevitable in African work. The country of Ufipa, which we were now passing through, used to be rich in cows, and even during Dr. Livingstone's journey from Unyanyembé sheep and goats were plentiful; but now the Watuta have destroyed every head of large cattle, and sheep and goats are very rare and dear.

After Ufipa we came to the country of Masombé, where villages were few and far between, and the people were afraid of all strangers, as the Watuta were about in numbers, and every new-comer was suspected of being in league with them. We here came upon a different formation in the cliffs; they were composed entirely of innumerable small strata, looking like courses of brickwork, and were worn and weathered into fantastic forms and shapes, reminding one very much of ruined buildings and ramparts.

On the 18th of April we arrived at Kasangalowa, a large village in Ulungu, the country which forms the southern boundary of the Tanganyika. Kasangalowa we found in the possession of the Watuta, and although they are regular robbers and blackguards, they were very friendly to us—as,

indeed, I believe they are to all caravans. The Watuta require a passing remark, as they are a peculiar people in Africa. Originally they were a nomad tribe who lived by plunder of cattle; but now they are recruited from the off-scouring of all the tribes of the part of the continent they infest; not content with cattle-lifting, they also steal slaves, and everything else they can lay their hands on. They are the same as the Mazitu of Livingstone, and spread from the east coast to Sekéléu's country, travelling about in quest of plunder, and universally dreaded by all other tribes. They enlarge their ears like the Wagogo, and wear peculiarly cut aprons of skin, which expose the upper part of their buttocks.

Leaving Kasangalowa, we crossed the lake about twelve or fourteen miles from its southern end, which is hemmed in by a high table-land, the edges of which overhanging the lake form some of the finest cliffs in the world. Elephants were very numerous about this part of the lake, and one night the trees round our camp were regularly polished by the creatures rubbing up against them after bathing in the blue waters of the lake. On the 22nd of April we arrived at Akalunga, the village of Miriro, the chief of Marungu. Here we found a good many Arab slaves and freedmen for trade; they have come from Unyanyembé without going near Kawélé, having crossed the Tanganyika at the islands of Makakoma.

Bananas, cassava, beans, etc., were plentiful here, but I could only get one wretched goat for about twelve yards of cloth, which made me very angry, as I had been hard up for meat for some time.

The chief Miriro was a very old man with a large white beard, and his moustache and whiskers shaved off: he is much fairer than most of his subjects. He was a very big chief, according to his people and those from the coast; although he got a very good cloth from me, he gave me nothing in return; and when he came to return my call began to beg for guns and powder, which I fancy he did on the instigation of the traders. However, though stingy and avaricious, he was civil, and said that the day on which the first white man had visited his place would always be remembered as a great era.

From Akalunga we went away north with slashing fair winds, mountainous hills

rising straight out of the water with roughly-formed terraces on their sides, the people employed about their cultivation looking like flies on the side of the wall. One day, passing close in to the shore, I saw a couple of gorillas amongst the trees; but we passed them before I could get my gun ready, and when I put back to try for a shot I found that they had disappeared. They were great big fellows, and looked larger than men. The natives say they build a hut every night and make a regular bed-place to sleep on: but they laugh at them and call them fools, as, if caught in the rain, they do not go to their comfortable huts for shelter, but sit cowering but in the open with their hands clasped behind their necks. One or two Arab traders, at different places along the coast, told me they could get thirty-five pounds of ivory for forty yards of cloth, and a good slave for twenty.

On the 28th of April I got into a deep sort of inlet perfectly landlocked, where I had to wait a day for the *Pickle* to come up, as the men in her had been frightened by a stiff breeze the day before, and had put in to a village early in the morning. Here I found a large Arab camp, and two very big boats hauled up under a shed; one pulled eighteen and the other twenty oars, and both were fitted with masts and sails. They were the property of Jamah ibn Salim, who was reported to be away in Itawa (Msama's country), trading for ivory. In the afternoon, just as I was going to send the *Betsy* back to look for her, the *Pickle* arrived, the men protesting that they had not been able to come on the day before. Next day the men all wanted to stop, and we did not get away till late, and could not find a camping place till eight p.m. As it was so late, I did not have my tent pitched, trusting to the look of the blue sky for the weather, but was bitterly disappointed, as about two a.m. it came on to rain in torrents, and in the morning we were all very much like drowned rats. After the things were dry I ordered a start, when all the men refused to go on, and Bombay was useless, saying he could, and that the men would, do nothing. I by force of driving, however, got them away, and a short time after we had got outside found out the reason of their reluctance; a shooting party belonging to Mohammed ibn Gharib was camped near, and my people had

seen some of them and wanted to have a yarn; their canoe put out to have a talk, and I found they had been away from Ujiji for six months, but had only got a very little ivory, and that the next day they were going to cross over the lake on their way back, all their stores being exhausted.

On the 12th of May we reached the country of Uguhha, but only put in at the village of a chief called Luluki, to have a look at a reported hot spring. I had a hot and tiring walk, and my feet being very sore, it was rather nasty work getting to it. The temperature of the water when I got there was 96° Fah., but I heard afterwards that sometimes it was nearly boiling, and that people had been scalded by it. There was a small spring of gas under the surface of the water, which made it keep on bubbling up like soda water.

Two days after this I discovered the Lukuga, a largish stream going out of the Lake. I went down it about five miles, and was then stopped by the floating vegetation; the river there, however, was from three to five fathoms deep, and a current of about a knot an hour set us strongly into the edge of the grass. This river Lukuga flows out in the only break in the line of mountains and hills by which the Tanganyika is encircled, and according to all descriptions joins the Luvua (Livingstone's Lualaba) a short way below Moero.

Having found the outlet of the lake, my next idea was to follow it to its junction with the Lualaba; but I was obliged to go back to Ujiji to get the men and stores I had left there, before I could again start west. When I arrived at Ujiji I found that the greater portion of my stores had been wasted or stolen, and could get no account of how they had gone, and was therefore obliged to buy more to prevent future starvation. My donkeys were reduced to four, and they were not fit for the road, so I sold them for what they would fetch.

I found it utterly impracticable to follow the Lukuga, as none of my men would go anywhere without a guide, and as no one at Ujiji had ever been to the Lukuga, I could not get one, and had to avail myself of the services of a half-caste Arab, Syde Mezrui, to show me the road to Nyangwé. This fellow at first made professions of doing everything in his power for me, and promised to obtain canoes

when I got to Nyangwé, in which I might follow the river to the sea-coast. Whilst at Ujiji I received letters from home, dated the 1st of July, 1873, which had passed through some curious vicissitudes on their journey from Unyanyembè. They were sent on by the Liwali there by an Arab caravan, which was attacked and dispersed by some of Mirambo's people, and those who escaped abandoned everything, including my letters. A short time after another caravan was attacked by the same men, but beat them off, shooting two or three, and on one of the dead bodies they found the packet of letters.

I now discharged such of my men as were afraid or unwilling to proceed, and after packing up a map of the Tanganyika and the journals, and a map of Dr. Livingstone's which I had found at Ujiji, in the possession of Mohammed ibn Salih, and some other small things, and despatching them to the coast in charge of my servant and two other men, set out for Kasengé on the west shore of the lake, in company with Syde.

Our journey to Kasengé was uneventful, except that the night during which we crossed from the east to the west it came on to blow hard, and we had heavy work to reach the island of Kivisa, near the landing on the main, in the *Betsy*; and the *Pickle* got to leeward altogether, and had to put in at Kigoma and wait till the weather moderated before rejoining us. We left the shore of the lake on the 31st of May, and the same day reached Ruanda, the chief town of Uguhha, which was very populous. The people formed a regular lane all the way through the town; and, to add a ridiculous feature to the scene, an unfortunate sheep, not being able to find a way through the crowd, trotted along just in front of me, bawling the whole time. At Ruanda I got extra porters to carry some of my loads, as the men of the caravan were all out of condition on account of having been so long without marching; and I also bought some goats, as they were cheap and plentiful. The chief at Ruanda was supposed to be a great swell, and said he was independent, though I afterwards found that he was feudatory to Kasongo, the great chief of Urua.

The day after leaving Ruanda, which we had to do without any extra men, we crossed the Rugumba, a largish stream

flowing fast and swift into the Tanganyika, and with many small particles of quartz glittering in the sunshine, brought down from the mountains of Ugoma, which ended abruptly on our right. On this march, one of my men, in crossing a small watercourse, fell down, and one of the sticks forming the cradle for his load ran into his eye, destroying it completely. Owing to this, and illness of other men, I had to engage more men for part of the road, as the lazy askari would do nothing to assist the pagazi in their work.

We then made a march of four or five days, along the watershed between the Rugumba and the Lukuga, passing many streams going towards both, and arrived at Méketo, a fertile vale, and a scene of almost perfect rural beauty. On our journey here, from the top of a high hill I had my last view of the Tanganyika, its glorious blue showing out against the purple of the mountains of Kowendé. From these same hills we could see the trend of the valley of the Lukuga, which apparently was going to the west-south-west.

Whilst at Méketo, to spoil one's appreciation of the scenery, a wretch of a slave-dealer brought a small boy of seven or eight years old into camp for sale. The poor child was crying bitterly; and his master had him confined in a slave fork, one end of which he held in his hand, and twisted and shoved the poor boy about cruelly. I felt very much inclined to thrash the master and set the slave free, but I knew that directly afterwards he would be worse treated, and therefore contented myself with turning the dealer in human chattels out of the camp.

Leaving Méketo, we passed through a moderately hilly country, crossing a tangled quantity of streams which it was very hard to sort into their right basins, and just as we left Uguhha and came into Ubúdjwa we came upon the Rubumba, a stream which rising close to the Rugumba is often confounded with it, though the Rubumba falls into the Luama and the Rugumba into the Tanganyika.

The Wabúdjwa are also tributary to Kasongo, and the chiefs and upper classes are, I believe, originally of the same race as the Waguhha and Warua. The lower orders, however, are very different. One of the most striking peculiarities of the women of Ubúdjwa is the

custom they have of piercing the upper lip, and in the hole inserting an oval stone, or piece of wood, or bone, which they keep on increasing in size till it sometimes, in the lesser and greater diameters, attains to 1.5 by 1.25 inches. This sticks out in front and gives the wearer the appearance of having a bill like a duck when seen in profile, and prevents her from speaking plainly. Another peculiar habit is that of wearing leather bolsters, made tapering from centre to end like buffaloes' horns, round the waist. Sometimes a dandy lady will wear two or three of these peculiar vestments, though it cannot be for decency, as the barest requisites of what is considered indispensable with most people are scarcely complied with.

Some wear, instead of these bustles, belts split in the rear into two or three parts, where they serve to keep up a small piece of leather about twelve inches by eight, which with the belt and a smaller patch in front, constitutes the whole of a lady's dress, with the exception of a few indispensable articles such as anklets, bracelets, and necklaces.

The largest chief in Ubúdjwa was Pakwanywa, close to whose village we stopped a couple of days. He and his wife came to visit me, and although her clothing was scanty in quantity, she was very dressy in her get up, her apron being ornamented with beads and cowries. She also wore gaiters and bracelets from wrist to elbow, tassels just in front of her ears, and several necklaces, all of good beads. Her hair was done up in a pretty fashion, and ornamented with bright steel and copper ornaments, and across her forehead, just below the roots of her hair, stripes of red and yellow were carefully painted. Altogether she had a very effective appearance, and seemed fully conscious of it, though at the same time she was a ladylike merry body.

Whilst here we heard that a large body of Wamerima and slaves of Syde ibn Habib were close in front of us, and that they were waiting for us to come up, in order to make a formidable body to cross Manyuéma. This I was very sorry to hear; I should much have preferred travelling alone, as the traders in these parts are apt to take advantage of the natives having no guns, and to allow their men to steal and pilfer from the huts, often causing rows, which I had no desire of being

mixed up with. I, however, had no choice, as it was intended as a civility, and if I had refused, the natives would have said that we had quarrelled, and, therefore, very likely have attacked one party in hopes of the other joining them; so that I was on the horns of a dilemma.

Two days after leaving Pakwanywa's we arrived at the camp of the other caravan, and were warmly welcomed by Muinyi Hassani, who was the principal trader in the party, although afterwards we did not get on over well together. The next country after Ubúdjwa was Uhiya, where the people wore on the back of their heads enormous leather chignons, with a piece like a tongue sticking out behind, and indulged in tattooing in irregular and diversified patterns. On leaving Uhiya we began to get into a hilly country, the commencement of the offshoots of the Mountains of Bamarré. Here we came into a second country of Uvinza, and different methods of personal decoration: the people pierced the centre cartilage of the nose and ran straws through, and worked their hair into ridges and tufts, with small plaits along the tops of them. Wood carving was here carried to greater perfection than I had yet seen, and clay idols were common outside the villages. Many of the villages had been lately deserted, and I believe that some large party of traders had had a row there, as they could not have been left for what is a very common reason, viz., the exhaustion of the soil near them, as the vegetation was luxuriant close to huts still in good repair.

A very hilly road took us to Rohombo, the first district in Manyúema according to the people, though geographically and ethnologically Manyúema proper can only be said to commence on the northern side of the Bamarré Mountains. The population here was very dense, and the roads were lined by black crowds who had turned out to look at the strangers, and especially at the white man. Oil palms were very numerous at Rohombo, and the natives made palm wine from them, which, when fresh, is very good and refreshing, reminding one something of ginger-beer. They climb the trees with a belt made to go round the tree and themselves, something like the Tamils in Ceylon. Salt was in very great demand here, all that the people get being brought from Ujiji by the traders, as since the Arabs

have come here the Warua, who used to do the trading in Manyúema, have deserted it. A man would cut and bring into camp a large load of fire-wood for a pinch of salt as large as one usually puts on one's plate at one time.

From Rohombo we went over a rolling and fertile country intersected by many streams, all draining to the southwest, till we reached the ascent of the Bamarré Mountains. They gave us a steep climb, standing up like a narrow spine, with very declivitous sides. And we had to camp before reaching the top in a deserted village. The next morning we had another climb before surmounting the crest, and then, plunging into a mass of forest, suddenly commenced our descent amongst a number of ravines and gullies, all crowded with enormous trees. Some of the gorges were over a hundred and fifty feet deep, and trees growing in their bottoms towered to an equal height above the head of one standing on the brink. This was truly a primeval forest; the hand of man had never desecrated these giants of the sylvan world. No sun or breeze reached the dark, damp depths, and every tree seemed to try and force itself aloft into the blue heaven to get a sight of the life-giving sun.

Emerging from the forest at the foot of the mountains, we came upon villages and cultivated land. The villages were entirely different from any I had yet seen in Africa. Huts arranged in long broad streets, the walls and ends of bright red clay, with sloping roofs thatched with yellow grass. The people also presented a change as sudden as that of their houses. The women ("tousjours place aux dames") dressed their hair into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet in front, with long ringlets, daubed with mud and grease, hanging down their backs. The edge of the bonnet-like part in front was trimmed with beads, cowries, or seeds of the wild banana. Round their waists they wore a string of the same materials, which served to support two small aprons, constituting all their clothing, and which, when going to work in the fields or fishing, they replaced by small bunches of leaves in order to save their go-to-meeting frocks.

The men, in their way, were equally peculiar, plastering their hair thickly with mud and forming it into cones, lumps, and flat plates, into which they inserted cow-

ries and bits of copper as ornaments. Between the different patches the scalp was shaved perfectly bare. Some wore a cone on top of their heads, and the side and back hair formed into long flat flakes with mud with round holes in them, to which iron and copper rings were hung. The remainder of their dress consisted of leather aprons about six or eight inches wide, reaching to their knees.

The second camp, after crossing the Bambarré Mountains, was at Moéné Bugga's village, son of Moéné Kussu. The latter, who is now dead, was chief when Livingstone stopped here for some months, and many of the people inquired after the "old white man," and seemed very sorry to hear of his death.

The chiefs indulged in more clothes than their subjects, wearing large kilts of fringed grass cloth. Each of them also wore the peculiar Manyuéma knife or sword slung over his shoulder by belt of otter skin. Every separate village is independent, and as at the time we were here there was no war going on, several of the chiefs came to see us and have a stare at a white man. They were attended by people carrying rattles, who proclaimed their names and titles; two, Moéné Gohé and Moéne Booté, had dwarfs for their rattlers, and Moéne Booté had also a man playing on an instrument made of different sized gourds fastened in a frame, and over them were keys of hard wood, which, when struck, gave a clear metallic sound, varying in pitch according to the size of the gourd under each key. This instrument is called the "marimba," and is known close to the west coast, from whence it reaches to Manyuéma, which was the first place I saw it. The name is the same everywhere.

After leaving Moéné Bugga's we passed through another strip of primæval forest of enormous trees, and came to the village of another Moéné Booté, with whom we had to make arrangements about the crossing of the Luama. Muinyi Hassani and I here began to differ somewhat as to the necessity for numerous halts, as I wished to press forward as quickly as possible, and he took every opportunity to say we wanted to halt for something or another; but alternate dawdling and hurrying are what every European has to put up with when dealing with semi-civilised races.

We had halted a day at the northern foot of the Bambarré Mountains, two or three at Moéné Bugga's, and now again was another delay about getting the canoes, which might have been obviated if men had been sent on in front. I asked about this whilst at Moéné Bugga's, and was told it had been done, but now found that it was a deliberate falsehood.

We got across the Luama safely after all: it is a fine stream two hundred yards wide, and varying from twelve to fourteen feet in depth with a moderate current. Its banks are mostly clothed with fine timber, and its winding course was often visible from some of the small hills over which our path led, forming an agreeable feature in the landscape.

After crossing the Luama we came to rather a flat country, but intersected by many streams and watercourses which had grooved out for themselves deep beds in the sand and shingle of which the strata are composed. Strips of green trees mark the position of these watercourses, and the rest of the country is covered with the Manyuéma grass, interspersed with trees stunted by the grass fires. This grass is impassable until it has been burnt down, being often twelve and fourteen feet high, with stalks as thick as one's thumb, and growing in such a dense mass that one may throw oneself against it and make scarcely any impression. Even after it is burnt down, the thicker stalks remain and scratch one's hands and face, and tear one's clothes, besides which the ashes and blacks make one as dirty as a chimney-sweep, which, as soap is a rarity and a luxury in Manyuéma, is the reverse of desirable. Soon after leaving the Luama we passed a few hills on our left, and many streams, some flowing to the Luama and some direct to the Lualaba.

Our road took us through many villages, in several of which the men belonging to the Wamerima traders, as they did not receive anything from their masters to buy food, had to steal from the unfortunate natives to supply their wants. I did not know the whole truth at this time, as the traders told me that they served out regular allowances to their men, and that they punished any who stole from the natives. As we formed separate camps, I could not say that this was false, and my men assured me that it was true. However, long

after, I heard from some of the more respectable of my people that I had been wilfully deceived.

At Karungu, a largish village, or rather a scatter of hamlets, matters came to a crisis, and a row between the traders and natives occurred. The true story was that some natives having been robbed, retaliated by stealing from Muinyi Hassani. I was only told at the time that the natives had stolen from him, but nothing of the reason why. The next morning Muinyi Hassani and his colleagues had a palaver with some of the chiefs on the subject, and wanted their property returned, besides a heavy indemnity; and on the chiefs replying that they would pay it with their spears, and brandishing them, they were shot down in the camp.

Instantly there was a regular tomasha, all the people of the caravans rushing for their guns, and the natives throwing their spears at the people nearest them, and then bolting into the jungle. One fellow's spear fell only a couple of feet from where I was sitting quietly writing. In a moment all the people belonging to the traders had got their arms, and rushed out to set fire to the houses near; and it was as much as I could do to keep my men in hand, and prevent their rushing out to join their friends.

For a couple of days we were in a state of semi-warfare, the coast people going out in bodies whenever they saw a chance, and the natives gathering together in the jungle with their spears and shields, shouting and yelling. The traders' people, in their numerous sorties, caught a lot of women, children, and goats, and the natives soon found that spears, their only offensive weapons, were no match for the guns of their opponents, and after several abortive attempts peace was at length made, and Muinyi Hassani and Syde Mezrui "made brothers" with some of the chiefs. After peace was concluded I found that people from several of the places through which we had passed had joined with those of Karungu, and if there had been any equality in the way in which the two sides were armed, we should have been in a fix.

I afterwards exerted myself to get the slaves and goats returned, but was only successful about the former, as Muinyi Hassani and his people said that if nothing was taken from the natives they would

think we were afraid of them, and attack us whilst passing through some of the strips of jungle which lay across our road, and where numbers might have prevailed in spite of gunpowder.

Two days after leaving Karungu we arrived at Mangarah, a village, the chief of which was a friend with the Arabs. His son had come out to Karungu to welcome us, and on our arrival at his father's introduced me to him in the most gentlemanly manner possible. Mangarah is one of several villages in which there are many iron foundries, a beautiful black specular ore being obtained close to the surface.

The day we arrived here a partner of Syde Mezrui came out from Kwakasongo, where several Arabs are settled, to welcome the party and learn the news from the coast. With him came several of the surrounding chiefs. Syde, who had already squandered nearly all the beads I had given him, and now found that I did not part so freely as he anticipated, began to show his bad points. He got hold of these chiefs, and instigated them to tell me most unwarrantable tales of the road in front, and told me that everything they said he was certain was true, although he did not know it from personal knowledge. His partner, a youngster of about twenty, corroborated this, and I was in a greater puzzle than ever about the rivers and everything else in front.

The next day we started for Kwakasongo, and for some inscrutable reason went two long sides of a triangle instead of a short one, thus taking a couple of marches to get there instead of doing it in one short one.

Kwakasongo I found had fourteen or fifteen Arabs, Wasuahili and Wamerima, settled there, including Syde and his partner, and they had about two thousand Wanyamwesi and slaves all armed with guns, so that they had the sway over the whole surrounding country. One man alone had over six hundred armed Wanyamwesi, and in his storehouse he had fifteen hundred *frasilah* (each of thirty-five pounds) ready for transport, but was waiting to hear of Mirambo's war being finished, not from fear of Mirambo himself, but because he was afraid he and his men would be detained to fight Mirambo by the Arab Governor at Unyanyembé.

We were detained at Kwakasongo for a

week, and after three days marching arrived at Kûmbwi on the Lualaba. The first view of the river far exceeded my previous expectations. Imagine a river varying from a thousand to three thousand yards in width, with swiftly flowing current, and many well-wooded and inhabited islands. At Kûmbwi I got canoes for myself and some of my men, and went down to Nyangwe by water in one day,

leaving the others to come by land. At Nyangwe I was warmly welcomed by Habib ibn Salim, an old Arab who had housed Livingstone during his stay there.

My men, who came by land, arrived two days after me, and then I set to work to try and get canoes to follow the great river down to the coast. My ill success in this, and the reasons for it, will be told next month.—*Good Words.*

MERVAUNEE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WHEN summer days are hot and blue,
How well for thee that may'st pursue,
Far from the city's crowded street,
The winding brook with wandering feet,
Conquer the mountain's airy crest,
Lose thee in woodland glade; or, best,
Breathe ocean-wind where curl'd waves

roar,

Swim from the land, or lie at rest
To watch mid noonday light's repose
Cloud-shadows cross the mighty floor,
Or plighted crimson in the west
When soft the lazy ripple flows
Like sleep upon a wearied brain.

Suppose it thus; suppose thee fain
Of song or story, some wild thing
Reported from the mystic main,—
Of Dalimar now hear me sing,
Son of a long-forgotten king.

King Eric the Fortunate was dead,
And Diarmad ruled the clans instead,
Of West Ierné, strong in war,
Generous in peace; and Dalimar,
His younger brother, dwelt with him.
Nor show'd the sun and moonlight dim
In those long-faded seasons; bright
Was many a fresh new morrow's light
Along the mountains, evening gold
Fell on the wave, in times of old.

Their Fortress-Hill, a mighty mound,
With houses built of the strong oak-tree,
Entrench'd and palisaded round,
Ring within ring, o'erlook'd the sea
And rugged woods of wolf and bear;
A land of gloomy pathways, where
Wild men crept also to and fro
To snatch a prey with club and bow;
Till sharply blew the signal-horn
The warriors of the Rath to warn,
And bid them drive the plunderers back

With blood upon their hasty track,
Or sometimes ocean-rovers fierce
Dared with their waspish navy pierce
A river-mouth or guardless bay
And sting the land with fire and sword;
Then sped the warriors forth, to slay
And chase and scatter, and drive aboard.

But when the battle spoil was won,
Or when the hunting-day was done,
They heard, o'er fragrant cups of mead,
Their Bards rehearse each daring deed
To ringing harps, or duly count
Those high ancestral steps that mount
To Balor and to Partholon,
Or some thrice-famous story tell
Of war, or dark Druidic spell
(To-day no weaker), or how well
A Spirit loved a mortal Youth;
And all was heard and held for truth.

Archpoet Conn was old and blind.
No whiter to the autumnal wind
Marsh-cotton waves on rushy moor
Than flow'd his hair and beard, and pure
His raiment when he sat in hall
As torrent-foam or seagull's breast.
The King, in seven rich colors drest,
Pledged him at feast and festival,
And gladly to his master's voice
Conn bow'd the snowy sightless head.
Young Dalimar, in robe of red,
Sat next the Bard, of kindly choice,
And spake to him and carved his dish,
And fill'd the goblet to his wish,
That love for loss might make amends;
For youth and age were steadfast friends.
And many a time with careful hand
He led the Sage to the salt sea-sand,
Slow-pacing by the murmurous flood,
Or to a shelter'd glen where stood
One sacred oak-tree, broad and low,
Firm as the rocks that saw it grow,

A cromlech, and a pillar-stone.
And, year by year, of things unknown
He learn'd.

In shadow of that oak
Conn taught the Prince of fairy-folk
Who dwell within the hollow hills,
In founts of rivers and of rills,
In caves and woods, and some that be
Underneath the cold green sea;
The spells they cast on mortal men,
And spells to master these again;
And Dalimar all that strange lore
Longing heard and lonely ponder'd,
Musing, wondering, as he wander'd
Through the forest or by the shore.
And when his elder Brother said,
"My Brother, with the brow of care!
O Dalimar! I rede thee, wed;
No lack of noble maids and fair;"—
Ever the younger Chief replied,
"Yea—but I have not seen my bride,
Though many beauties; when I see,
Know her I shall, and she know me."
—"I dread lest thou have turn'd thy
mind

To something man may never find,
Some love the wide earth cannot give."
—"So must I ever loveless live!"
Nor thought his pensive fortune hard,
Communing with the wise old Bard.

But winter came, and Conn no more
Slow entered hall, or paced on sand,
Or sat in shadow of oak-tree bough;
If you should search the sea and land
You could not find his white head now,
Unless beneath a cairn of stones
Where round Slieve Rann the north-wind
moans.

And young Prince Dalimar thought long
The nights of darkness; tale or song,
Or maiden's eyes, to youth so dear,
Banquet, or jest, or hunting-spear,
He nothing prized, or warrior-fame
Once green with promise round his name.
Though gentle, he could wield a sword,
And plunge into the waves of war;
Lorcan, who spake an evil word,
Hand to hand in fight he slew;
And when a wildboar overthrew
His elder brother, Dalimar
Sprang from his horse with ready knife
And found the fierce brute's throbbing life
In one sharp stroke. But weary pass'd
Midwinter now. The barren sea
Roar'd, and the forest roar'd, and he
Was lonely in his thoughts.

At last

One day 'twas spring. Dim swelling buds
Thicken'd the web of forest boughs,
Bird and beast began to arouse,
Caper'd and voiced in glad relief;
The salmon cleft the river-floods,
The otter launch'd from his hole in the
bank,

Away went the wild swans' airy rank
From salt lagoon; far out on the reef
The seals lay basking; broadly bright
Ocean glitter'd in morning light;
And the young Chief sprang to his little
boat

And paddled away on the deep afloat,
By dreadful precipice and cave,
Where slumbers now the greedy wave
Lull'd by that blue heav'n above.

Then, so it chanced, his coracle
Glided into a rocky cove
And up a lonely little strand;
And out he stept on sunny sand
Whereon a jagged shadow fell
From the steep o'erhanging cliff,
And drew ashore his fragile skiff.

What spies he on the tawny sand?
A cold sea-jelly, cast away
By fling of ebbing water?—nay!
A little Cap, of changeful sheen,
A seamless Cap of rippled green
Mingling with purple like the hue
Of ocean weeds.

He stoop'd; its touch
Like thinnest lightning ran him through,
A piercing shiver, sweet and new,—
What might it mean? for never such
Before had come to Dalimar;
He felt as when, in dream, a star
Flew to him, bird-like, from the sky.

But then he heard a sad low cry,
And, turning, saw five steps away—
Was it a Woman?—strange and bright,
With long loose hair, and her body fair
Shimmering as with watery light;
For nothing save a luminous mist
Of tender beryl and amethyst
Over the living smoothness lay,
Statue-firm from head to feet,—
A breathing Woman, soft and sweet,
And yet not earthly.

So she stood
One marvellous moment in his sight;
Then, lapsing to another mood,
Her mouth's infantine loveliness
Trembling pleaded in sore distress;

Her wide blue eyes with great affright
 Were fill'd; two slender hands she press'd
 Against the roundlings of her breast,
 Then with a fond face full of fears
 She held them forth, and heavy tears
 Brimm'd in silence and overflow'd;
 While, doubting much what this might
 be,
 He watch'd her.

Swiftly pointed she;
 Utter'd some sound of foreign speech;
 But Dalimar held out of reach
 The Cap, behind-back,—and so each
 Regarded other.

Then she flung
 Her arms aloft,—stood straight,—her
 wide
 Eyes gazed on his, and into him;
 And she began a solemn song,
 Of words uncouth, slow up and down;
 A song that deepen'd as she sung,
 That soon was loud and swift and strong,
 Like the rising of a tide,
 With power to seize and drench and
 drown
 The senses,—till his sight grew dim
 And torpor crept on every limb.
 What could he do?—an ocean-spell
 Was on him.

But old wisdom rush'd
 Into his mind, and with a start,
 One gasp of breath, one leap of heart,
 He pluck'd his dagger from its sheath,
 Held forth the little Cap beneath
 Its glittering point. The song was hush'd.
 Prone on the yellow sand she fell.

He kneels, he takes her hands, with
 gentle,
 Tender, passionate words—in vain;
 Then with a heart of love and pain
 Wraps her in his crimson mantle,
 Lifts her, lays her down with care,
 As she a one-year infant were,

Within his woven coracle,
 And o'er the smooth sea guides it well,
 And bears her up the rocky path,
 And through the circles of the rath,
 To Banva's bower, his sister dear.
 There, half in pity, half in fear,
 The women tend her, till she sighs
 And opens wide her wondrous eyes.

Dalimar alone of all
 In his deep heart understood
 Of this Damsel dimly bright
 Wafted from the salt-sea flood;
 Like a queen when clothed aright.
 Only a little web, more light
 Than any silk, that halfway goes
 Between the fingers and the toes,
 Her under-ocean breeding shows.
 She hath wept and ceased to weep;
 Slow her wearied eyelids fall;
 Lay her softly, let her sleep.

“Bright and strange One, where wert
 found?”

(Sleep! while Banva sings)
 From caves and waves of the fishful
 sea,

From swell and knell of the rolling
 tide,

(Slumber! while we sing to thee)
 Borne forlorn to our fortress-mound—

(Sleep! while Banva sings).

Fairest maiden, sea-blue-eyed,
 Sea shell-tinted, thy unbound
 And wavy-flowing hair is dried
 And comb'd away on either side,

(While Banva sings, and Dendra
 sings)

Down from smoothly pillow'd head;
 Safe art thou on shadowy bed,

Sleep now—safe art thou
 In the Dune of Kings.”

She slept. They heard a thrush outside
 Sweet across vernal woods, the tide
 Searching among his rocks below,
 And the spearman pacing to and fro.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE FAUST LEGEND.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE once popular delusion which identified Faust the magician with Fust or Faust, the inventor of the art of printing from movable types, is no longer entertained. It is just possible, however, that Faust

the printer may have been the father of that Faust, professor of the black art, around whom have crystallized all the most remarkable stories that had previously been told of other magicians from Zoroaster

to Simon Magus, from Theophilus of Syracuse to Robert of Normandy, and from Pope Sylvester to Cornelius Agrippa—who lived about the same time as the Faust endeared to us by poetry, painting, and music, and, like that personage, kept a black dog. There is nothing to show that Faust the printer had dealings with the devil; though he seems to have been suspected at one time of corrupt practices in that direction. The story runs that after perfecting his system of printing from independent characters, Faust went to Paris, where his invention was not yet known, and there sold as manuscript, and of course at a high price, copies of the Latin Bible produced by his new and comparatively inexpensive method. Faust intended to work printing as a secret process, and the sale of printed volumes at the prices usually charged for volumes copied out by hand would, no doubt, speedily have enriched him. His customers, however, compared what they had bought; and when it was seen that the words and letters in the pretended manuscripts were, letter by letter, absolutely identical in shape, it was difficult not to conclude that the copies had been multiplied by unlawful means. Thus John Faust, in the middle of the fifteenth century, by practising an imposition, acquired the character of a wizard.

It is quite certain that John Faust, the printer, who, unable to patent his invention, had determined to make money out of it by applying it to his own private ends, was not the Faust who, by solemn compact and in return for certain immediate advantages, gave himself over to Satan. Faust the necromancer—calling himself, according to some authorities George, according to others, John Faust—may all the same have been the printer's son. The period of the magician's activity dates from the end of the fifteenth century; and not later than the beginning of the sixteenth we find him installed in the chair of magic at the University of Cracow. "They are not great magicians now," says Heine* of contemporary Poles, in some remarks on Twardowski, the so-called "Polish Faust," who was doubtless one and the same person as that German Faust

who professed sorcery at Cracow. The Poles, however, must have been terribly addicted to magic in the early part of the sixteenth century if, as appears to have been the case, it was thought worth while to maintain at their celebrated university a lecturer on the subject.

One reason for supposing that Professor Faust, of Cracow—"Faust junior," as he always styled himself—may have belonged to the family of John Faust, the printer of Mayence, is to be found in the lamentable but undeniable fact that he also was given to romancing. Far from denying his alleged connection with the devil, he was in the habit of boasting of his influence in that quarter; and he openly declared that the victories gained by the Emperor's armies in Italy were all due to his occult machinations. The Poles may have been amused by these tales. But Faust's German friends saw no fun in them, and were inclined to look upon their author as the mountebank which he seems really to have been. One of Faust's countrymen, after remarking on the vanity of the man's profession as soothsayer—which nevertheless, he says, gained for him the admiration of the vulgar—adds: "I heard him chattering in the inn. I did not chastise him for his boasting. What is the madness of another man to me?" Another remarks that "Magister Georgius Sabellicus Faustus, junior," as the professor of magic called himself, is a philosopher less remarkable for philosophy than for fatuity, that he ought to be beaten with sticks, and that it is astonishing he can be allowed publicly to profess doctrines and practices condemned by the church. The priests were naturally very much against him, and accused him of having said that if all the works of Plato and Aristotle were lost he could rewrite the whole of them with an added grace of his own. He was also charged with having asserted that there was nothing at all wonderful in the miracles of Jesus Christ, all of which he could at any time perform.

The most noteworthy testimony on the subject of this mediæval conjuror and spirit-rapper comes from Melanchthon, who was personally acquainted with him. In his *Table Talk*, collected by Manlius, Melanchthon is represented as saying that he had known "a certain person named Faust," who was professor at Cracow, where he taught magic; who travelled a

*See Heine's preface to his ballet-libretto or "Tanz-poem" of *Doctor Faust*, written for Mr. Lumley, Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852, but never produced.

great deal, had acquired many secrets, and at Venice had astonished the people by flying in the air. The devil, according to Melanchthon, raised the magician aloft, but maliciously dropped him, so that he was much injured by the shock, though not killed. His end came to him at a village in Wurtemberg, where, being very low-spirited one evening, he, in the first place, cautioned the innkeeper with whom he lodged not to be too much terrified if anything alarming happened during the night. At midnight, in fact, the house was shaken as by an earthquake; and the next morning, Faust not making his appearance, the innkeeper went into his room, and found him lying by the side of the bed lifeless, and with his face turned to the ground—a sign that he had been killed by the devil. "Until then," observes the reformer, "he had a dog with him who *was* the devil." Melanchthon sums up Faust's character by calling him "*turpissima bestia et cloaca multorum diabolorum.*"

Wierus or Weiher, writing in 1588, the year after that in which the Faust legend first appeared in print, speaks of Faust as a professor of magic at Cracow and other places, and tells an anecdote of him which is also to be found in the popular story. Faust, when from time to time he diverted his mind from the contemplation of the higher philosophy, was fond of a practical joke; and meeting one day a man who wished to be shaved, he proposed for a sufficient quantum of wine—to which, according to Wierus, he was addicted—to perform the operation without soap or razor. The offer was accepted, when Faust rubbed the man's chin over with arsenic, and so effectually that not only his beard but his skin also came away.

The compiler and commentator of one of the earliest versions of the Faust legend, Widman, whose *True History*, etc., was printed at Hamburg in 1599, represents Faust, at least in his early days, not as a winebibber, but as the sworn enemy of excess both in eating and drinking. Faust had a particular horror of drinking before going to bed, and saw death in that "sleeping draught" which Macbeth seems to have taken habitually, and which he expected Lady Macbeth to bring him the last thing at night in whatever business he might happen to be engaged. Faust felt strongly on this subject, and placed his

views on record in Latin hexameters and pentameters.

"Credite mortales, nocis potatio mors est,"

is one of his lines; and he wrote a couplet to the same effect in a medical work of which Widman speaks knowingly as though he himself had seen it. Here is the couplet:

"Corporis atque animi mors est impletio ventris,
Liberalat a morbis sobrietas variis."

But from the moment that the chroniclers take him in hand Faust, as we first saw him, "chattering," "boasting," and "astonishing the common people," loses his identity. His actions remain the same, but his character is entirely changed. He keeps a dog, he flies through the air, his house at a critical moment is shaken by an earthquake, and he applies in facetious moods his secret shaving-powder to the chins of the vulgar. Faust's thoughts, however, are now those of his biographer—evidently a theologian of the Reformed Church; and the problems which he sets himself to solve are those which agitated the period in which the materials of what has since been known as the Faust legend were first put together. The so-called story contains more controversy than incidents. Each brief section of narrative is followed by a long section of disquisition; and the result is at once a tale and a tract, in which we are not only informed as to what befell Faust, but are also enlightened as to the errors of the Church of Rome. It is with the Evil Spirit, the enemy of God and of the human race, that Faust enters into relations, and it is between him and Faust that the real drama takes place. But we are reminded from time to time that on many points, as in regard to celibacy and the reading of the Bible, the views of the evil spirit are identical with those of the Roman clergy. Mephistopheles appears in the garb of a monk; which accounts for the hood, though not for the red cloak (borrowed apparently from Zaniel), in which he is exhibited on the modern stage; and in telling Faust what subjects he may and what he absolutely must not discuss he forbids the Bible, but allows him full liberty to occupy himself with "ceremonies, the mass, purgatory, sophistry, legends, councils and school theology." Faust prefers higher themes, and, without touching on the

Bible, disputes with Mephistopheles on the relations of the devil towards God, the nature of heaven and hell, the eternity of punishment for sin, and the possibility in his own particular case of repentance and reconciliation with the Divine Ruler.

Neither Spiess, the author of the earliest version of the Faust story, published in 1587 (on which Marlowe based his *Dr. Faustus* produced the year afterwards), nor Widman, nor any of the German narrators who have treated this theme, take note of Faust's life in Poland, which in due time was made the subject of a separate legend, with Polish details, and with Twardowski, a Polonized Faust, substituted for the Faust of Germany. The Polish Faust behaves with much levity. Like his German cousin, he takes flights in the air with his attendant fiend, and, like the Faust of one of the German ballads, enjoys the right of requiring this personage to execute three commands—the third of which, in the case of Twardowski, was that he should take Mdme. Twardowski for his wife. Rather than do this, the devil, who was already acquainted with the lady, broke the compact, and Twardowski was saved. This ingenuity on the part of the national magician has been celebrated by the Polish poet Mickiewicz, in appropriate verse. Is it not remarkable that, whereas the German Faust wished to marry but was not allowed to do so by Mephistopheles, the Polish Faust, a married man, sought to rid himself by diabolical means of his wife? Twardowski seems to have been the only married man who ever sold himself to the devil, though not the only one who endeavored to escape from his matrimonial responsibilities by getting the devil to relieve him of them. But *Le Mystère du Chevalier qui donna sa Femme au Diable* has very little to do with the Faust legend.

The wife of the wicked knight just mentioned was saved by the intercession of the Holy Virgin who sent her, as she was praying in a road-side chapel, into a deep sleep, then replaced her by the side of her husband and rode with him to a wood where Satan was to meet him. "Wretch," cried the indignant Satan when he saw what the wicked knight had been unable to perceive; "instead of your wife you have brought me the Mother of God." "He was not worthy of such a wife," said the Holy Virgin. "But I loved her and

have taken her from him. She is now in my Son's Kingdom."

Theophilus of Syracuse, too, was saved by the Holy Virgin, when, like Faust, he had signed away his soul. But after the Reformation this means of escape was not within reach of those necromancers who had been brought up in the Protestant faith. Faust, moreover, was much more "advanced" in his opinions than the very primitive Theophilus, or than that simple-minded gentleman in the *Contes Dévots*, who was willing, if by so doing he could gain the heart of the woman he loved, to forsake God, but would not on any account abandon the Holy Virgin—a mark of attention for which the Blessed Mary duly rewarded him. Faust did not believe in a future state, or at least had grave doubts on the subject. In his first interviews with Mephistopheles he was uncertain whether he should sell himself at all; and he felt tolerably confident that if he did sell himself he would be able at the last moment, either through repentance or by some other means, to cheat the devil, and regain his liberty. Mephistopheles showed himself willing to make things easy for him, and contested himself as a first step with presenting for his consideration, in diplomatic fashion, a little convention in five points.

No. 1 exacted the denial of God; and Faust accepted it without much hesitation, resolved as he was at a fitting moment to abjure his impious renunciation. No. 2 obliged him to hate the human race, a condition which grieved him, as his fellow-creatures had done him no harm, and he bore no ill towards them. He could not, however, but yield on this point as on the preceding one. No. 3 required him to hate the clergy, who seem to have been regarded by the author of the legend—doubtless himself a clergyman—as holding a midway position between God and man; No. 4 bound him never to set foot in a church; and No. 5 forbade his getting married. As Faust cared neither for church nor clergy, and had no wish to get married, he agreed readily to the three last points. Mephistopheles, on his side, pledged himself to execute all Faust's commands during a period of twenty-four years, at the expiration of which term Faust became his, body and soul. When everything was settled, Faust was informed that he must sign with his blood.

A vein was opened; the precious liquid was put in a vessel on the fire; it boiled; Mephistopheles handed Faust a pen; and the business was finished.

Meanwhile, there had been no question of Helen, still less of Gretchen, of whom no trace or suggestion is to be found in the earliest versions of the Faust legend. The primary object of the baffled magician had been to extend his knowledge, and it was not until later chroniclers had developed the story in various directions that, in connection with Article 5, the shadowy figure of a young German girl was introduced, which took form in subsequent editions, until at last, in the hands of the poet, it bloomed into the personage of Margaret.

But for the famous fifth point in the treaty between Faust and Mephistopheles, Margaret might never have existed; and, as in the sixteenth century, the story of Faust would still have remained that of his selling himself to the fiend; of his disputations with Mephistopheles on the mysteries of earth, heaven, and—above all—hell; his repentance; his vain attempts to escape from the power of the devil; his increasing despair as the term of his compact draws to an end; his exhortations to his admirers, the students, that his example may not be lost upon them; and finally his death. Helen of Troy, with her "coal-black eyes, cherry lips, and neck like a white swan," as she is described in old Spiess's narrative, would probably not have been forgotten; though her part in the drama of Faust's career, despite the fact that she lives with him as his wife and bears him a son, is not an important one. Lovers of analogies may, perhaps, say that Helen is to Faust what Venus, in another legend based on the same fundamental idea, is to Tannhäuser. The principle is laid down in one of the numerous popular versions of the Faust story, that the devil likes "the word" to be followed by "the deed;" and though Faust, under pressure, has declared himself in writing to be the enemy of God, man, the clergy, the Church, and marriage, he does not, in practice, show himself to be anything of the kind until Helen is introduced as if to console him for his inability to take a wife. He passes his time in holding "disputations" with Mephistopheles on high theological and metaphysical subjects; in playing ridiculous

practical jokes; and in summoning to his presence the heroes and other personages of the Homeric poems—including Polyphemus, whom the author of the narrative compares with Goliath, and thereupon launches into the history of Samson. At last, in Spiess's original version, Helen appears, and, remaining with Faust, becomes the mother of a child, who receives the name of Justus. But in this story of the year 1587 the appearance of Helen does not follow closely on Faust's unlawful desire to get married. It was reserved for Widman—who published his elaborate narrative and commentary twelve years later, and who considered himself better informed than his predecessor as to the true history of Faust—to establish the connection between Faust's desire to get married and the substitution by Mephistopheles of Helen for the legitimate wife who could not on any account be allowed to him.

In a much shorter version than either of the preceding ones, published in 1728, and described by Scheible, is *Das Kloster* as the first of the "little story-books" on the subject. Faust's wish to get married takes the form of love for "a beautiful but poor girl who was in service at a tradesman's in his neighborhood, and who would permit him nothing out of wedlock." Faust had a very serious quarrel with Mephistopheles in regard to this damsel; and when he declared his intention of marrying her, whether the diabolical agent attached to him liked it or not, a mighty wind arose and shook the house (as when "Georgius Sabellicus Faustus," of the University of Cracow, gave up the ghost); after which the building burst into flames, so that Faust was near being tormented with fire before his time. All the authors testify to the occurrence of this phenomenon as the emphatic expression of the devil's aversion to matrimony. But the editor of the narrative published in 1728 seems to have been the first to show that, as soon as the devil had frightened Faust out of all idea of marrying the future Margaret, he at once calmed and demoralized him by giving him Helen in place of the "beautiful but poor girl who would permit him nothing out of wedlock."

In yet another edition of the Faust legend dated 1839, and which may possibly, therefore, have been founded, in part

at least, on Goethe's dramatic poem, the Margaret episode, which was destined to be gradually developed, until it should at last fill the whole framework of the story, has assumed larger dimensions and gained new features. The "beautiful but poor girl" has now become the "beautiful and modest daughter of honorable people," whom Faust, "through the assistance of a procuress, and by means of rich presents and deceitful promises, befools and brings to ruin." Thereupon, when she became a mother and found herself deserted by her faithless one, "she in her distress killed her own infant, and was sentenced to undergo the punishment for child-murder. The story is quite credible," continues the writer. "The devil would take good care that each word given by Faust should be followed by a deed; and when one bears on his soul the soul of another he is already on the way to eternal damnation."

Neither Spiess nor Widman says anything to indicate the existence of a Margaret beyond telling us that Faust wished to get married; from which it may not unreasonably be inferred that there was some one he wished to marry, for we had already been assured that marriage in the abstract possessed no sort of attraction for him. It is remarkable, however, that the charming personage who in the end was to become the most interesting figure in the Faust story should in the earliest versions have had no definite existence. Her place in the tale was already marked from the beginning. She is the natural dramatic consequence of Article 5, which Faust is bound to observe, and which he is led through the unconscious girl to set at defiance, that he may fall more surely into the power of the fiend. But, though century by century she grew in importance, it was not until Goethe breathed into her the breath of poetic life that this innocent and suffering agent in the damnation of Faust was known by a name. Since Goethe's time Margaret, adopted by painters, dramatists, and composers, has had new beauty bestowed upon her, or, at least, has had her own native beauty presented in new lights. Rembrandt painted Faust, Christopher Van Sichem painted Faust and Mephistopheles. But Ary Scheffer painted Margaret and scenes in which Margaret is always the principal figure. In Goethe's *Faust* the

first part—what is generally accepted as the whole work—ends with the death of Margaret; nor does the real drama commence until Margaret is accosted by Faust as she leaves the cathedral, in which we afterwards see her unable to utter a prayer. Margaret, moreover, as a lyrical personage in the fullest sense of the word could not but engage the attention of composers; of whom the first to set her beautiful songs to music was Schubert.

When just fifty years ago Prince Puckler-Muskau told Goethe that he had seen *Faust* performed with music by Prince Radziwill, the venerable poet replied that "it must have been very strange." Far stranger would the ingeniously constructed—or rather cleverly trimmed—drama of *Faust and Margaret* have appeared to him; and curious, indeed, would he have found the opera composed by M. Gounod on the *Faust and Margaret* drama as converted by its skilful arrangers, MM. Barbier and Carré, into a libretto. Herr Wagner has expressed, in *Opera and Drama*, needless indignation at the thought of *William Tell* having been set to music by an Italian; and he has, at least, equally good reasons for complaining that *Faust* should have had what threatens to be its permanent operatic form given to it by a Frenchman. The French have, indeed, during the last thirty or forty years, shown a curious persistency in taking as a subject for music what they knew perfectly well to be a German legend. Three French composers of very different degrees and kinds of talent, Mdlle. Louise Bertin, Hector Berlioz, and M. Gounod, have sinned in this manner; and, to speak only of M. Gounod's charming opera, it must be admitted that the two principal male personages of that work, wandering about as if in search of adventures, bear a far greater resemblance to the Lionel and Plumkett of Flotow's *Martha*, than to the Faust and Mephistopheles of necromantic tradition. Goethe's *Faust* was never intended for the stage; nor even in the abridged stage version prepared for the German theatres could it ever have become a popular stage play. M. Gounod's opera, on the other hand, has pleased the public everywhere, and nowhere more than in Germany, where, however, the managers, to mark their sense of the difference that exists between the work of the German poet and that of

the French dramatists and composer, give to the latter the name not of *Faust* but of *Margaret*.

Thus, in the course of three centuries, the popular story of "Faust" has gradually become transformed into the popular opera of *Margaret*. It is for Margaret, according to Gounod's opera, that Faust sells himself; and, Margaret having been loved, ruined, and abandoned, Mephistopheles claims Faust as his prey. The Faust story is converted into the story of an aged student, who gives himself to the devil for renewed youth and the love of a pretty girl, and who is carried off to the devil as soon as the pretty girl has been destroyed in body and mind, if not in soul. The public might say to Margaret in the eloquent words of Faust himself—

"One word, one look, from you is more to me
Than all the teachings of philosophy."

They prefer the story of Margaret's love to the records of Faust's "disputations" with Mephistopheles, and to the history of his spiritual experience as he finds himself sinking more and more hopelessly into the power of the devil.

Neither in Goethe's *Faust* nor in the *Faust* of the popular story-books is the principal personage carried off to the infernal regions for his conduct to Margaret; which, if it might make angels weep, could from devils only elicit a smile. In Germany, as in England, an idea has got abroad that at the end of the First Part Faust is seized by Mephistopheles and borne away. So, indeed, he is, but to fresh adventures, not to eternal torments. Otherwise the action of the Second Part would take place in the lower world; and "Helen of Troy" would not be Helen resuscitated, but Helen's ghost. Goethe seems to have intended at one time to follow in the second part, as he had done in the first, the main incidents of the popular story. After the "beautiful but poor girl" of whom Faust became enamoured but whom he was not allowed to marry comes, as an essential part of the tale, the brilliant Helen with whom there would be no question of marriage. In the old legend Faust further visits the Court of the Emperor; and this also he does in Goethe's Second Part. But the last few years of Faust's life in the old story-books (as also in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, based on Spiess's narrative) are

passed in ever-increasing mental and moral torments; of which, in the popularized operatic version of Goethe's dramatic poem, we naturally find no more trace than in the poem itself. The Faust of Spiess's and of Widman's narrative repents, is thereupon called to account by Mephistopheles, and forced to renew his engagement, so that there may be no mistake about the matter. He then questions his "dear Mephistopheles" more earnestly than ever as to the nature of eternal punishment; and Mephistopheles civilly explains it to him by the example of a stone which, heated, made red-hot, and left to cool, may be heated again and again for an indefinite period. The pain of hell consists, moreover, says Mephistopheles, in hell's lying at the foot of heaven, which from the infernal abyss is plainly visible, but quite inaccessible. Vividly realizing the terrors of his approaching end, Faust now suffers so much that one night he wakes Mephistopheles, and asks him whether he is not already in hell. Mephistopheles scouts the idea. The torments that await the damned go far beyond all that can be pictured by the imagination, he tells him; adding, when Faust shudders with alarm, that he is grieved to see him so timid. "Put a bold face on the matter," he adds with truly diabolical pleasantry, "and think of the number of Jews, Saracens, and sinners of all kinds whom you will have with you." Before his death, Faust, who has already written his memoirs for the benefit of humanity, addresses some last words to the students. He prays in vain that the devil while torturing his body to all eternity will yet spare his soul. Then at night a noise of hissing and shrieking is heard; and when the students enter his room next morning they find the remains of the unhappy doctor scattered about the floor.

Of Zito, the Bohemian Faust, some account may be found in Scheible's *Kloster*. Zito possessed neither the intellectual elevation nor the spiritual aspirations of the Faust celebrated by Spiess and Widman. But he mystified peasants, cheated horse-dealers, and indulged in various "shaves," including the removal of the beard by means of arsenic, like the Faustus of the German chroniclers, and of our own Marlowe.

Twardowski, the Polish Faust, besides

being a great practical joker, is popularly believed—as was at one time the Faust of Germany—to have invented printing. His life may be studied in a monograph with illustrations, published some fifteen years ago at Vienna, under the title of *Twardowski; oder, Der Polnischer Faust*. Entering Russia, from Poland, in the year 1863, with a copy of this harmless work in my possession, I was required to give it up; and on claiming it afterwards at the censor's office at Moscow, whither it had been sent on, was assured that it was

a political pamphlet of the most revolutionary character. "Twardowski," said the far-seeing officials, "represents Poland, the devil is Russia, and the author of this insidious publication would show that Poland is bound to Russia by a compact of diabolical origin." Thus, several centuries after his death, Twardowski was still destined to mystify the vulgar. I, however, was the victim of his last practical joke, for my monograph was confiscated.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE KORAN VERSUS TURKISH REFORM.

THE entire fabric of Mussulman society is woven upon the Koran. That is the fibre and tissue of the body-politic, so minutely intertwined with it that to attempt to disentangle them is to destroy life. What patriotism was to the Roman citizen, religion is to the Mussulman. The Sultan happens to be temporal ruler of the Turks; but it is to his spiritual authority that the orthodox Mussulman population of the world yields obedience. He is to them the Pádisháh; but he is also the Vicar of God, the Successor of the Prophet, the Pontiff of Mussulmans, the Refuge of the World, and the Shadow of God. What the Pope is to the Ultramontane Catholic the Sultan is to the devout Mohammedan. He has received his investiture from the Prophet, and, were he to preach a crusade against Christendom, every true believer would flock to his standard. Religion has set a strong stamp on other nations—witness the gloomy and fierce fanaticism of the Spanish soldier of the Cross, *i.e.* of the priest. But to find anything like a parallel we must go back to the Jews, the prototypes of the Mohammedans. There we see the zeal, the ruthless barbarity towards aliens in faith, the clanship, the Pharisaic washing and attention to minutiae, the contempt for the general humanities of life which still distinguish the followers of the Prophet.

Such being the case, if we are to form any just estimate of the Turk's capacity for reform, it will be necessary to observe the attitude of the Koran towards this question. At first sight all looks hopeful. There is an air of sententious philanthropy about it. Its pages teem with precepts of charity and hospitality, and of care for the

interests of women, orphans, and the weak. Nay, its protecting arms embrace even the brute creation. It breathes the very essence of the purest democracy, and establishes a community in which all outward distinctions vanish in the presence of religion. But the most casual observation reveals the fact that these benefits are reserved for co-religionists alone. Here is the flaw. That wide philanthropy which seemed to hail all men as brothers is narrowed to the circle of a sect. Thus, in proportion as the conscientious Mohammedan follows the teaching of the Koran, so does he find himself departing farther from that law of cosmopolitan love which seems to be gaining ground among Christians. He is forced in upon his own people. The love that he lavishes on them widens the gulf which separates him from the Christian. 'Come out from among them and be a peculiar people,' is the keynote of the Koran. 'O true believers, contract not an intimate friendship with any besides yourselves. If good happen unto you it grieveth them; and if evil befall you they rejoice at it.' Their hatred is plainly evident; but their breasts conceal even more, and when they meet in private 'they bite their finger ends out of wrath against you.' Therefore say unto them, 'Die in your wrath.'

It may be hard for anyone reared amid the busy life of the West, which day by day assumes, Proteus-like, some new shape, to picture to himself a government which is content to make every new problem as it arises square with a code inelastic as the Mosaic dispensation. Yet this is the case in Turkey. The author of the Koran knew the power of dogmatic assertion

He made no wavering bid for supremacy. When Moseilama, a religious rival, wrote a courteous request to Mohammed that he would share the world with him, the Prophet began his reply, 'Mohammed, the Apostle of God, to Moseilama the liar.' This was typical of his treatment of dissent. If anything could argue the divinity of his commission, it would be the marvellous fact that he stereotyped a society, and it has retained the distinct impress of his hand down to the present day. The 'unchangeableness of the East' is due to its intolerance of foreigners; but its intolerance of foreigners is due to the teaching of the Koran, which is as applicable now as in the days when the Prophet received his revelations from the Angel Gabriel. Each promise of reform extorted by Western diplomacy is glibly made by Parisian-taught Pashas who know its value. But it is resented as an impious insult to their creed by the fanatics who form the bulk of the nation.

There have been reformers in Turkey, notably the Sultans Selim III. and Mahmoud II. But they were branded with the titles of Giaour and renegade; and every amelioration which they were enabled to effect in the condition of their people had to undergo the determined opposition of the old Turkish party, goaded on in their fanaticism by the Ulema, from which both the Church and the Law are recruited. In both professions an accurate and detailed knowledge of the Koran qualifies for the highest offices. Let anyone who would form an idea of what liberality of mind is to be expected from the members of the former profession, picture to himself a Pharisee of the Pharisees, educated solely in the sacred writings, his mind warped from early childhood by a slavish obedience to the letter; or, if he would estimate the intelligence of the lower ranks of the Church, the Dervishes, let him witness a band of these fanatics seated on the ground, their bodies swaying to and fro as they chant their low, monotonous wail, in ever *crescendo* tones, till at length they fall foaming on the ground in epilepsy. One might as well look for the virtues typical of a priesthood in a swarm of negroes maddening themselves for some bloody 'custom.' Till a very recent change transferred the patronage, the person chosen to fill the supreme judicial post in

Egypt was appointed by the Sultan, his sole qualification being that he should know the Koran by heart. What reform in judicature can be expected from a Turkish judge whose only guide is the Koran, supplemented by the *Multeka*, the digest of the canon law to which he refers for precedents? If ordered to admit a Rayah's evidence, he replies that it is superfluous, the Koran declaring that the Christian is necessarily a liar. Why should a case be decided in his favor? He is not even a man! When the judge studies his legal handbook he finds such precepts as 'Slay the unbeliever: set a mark upon him, so that everyone shall know him as he passes, and heap every indignity on him as a sacred duty.' What likelihood is there of such men abating one iota of the law? The most crass ignorance prevails among them; ignorance, not of indolence, but of purpose. They resist all external knowledge. Geography, science, and mathematics are useless, and even worse. For all men were born naturally disposed to the Mussulman faith; it is education which perverts them. Thus every official brings to the exercise of his profession a mind warped by special study, whose aim has been to subordinate every inquisitive thought to the written law. As the Chinaman goes to search his archives for a precedent at every turn of life, so the Turk resorts to his Koran. If the injunctions of the Koran coincide with the *Tansimat* of Abdul Medjid, well and good; if not, the devout Mussulman knows his duty. The Sultan is his Pádisháh, and can frame any law that he likes. But God is greater than the Pádisháh, and He revealed to His Prophet every law that it was necessary to obey. It was, however, in this unlooked-for quarter that the late movement originated, and these are the men who must assume much of its direction. The policy which they have inaugurated will demand heavy sacrifices—little short of self-effacement. They will have to wean themselves from their most cherished convictions, and strain every nerve to calm the irritated fanaticism of the laity, which they have so long been engaged in fostering.

When we see such men as Fuad and Ali Pasha crushed, by a fanatic and priest-ridden people, in their noble efforts to redeem their country, we gain some idea of the paramount influence of the Koran.

Every incident in its history tends to enhance its awe and confirm its authority. It is eternal and uncreated. The original copy, bound in silk, and studded with jewels of Paradise, has lain from everlasting beside God's throne. Even the Prophet was only permitted to assure his faith by seeing it once a year. The Mussulmans typify this reverence by the outward respect which they pay to the book. They are forbidden to touch it without having first undergone the legal purification; and lest anyone should err through inadvertence, they write on the back, 'Let none touch it but those who are clean.' It is instructive to observe how even such a man as Fuad Pasha found it necessary to enlist the Koran on his side. It was the same attempt that Montalembert and others before and after him have made to reconcile the irreconcilable; and it met with like success. They rose in rebellion against the power which crushed individual thought, and they retired crushed and broken-hearted from the conflict. This has been the case with every innovator in Turkey. Sultan Selim was met in turn by the sullen opposition of every interest with which he attempted to deal. Army, Church, Law, and Diplomacy alike closed their ranks against the reformer; and it was not long before the hand of the assassin checked his career. Mahmoud followed resolutely in his steps, having first freed himself from the overshadowing influence of the janissaries by the simple process of extermination. But he lived isolated from his people—a mark for their scorn as the 'Infidel Pádisháh.' Then came the reign of Abdul Medjid, bright with its prospect of reform. But his *Tansimat* met with the fate of the *Tansimats* of Pio Nono and Ferdinand of Naples, and many another parchment which raised the hopes of Liberal Europe. How little came of it we can judge by a brief retrospect of the last five-and-twenty years. He struggled nobly to dispel the torpor which was stifling the national life; but all his efforts were vain. Then Abdul Aziz ascended the throne, a ruler after his people's heart, *i. e.* a staunch upholder of the Sacred Faith. His impotent and selfish reign is now a completed chapter of history; and once more we see a reforming Sultan on the throne.

If anything could make one doubt the incompatibility of the Koran with reform,

it would be the assurance of that true patriot as well as Mussulman, Fuad Pasha. He distinctly asserts, not its compatibility only, but its actual advantage over every other form of religion for the work. Islamism, unfettered by dogmas and the narrow prejudices of Christian sects, is free as the wind of heaven to catch up every wandering current of opinion. Islamism is the repository of all truth, therefore she opens her arms to science. Each re-discovery that Christendom makes is not to be scouted as the invention of the Gíaours, but gladly received as a lifting of the veil from the secrets hid from all time in the Koran. We might fancy we were reading some Papal allocution, making curious assumption of brotherhood between Ultramontaniam and Liberalism—between Science, which spurns all obstacles, and the Papacy, which casts down its gauntlet '*impossible*' in the path. Rather, perhaps, we should sadly mark the incongruity of the deductions of a high-minded man, whatever his creed may be, with the vulgar realities of life. Fuad Pasha, in his spiritual reading of the Koran, closed his eyes to the fact that others read it by the letter.

When Christianity, leaving the catacombs in which it had lurked, dared to measure itself against the polytheism of Rome, it was in its dogmatic certainty that it found its keenest weapon. Rome had become the *diversorium* of the religious world. New and fantastic forms of worship jostled one another in their pursuit of proselytes, each one pointing out some new path to heaven. The Epicurean had a pitying smile alike for all; but the Stoic's earnest nature could not rest. He sought for some clue to eternity; and, finding none, fell back on annihilation. But even here his wavering voice betrayed his doubt. Thought might recoil, dazed by its effort to pierce the future. But when driven in upon itself the soul refused to believe that it was born to perish. It was to this disorganized mass that the trumpet notes of Christianity rang out with their clear sound. There was no need to listen to the claims of rival religions. All alike were false. Liberality was but another name for indifference. There was the certainty of Heaven for the Christian, of Hell for the Pagan. So, too, the strength of Moham-medaniam lay in its exclusiveness. With

one stroke the Prophet cleared the ground of rivals. There had been prophets, it is true, from Moses to Jesus, and their writings were contained in 104 books. All, however, were lost but the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran. The first three of these were pronounced so corrupt as to be worthless. One, therefore, alone remained—the Koran. The Reformer tolerated no lukewarm partisans. They must believe *in toto* or not at all. For the opinion which some have held, that a man might be saved in his own religion, if sincere, is directly contradicted by the Koran—especially in the words, 'Whoever followeth any other religion than Islamism, it shall not be accepted of him, and at the last day he shall be of those that perish.' In the oft-repeated petition, too, which answers to the Lord's Prayer, the Moslem begs that he may be kept 'in the right way'—*i. e.*, in the Mohammedan religion, 'not in the way of those against whom God is incensed'—*i. e.*, Christians. The Prophet will not stay to parley with dissent.

Those who are not with him are against him. It is true that, as though foreseeing the schisms of later days, especially the bitter animosity of the Sonnite and Shiite factions, he exclaims bitterly that his own people will be more rebellious than the heathen. The Jews have 71, the Christians 72, but his disciples will have 73 sects. But whatever may have been his fear for the future, he never betrayed it in his language. There is the true dogmatic ring about that. 'Good and evil shall not be held equal.' He swept away the superstitions of the Arabs like the wind of the desert, and proclaimed anew the religion which Abraham bequeathed to his posterity and Ishmael handed down to the children of the desert. The Law was the rule till Christ came, then the Gospel; but both were set aside by the Koran, which, however, does not contradict, but is more explicit, and enforces the observance of much that was negligently performed before. Men were originally 'professors of one religion only, but they dissented therefrom.' This was Islam, which was held till the murder of Abel, or, as some think, until the time of Noah. Such being the case, it was the duty of believers to spread the true faith. 'Fight for and contribute to your religion, and beware of the fate of the Israelites who

did not do so,' were the Prophet's words; and, as soon as he had collected a sufficient force under his banner, he preached a crusade against his enemies—*i. e.*, those who differed from him. This ordinance has never been annulled. The growing power of the West may have admonished the Turk to suspend the performance of his duty, but it remains a sacred duty for all that.

How well the founder of Islamism succeeded in his endeavor to establish an enduring theocracy, we see in the case of modern Turkey. The Turkomans have squatted on the country which they seized under Osman, and are to this day the same people. They hold it as a foreign garrison, without an attempt at assimilation with the natives. The tide of European progress surged around them, but they built it out with a wall of resentful prejudice. Their only effort at civil government was to put in practice the regulations suitable to a tribe of predatory herdsmen. Small wonder, then, that the country should languish under such a rule. A well-tilled, fruitful land became a waste; its desolation made more appalling by the vestiges of ancient civilisation. Where the horse of Attila trod, the grass never grew again, and it withered beneath the Turks' feet. Their creed condemns them to stand still when all around is life and movement. Even could the Turk consent to shake off his fetters of custom and imitate his neighbors, religion would forbid him. It is the clear and explicit preaching of predestination that has accomplished this physical and moral death. Why trouble oneself? 'Death will overtake us even in lofty towers.' 'There is no change in what God hath created.' 'Islam' signifies 'resignation;' and the term 'Moslem' (Moslemúna), or, as Europeans write it, 'Mussulman,' has a like derivation. The calm demeanor of the Turk under the terror of plague, or any similar visitation, which excites the admiration of the restless Frank, is no matter of disposition, but the ingrained teaching of religion.

'Lord make us resigned unto Thee, and of our posterity a people resigned unto Thee,' was the solemn prayer of Abraham and Ishmael when they laid the foundations of 'the House,' *i. e.*, the Caaba. Again and again the merit of unreasoning obedience is insisted on by

the Koran. In questions of faith, it is 'better to follow the steps of the primitive Moslems, avoid disputations, and leave the knowledge of the matter wholly to God.' The same moral is enforced by the story of the patriarch Mâlec Ebn Ans, who, being inquired of why he wept when he was dying, made answer, 'How should I not weep? Would to God that for every question decided by me according to my own opinion I had received so many stripes! Then would my accounts be easier. Would to God I had never given any decision of my own!' We can not be surprised that such a system has reared a race of officials too indolent to study their profession, and too fearful of responsibility to depart one hair's breadth from the beaten track. If a question arises, there is no light to be thrown upon it from without; therefore, if it is to be answered at all, it must be by precedent. If, however, the doctrine of blind acquiescence in a predetermined fate has removed from the Mussulman every incentive to exertion, in one case it has had a directly opposite effect. In the days when the Prophet was struggling to assert himself against a powerful opposition, he saw the advantage that was to be gained from a fanatic soldiery. The doctrine of predestination is clearly laid down in the dispute between Moses and Adam. For, Adam, having learned from Moses that his rebellion was written in the law which was made forty years before his birth, asks how he could be blamed for doing what God wrote of him forty years before he was born, 'nay, for what was decreed of him 50,000 years before the creation of heaven and earth.' This was undoubtedly to be received as an axiom of faith. It was specially revealed to Mohammed that every soldier who fell fighting for his religion was predestined to an eternity of bliss. 'Whatever good or ill shall happen is irrevocably fixed and recorded from all eternity in the preserved table.' God has secretly predetermined a man's faith or infidelity, and consequently his eternal happiness or misery. No foresight or wisdom can alter this. Hence, argues the Prophet, since aught that you can do will not lengthen your life by a span, fight against the enemies of God, and beware lest God give you over to a reprobate mind.

It was from this small cause, viz., the

necessities of the rising Prophet, that arose the implacable hatred of the believer to the infidel. At first it was a struggle for existence; but as the young faith gathered strength it became aggression. Time rolled on, and what had been a matter of policy, hardened into habit. The motive was gone, but the feeling remained. The Koran is the staple of education. Thus, the earliest words that the child learned to repeat breathed malediction against the Christian. When the Mussulman attends his mosque, he listens to such injunctions as 'Fight against the unbelievers till the strife is at an end, and the religion is all of God's.' 'Despise every other nation; regard them with horror and distrust. They are impure; in you alone is purity.' 'Fight for the religion of God. He who lends on usury to God, God will double it.' One of the seven deadly sins is desertion during a religious campaign. Every spring of human pity is purposely dried up against the unhappy Christian. The Mussulman is taught to believe that he is not only doing God service in persecuting the infidel, but that he is specially favored in being set apart for this duty; and that God is visibly present assisting at the work. 'When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads;' for though God could have avenged himself, 'He commandeth you to fight His battles, that He may prove the one of you by the other.' The evil deeds of the infidels have been prepared for them, for God directeth not the unbelieving people. Nevertheless, they had their chance; for no man was condemned to punishment until an apostle had first been sent to warn him. Therefore, God declares that He will chastise them by the hands of the faithful, and will cover them with shame. In the same chapter, moreover, it is declared that the giving of drink to pilgrims, and visiting the temple, are things of little merit compared with the glory of fighting for the religion of God. A grievous punishment is ordained against those who refuse to go out when summoned to war. They shall be rooted out, and an obedient people shall be planted in their stead. The believer is enjoined to slay his enemy wherever he finds him, even in the sacred months. He may feel compunction, but this arises only from his ignorance. It is a grievous thing to war in the sacred

months. But to obstruct the way of God, and tempt men to idolatry, is worse.

The cruel teaching of the Koran sows discord even at the hearth. Its disciple is bidden to separate from a brother or a sister who may be an idolator. Even marriage is prohibited with one of these social outcasts. The Turk, however, gets over this difficulty by forcing the bride to adopt the religion of her husband.

The line which divides the two peoples in life may not be overstepped at the grave. 'After it is known that he has become an inhabitant of Hell' is the mode of expression for a Christian's death. The Mohammedan is forbidden to pray over such, or linger near their grave—the spot which the soul haunts after death. When the Prophet stood by his mother's grave, he burst into tears, exclaiming, 'I asked leave of God to visit my mother's tomb, and He granted it me; but when I asked leave to pray for her, it was denied me.'

We might multiply instances without end to prove that the Koran creates an impassable gulf between Mussulman and Rayah. Be it remembered, too, that these are no obsolete statutes, like the Jewish denunciations, remaining in the book but allowed to slumber there. They are living words in the ear and on the tongue of every Mohammedan, fresh as when they were uttered, and incapable of adapting themselves to the requirements of an altered society.

When the Turk leaves the mosque for the market-place, the seat of judgment, or the camp, he merely puts in practice what he has learned if he displays a disdainful brutality to the Christian. Such bloody outbreaks as the 'Lebanon Massacre' are the natural outcome of his creed. Hatred is ever simmering there, and any access of religious excitement suffices to make it boil over.

The Rayahs are the 'fuel of Hell,' 'brute cattle,' 'too unclean to approach Allah's temple;' why, then, accord to them the common rights of humanity? Some even deny that God created them, 'because He is not the creator of infidelity.' It is minutely specified by what marks you shall know the leprous Christian. He must place a sign on his house so that the passer-by may not bid him 'God speed!' On every occasion he must show his humility. He may not

ride in public places or past the tomb of Moslem saints—an order which the writer of this paper once saw carried out with true Turkish simplicity—a *sabti* throwing the offender violently from his horse.

It is difficult to imagine that people reared under such a system can be willing to concede religious or social equality. It is but of late years that a Christian could set foot in a mosque without the certainty of assassination if detected. Even now his presence is looked on as a defilement. The curse of Allah is invoked on the Cross; the foulest ribaldries are openly perpetrated on the worship of the Rayahs and its ministers. One of the most constant demands of the non-Mussulman population has been that they should no longer be debarred from military service. They have perception enough to discover that this prohibition degrades them in the eyes of the Turks, who consider them unworthy to take part in the protection of their common fatherland. But this is the teaching of the Koran. The ranks of the Faithful are closed against every Infidel. For the Mohammedan soldier exists for his destruction; and war is to him a holy crusade against the Giaour.

In any serious question of reform among Mohammedans, the position of women must occupy a prominent place. We are not now speaking of polygamy, but of the seclusion of women, the abnegation of their influence, and, as a corollary of this, the rearing of the entire population in frivolity, ignorance, and vice. The Koran bids men 'respect women of whom they are born;' but a few isolated precepts like this are powerless against its general tenor. The Turkish women shuffle unnoticed through the streets in their yellow slippers, or sit for hours in the meadows of the 'sweet waters,' their bright *serfeks* gleaming like a parti-colored bed of tulips. If their owner is a man of mark they are taken for an airing in a gilded coach, or they are huddled like sheep by their black wardens into a separate pen on the little steamers which pant busily across the Golden Horn. The life of a Turkish woman is vapid and meaningless; she is as ignorant as a child,—yet even the Grand Vizierat is often at the disposal of harem intrigue. And if we would discover the canker which lies at the root of Turkish society, we must seek it in the practice which condemns the chil-

dren of both sexes to the vicious atmosphere of the harem during the most plastic years of life.

The origin of this treatment of women, we shall find not in the dictates of Oriental jealousy but in the teaching of the Koran. The divine book by no means ignores the existence of woman. It lays down most careful and minute rules for her walk in life. But it treats her rather as an adjunct to man than as an independent, responsible being. Obedience is the corner-stone—obedience to him who rules over her. Home is her proper place, but if she goes abroad she must veil her face and breast; nay, some say, even her hands. 'Speak unto thy wives and thy daughters and the wives of the true believers,' says the Koran, 'that they cast their outer garments over them when they walk abroad—believing women must not discover their ornaments . . . and let them throw their veils over their bosoms.' It is in such light matters as these that we see the difficulty of a change in the current of Eastern thought. It is not merely the inveterate habit of centuries, though this is stronger than law, but also a matter of religion. The Spanish lady may exchange her *mantilla* for a Paris bonnet, with a sigh perhaps at the despotism of fashion; but if her Turkish sister lays aside her *yashmak* she infringes solemn ordinances of her religion and degrades herself in the sight of all.

If, however, as we have seen, the Koran awards a very modest place in the scheme of society to women, it does not, as many have supposed, absolve her from responsibilities here, or exclude her from participation in the life to come. This would be manifest, even though no other duty had been enjoined than performing the pilgrimage to Mecca, which is of such paramount importance that it is declared that a man might as well die a Jew or a Christian as neglect it. It has been erroneously supposed that the Koran allows women no souls. But it expressly states that the devout Mussulman, in addition to his seventy-two celestial brides, shall be allowed the company of any of his wives in Paradise, of whom he may not have grown tired on earth. The Prophet, too, finding that his interrogator, on one occasion, was not satisfied with the declaration that there would be no old

women in heaven, hastened to add that he only meant by this that all would be restored to youth. Though, to be sure, when he was permitted to take a bird's-eye view of Heaven and Hell, he saw that most of the inhabitants of the latter place were women. The absence of women from mosques has probably led hasty observers to the above conclusion. But this is only due to the desire that they should not distract the attention of the male worshippers.

Some enthusiasts, led away by the simplicity of the Mohammedans' creed, look forward to their conversion to Protestantism at no distant date. They welcome even vice in one of an alien faith, because it indicates a loosening of the bands of religion. Drunken and dissolute lives are common among modern Mussulmans; but even these bad specimens are not necessarily apostates from their religion because, like many Christians, they choose to live at variance with it. We speak of course of Mohammedans, not of the hybrid, Europeanised people who have no religion, or at least have lost all hold upon their countrymen, and are stigmatised as innovating Giaours. The Turk has naturally derived his notions of Christianity from the Greeks, with whom he comes most in contact. Their Church may be pure in theory; but in practice it is more degraded and superstitious than the worship of a Calabrese peasant. It is little to be wondered at, then, if the Turk seeing this grovelling idolatry casts his eyes to heaven with a sententious '*Bismillah!*' thanking God that he is not as other men. But though he may be disgusted by the absurdities of the Greek Church, it is no reason that he should turn to Protestantism. He may confess a half-contemptuous admiration for its comparative simplicity; but, from his point of view, we, equally with the Greeks, insult God by giving Him an equal. There are ministering 'prophets' in the Mussulman's heaven, but only one Allah. Even the noble persistency with which the Rayah has clung to his faith in spite of the misery which it has entailed upon him, becomes a crime in the Moslem's eyes. For it was prophesied of them that 'though a Koran should be revealed, by which mountains should be removed, or the earth be rent in sunder, or the dead be

caused to speak,' it would not suffice to convert them. Their souls are perverted of God's set purpose.

The Prophet expressly warns his followers against this temptation of their faith which they will undergo in later days. 'The unbelievers,' he says, 'will not cease to war against you until they turn you from your religion, if they be able. But he who shall turn back from his religion and die an infidel, his works shall be vain in this world, and in the next he shall be the companion of hell fire and shall remain therein for ever.'

It would be easy to give various reasons why such reforms as are promised by the Turk appear well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. We have preferred, however, to limit ourselves to one consideration, and to show that his present condition is the direct product of his religious teaching.

What the Turk is, the Koran has made him. It may have mitigated the native brutality of his character; but it is on one side only, viz. that which comes in contact with his brothers in the true faith. The other side it has added brutality. It has whetted his natural ferocity against his Christian neighbors, and has lent a harder tone to his cynical contempt for them. He remains at heart the untutored nomad he ever was. He has piled up in his palaces the luxuries of Western civilisation without culture to understand or enjoy them. The square patch of carpet which lies on the floor in the midst of its costly surroundings still typifies the sheepskin of the Tartar tent; and on this he is most at home. The sons of Ishmael have a euphemism for brigandage. When Abraham turned out their father, God gave him the open plains for his patrimony; and whatever roamed through the desert was his. Therefore, when they swoop down on a caravan, they merely resume their own. In like manner, the Turk feels that the Rayah and all that he has exists for his benefit alone. It is enough that he be tolerated among them; he is the Mussulman's born tributary—far meaner than the pariah dog, for whom the pious Turk sets aside part of his store.

We have seen the contrast of Turk and Christian in this life, and how little inducement it offers to the former to desert the faith of his fathers. We will now briefly glance at their relative positions in the life

to come. As a wind laden with scorching cold strikes the growing corn, so does a blight rest on the temporal affairs of the Christian. But it is not till the Prophet comes to treat of the after-state that he calls into play every artifice of that rhetoric in which the Arabic language excels all others. Persuasion and denunciation succeed and enhance each other. It is significant that the last words appointed to be read over a dying Moslem arrest his fleeting spirit to listen to the recital of an unbeliever's torment. The burden of the Koran is an antiphon of the joys of the believer and misery of the infidel. When the Turk closes his eyes to the murmur of his *narguileh*, he dreams of the pleasant glades of Paradise and its rippling streams. His heavenly Brides beckon him on, and their black eyes gleam with a light which even his most sensuous dream on earth has never pictured. The heat of the sun shall not weary him; for Tuba, the tree of happiness, spreads a pleasant shade around, so vast that a swift horse could not gallop from one end to the other in 100 years. Its boughs hang low, and offer to the passer-by the food he may desire; and as its fruits burst open they disclose robes of silk and richly-caparisoned horses. Israfil, most melodious of God's creatures, shall sing to him, and the daughters of Paradise, the Hur-al-oyun, from their caves of pearl. And as the wind, blowing from God's throne, murmurs among the trees of Paradise, it will wake sweetest chords from the bells with which they are hung, as they clash their jewelled boughs in unison. If any of the inhabitants of this garden shall, like Achilles in Hades, grow weary of inaction, he shall be permitted to exercise his former pursuits. The meanest foot-soldier who falls beneath a Rayah's bullet shall enter at once into this inheritance of bliss; for he, as a 'martyr,' takes precedence of others. He will exchange his bivouac on the ground and scanty fare for a tent of pearls and jacinth. Food shall be offered to him in 300 golden dishes, and wine forbidden to his lips on earth. His wives and his goods, his gardens and his servants, shall occupy the space of 1000 years' journey; and yet he shall never know satiety. For he shall continue ever in the prime of life, and be gifted with the capacity of 100 men. It is in sure anticipation of this blessed des-

tiny that the Mussulman has his grave built vaulted, that he may sit up confidently and answer the questions of the ex-animating angel.

But if the Mussulman is bidden to meet the terrors of the day of judgment without quailing, far different is it for the infidel. At the instant that he is hurried to his defiled grave, his torments begin. For when the livid angels Monker and Nakir come to examine him as to his faith, they will beat him on the temples with iron maces, and then press the earth on him, where he will be gnawed and stung by his own sins turned into venomous scorpions. There he shall lie until Israfil sounds his trumpet from the mountain of Jerusalem, and Gabriel summons the dispersed bones and flesh to unite and come to judgment. Then every soul shall appear, guarded by a driver and a witness, the angels who in life kept account of their good and evil deeds. The infidel shall come forth blind, deaf, and dumb, and branded with the Cain mark, *Kiafir*, on his brow. As he rises from the grave a hideous apparition will confront him, foul in smell and terrible of aspect. In his horror he will cry out, 'Who art thou? I never saw any thing so detestable.' But the monster shall answer, 'Marvel not at my deformity; I am thy evil works. Thou didst ride upon me while thou wast in this world; but now will I ride upon thee.' Thus saying, it will leap on him, and all who meet him will upbraid him, crying, 'Hail thou enemy of God!' The true believers shall remain before the throne only so long as shall suffice to say the appointed prayers, and their bodies shall shine like light; but the unbelievers shall stand in weary expectation for 50,000 years, tormented with a fearful sweat; for the sun shall be brought so near them that their skulls will boil like a pot. The brute creation shall fare far better than they, for when their deeds have been recounted they shall be resolved into dust. The soul and the body will begin to quarrel, asserting that but for one another they would not have sinned; but this plea will be met by the punishment of both. Then God will deliver judgment. 'Cast into Hell every unbeliever and doubter of the faith; who set up another God with the true God.' On this the terrified soul will turn to the devil to whom he is chained and begin to charge it with having se-

duced him. But God will bid them not to wrangle in His presence; and Hell will come roaring along to receive him, dragged by 70,000 halters, each halter being held by 70,000 angels. The wretch will have a last chance to cross Al Sirât, which is stretched over Hell, fine as a hair and sharp as a sword; and no light of Paradise shall come to guide his feet. At the first step, therefore, he will fall headlong into the abyss, and dwell there amid burning winds and scalding water, under a black smoke which shall yield no shade, but will send forth sparks of fire. The tree Al Zakkum will afford him food with its bitter fruit, growing like devils' heads, and he shall have boiling pitch to drink. Only the narrow wall Al Araf will part him from the blessed; but he will never cross it. There is a tradition that no Jew but Dathan and Abiram is adjudged to an eternity of punishment; and the most wicked Turk will not continue in Hell for more than a year, but the unbeliever shall abide there for ever.

A combined feeling of patriotism and self-interest may warn the Turk at the present moment of the desirability of concession. Yet many will doubt whether an ignorant and fanatic race will be content to forego the temporal and eternal advantages which their creed does not merely sanction but enforce. Centuries of this teaching have planted a feeling of hatred and disdain in their hearts which cannot easily be eradicated. Nay, should they concede the most elementary principle of reform, they would infringe the Prophet's law, which is life to them. They would lie under the Prophet's curse declared against those who have fellowship with unbelievers, and would prepare for themselves a place in torment beside them. It may seem puerile to insist on the omnipotence of religion in daily life. With some Western nations it may be the cloak taken out for Sunday wear. But to the Turk, with few exceptions, it is the mainspring and mainstay of life. He directs each footstep by the precepts of the Koran, assured of its guidance till that day comes which will close all accounts with him — when the cold wind, springing up in the confines of Arabia Damascena, shall sweep away the Koran (and him too), leaving the world in darkness.

Time will prove how far the stiff tenets

of a theocracy will bear the tension of modern government. Meanwhile, Europe stands in expectation, willing to hope that

the hard problem may be solved by other means than ironclads and rifled cannon. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

ON July 1 the grave closed over the remains of one of the bravest and hardest-working women whom our time has known; and no time has been more fruitful than ours in women of mark. Harriet Martineau was buried in the old cemetery, Birmingham, on Saturday. We should have expected Norwich—the city in which she was born, and which had been the home of her family for the two hundred years since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought them to England—to have been selected for this honor, if she had made up her mind to leave her beautiful little home in the Lakes, in full view of Rydal Mount. As she seems, however, to have made every last arrangement herself, the selection of her resting-place was probably her own; but it is Ambleside and not Birmingham which will always be connected with her name. It is true, no doubt, of the greatest of us that

“Day by day our memory fades
From out the circle of the hills,”

but we venture to predict that the fading in her case will be slow in the Westmoreland hamlet, which was her chosen home for more than a generation. The figure of the invalid deaf lady—so loving in her family life; so simple and neighborly, in the truest and deepest sense of the word, with rich and poor; so old in years but young in heart; so courageously tilling and cropping her two acres of ground; so full of the brightest and freshest interest in all political and social questions; so ready to make experiments in all realms visible and invisible, and to state results as she saw them, with a candor and fearlessness as valuable as they are rare—is one which will not be lightly forgotten, even in the land of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Arnold.

Hard work and high courage were, to our thinking, her most noteworthy characteristics. Even those most familiar with her life and work will have been startled at the list of her writings drawn up by

herself, “to the best of her recollection,” which appeared in the *Daily News* as an appendix to the autobiographical sketch left by her for publication with the editor of that journal, to which alone in her later years she had contributed no less than 1642 articles. From this list it appears that her first book, *My Servant Rachel*, was published in 1827, her last, *Biographical Sketches*, in 1869. In those fifty-two years more than 100 volumes (103 we believe to be the exact number) appeared from her pen, besides which she was a constant contributor to quarterlies, and monthly magazines, and newspapers, and carried on a correspondence which would of itself have been enough to use up the energy of most women. Apart from all question of its contents, the mere feat of getting such a mass of matter fairly printed and published could not easily be matched, and the more the matter is examined the more our wonder will grow. In all that long list there is not a volume, so far as we are aware, which bears marks of having been put together carelessly, or for mere book-making purposes, and her fugitive articles are as a rule upon burning topics, the questions by which men's minds were most exercised at the time. Indeed, though she lived by the pen, no writer ever wielded it with greater independence and single-mindedness. What she says of herself in the autobiographical sketch already referred to is most true, “her stimulus in all she wrote from first to last was simply the need of utterance.” And in her resolve to keep that utterance perfectly free she again and again refused offers of a pension from the civil list.

Of her quiet courage perhaps the most memorable example is her conduct in the angry discussion which took place over her recovery from a dangerous illness in 1844 by means of mesmerism. The story was published at first without her sanction, and soon the fight over it raged fiercely in the scientific world. Misrepre-

sentation as usual abounded, so she came forward and stated what really happened, with the views derived from her own experience of mesmerism as a curative agent. This drew upon her, as she truly says, "an amount of insult and ridicule which would have been a somewhat unreasonable penalty on any sin or folly which she could have committed." To friends who pressed her not to publish, foreseeing what it was likely to bring on her, she simply replied that it was hard to see how the world could be ripened if experimenters in new departments of natural philosophy concealed their experience.

Her main work was done before the present generation of readers can remember, but those whose memories carry them back to the time of the first Reform Bill, and whose opinions on political and social questions were forming in the uneasy years which followed, will readily confess their debt of gratitude to her. For she did more than any other writer, not excepting Archbishop Whately, to bring home to them the fact that the questions which political economists were discussing, and especially those connected with the Poor Laws, were not mere abstract problems for philosophers to argue over, but issues involving the welfare of every member of society. As one writes the words now they seem to express a mere truism, but that this is so is due in no small measure to her. And she rendered that generation of readers a yet higher

service by the tone of these social and economic writings. They are, we think, the first popular works of a class now so common, distinguished by a genuine and discriminating sympathy with the hopes and aims of the poor, and an understanding of their trials and temptations. The improved tone of thought and feeling on all social questions has arisen from many causes, and is due to many workers, but of these none have been more earnest than, and few so successful as, Harriet Martineau. Her forthcoming Autobiography will be looked for with deep, if somewhat painful interest, for it is to contain "a full account of her faith and philosophy." In the sketch already referred to she tells us that the cast of her mind was "more decidedly of the religious order than any other, during the whole of her life," and that "her latest opinions were in her own view the most religious;" and at the same time "that she was not a believer in revelation at all" in her later years. Her firm grasp of her own meaning and her singular power of expression will probably stand her in good stead in making her faith, whatever it may be, clear to those who have never yet been able to understand it. In any case it must command the most respectful attention, for even if not the motive power in, it was at least consistent with, a singularly noble and courageous life.—*The Academy*.

NEST BUILDING FISHES.

ONE of the most common of our British fishes, the tiny stickleback, has attracted considerable attention on account of its curious habit of building a nest—rivalling in intricacy the homes of our feathered friends—in which it deposits its eggs, and over which it keeps watch and guard till the tiny family are able to enter on the precaribilities of stickleback-life. Such precautions are unusual among the finny tribes, whose eggs are generally left to chance, or, in some cases, adhere to friendly weeds till they hatch out, and the young ones face life in the world of waters, without a parent's care to guide them. The lordly salmon makes an apology for a nest by scooping out a hollow or 'redd' in the gravel bed of the stream which it

ascends for the purpose; but this, compared with the beautiful workmanship of the stickleback, is as the rook's collection of sticks to the mossy ball prepared by Jenny Wren for her bantlings.

The instances of nest-building fishes are rare, and it is among tropical species that the majority of them occur. One of these—whose lovely colors have caused it to be christened the 'rainbow fish'—has lately been introduced in limited numbers into Europe, where its beauty has created quite a *furor* amongst the aquarium-keepers, and where it excites additional interest on account of its possessing the peculiarity of building a nest for the reception of the eggs. Probably the first person who has watched the whole of this

operation was Monsieur Carbonnier, a French naturalist, who lately gave an account of his observations before the Paris Acclimatisation Society.

As in the case of the stickleback, it is the male fish which performs the principal duties of nurse and cradle-keeper; but the nest of the rainbow fish differs from that of the stickleback in the fact that it floats on the surface of the water, whereas the latter is built among the weeds beneath. The approach of breeding-time is marked by the increasing beauty of color in the male fish, who dons his best robes in order to find favor in the eyes of his mate. His scales then assume all the varied tints of the rainbow, every movement causing them to scintillate with a metallic lustre and ever-changing hue, now flashing forth with increased splendor, now dying away for a moment, only to reappear with greater variety and intensity of color.

But his time is not all given to courting. He enters on the duties of his prospective position with vigor; and his instinct, amounting almost to sagacity, is thus exemplified in Monsieur Carbonnier's narrative. The weeds growing in the aquarium in which some of his specimens were confined were of a kind which would not float. The fish tore off bits of the leaves in his mouth, and expelled them towards the surface; but their specific gravity was too great, and his efforts were unavailing. Monsieur Carbonnier, with a quick perception of the fish's wants, replaced the plants with others of a finer texture, and then had the pleasure of seeing the fish renew its attempts with complete success.

But the fish was too cunning an architect to trust to the natural flotation of his building materials, and after placing a few pieces together in position, he formed several air-bubbles in a viscid secretion, which he was able to eject from his mouth, and placed them in contact with his floating nest. Just, in fact, as engineers among ourselves have proposed to raise the *Vanguard* by means of immense air-bags, the rainbow fish, wiser than ourselves, formed

his air-bags and attached them to his ship as a precautionary measure, to prevent its sinking from natural instability, collision with piscine *Iron Dukes*, or other untoward causes.

Day by day the work of knitting together the little morsels of weed progresses, till a floating domed island three inches in diameter is formed (the fish itself is not more than half that length); but this is, so to speak, only the foundation of the edifice, the roof being in reality constructed before any other part. Beneath this roof a complete circular nest is built, which the fish welds together with the greatest industry and patience; and not till it is complete does he seek his companion. All this time the female has kept aloof, neither assisting her companion nor encouraging him by her presence in the work of nidification. But now she is induced to visit the home of her future progeny, and the labors of the exemplary parent are redoubled. When the minute eggs are laid, he collects them in his mouth, and places them carefully within the nest, which he continually supports with fresh bubbles, lest the precious cargo should overweight it. When all is safe, he stations himself on guard before the only opening in the nest, and awaits the course of events, ready to defend his handiwork against all comers, while his better-half retires altogether from the scene. In about three days the eggs begin to hatch out. The parent fish then destroys a number of the supporting air-bubbles, causing the nest to sink deeper into the water, so that none of the young ones may be 'drowned' for want of water. As long as he can, he prevents them from escaping from the paternal roof—the title is hardly appropriate, however, for neither father nor mother has inhabited the house: but their strength rapidly increases; and, just as boys and girls leave home to better themselves, the young rainbow fish burst from the father's apron-strings and are soon exulting in their new-found freedom.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I.

Two portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds represent him at periods separated by long years and many events. In the first, which hangs, or hung, in the Council Chamber of the Royal Academy, the artist—whose fame was not slow in coming—is in his early prime; a successful and confident man; calm, plump, courtly, yet resolute. In the second, the figure has shrivelled, not extended, with time: spectacles are over the thin bridge of the nose; the mouth is drawn wiry; the brown eyes are quicker and more restless, and startled white hair is brushed from the forehead. The honors now are thick upon him that are to compensate for age. It is in 1784. Sir Joshua is sixty-one. And the print, after the picture, duly sets forth his dignities: "President of the Royal Academy, Principal Painter to His Majesty, Doctor of Laws of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and Member of the Imperial Academy of Florence." A man who, like the Roman bishop in Mr. Browning's poem, has long been "motioned to the velvet of the sword."

And never, perhaps, in the whole history of art has a great artist lived as much as did Sir Joshua in the world of fashion and ease. But for the first years, in which difficulties, long to some, were easily surmounted, and but for intellectual friendships, which sweetened and purified his life in the great world, mere fashion might have claimed him as wholly her own. It is fortunate for us that his career—something too prosperous for unalloyed greatness—did not, while it limited his art, take any cunning from his hand, nor lessen the simplicity and directness of his work, and of the best side of his mind. One doubts if a genius less fully equipped could have borne up against an influence often debilitating. Romney succumbed to somewhat kindred influences; Gainsborough, by the bent of his own nature, caused himself to be far removed from them, for his spirit was never more in the woods of Suffolk than when he was known

in the flesh by all the fashion of Pall Mall. But Sir Joshua, stronger than the one as a man, was stronger than the other in his training as an artist; and if the secret of English landscape had been whispered to Gainsborough in the wide and uneventful pastorals of East England, a higher mission of pictorial art had been preached to Reynolds silently, but with lasting effect, during three years in Italy. And from Italy Sir Joshua brought back not only color and style, which, deftly adapted, were to enable him to put on canvas the quiet English beauties among whom his work would lay; but the strength of vision and rightness of artistic feeling which were to save him, in the main, from a merely flattering and feeble grace.

Born on the 16th of July, 1723, at Plympton, Devonshire—where his father, a clergyman, was master of the free grammar school—young Reynolds was first destined to be a physician, but his yearning for art prevailed, and in 1741 he came to London and enrolled himself as a pupil of Hudson. Hudson at that time was the portrait painter in repute, and the prosaic age had found its prosaic interpreter. Hudson was an artist devoid not altogether of an honest merit, but with no winning accomplishments. He drew the face well, but in color, in drapery, in the arrangement of group or figure, he had little art, and seemingly little ambition. Despite all the disparaging things that have been said of him, a youth like Reynolds, in the dawn of English portraiture, might have had a more harmful instructor; and it was not very many years after the coming of the new light, that old-world Hudson contentedly retired, leaving place to the more gifted. Of these, the more gifted, Reynolds speedily showed himself the first; or rather, at the time when Reynolds declared himself, Romney was a lad in Lancashire, and Gainsborough was but settling down to paint, at the suggestion of Thicknesse, the frequenters of Bath. It was in 1749 that Reynolds, travelling to Italy by the aid of Lord Keppel, landed at Leghorn; he was nearly two years in Rome, afterwards in Florence, in Venice—other great centres

besides; and then, coming back to London in 1752, he entered himself at the St. Martin's Lane Academy; was soon, while still a student, recognised a master, so that, prospering greatly in material things, he could move quickly onwards on to a house of his own purchasing, a gallery of his own erecting, on the western side of Leicester Square; and there, for thirty years, he practised his craft with a good fortune constant to him to the end. A bachelor, devoted to art and to society, Sir Joshua found time, during those thirty years, to make great friendships, to paint three hundred pictures, and to amass the then considerable estate of eighty thousand pounds. He was born in a grammar school, and buried at St. Paul's. His painting room was so frequented that wit and fashion and beauty had no surer meeting-place; his lectures at the Royal Academy were not only among the most thoughtful, but quite the most finished expressions of a painter's mind in an art other than his own; and he earned such praise of Samuel Johnson, that Samuel Johnson said of him that he knew no one who observed life better, and "When Reynolds tells me anything, I am possessed of an idea the more."

II.

Catching something of the dignity of his Italian masters, and adding to it the dignity of gentle life in England in his day, Sir Joshua had little of their inventiveness when he touched high themes. He was accepted in his own time as a painter of history, because he draped and posed models, and gave them historical names. But invention and a high imagination were lacking to him. Scenes which were meant to have the reality and force of history became theatrical. His allegory, when he essayed allegory, was of the least fanciful, was of the simplest, the most obvious kind. So that the more one considers his work and becomes impressed with its great qualities, from which no familiarity can detract, the more also one must perceive its limitations. He lived with what was loveliest and most refined in England, and something of the loveliness and of the refinement that surrounded him he carried into his ideal work. Thus, the five angelic heads in the National Gallery, five studies of the head of one child, Frances Gordon—a harmony

in rose and gold—may match in beauty and sweetness of form and of color the angelic heads imagined and realised by the masters of Italy. But in rapt expression, in religious thought, in pathetic intensity, they stand for how little against the wistful faces of the child-world of Botticelli. But the lighter themes touched by the allegory of his day—the themes which delighted Cipriani and his school, and of which the flowing unlabored treatment gave popularity to the facile touch-and-go pencil of Angelica Kaufmann—these Sir Joshua took up as with a master's hand: he is sometimes perfect in these. See, for instance, his exquisite group of two: 'Hope nursing Love.' It is the portrait of one knows not what child, but the young English Madonna, from whose breast the child takes suck with so pure and significant a zest, is the exquisite Miss Morris, now with the mobile supple plumpness of young girlhood quickly developed, but already with hectic flush bespeaking the fate which her story tells us.* The picture is of that time which those who are careful to divide an artist's work into periods would claim as Sir Joshua's best. Painted in 1768, it is an achievement of his full maturity, when his endeavor had relaxed nothing of its strenuousness. Its subject is the idealisation of a healthy human appetite, the idealisation of zest; its success is in a treatment felt, as one looks at the picture, to be so wholly ideal and refined. Nor in its own slight way, even, is the damsel's face—Hope's face—in this picture devoid of subtlety. There is no touch here of a mother's abandonment, of a mother's joy. Against the child's eagerness stands in contrast the hesitation, the uncertainty, the timidity almost, of the girl. So much for the mind in the picture—it points the level Sir Joshua could reach, is on the boundary line of his attainment—but it is also a composition somewhat more intricate than usual, and freer in its flow of the lines of the figure; less dependent than usual upon draperies for its grace, and in command and contrivances of color even more than commonly admirable. The red hair, for example, strong and abundant as it is, falls subtly

* She became poor. She tried the stage, and failed through alarm. She died on the day on which this picture of her was first shown at the Royal Academy.

into tone with the pale red gown and the red-browns of the hanging leafage.

Successful as he is here, with the highest success any such subject can claim, we have seen Sir Joshua more often quickly limited in his ideal work, and the conditions of his life made limits for him in portraiture. The range is great indeed from 'Garrick as Kately' to the 'Child feeding Chickens' (Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton). But such a picture as the 'Parish Clerk' of Gainsborough is outside of it—beyond it altogether. From his habitual practice Gainsborough escaped at times to the ideal, and found it in English landscape. Sir Joshua escaped, too, from the long lines of draped countesses and do-nothing peers waiting to be immortalised, and found the best ideal for him in 'Hope nursing Love,' and in those heads of the child-angel. But Gainsborough found it to boot, sometimes, within the range of his habitual practice, and showed, in an art of no "gently trivial humor," and guided by no "wave of a feather," nor "arrested by the enchantment of a smile," what I should call a deeper appreciation of natural character, of the record of years, of the havoc of time, of the caprices of fate, of the not-to-be-forbidden brooding on the final things. Sir Joshua was a painter not so much of the whole of character, as of certain manifestations of it in dignity and charm. Whole sides of it are closed to him—to him and the observers of his work. His sitters are either before the eyes of society, or relaxing themselves with that graceful, never-abandoned relaxation which has a sense of habits formed and to be immediately resumed—an ease on which the shadow of elaborate manner still rests.

He was from first to last a paid painter of portraits, and his sitters were the accomplished players on a large stage; and that accounts for something of this fact. But it does not account for all of it. There was wanting to Reynolds the greatest portrait painter's complete sense of the dignity of man and of work, and that unswerving truthfulness of Velasquez or Rembrandt, which could make at need a monarch like a poor man, and a poor man like a monarch. And so Sir Joshua, having never quite forgotten the social distinctions of an aristocratic time and of an exclusive society, rarely, I think, sounded the depths of human character,

touched its deepest and half-veiled pathos, depicted the strenuousness of human endeavor. For these things, and for the complex expressions of absorbed attention and rapt thought unconscious of self which these demand—in a word, for portraits in the highest sense dramatic, since utterly untinged with the prejudice or predilection of the artist, we must go, if once we are out of Italy, to Hals and Holbein, Rembrandt and Velasquez—not to Reynolds. He is hardly even of the class, at all, which is headed by these immense masters. But of the second and much larger class below their own—the class admitting men who, with whatever high gifts, were not always and altogether proof against the portraitist's temptation towards a somewhat superficial effectiveness, in the place of an entire truth—of that second and much larger and much more popular class, Reynolds is well nigh the chief.

It does not follow, however, that he always yielded to the portraitist's temptation. The momentary expression sought and rendered in the 'Garrick as Kately,' in 'Every Man in his Humor,' is the revealing expression of an individuality and of a whole. And that may be true also of the Bowood picture of Garrick in *propria persona*. Nor can much less be said of the portrait of Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue in 'Love for Love.' The 'Garrick as Kately' is of the middle time; it belongs to the same year as the 'Hope nursing Love,' and it is one not of two only, but of several portraits of the great comedian painted by Sir Joshua himself, not to speak of those others painted by Hogarth, De Louthembourg, Zoffany, Gainsborough. Garrick was fifty-two, actor and painter, both in the fullest possession of their means, and the painter has caught the full sagacity of that sagacious head, a *finesse*, a seeming mobility of facial expression none the less marked and true because the painter has caught also the steady fixed eye so characteristic of a comedian, whose features, completely controlled, are half the weapons he has to use to give not only effect to his impersonation, but to gain mastery over his audience. Habit and need have sometimes made a great comedian's eye as "constraining" as the Ancient Mariner's.

Mrs. Abington, as Miss Prue, in 'Love for Love,' though far from standing among the loveliest of Sir Joshua's works—in

deed by reason of that very fact, that it does not so stand—may be named, as I said, with this Garrick. Several times, too, did Sir Joshua paint Mrs. Abington, now as Roxalana in 'The Sultan,' in which thought and vivacity have made the face beautiful; now as the 'Comic Muse,' of which I shall a few lines farther on; but no portrait of the versatile comedian who was the original Lady Teazle, is as generally fascinating, and certainly none is in expression as subtle and complex as this of Lord Morley's, which is a late work, moreover, painted in 1787. Mrs. Abington was never a purely formal beauty, but the charms of saucy and exuberant youth, immense vivacity, and alert intelligence were hers when Sir Joshua painted her. Though otherwise in good condition, her colors, I think, have somewhat gone; but in her own way the representative of Miss Prue is unique, as she, from her fine Chipendale chair, the envy of collectors—she with frothy drapery and neat arm bare to the elbow—turns round upon the spectator the face of as sparkling and triumphant a damsel as Sir Joshua, in all his gallery, has to show.

More characteristic, certainly, of the unhurried grace which we associate with the time and master is the portrait of Mrs. Abington as the 'Comic Muse,' familiar to us, at least, through Watson's engraving. With head slightly inclined, as in an interval of rest, she stands neither too erect to be at ease, nor too lounging to be serenely elegant. The dropped hand at her side holds the discarded mask, and all the figure rests, from its high hair-crowned head to where the foot peeps below the edge of figured gown, and the face surveys an imaginary audience, with an unconcern for which the quiet absorption and quiet self-dependence sufficiently account. And to this the most complete companion is 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse'; the majestic woman, full length, seated on a throne in the clouds. Behind her stand two mutes, one representing Remorse, and he holds a bowl; the other Pity, and he holds a dagger dropping blood—and behold the insignia of tragedy. More or less closely this has been repeated; but it was the original, now belonging to the Duke of Westminster, that called from Mrs. Siddons, when it was painted, in 1784, the expression of a hope that Sir Joshua would not

go further and finish it—it could not be improved. He took her counsel, and left the unfinished face—that is, the unelaborated face—as it stood at that successful moment; an allegorical portrait of a very simple sort, a commanding figure set off in admirably sober harmonies of brown; brown hair, brown furs, amber necklace, fawn-colored robe.

Beyond such simple allegory Sir Joshua does not go, or goes but once successfully, as in 'Hope nursing Love,' and even there, though charming, is still light. The imagination is not a profound one, with Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic, Mrs. Abington as the Comic, Muse. Dignity secured by classic dress, or at least, as he says, in his seventh discourse, not imperilled by modern; grace which leans a little for its maintenance on draperies of which the value was found in Italy, and not on lines of the true Greek purity—that dignity, that grace, never quite supreme, never quite beyond a thought of posing—you get these in Sir Joshua; happiest when brought into the service of reproducing the great world of his day; least happy when strained to tasks which that courtly and splendid talent must needs be short of accomplishing—the transfer or realisation, say, in the art of painting, of the highest imaginings of the art of poetry; records of a real and not theatrical terror; glimpses of a paradise only open to the art of Italy; strange fables of love and death. With these, Sir Joshua has little to do. They are beyond him—all these things.

One high theme, however, he draws from nature and Italy—the relations of mother and child. In Italy, it was the divine mother and the divine child. A dozen reasons have been given why that one subject, of the Madonna and Child, was endlessly acceptable, and much of its acceptance has been assigned to material causes; this church, that monastery needed its decoration, and its walls must teach a lesson. But why, among all the subjects of sacred history, this, with everlasting reiteration?—and often chosen at moments hardly dramatic; barren, one would say, of definite subject; no action, no narration, but just the Virgin and Child, and again the Virgin and Child; and this still lingering, when the devoutest time was past, and early art, the art of Angelico and Perugino and Bartolomeo,

was no more, and in the flush of the Italian Renaissance the world of heaven had yielded precedence to the world of earth. Why, it is the human relationship in its most ideal form. Representations of that relationship in Modern Art we are inclined to scoff at. Twaddling literature and trivial painting have played with it at will, so that we see it awry. And unconsciously our mind throws on the subject something of the reproach of the habitual weakness of the treatment in modern times. But the theme remains a great theme, have we but the master to treat it; a relationship giving worth and poetry and the interest of high moments and great possibilities to the dullest lives, the humblest and the commonest. Nor are we to get good art by passing it by merely because it is familiar, for, treat, what we will life will be the same in its elemental forces, its springs of pathos and joy. Well, it is his recognition of some such common truth as this, that the root of art is in the feeling of men, that has given something of an imperishable charm to the canvas of Sir Joshua. And so, in his portrait groups—color and composition apart—there is something of an inheritance from the elder masters of Italy; not in religious significance, but in that message of human relationship and the nobility of affection. The time was past for Immaculate Virgin and Immaculate Child: past, first, as a spiritual need in Perugino and Bellini; next, as a formal presence in the later work of Raphael. That was long gone, and gone never more wholly than from the eighteenth century, whose intellect was serious only in its scepticism. But in the homely life of the eighteenth century, in its art and literature and common ways, there was much to encourage a sense of the sweetness of children and women and of all the tender relationship between the two. And that—with infinite variations of dignity and grace—Sir Joshua painted.

III.

A notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds can hardly close with no word given to the prints after his works. They were bought during the painter's life much as common photographs or flashy popular engravings are bought by the many in our own day; not of course so extensively, since there existed neither the supply nor the demand;

but the prints were bought then, there can be small doubt, with little general appreciation of their artistic value as singularly perfect reproductions of the mind and grace of the master. Reproduction by means of mezzotint engraving was indeed the fashionable process for reproduction and multiplication at the moment. But the great engravers of that day hardly knew themselves that they were great. The generation that lost them had to find that out. The generation that kept them paid them for their work; and work paid for at the moment—work with a moderate market value—is not generally held to be immortal at the time that it is done. Sir Joshua himself was, however, one of the first to recognise the surpassing merit of these mezzotint engravings—the perfection which the method had then attained. Looking at a print by McArdell, after one of his works, he said, "By this man I shall be immortalised!" When he said that, was he thinking only of the excellence of the print and of its wide publication, or was he foreseeing the day when owing to his never-tiring experiments with the palette so much of the charm of the color of his own work should be gone? when time should have ruined, or at the least damaged too much. He was happy in living in an age when there were men to translate or to transcribe his work; for transcripts even more than translations these prints may indeed be called, for many of them reproduce the touch with a fidelity second only to that with which they reproduce the subject.

To us, too, these things have all the interest of an art that is peculiarly English. If we are first in water colors, we are almost alone in mezzotint. The art, if not of English invention, is essentially of English practice. And mezzotint engraving reached its highest point when the best of these works after Sir Joshua were executed. That was chiefly during the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, when the work of Morland was popularised in the same way, and when fine things were done—but more rarely done—from the work of Gainsborough. Of the engravers, some lived on a good many years into the nineteenth century. One or two of them took part in that combined work of etching and of mezzotint by which, between 1807 and 1819, the great 'Liber Studiorum' was produced.

But the work in pure mezzotint, executed during the last part of the last century, was the finest any such work could be, and was the best of all possible means for conveying the impression of Sir Joshua's paintings—subject, spirit, and touch. Unlike the prints of 'Liber Studiorum' these prints are wanting in the severe beauty and value of *line*, which of course mezzotint, pure and simple, can never have. The whole process forbids it. Turner got that by his etched work in 'Liber Studiorum,' and of many etchings proper, this beauty of line is a very high and peculiar property. But 'Liber Studiorum' is well nigh the only work which combines the extreme softness and richness of mezzotint with this beauty of line—now fine, now strong—which is at the command of a great etcher.

Of the men who practised mezzotint engraving, many were themselves painters. Hodges, the engraver of the 'Contemplative Youth' and of 'Lady Dashwood,' was a portraitist of some distinction. Dr. Hamilton tells us that he spent many years in Holland, and that he is there considered as a Dutch artist. Richard Houston was a miniature painter. S. W. Reynolds, who produced some of the smaller plates, began as a landscape painter. But generally the greater masters were engravers only. The entire company numbers one hundred and three,

and probably the greatest among these are McArdell—an Irishman—James Watson, J. Raphael Smith, and Valentine Green. Raphael Smith—first, and I suppose most industrious of them all—himself executed more than forty plates after Sir Joshua: men, women, children; an archbishop, a dancer, a woman of the great world. He began his work young, and before he was thirty years old he had done much of that which is now most famous. Engraving altogether one hundred and fifty plates, he died, hardly an old man, at Doncaster, in 1812. His print of 'Mrs. Carnac' alone would be enough to mark his distinction. But the history of these men, the achievements of these men, we cannot here follow out in detail. They were for generations neglected. Now a caprice of fashion, of which we take no count, has restored them to fame. Some slight general view did nevertheless require to be had of them ere we turned the page on which they had helped us to estimate Sir Joshua's art. For to know them is to live with the artist and his times. 'Mrs. Carnac,' 'Emma Hart as a Bacchante,' 'Miss Bingham,' 'Miss Jacobs,' 'Nelly O'Brian'—to see them is to drink

"At such a magic cup as English Reynolds
once compounded."

—*Temple Bar.*

A SONG IN SEASON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.

Thou whose beauty
Knows no duty
Due to love that moves thee never,
Thou whose mercies
Are men's curses,
And thy smile a scourge forever,

II.

Thou that givest
Death and livest
On the death of thy sweet giving,
Thou that sparest
Not nor carest
Though thy scorn leave no love living,

III.

Thou whose rootless
Flower is fruitless
As the pride its heart incloses,
But thine eyes are
As May skies are,
And thy words like spoken roses,

IV.

Thou whose grace is
In men's faces
Fierce and wayward as thy will is,
Thou whose peerless
Eyes are tearless,
And thy thoughts as cold sweet lilies,

V.

Thou that takest
Hearts and makest
Wrecks of loves to strew behind thee,
Whom the swallow
Sure should follow,
Finding Summer where we find thee,

VI.

Thou that wakest
Hearts and breakest,
And thy broken hearts forgive thee,
That wilt make no
Pause and take no
Gift that love for love might give thee,

VII.

Thou that bindest
Eyes and blindest,
Serving worst who served thee longest ;
Thou that speakest,
And the weakest
Heart is his that was the strongest ;

VIII.

Take in season
Thought with reason ;
Think what gifts are ours for giving ;
Hear what beauty
Owes of duty
To the love that keeps it living.

IX.

Dust that covers
Long dead lovers
Song blows off with breath that brightens ;
At its flashes
Their white ashes
Burst in bloom that lives and lightens.

X.

Had they bent not
Head or lent not
Ear to love and amorous duties,
Song had never
Saved forever
Love, the least of all their beauties.

XI.

All the golden
Names of olden
Women yet by men's love cherished,
All our dearest
Thoughts hold nearest,
Had they loved not, all had perished.

XII.

If no fruit is
Of thy beauties,
Tell me yet, since none may win them,
What and wherefore
Love should care for
Of all good things hidden in them ?

XIII.

Pain for profit
Comes but of it,
If the lips that lure their lover's
Hold no treasure
Past the measure
Of the lightest hour that hovers.

XIV.

If they give not
Or forgive not
Gifts or thefts for grace or guerdon,
Love that misses
Fruit of kisses
Long will bear no thankless burden.

XV.

If they care not
Though love were not,
If no breath of his burn through them,
Joy must borrow
Song from sorrow,
Fear teach hope the way to woo them.

XVI.

Grief has measures
Soft as pleasure's,
Fear has moods that hope lies deep in,
Songs to sing him,
Dreams to bring him,
And a red rose-bed to sleep in.

XVII.

Hope with fearless
Looks and tearless
Lies and laughs too near the thunder ;
Fear had sweeter
Speech and meeter
For heart's love to hide him under.

XVIII.

Joy by daytime
Fills his playtime
Full of songs loud mirth takes pride in ;
Night and morrow
Weave round sorrow
Thoughts as soft as sleep to hide in.

XIX.

Graceless faces,
Loveless graces
Are but motes in light that quicken,
Sands that run down
Ere the sundown,
Rose-leaves dead ere Autumn sicken.

XX.

Fair and fruitless
Charms are bootless
Spells to ward off age's peril :

Lips that give not
Love shall live not,
Eyes that meet not eyes are sterile.

XXI.

But the beauty
Bound in duty
Fast to love that falls off never,
Love shall cherish
Lest it perish,
And its root bears fruit forever.

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

 THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

THE following sketch of the Duke of Argyle, a portrait of whom embellishes this number of the *ECLECTIC*, is reproduced in substance from *Chambers's Encyclopedia* :

"George John Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyle, was born in 1823, and succeeded his father in 1847. At the age of 19, his Grace, then Marquis of Lorne, wrote a pamphlet entitled, "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," on the subject of the struggle which ended in the disruption of the Scottish Church. Seven years later he published an essay on Presbytery, which contains a historical vindication of the Presbyterian system. On taking his seat in the House of Peers he soon commanded the respect of that dignified assembly. On the formation of the coalition ministry by Lord Aberdeen, his Grace was invested with the office of Lord Privy Seal, which he continued to hold in Lord Palmerston's administration. In November, 1855, he relinquished his office, and accepted that of Postmaster-General. On the fall of Lord Palmerston's

administration, he retired into opposition; and in 1859, on that nobleman's return, he again accepted the office of Lord Privy Seal. On the formation of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, in 1868, he was appointed Secretary of State for India. In 1854 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; in 1855 presided at a meeting of the British Association in that city; and in 1861 was elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His Grace is hereditary master of the Queen's Household in Scotland, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, a trustee of the British Museum, also hereditary sheriff and Lord Lieutenant of Argyllshire. Other literary works by this Scottish nobleman are "The Reign of Law," 1866; "Primeval Man," 1869; and a small work in 1870, on the history and antiquities of Iona. In 1844 he married Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Gower, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland; and in 1871 his eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, married the Princess Louisa, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria."

 LITERARY NOTICES.

A STUDY OF HAWTHORNE. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Since Mr. Lathrop's book has been made the subject of a family quarrel, it has become a somewhat delicate topic for a critic to deal with; but as it is liable to take a somewhat important position in our literature, it is our duty, perhaps, to record our opinion of it. We may say, therefore, that, aside from the question as to Mr. Lathrop's right to use the material to which his close connection with the Hawthorne family secured him access, it

is a book which ought not to have been written. Everybody is aware that Hawthorne had very strong and often-avowed objections to a biography of himself, and that he took great pains to prevent it; but we are sure that he would cheerfully have furnished material for a dozen of the ordinary biographical narratives and collections of letters rather than submit to the sort of prying, psychological post-mortem to which Mr. Lathrop has subjected him. It is true that, in his opening chapter, Mr. Lathrop disavows the intention of writing a biography, and declares himself

to be engaged only in a critical and interpretive literary study; but this has not prevented him from using all the details concerning Hawthorne that the most diligent search could gather from published, unpublished, and personal sources. In fact, the reader speedily discovers that, however widely the book may diverge from formal biography, it takes its whole value from the fact that it is essentially a narrative of Hawthorne's life and an analysis of his works in their relations to that life. It is impossible, too, to avoid being repelled by what appears to be a bit of deliberate disingenuousness on Mr. Lathrop's part; especially when we find that it permeates and characterizes the entire work. From beginning to end he seems to be trying to maintain the appearance of respecting the letter of Hawthorne's injunction while palpably violating its spirit, and to be making an indirect use of materials which he did not feel justified in using directly and avowedly. Only thus can we explain the frequent substitution of inferences from implied facts for a categorical statement of facts, and of paraphrases of letters and notabilia which, if introduced at all, should be presented in their original form, so that we may see for ourselves precisely what they mean.

Nor are its violation of taste and lack of straightforwardness the only grounds of objection to the "Study." It contains many suggestive observations, and its expository analyses of Hawthorne's romances and literary method are remarkably good; but it is deformed by much hazy thought and wordy phrasing; and with all his admiration for Hawthorne, Mr. Lathrop seems to us to fail signally in discriminating his peculiar qualities as an author. For one thing, we regard his elaborate attempt to establish some kind of undefined literary relationship between Hawthorne and Milton and Bunyan as entirely fallacious; and the same may be said of his still more labored effort to construct, after the manner of Taine, the external antecedents and circumstances—the "atmosphere," as he calls it—which moulded or influenced Hawthorne's genius. Perhaps it is satisfaction with his own ingenuity that leads him to exaggerate the force of these influences, and thus to do less than justice to Hawthorne as an artist. We take Hawthorne to have been one of the sanest, most deliberate, and most self-contained of literary workmen, and his productions were neither the result of unconscious cerebration nor appreciably colored by his surroundings or circumstances. Subject, method of treatment, and style were all the result of a careful, conscious adaptation of means to a preconceived

and clearly-defined end, and there are very few authors whose works stand in so little need of being interpreted by his private life.

"A Study of Hawthorne" unquestionably has a certain value as the nearest approach to a biography of Hawthorne that we have, or are likely to have for the present; but it is a book which no intelligent admirer of Hawthorne can read without pain, and it would probably have been subjected to severer criticism were it not that its publication has involved Mr. Lathrop in one of those unfortunate controversies which conscientious critics are reluctant even to have the appearance of participating in.

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES. By Edward Abbott. Boston: Roberts Bros.

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Edited by Horace E. Scudder. (Sans-Souci Series.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Both these books have the same general object—that of bringing before our minds the contrasts and differences between the habits, customs, manners, and modes of life of our day and of our Revolutionary forefathers. While thus agreeing in purposes, however, the one may be said rather to supplement than to supersede the other; Mr. Abbott's primary intention being to instruct, while Mr. Scudder aims more particularly at being amusing. Mr. Abbott's little book presents a compact, concise, and readable summary of the geography and politics of the thirteen original colonies; of the distribution of population in cities, towns, and country; of the social characteristics of the Revolutionary period; of its domestic life; of its modes of conveyance and intercommunication; and of its education and literature; ending with brief sketches of the most prominent men and women of the time. In preparing his digest, the author has made liberal use of the memoirs, local histories, and newspapers of the period; and though the book is written for the most part in his own words, it contains many curious and suggestive extracts, among the most noteworthy of which are those from the narrative of Elkanah Watson, who, in 1777, made a horseback journey from Providence, R. I., to Savannah, Ga. Not the least valuable feature of the volume is a bibliographical appendix, in which Mr. Abbott gives a classified list of the books which he himself consulted, or which would prove useful to the reader desirous of attaining a more detailed acquaintance with Revolutionary times.

Mr. Scudder's book, following the plan of the Sans-Souci Series, of which it forms a

part, is more distinctly a compilation than Mr. Abbott's, and contains nothing from his own pen except a preface, remarkable for its graceful humor, and the few notes necessary to link together the various and somewhat promiscuous materials of which it is composed. Its contents were gleaned from the obscure and little-known memoirs of the Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary period, and consist chiefly of personal sketches and gossip, anecdotes, "domestic interiors," and society pictures. The stores which Mr. Scudder's industry has accumulated prove richer than we should have expected; and, as here arranged, they furnish the easiest and probably the most entertaining method of becoming acquainted with men and manners in America a hundred years ago.

As we have already said, the two books are really supplemental to each other, and the reader could use them to the best advantage by first giving "Revolutionary Times" a careful perusal, and then dipping into Mr. Scudder's book to round out the outline thus obtained and to fill in its *lacune*.

SILVER PITCHERS: AND INDEPENDENCE. A Centennial Love Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

Miss Alcott is seldom at her best in short stories, and of the nine contained in the present volume, there is only one that will compare either in interest or in deftness of literary workmanship with "Little Women," and its charming congeners. The one to which we refer is the "Centennial Love Story," which has not, like the others, been previously published, and which is supposed to have a special appropriateness to the anniversary we are all celebrating, though it must be confessed that the relation established by marrying the lovers and sending them to the Exposition to seek their fortunes is rather remote. Aside from its relevancy, however, the story is excellent, possessing, among other things, the rare merit of treating the delicate subjects of love and marriage in precisely the spirit with which it is desirable that our youths and maidens should be familiarized—neither morbid nor mawkish, neither preachy nor frivolous. "Silver Pitchers" is a temperance tale, and the book carries about as many morals as it contains stories; but if Miss Alcott's ultimate aim is "improvement," she disguises it wonderfully well, and her instruction is livelier than other people's fun. Vivacity, indeed, is Miss Alcott's most conspicuous and most persistent characteristic, and in these her latest stories it shows no sign of depression or abatement. Her writing seldom exhibits wit, and is rarely humorous, but it is inspired by an overflowing spirit of

fun, which seldom subsides to a point where it can be characterized as mere cheerfulness. A child's outlook upon life is not more wholesomely optimistic than Miss Alcott's, and her books communicate happiness to children by sheer contagion.

A STORY OF THREE SISTERS. By Cecil Maxwell. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is a most pleasant and satisfactory story—deficient perhaps in dramatic power, but unmistakably the production of a refined, cultivated, penetrative, and sympathetic mind. There could hardly be a more marked contrast than that which it presents to the current novels of the intense or sensational school; but there is no lack of interest, and the aroma of it haunts the mind afterwards, like one of Tennyson's semi-melancholy and wholly musical idylls. The author touches the springs of pathos with a sure hand, and it might be objected to her story that it is too sad, were it not that the sadness is of that delicately appealing kind

"Which is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

Tragical-ending novels are seldom agreeable, and there is nothing which a reader has a better right to resent than a deliberate attempt to harrow up his soul; but the death of Pamela, while it stirs within us a feeling of infinite pity, is acquiesced in as a more appropriate fate than any that would have bid her live the conventional life of ordinary heroines.

We consider "A Story of Three Sisters" one of the best and most enjoyable of recent novels, and it may be unhesitatingly commended to those who regard the average fiction of the day with a not undeserved suspicion.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Temps* announces the publication shortly of a review of M. Rénan's "Dialogues Philosophiques" by the late Madame Georges Sand.

WE understand that Professor Max Müller has selected M. Darmesteter, of Paris, a highly promising young scholar, to undertake the translations from the Zend Scriptures in the series of the Sacred Books of the World.

HARRIET MARTINEAU's autobiography, though it has been in print fifteen years or more, is not to be published for a few months, as it is to be accompanied by a supplementary volume, in which a friend will recount the later history of her life.

MR. MASKELYNE, the conjuror, whose mechanical figures do such wonderful tricks

at St. James's Hall, has published a pamphlet, wherein he contends that all the phenomena of Spiritualism are based on trickery. In support of his view, he brings as many facts together as he can lay hands on, and throws them down, so to speak, as a challenge.

VICTOR HUGO must have made a fine fortune by his writings. It is stated that he has, among other investments, eight hundred shares in the National Bank of Belgium, which are worth 2850 francs per share; so that here we have a sum of over £83,000 to start with, and it is understood that he has other property.

A CURIOUS volume containing the biography and autobiography of Elizabeth Evans, the alleged original of Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede," has just been published by Messrs. E. Moxon, Son & Co. The book, which is entitled "George Eliot in Derbyshire," appears with the names of Guy Roslyn and George Barnett Smith on the title-page, and contains a letter from George Eliot concerning her characters in "Adam Bede."

THE discovery by M. Albert Ménard is announced of two manuscripts of Bossuet, consisting of notes on Juvenal and Persius. They appear not to be wholly written by Bossuet's own hand, but to contain autograph corrections by him, and the style of the text is said to bear the unmistakable mark of the genius of the Bishop of Meaux.

As a contribution to the literature of the war between the Servians and the Turks, the third part of the publication called "Apropos de l'Herségovine" is worthy of notice. It is devoted to Montenegro, and is written in French by Suavi Effendi, a learned Turk, and one of the leaders of the "young Turkey" party. It enters fully into the history of the question, and the suzerainty of the Porte.

THEY are now organizing at Prague, as we are informed by the *Bibliographie de la France*, an exhibition of newspapers and MSS. on a large scale, which will shortly be thrown open to the public. Already 7000 articles have been contributed, many of them rare and curious. Among them is a Lord's Prayer in 324 languages, exhibited by the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg. There is also a fine collection of autographs of the most distinguished persons of all ages.

A WORK is in the press which is to contain, together with much other matter, many observations on the character and customs of the Turks, gleaned from the papers and correspondence of a late official resident in Syria and Egypt, Mr. Consul-General Barber, whose career there extended over a long course of

years. It is edited by his son, Mr. Edward B. B. Barber, who, having been himself long a resident in Asiatic Turkey in official situations, has been enabled to supplement and annotate the observations of his late father. The title of the book will be "Syria and Egypt under the last Five Sultans of Turkey."

THE number of newspapers published at Constantinople at the beginning of the present year was seventy-two, of which twenty were in the French, sixteen in the Turkish, thirteen in the Armenian, twelve in the Greek, four in the Bulgarian, two in Hebrew-Spanish, and one each in Persian, German, Arabic, English, and Italian. Of the sixteen Turkish journals, three only are daily, but the one Arabic journal, *al Farash*, is daily. The Persian journal is called the *Akhter*. There are nineteen official journals in the provinces, in Egypt, and in Crete, and at Smyrna, Broussa, Conia, Bagdad, Prizrend, Angora, Rustchuk, Séràjevo, Damascus, Adrianople, Diarbékîr, Erzeroum, Salonica (two), Castambol, Aleppo, and Trebizonde.

A RECENT official investigation of the Parisian libraries has furnished the following statistics: the library of the Arsenal possesses 200,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts; the library of the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes; the library of the School of Medicine, 35,000 volumes; the National Library, 1,700,000 volumes, 80,000 manuscripts, 1,000,000 engravings and maps, 120,000 medals; the Library Mazarin, 200,000 volumes, 4000 manuscripts, and 80 *relief* models of Pelasgic monuments in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor; the library Sainte-Geneviève, 160,000 volumes and 350,000 manuscripts; making a total for all the public collections of Paris of 2,375,000 volumes and 442,000 manuscripts.

A TELEGRAPHIC announcement in the *Times* a few days since, which mentioned the attempt that is being made to establish a free unsectarian university at Madrid, calls for comment. It will be in the remembrance of many that soon after Don Alfonso's accession to the throne, when Señor Orovio was Minister of Public Instruction, a most stringent decree was promulgated and resulted in the dismissal from the Royal University of many of the most learned professors, who declined to accept a return to the legislation with reference to Catholic dogma and monarchical principles that existed prior to 1868. Several of these professors were violently treated and sent into exile, and all are deprived of their professorships and left without resources. They have appealed to the Council of State, and in the mean time have decided to open a *free* col-

lege, where education of the highest standard may be acquired without reference to creed or any interference with religious opinions. As the promoters say in their prospectus, "Cette institution est entièrement étrangère à tout esprit ou intérêt de communion religieuse, d'école philosophique ou de parti politique: elle proclame seulement le principe de la liberté et de l'inviolabilité de la science, et partant l'indépendance d'indagation et d'exposition, vis à vis n'importe quelle autorité, par la propre conscience du Professeur." Many shares have been subscribed for in and out of Spain, and when more publicity is given to the scheme, no doubt ample funds will be forthcoming.—*Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE MOON'S CONDITION.—Whatever may be the theories of modern geologists, or whatever changes may yet await some of their conclusions, one thing seems evident, that the eruptive force which has moulded the surface of the moon into its present strange configuration has been decaying down to either comparative or absolute extinction. It is certainly not very material whether our generation may be contemporary with its expiring efforts, or with a subsequent state of quiescence; but it is a question not without much interest; and few observers would not hail with pleasure an opportunity of witnessing the activity of a lunar volcano. However, it is still *sub judice* whether anything of the kind has occurred since the invention of the telescope; and there is more difficulty than might be supposed in forming a reliable opinion, partly from the inaccuracies and mistakes of the earlier observers, partly from the deficiencies of existing maps, and partly from the backwardness to supply those deficiencies at the hands of the possessors of the powerful instruments of the day. Close investigation and careful drawing is required, and that under several angles of illumination; and though photography may render most important service, as that of an eye which never omits anything, yet the circumstances would be very exceptional which would give to its renderings the keenness and certainty of ocular inspection. Each mode may help the other. It is, of course, among the minutest craters, and, according to that great authority, Schmidt, among the fissures or cracks, that we must seek for the evidence of remaining chemical life. But change of perhaps a less intelligible nature may be detected among the multitude of light streaks and brilliant patches which variegate the fully-enlightened moon with such perplexing intricacy. There

is strong evidence of altered brightness in some places, and it is much to be wished that some careful, patient observer would undertake the task of giving us a portion, at least, of a map of the full moon.

PERIODICITY OF HURRICANES.—Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle has published in the last two numbers of the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* a long discussion on the periodicity of cyclones in all parts of the world. The paper seems to have been first read at the Geographical Conference in Paris last autumn. M. de Langle seeks to connect these storms directly with astronomical phenomena, as will be seen from the conclusions which he gives in the following sentences:

"We may deduce from the preceding investigations that when the latitude of the place, the declination of the sun or the moon resume the same values respectively, and these phenomena coincide with an eclipse of the sun or the moon, or with a phase of the moon, on its approach to its apogee or perigee, there is danger of a hurricane. If at these critical periods there is any unsteadiness in the winds, extra caution is required when the apogee or perigee occurs near the time of full or new moon."

Of course the statements are corroborated by a copious array of diagrams and tables, but after a careful study of the paper we fail to find that much has been added to our knowledge of the subject. There seems to be one radical defect in the reasoning, which influences all discussions of the relation between the moon and the weather. The hour of occurrence of a phenomenon at one station is taken, and the relation of that occurrence to the moon's age and position is investigated; but it is persistently ignored that the hurricane moves over the earth's surface, so that if its occurrence at A coincides with the period of any other phenomenon, it must necessarily fail to coincide with it at B.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME.—The excavations undertaken at the Esquiline to clear what remains of the nymphetum, designated the temple of Minerva Medica, have been terminated. The ruins are surrounded with bath-rooms and porticoes of more recent construction. On the south side of the Piazza Dante vestiges have been discovered of a large edifice, having formed a portion of the Lamiari garden, enclosing two large reservoirs for water, and two semicircular rooms, and where were found three fragments of statues, a portion of a column of African marble, and some pieces of sculpture which belong to a group of figures discovered nearly in the same local-

ity in 1874. In the Piazza Vittorio-Emmanuele, on the Esquiline, there have been brought to light thirty-one coffers of white stone, containing iron arms and an Etruscan vase of earthenware, ornamented with red figures on a black ground. Near the ancient Villa Casella has been found a cube of amethyst, one inch and a fifth on the side; and in some old cellars at Campo Verano, some amulets in the form of divers animals, two plates of lead with inscriptions, objects in cornelian, and a ring of chalcedony. In the new quarter of the Castro Pretorio, near the road which leads from the Porta San Lorenzo, two mosaic pavements have been discovered, arranged in geometrical figures in chiaro-scuro. In the garden of the Ara Cœli has been found the head of a female, life size, of baked earth, in the Etruscan style, and beautifully modelled, with traces of several colors still apparent. In the Strada Nazionale, the terrace works brought to light a statuette in Greek marble, representing a male figure recumbent and asleep. The head is covered with a *pennula* (hood formerly made of leather), and by the side is an amphora.

THE SUN.—Secchi has published a report on solar phenomena during the second half of the year 1875. He finds a *minimum* of activity, the culminating epoch of which would be in March 1876. The number of protuberances has been very varying, from 2 or 3 one day to 10 or 12 the next. The jets of hydrogen were usually straight, even if attaining 2' or occasionally 3' in height; an indication of great tranquillity. The chromosphere was low at the equator, but often very elevated (24" to 30") at the poles, from the displacement of *maxima* in that direction.

THE RECENT TRANSIT.—The reduction of the English observations is proceeding vigorously under the superintendence of Captain Tupman. The amount of work involved has been marvellous. About 5000 transits of stars were taken for the correction of clock and instrumental errors. The longitudes of the stations at Mauritius and Rodriguez were measured from Suez by Lord Lindsay with fifty chronometers; and Mr. Burton has made more than 6000 microscopic measures to determine the optical distortion of the photo-heliographs. It is self-evident that a considerable time must elapse before the final result, even of the British observations, can be made known; and it is not as yet decided whether a separate value shall be deduced from these, or whether they are to be combined with the results of all other nations.

IMITATION SNOW CRYSTALS.—M. Dogiel, of St. Petersburg, selects a substance which

crystallizes like snow, in a great variety of forms of the hexagonal system. And this substance is iodoform. To show the multiplicity of forms, M. Dogiel dissolves iodoform in boiling (90 per cent) alcohol, and lets the solution cool in water of different temperatures. He gets mostly tabular crystals, when a solution containing 15 to 30 per cent of iodoform is kept ten minutes in water of about 14° to 15° C; whereas star-shaped and often very complicated crystals are had at temperatures of 26° to 37°. Some other modifications of the result are described by M. Dogiel, in a paper recently published, and he also gives drawings of the crystals he obtained.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING ASIATIC CHOLERA.—Asiatic cholera is so well known to be such a terribly fatal disease, that any plan of treatment that gives promise of success must excite general interest. A method has lately been introduced by Surgeon-major A. R. Hall, of the Army Medical Department, which, it is hoped, will lessen the mortality caused by this fearful malady. It consists in putting *sedatives* under the skin, by means of a small syringe (hypodermic injection), instead of giving stimulants by the stomach. Surgeon-major Hall has served nearly twelve years in Bengal, and has suffered from the disease himself. In most accounts of the state of the patient in the cold stage, or collapse of cholera, the heart is described as being very weak, and the whole nervous system much exhausted. Stimulants have, therefore, almost always been administered; but experience has shown that they do more harm than good. Surgeon-major Hall observed, in his own case, while his skin was blue and cold, and when he could not feel the pulse at his wrist, *that his heart was beating more forcibly than usual!* He therefore concluded that the want of pulse at the wrist could not depend upon want of power in the heart. A study of the works of a distinguished physiologist, Dr. Brown-Séquard, with some observations of his own, suggested the idea, that the whole nervous system is *intensely irritated*, instead of being exhausted; and that the heart and all the arteries in the body are in a state of spasmodic contraction. The muscular walls of the heart, therefore, work violently, and *squeeze* the cavities, so that the whole organ is smaller than it ought to be; but it cannot dilate as usual, and so cannot receive much blood to pump to the wrist. Surgeon-major Hall looks upon the vomiting and purging as of secondary importance, but directs special attention to the spasmodic condition of the heart and lungs. The frequent vomiting generally causes anything that is given by

the mouth to be immediately rejected ; so it occurred to him that as the nervous system appeared to want soothing instead of stimulating, powerful sedatives if put under the skin would prove beneficial. A solution of chloral hydrate (which has a very depressing action on the heart) was employed in twenty cases where the patients were either in collapse, or approaching it, and eighteen of these recovered. They were natives of Bengal. It is probable that, among Europeans, in severe cases, more powerful depressants may be required ; and Surgeon-major Hall recommends the employment of solutions of Prussic acid, Calabar bean, bromide of potassium, and other true sedatives. Opium (which is not really a sedative, but a stimulating narcotic) and all alcoholic stimulants are to be avoided, and nothing given to the patient to drink, *in collapse*, except cold water, of which he may have as much as he likes.

VARIETIES.

BELLS.—To a greater extent than any other author Charles Dickens recognizes and plays with the beauty of the bells. Even at an early age he began instinctively to classify bells as the "delightful dinner bell," and the "abominable getting-up bell." On his nurse's knee, spell-bound and agape, he listened to the thrilling legend which tells how some infant knight-errant of the reign of Edward III. "rode a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, to see the fine lady who wore bells on her toes, and bells upon her palfrey hung." He heard how the bull tolled the bell at the funeral of poor Cock Robin ; and that the sounds of the Bow-bells, which summoned little fortuneless Dick Whittington to "turn again," echoed through his after-life, is plain from the fact that he recurs to the story again and again, especially in "Dombey and Son." By the mouth of quaint little dreamy Paul Dombey, Dickens evinces his child-love of bells, asking the workman who was mending the clock at Dr. Blimber's academy for young gentlemen "a multitude of questions about clocks and chimes, as, whether people watched up in the lonely church-steeple by night to make them strike, and how the bells were rung when people died, and whether those were different bells from wedding-bells, or only sounded dismal in the fancies of the living ;" and then proceeding "to enlighten his new acquaintance on the subject of the curfew-bell of ancient days," and on the general history of bells, as the precocious lad was well qualified to do, doubtless somewhat to this effect: Bells, you must know, have, possibly from the time of Jubal, always sounded in the

martial poms, the religious ceremonials, the wild festivities of barbarism. Was it not Layard who discovered small bronze bells in the palace of Nimroud? Aaron's robe was fringed with tiny bells of gold in token of his office, just as the Kings of Persia and the Princesses of Arabia wore golden bells upon their fingers and in their hair in token of their rank. Picture lovely Herodias dancing before Herod,

"While from her long dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden shake in the eternal breeze
Rang round her steps."

At the worship of Isis and Osiris, at the rites of Cibeles, at the mysteries of Bacchus, sculpture proves that bells were used. They tolled in the temples of Brahma, were worn on golden zone by the nautch girls, were shaken in Indian jungles by the fleet courier to scare away the hyæna and the ruan-eater. The continual jingling of the camels' bells is the marked characteristic of the Oriental caravan, except in the desert, where their sound might attract Bedouin freebooters to the spoil. They are as distinctively the Christian church-call (ordained by symbols, baptized by bishops, christened by Popes) as trumpets were the Jewish, as the muezzin was the Mahometan, the tocsin the Mexican, as the symbol was peculiar to the mythologies of the East, the tom-tom to the rites of the African. At the elevation of the Host, on the garments of Greek bishops, at feasts, funerals, triumphs, massacres, sounds the ubiquitous bell, even in the very anathema of the Church : recollect how the Pope, when Sir Ingoldshy Bray confessed to the murder of "only a hare-footed friar," exclaimed—

"Go fetch me a book ; go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's ; and a candle as well ;
I'll send him where good manners won't let me tell."

Again, recall how the great Lord Cardinal of Rheims solemnly called for his candle, his book, and his bell, and then excommunicated the sacrilegious little jackdaw, causing its premature moulting and ultimate remorse, and discovery of the ring hidden in its nest up in the helfry. Perhaps on account of their sacred character, perhaps because most nations have endowed music with potency to dispel delirium, depression, insanity, the people invested church-bells with mysterious attributes : they could exorcise evil spirits, calm hurricanes, defy lightning, appease the bloodthirsty, expel disease ; lo ! are not these things all written in Longfellow's "Golden Legend ?"—*Belgravia*.

MAX MULLER ON CHARLES KINGSLEY.—Never shall I forget the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of

Charles Kingsley—features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than death. As one looked on that marble statue, which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young curate and the Saint's Tragedy; the chartist parson and Alton Locke; the happy poet and the Sands of Dee; the brilliant novel-writer and Hypatia and Westward-Ho; the rector of Eversley and his village sermons; the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy canon at Chester, the powerful preacher in Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk-streams and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling, too, over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the Gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young, wild men believed in him, and obeyed him, too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy! All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked on him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age. Of all this the world knew little; yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies. Who can forget that funeral on the 28th January, 1875, and the large, sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and close by the gypsies of the Eversley common, who used to call him their Patricio-ral, their Priest-King. There was the old squire of his village, and the laborers, young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant

colonies, officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighborhood, and his own devoted curates, peers, and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers; and outside the churchyard, the horses and the hounds and the huntsman in pink, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, too, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved, and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own yellow gravelled, the old trees which he had planted and cared for waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal men.—*Preface to New Edition of the Roman and the Tenton.*

SONNETS.

I.

O NATURE! thou whom I have thought to love,
Seeing in thine the reflex of God's face,
A loathed abstraction would usurp thy place.—
While Him they not dethrone, they but disprove.
Weird Nature! can it be that joy is fled,
And bald unmeaning lurks beneath thy smile?
That beauty haunts the dust but to beguile,
And that with Order, Love and Hope are dead?
Pitiless force, all-moving, all unmoved,
Dread mother of unfathered worlds, assuage
Thy wrath on us,—be this wild life reprov'd,
And trampled into nothing in thy rage!
Vain prayer, although the last of human kind,—
Force is not wrath,—but only deaf and blind.

II.

Dread force, in whom of old we love to see
A nursing mother, clothing with her life
The seeds of Love divine, with what sore strife
We hold or yield our thoughts of Love and thee!
Thou art not "calm," but restless as the ocean,
Filling with aimless toil the endless years—
Stumbling on thought, and throwing off the spheres,—
Churning the Universe with mindless motion.
Dull fount of joy, unhallow'd source of tears,
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs, and fears,
Thou crownest thy wild work with foulest wrong
When first thou lightest on a seeming goal,
And darkly blunder'd on man's suffering soul.

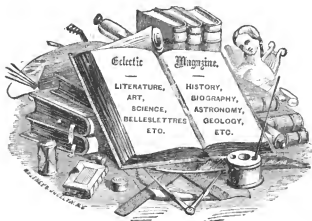
APRIL: A SONNET.

Snow on the ground, and blossoms on the trees!
A bitter wind sweeps madly 'cross the moor;
The children shiver at the cottage door,
And old men crouch beside the fire for ease.
Yet still the happy lark disdains the breeze;
The buds swell out, the primrose makes a floor
Of sylvan beauty, though the frost be hoar,
And ships are battling with tempestuous seas.
'Tis April still, but April wrapt in cloud,—
Month of sweet promise and of Nature's bliss,
When Earth leaps up at Heaven's reviving kiss,
And flouts at Winter lingering in her shroud.
Haste swiftly, Spring, to banish drear decay,
And welcome Summer with the smile of May.

JOHN DENNIS.







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MODERN PHILOSOPHERS ON THE PROBABLE AGE OF THE WORLD.*

WE propose to discuss the books and papers whose titles are prefixed to this article, in so far as they throw fresh light on the probable length of time during which the solar system may be supposed to have existed. It is but in recent times that any materials have been

amassed for forming an opinion on the subject. Before the end of the last century geology hardly existed as a science; an inquiry as to the age of the world would have been unhesitatingly answered by the assertion, that the earth was created in six days, 4004 years before the birth of Christ. Though further research has shown that the sacred text bears no such interpretation, those copies of the Authorised Version of the Bible, which are enriched with notes and marginal references, still keep up the formal assertion.

A story is told in Brydone's 'Tour in Sicily' which will serve to recall the state of public opinion on the subject of chronology at the end of the last century. The Canonico Recupero, a Sicilian priest, was Brydone's guide when he explored Mount Etna. Recupero (who afterwards wrote a history of his native mountain) told the traveller that he had

- * 1. *Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science.* By Professor P. G. Tait, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1876.
2. *On Geological Dynamics.* By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S. 'Transactions of the Geological Society of Glasgow,' 1869.
3. *On Geological Time.* By Sir William Thomson, LL.D. Geological Society of Glasgow, 1868.
4. *Sur le Ralentissement du mouvement de Rotation de la Terre.* Par M. Delaunay. Paris, 1866.
5. *Climate and Time.* By James Croll. H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland. London, 1875.
6. *Principles of Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell. 14th Edition. London, 1875.

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been vastly embarrassed by the discovery that many strata of lava, each covered deeply with earth, overlaid each other on the mountain-side. 'Moses,' said he, 'hangs like a dead weight upon me, for I have not the conscience to make the mountain so young as that prophet makes the world.' 'The Bishop,' adds Brydone, 'who is strenuously orthodox—for it is an excellent see—has warned him to be on his guard, and not to pretend to be a better historian than Moses.'

The worthy Bishop of Catania was not alone in his views. Nearer home it was the generally received opinion that to doubt the literal accuracy of the chronology supposed to be involved in the Mosaic account was a grave impiety. The poet Cowper, mildest of men, became fiercely satirical under the provocation of geology. Though few people read 'The Task' nowadays, the lines will no doubt be remembered,

'Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register by which we learn
That He who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.'

Fortunately, it is no longer considered impious to try and 'extract a register' from the earth. Those who were inclined to be afraid that the Mosaic record would be discredited have long since laid aside their fears. It has been found that, far from being upset by scientific inquiry, the Bible account of the Creation accords in a very remarkable manner with modern discoveries; and long before Max Müller put the feeling into words, it was felt that only 'by treating our own sacred books with neither more nor less mercy than the sacred books of other nations, they could retain their position and influence.'

When once the plunge was made, it was soon found, as might have been expected, that the fault was not in the oracle, but in the interpretation; and it is very remarkable in how many and unexpected directions the testimony of Moses has been strengthened by the criticism, not always friendly, which it has received. Of course, when the anciently-accepted date of the Creation was proved to be incorrect, and chronology was, as it were, thrown open to the public, there was nothing to prevent philosophers from allowing the freest

scope to their imagination. In proportion as the six thousand years formerly assigned as the age of created matter was too small, the reaction of opinion claimed for it an antiquity which workers in other branches of physics feel it impossible to concede; and at the present moment there is among scientific men a revolt against the extreme views of the geologists. The latter affirmed with truth, that creation in six solar days was demonstrably untrue, not because God could not create the world at a stroke, but because the world bears ample evidence that He did not so exercise His power. It was inconsistent alike with reasoning from probability or the investigation of facts. In all the operations of Nature as they unfolded themselves before our eyes God worked by law—by the process of slow development—by means beautifully simple, and involving no violence and no haste, yet irresistible. There was abundant evidence that these causes had been at work for thousands—perhaps millions—of years before the date of the supposed miracle. Beginning from the present age, the time was calculated that each development would require, till the united ages of all amounted to the enormous sum of three hundred millions of years.

Modern English geology holds that all geological changes have been effected by agents now in operation, and that those agents have been working silently at the same rate in all past time; that the great changes of the earth's crust were produced, not by great convulsions and cataclysms of Nature, but by the ordinary agencies of rain, snow, frost, ice, and chemical action. It teaches that the rocky face of our globe has been carved into hill and dale, and ultimately worn down to the sea-level, not only once or twice, but many times over during past ages: that the principal strata of the rocks—hundreds, and even thousands, of feet thick—have been formed on ocean-floor-beds by the slow decay of marine creatures and matter held in solution by the waves: that every part of the earth has been many times submerged, and has again been lifted into the air. This slow rising and sinking of the ground is an axiom of the geological creed. We are told that it is now going on, and that

there are large areas of subsidence and of elevation on the surface of the globe. But when we consider the slow rate at which that oscillation is now proceeding, and argue back from the known to the unknown, we are landed in conclusions as to the length of time required for geological changes which the opponents of the theory declare to be absolutely inadmissible.

Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and Mr. Croll argue the question as one of geological dynamics. They find reason, in recent discoveries of science, to assert that the sun and the earth, from their physical condition, cannot possibly have existed for the enormous length of time supposed. Playfair, the founder of what is called the Uniformitarian school of geology, declares on the other hand, that in the existing order of things there is no evidence either of a beginning or of an end. 'In the planetary motions,' he says, 'where geometry has carried the eye so far both into the future and the past, we discover no mark either of the commencement or the termination of the present order. The author of Nature has not given laws to the Universe, which, like the institutions of men, carry in themselves the elements of their own destruction.' This was a bold assertion: it was adopted with very little limitation by Sir Charles Lyell, and the later geologists—his disciples and contemporaries. Indeed, if they admitted any limitations at all, they placed the origin of the world so many hundreds of millions of years ago that the figures convey no practical idea to the mind, and amount in effect almost to what a distinguished geologist calls '*eternity à parte ante*.'

The principal grounds upon which scientific opinion has recently declared itself in favor of limited periods for the duration of the solar system are based, first, on the belief that the earth is cooling—if not rapidly—at such a rate as to make it impossible that it should have existed for very many millions of years; secondly, because there is reason to believe that the earth is not now rotating on her axis with the same rapidity as in former ages, and that, as her shape would have been different if, at the time she was in a molten state, she had been rotating more rapidly than now, she has

not been rotating so long as has been supposed; thirdly, because the sun is parting with caloric at such a rate as to make it certain that he could not have continued to radiate heat at the same rate for more than a few millions of years; and lastly, because the changes in the earth's crust, stupendous and varied as they are, could have been, and probably were, accomplished in the course of much shorter periods than popular geology has hitherto considered possible.

It will, of course, be understood that any inquiry as to the date of creation must necessarily have relation only to the solar system—the sun, that is, and the planets which accompany the earth in its orbit round the central luminary.

The investigation is of necessity thus narrowed, because we have not, and cannot expect to have, any definite information as to the age of the rest of the visible universe. The stars are forever beyond our ken. If the spectroscope can bring intelligence of their component elements, it is as much as we can hope to attain. For their immeasurable distance effectually removes them from investigation. No action of gravity emanating from those distant luminaries affects the internal economy of the solar system. In the vast eternity of space the sun and his attendant satellites are altogether alone.

It is difficult to gaze upon the thousands of stars that brighten the night with their radiance and yet realise our entire isolation. The solar system, with the radius of its orbit stretching from the sun to farthest Neptune, is but a point in a vast solitude. No star is nearer to us than 200 millions of millions of miles.

This inconceivable remoteness shows that the sun and his satellites lie apart in space. They form one whole, interdependent on each other, but completely removed, as regards their internal economy, from the influence of any attraction outside.

There are reasons for concluding that the system, thus organised and isolated, was brought into existence by one continuous act of creative energy, and that, however long the period over which the process may have been spread, the whole solar system forms part of one

creation; and though it has been sometimes thought that the earth was made by itself, and that the sun was introduced from outside space, or created where he is at a different time, the evidence is strong against such a supposition.

In the first place, the orbits of all the planets are nearly in one plane, and describe very nearly concentric circles. If, when they received the original impulse which sent them revolving round the sun, any of them had been started with a little more original velocity, such planets would revolve in orbits more elongated. If, therefore, they had been the result of several distinct acts of creation, instead of being parts of one and the same act of creation, their orbits would probably have been so many ovals, narrow and wide in all degrees, and intersecting and interfering with each other in all directions. Yet if this want of harmony had existed, even to a small degree, it would have been sufficient to destroy the existing species of living creatures, and cause to disappear all security for the stability of the solar system. If the earth's orbit were much more eccentric than it is, all living creatures would die, for the extremes of heat and cold at different periods of the year would be fatal to life. If the orbit of Jupiter were as eccentric as that of Mercury, the attraction of the larger planet would cause the smaller to change their approximately circular orbits into very long ellipses; such would be the disturbance that they would fall into the sun or fly-off into remote space. The moon would approach nearer and nearer to the earth with every revolution; the year would change its character; violent heat would succeed to violent cold; the planets would come nearer and nearer; we should see them portentous in size and aspect, glaring and disappearing at uncertain intervals; tides like deluges would sweep over whole continents; and finally the fall of the moon or one of the planets to the earth would result in the absolute annihilation of both of them.

Another reason for supposing that the solar system is the result of one separate act of creation is, that all parts of it are subject to one uniform law—that of gravitation. By that law every particle of

matter attracts every other particle with a force directly proportionate to its mass. This force varies as the inverse square of the distance: that is, if the attractive force of a given mass at one mile were called 1, at two miles it would be $2 \times 2 = 4$, or $\frac{1}{4}$ of one, and so on. This law of the inverse square, as it is called, is but the mathematical expression of a property which has been imposed upon matter by the Creator. It is no inherent quality, so far as we know. It is quite conceivable that the central law might have been different from what it is. There is no reason why the mathematical fact should be what it is except the will of the Being who imposed the law. Any other proportion could equally well be expressed mathematically, and its results calculated. As an instance of what would occur if any other proportion than the inverse square were substituted as the attractive force of gravity, suppose, at distances 1, 2, 3, the attractive force had varied as 1, 2, 3, instead of the squares of those numbers. Under such a law any number of planets might revolve in the most regular and orderly manner. But under this law the weight of bodies at the earth's surface would cease to exist; nothing would fall or weigh downwards. The greater action of the distant sun and planets would exactly neutralise the attractive force of the earth. A ball thrown from the hand, however gently, would immediately become a satellite of the earth, and would for the future accompany its course, revolving about it in the space of one year. All terrestrial things would float about with no principle of coherence or stability—they would obey the general law of the system, but would acknowledge no particular relation to the earth. It is obvious that such a change would be subversive of the entire structure and economy of the world. From these and similar considerations, it follows that although other laws are conceivable under which a solar system might exist, the solar system, such as we know it, could only exist under the actual laws which have been imposed upon its motions. And this seems entirely to exclude the idea that the various bodies of the system could have been created at different times or brought

together from different parts of infinite space. We may then safely conclude that the solar system is absolutely isolated in space, and is collectively the result of one act of creation. To the solar system, therefore, our inquiry is exclusively confined.

Although the received chronology of the world has for ages rested upon the supposed authority of the Bible, the sacred text really says nothing at all upon the subject. But, though the assertions which were so long made upon its supposed authority are not really contained in the Pentateuch, it is curious to observe how exactly the words of Moses appear to fit the most recent discoveries of science. No one has supposed that we were intended to learn science from the Bible; it is, therefore, an unexpected advantage to find that its short but pregnant sentences directly support the interpretation put by modern research upon the hieroglyphics of nature. Moses teaches, just as modern science teaches, that the starry heavens existed far back in past duration, before the creation of the earth. He describes in majestic words the 'emptiness' of chaos, and the condition of affairs from which light arose. He describes the formation of the sun, and its gradual condensation into a 'lighthouse' to give light upon the earth, in terms that almost seem to anticipate Herschel and Laplace. Far from assigning any date to the Creation, he is content to refer it to 'former duration.' No date is either mentioned or implied.

The so-called chronology was derived from two lists, one extending from Adam to Noah, the other from Noah to Abraham. These lists purport to give the direct line of descent from father to son, and the age of each individual member of the genealogy at the time when the next in succession was born. As Adam was supposed to have been created six days after the commencement of the Creation, it was simple work to add up the sum and fix the age of the world. As long as the progress of physical science showed no necessity for supposing a lengthened period to elapse between the creation of the world and the creation of man, it was taken for granted almost without discussion, that when God had created the heavens and the

earth in the beginning, He at once set about the work of arranging them for the use of man; that He distributed this work over six ordinary days, and at the close of the sixth day introduced our first parent on the scene.

Nowadays, all divines, English and foreign, agree that the word employed by Moses, and translated in our Bible by 'the beginning,' expresses duration or time previous to creation. Reshith, the Hebrew word for beginning, is in the original used without the definite article. The article was expressly omitted in order to exclude the application of the word to the order of creation, and to make it signify previous duration or previous eternity. The words of Moses then, 'In former duration God created the heavens and the earth,' may mean millions of years just as easily as one. A few verses later, describing the second day of creation, Moses declares that God made the firmament and called it heaven. It is plain from this that the heavens of the first day's creation are different from the heavens of the second day; the difference of time proves a difference of subject. The heavens of the first verse were made in former duration, before the moving of the Spirit, before the creation of light; the heavens of the second day were made after the earth and after light.

Another statement made by Moses is an extraordinary anticipation of the most recent cosmological doctrines. 'The earth was desolation and emptiness and darkness upon the face of the raging deep, and the Spirit of God brooding upon the face of the waters.' It is now hardly doubtful that the earth was a molten sphere, over which hung, in a dense vapor, all the water which now lies upon its surface. As the crust cooled, the aqueous vapor that surrounded it became condensed into water and rested on the surface of the land. The conflicts between the waters and the fiery heat, as the crust of the earth was broken, fell in, or was upheaved, are well described by the words of Moses, the earth was desolation and emptiness. It is curious that the great facts of the submersion of the earth and its condition of emptiness should have been thus exactly described by Moses.

We are then told that God said, 'Let

there be light, and there was light.' Celsus, Voltaire, and a writer in 'Essays and Reviews' have found it strange that there should have been light before the creation of the sun; but according to the theory of cosmogony now almost universally received, the earth did in fact exist before the condensation of the sun. Light there would be, from the gradually condensing mass of nebulous and incandescent matter which occupied the whole space now circumscribed by the orbit of the earth. If Moses had wished to describe the modern doctrine concerning light, he could not have done so more happily. The sun is not called 'ór,' light, but Maór, a place of light, just what modern science has discovered it to be. If light be not matter, but vibrations of luminiferous ether, no words could more precisely explain what must have occurred when God set in motion the undulations which produced light, and said 'Let light be.' The account given of the creation of the sun very closely anticipated modern science: 'Let there be lightholders in the firmament of heaven, and let them be for lightholders in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth . . . and the stars.' When the sun began to give his light, then, for the first time, the earth's fellow-planets, the stars, began to reflect his brilliance, and became luminaries also.

'Vestiges of Creation' was one of the first books which fairly awakened public interest in the debatable land which lies between that which is certainly known to science and that which must always defy inquiry. Before the appearance of that remarkable book, the theory that the sun and its attendant planets were produced by the condensation of a vast nebula, was but little known to the unscientific world. The idea was originally entertained by Sir William Herschel, and affords one of the greatest proofs of his commanding genius. It was afterwards elaborated by Laplace; but that great astronomer was himself distrustful of it, and while he expounded the mechanical laws by which the proposed explanation could be supported, he was careful to speak of it only as an hypothesis. As time goes

on, it seems probable that the saying of Arago will be accepted, and that the views of Laplace will be universally acknowledged to be 'those only which, by their grandeur, their coherence, and their mathematical character, can be truly considered to form a physical cosmogony.'

But though Laplace is thus credited by Arago with the origination of this grand conception, he was not its author. Sir William Herschel gave the earliest sketch of the theory. His views were expressed with so much precision, that one cannot help feeling a little jealousy for the prior right of discovery of the English astronomer. Herschel so plainly preceded Laplace, that it seems hard that Laplace should have the credit of it. Herschel began to search after the nebulae in 1779, and soon formed a catalogue comprising an enormous number of them. By degrees it dawned upon his mind that the differences he observed in them were systematic, and at length occurred the magnificent intuition that the nebulae are stars in the process of formation.

They lie in enormous numbers in every part of the heavens, and apparently in every stage of progressive development. The slow growth of worlds, extending over ages of time, cannot, of course, be watched by any single observer. No more can a single tree among the trees of a forest be so observed. But a forest contains specimens of saplings, young trees, trees of vigorous growth, and trees in decay. In like manner the heavens contain specimens of worlds in the making, from the chaotic mass of vapory matter which forms the first stage of cosmical existence to the perfect, self-luminous star. Herschel arranged them in classes showing this gradual development, and he declares that each class is so nearly allied to the next, that they do not differ so much as would the annual description of a human figure, if it were given from the birth of a child till he comes to be a man in his prime. His catalogue arranges the objects he has actually observed somewhat in the following fashion: first, patches of extensively diffused nebulosity; 'milky nebulosity,' with condensation; round nebulae; nebulae, with a

nucleus; and so on till he reaches stellar nebulae, nearly approaching the appearance of stars.

The evidence grows irresistible as we read, that in these wonderful objects we are gazing at works in process of formation as they lie plastic under the creative hand of the Almighty. Nor is it possible to withhold the inference—thus probably was the world we live in, and the solar system of which we form a part, evolved out of chaos.

The labors of Laplace commenced where Herschel ended. Herschel described what he saw. Laplace showed by mathematics how the known laws of gravitation could form, and probably did form, from such partially condensed mass of matter an entire planetary system.

It is supposed that a film of vaporous matter filled up the space which is now bounded by the orbit of the outermost planet of our system. To the eye of an observer, if such there were, in a distant star, such a vapor would appear like one of the numerous nebulae which are everywhere visible in the heavens.

Laplace supposed that this nebula, extending beyond what is now the orbit of Neptune, possessed a rotary motion round its centre of gravity, and that the parts of it which were situated at the limits where the centrifugal force exactly counterbalanced the attractive force of the central nucleus, were abandoned by the central mass. Thus, as the nucleus became more and more dense under the action of gravity, were formed a succession of rings concentric with and revolving round the centre of gravity. Each ring would break up into masses which would be endued with motions of rotation, and would in consequence assume a spheroidal form. These masses formed the various planets, which in their turn condensing, cast off in some instances their outlying rings, as the central mass had done, and thus formed the moons or satellites which accompany the planets. As each planet was in turn cast off, the central mass contracted itself within the orbit of that last formed; till, after casting off Mercury, it gathered with immense energy round its own centre and formed the sun.

Laplace's mechanical explanation does not rest only on theory. It has been

experimentally shown that matter under certain conditions would exhibit phenomena similar in many important particulars to those which Laplace was led by mathematical considerations to suppose. Professor Plateau several years ago tried the experiment of pouring olive oil into alcohol and water, mixed in such proportions as exactly to equal the density of the oil. The oil thus became a liquid mass relieved from the operation of gravity, and free to take any exterior form which might be imposed by such forces as might be brought to bear upon it. The oil instantly took the form of a globe by virtue of molecular attraction. Professor Plateau then introduced a wire into the globe of oil in such a manner as to form for it a vertical axis. The wire had on it a little disc coincident with the centre of the globular mass, and by turning the axis the oil was made to revolve. The sphere soon flattened at the poles and bulged out at the equator, thus producing on a small scale an effect which is admitted to have taken place in the planets. The experiment has since been several times repeated. When the rotation becomes very rapid, the figure becomes more oblately spheroidal, then hollows out above and below round the axis of rotation, stretches out horizontally until finally the outside layer of oil abandons the mass and becomes transformed into a perfectly regular ring. After a little while the ring of oil losing its own motion gathers itself once more into a sphere. As often as the experiment is repeated the ring thrown off immediately takes the globular form. These are seen to assume at the instant of their formation a movement of rotation upon themselves, which takes place in the same direction as that of the ring. Moreover, as the ring at the instant of its rupture had still a remainder of velocity, the spheres to which it has given birth tend to fly off at a tangent; but as on the other side, the disc, turning in the alcoholic liquor, has impressed on the liquor a movement of rotation, the spheres are carried along and revolve for some time round the disc. Those which revolve at the same time upon themselves 'present the curious spectacle of planets revolving at the same time on themselves and in their orbit.' Another curious result is almost always

exhibited in this experiment. Besides three or four large spheres into which the ring resolves itself, there are almost always two or three very small ones which may thus be compared to satellites. The experiment presents, therefore, an image in miniature of the formation of the planets, according to the hypothesis of Laplace, by the rupture of the cosmical rings attributable to the condensation of the solar atmosphere.

Modern discoveries carry the matter on much further. Recent investigations into the doctrine of the conservation of energy, have shown the generation of cosmical heat. The amount of force comprised in the universe, like the amount of matter contained in it, is a fixed quantity, and to it nothing can either be added or taken away. It is therefore constantly undergoing change from one form to another. If it ceases in one form it is not destroyed, it is converted. The blow of a hammer on an anvil sets a certain amount of energy in motion. The anvil stops the blow, but the force changes into heat. Hammer a nail and it will burn your fingers. Apply a brake to a wheel and you will stop the motion, but the force will be changed into heat which will burn you if you touch the brake. Measure the hammered nail and you will find that it has expanded by the vibration of its particles; heat it still more, and the particles will overcome the attraction of cohesion and revolve about each other, that is they will become molten; heat them still more and they will assume the vaporous or gaseous form. Now seeing that motion was convertible into heat, and heat into motion, it became an object of inquiry what was the exact relation between the two. Dr. Mayer in Germany, and Dr. Joule in England, set themselves to the solution of this problem. By various experiments it was demonstrated, that every form of motion being convertible into heat, the amount of heat generated by a given motion may be calculated. If the particles of a vast vaporous mass were brought into collision from the effect of their mutual attraction, intense heat would ensue. The amount of caloric generated by the arrest of the converging motion of a nebula like the solar system would be sufficient to fuse the

whole into one mass and store up a reserve of solar heat for millions of years.

Such, then, is the most probable conjecture respecting the origin of our system. We now turn to consider the grounds on which attempts have been made to fix the probable date of its creation. It will be convenient to examine the views of modern geologists on the subject, and the objections, based on recent results of physical science, which natural philosophers have adduced against their speculations.

The great representative, in late years, of British geology, is the late Sir Charles Lyell. But a few months before his death he published the new edition of his 'Principles of Geology,' the title of which we have placed at the head of this paper. While he lived he bestowed upon the correction of his works unwearyed labor. Edition after edition was called for, and in each whole passages—sometimes whole chapters—were remodelled. A quotation from one of the earlier editions may not improbably be searched for in vain in those which subsequently left his hands; and there are not wanting instances in which an opinion, contested by competent adversaries, was quietly dropped without any formal parade. His judgment was always open to appeal, and his clear and manly intellect acknowledged no finality in matters of opinion; therefore, on matters which we know to have been brought before him, with their accompanying evidence, we may consider ourselves as possessing his final verdict. It would not be fair, when quoting, as we must do, comments unfavorable to some of the conclusions at which Sir Charles Lyell arrived, to refrain from acknowledging the care with which his opinions were formed, and the candor with which they were surrendered if ever his better judgment considered them untenable. For instance, as head of the Uniformitarian school, he was exceedingly anxious that the evidence for his favorite doctrine should be duly and impartially weighed. With this view he advocated, in his 'Principles of Geology,'* 'an earnest and patient endeavor to reconcile the indications of

* Lyell, b. iv. p. 328, 4th edition.

former change with the evidences of gradual mutations now in progress.*

Upon this remark Dr. Whewell* fell with merciless severity: 'We know nothing,' says he, 'of causes; we only know effects. Why then should we make a merit of cramping our speculations by such assumptions? Whether the causes of change do act uniformly; whether they oscillate only within narrow limits; whether their intensity in former times was nearly the same as it is now: these are precisely the questions which we wish science to answer so impartially and truly. Where, then, is the wisdom of "an earnest and patient endeavor" to secure an affirmative reply?'

This was rough handling of a pet theory, or, rather, of an argument in favor of a pet theory; but that Sir Charles Lyell felt its force, is shown by the fact that no trace of the appeal attacked by Whewell appears in such later editions of the 'Principles' as we have consulted.

As another instance of the same spirit, the following remark was made by Dr. Hooker, the President of the Royal Society, when addressing the British Association at Norwich. He was speaking of the progress made in public estimation by the theories of Mr. Darwin. 'Sir Charles Lyell,' he says, 'having devoted whole chapters of the first editions of his "Principles" to establishing the doctrine of special creations, abandons it in the tenth edition. I know no brighter example of heroism, of its kind, than this, of an author thus abandoning late in life a theory which he had for forty years regarded as one of the foundation-stones of a work that had given him the highest position attainable among contemporary scientific writers.'

Among eminent persons holding the geological opinions to which the name of Catastrophism has been given, the name of the late Master of Trinity must occupy a foremost place. The words in which he avows his opinions are remarkable, not only for their exquisite beauty, but because they have a peculiar significance as almost the last utterance of a great man. The passage

which follows* occurs in the third of a series of sermons preached in the University Church at Cambridge, in 1827. But it is curious to learn, from his Memoirs, published this year, that he again used the same words in his College Chapel just before his death.

'Let us not deceive ourselves. Indefinite duration and gradual decay are not the destiny of this universe. It will not find its termination only in the imperceptible crumbling of its materials, or the clogging of its wheels. It steals not calmly and slowly to its end. No ages of long and deepening twilight shall gradually bring the last setting of the sun—no mountains sinking under the decrepitude of years, or weary rivers ceasing to rejoice in their courses, shall prepare men for the abolition of this earth. No placid euthanasia shall silently lead on the dissolution of the natural world. But the trumpet shall sound—the struggle shall come—this goodly frame of things shall be rent and crushed by the arm of its omnipotent maker. It shall expire in the throes and agonies of some fierce convulsion; and the same hand which plucked the elements from the dark and troubled slumbers of chaos shall cast them into their tomb, pushing them aside that they may no longer stand between his face and the creatures whom he shall come to judge.'

Holding these opinions, and believing as Professor Whewell did that the upheavals and subsidence of strata which characterise the earth's crust were produced suddenly, and by violent agencies; the school to which he belonged were little likely to attempt to fix a date for the creation of the world. To their minds the facts of geology gave no evidence as to time. It is, therefore, to Sir Charles Lyell and his followers that we must turn for an estimate of duration drawn from the 'testimony of the rocks.'

It is impossible to deny that periods of very vast duration must have elapsed while the changes took place of which we see the traces. If, for instance, we search below the sand on English shores, we find, perhaps a bed of earth with shells and bones; under that, a bed of peat; under that, one of blue silt; under that, a buried forest, with the trees upright and rooted; under that, another layer of blue silt, full of roots and vegetable fibre; perhaps under that again, another old land-surface with trees again growing in it; and under all, the main bottom clay of

* 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' b. viii. sec. 2. Edit. 1857.

* 'Sermons in the University Church at Cambridge, 18th February, 1827.'

the district. In any place where boulder clay crops out at the surface—in Cheshire or Lancashire, along Leith shore near Edinburgh, or along the coast at Scarborough—it will be found stuffed full of bits of different kinds of stone, the great majority of which have nothing to do with the rock on which the clay happens to lie, but have come from places many miles away. On examining the pebbles, they will prove to be rounded, scratched, and grooved, in such a fashion as to show that at some period they have been subjected to a grinding force of immense violence. Among the pebbles in the clay, and on plains far away from mountains, are found great rocks of many tons in weight. They were carried on the backs of icebergs, which, at some time, covered the now temperate regions of the earth, and were dropped by the melting ice either in the shape of pebbles, as moraines of ancient glaciers, or as boulders stranded when the icebergs melted in the lowlands.

Such evidence points to vast periods of more than Arctic winter, which must have endured for many thousand years. But in close juxtaposition with these glacial shells and pebbles lie remains which tell of tropical climates that alternated with the dreary ages of ice. Fossil plants and the remains of animals prove that all northern Europe was once warmer than it is now; that England bore the flora and fauna of the torrid zones. Underneath London there lies four or five hundred feet of clay. It is not ice-clay; it belongs to a later geological formation, and was, in fact, the delta of a great tropical river. The shells in this clay are tropical. Nautili, cones, fruits and seeds of nipa palms, now found only at Indian river mouths; anona-seeds, gourd-seeds, acacia fruits. The bones, too, of crocodiles and turtles; of large mammals allied to the Indian tapir, and the water-hog of the Cape. All this shows that there was once, where London stands, a tropical climate, and a tropic river running into the sea. We find in it the remains of animals which existed before the ice-age. The mammoth, or woolly elephant, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave lion, the cave bear, the reindeer, and the musk ox, inhabited Britain till the ice drove them south. When the climate became

tolerable again, the mammoth and rhinoceros, the bison and the lion, reoccupied our lowlands; and the hippopotamus from Africa and Spain wandered over the plains where now the English channel flows, and pastured side by side with animals which have long since retreated to Norway and Canada.

When the ages necessary for all these changes are allowed for, we have not, even yet, got beyond the latest period into which the history of the globe has been divided. Under the tertiary deposits lies the chalk, a thousand feet in thickness, which is composed of the shells of minute animals, which must have been deposited age after age at the bottom of a deep and still ocean, far out of reach of winds, tides or currents. Recent dredgings in ocean depths have proved beyond a doubt that the greater part of the Atlantic Sea floor is now being covered by a similar deposit. It must have taken ages to form, and, if the geologists are right in their estimate of the slow rate of upheaval, many more ages to become elevated above the ocean bed where it lay. Not only once, but many times, the chalk was alternately above and beneath the waves. It is separated by comparatively thin and partial deposits of sand and clays, which show that it has been at many different points in succession a sea-shore cliff. The chalk is not flat as it must have been at the sea-bottom, it is eaten out into holes by the erosion of the sea waves, and upon it lie flints, beds of shore shingle, beds of oysters lying as they grew, water-shells standing as they lived, and the remains of trees. Yet, again, there lie upon the chalk sands, such as those of Aldershot and Farnham, containing in their lower strata remains of tropical life, which disappeared as the climate became gradually colder and colder, and the age of ice once more set in. Everywhere about the Ascot Moors the sands have been ploughed by the shore ice in winter, as they lay awash in the shallow sea, and over them is spread in many places a thin sheet of ice-borne gravel. All this happened between the date of the boulder clay and that of the new red sandstone on which it rests.

We need not follow the geologist through the lower systems which overlie

the metamorphic rock. The oolite contains remains of plants and animals now extinct, the most remarkable being huge reptiles; the triassic has fossils like the oolite; and the Permian has remains like those in the coal on which it rests. Then follow the coal measures, the fossil remnants of tropical vegetation; the old red sandstone, with fossils principally of fishes and shells; the silurian, in which are found the earliest forms of life; and, lastly, the hard and crystalline rocks, devoid of fossils, which are supposed to be the earliest constituent mass of our planet.

Sir Charles Lyell and his followers allege that the rate at which species of animals change is tolerably uniform. The fossils of one age differ but little from those of ages immediately preceding and following it. We must go back, he says, to a period when the marine shells differ as a whole from those now existing to form one complete period. Counting back in stages measured by changes of fossils, we have four such stages in the tertiary formations above the chalk.

Lyell saw reason to believe, on evidence which we shall presently examine, that the age of ice commenced about a million of years ago. The place of this age of ice among the series of fossil-changes is easily marked, and so he concludes that each of his four periods above the chalk 'would lay claim to twenty millions of years.' We must allow Sir Charles to work up to his stupendous conclusion in his own words:—

'The antecedent Cretaceous, Jurassic, and Triassic formations would yield us three more epochs of equal importance to the three Tertiary periods before enumerated, and a fourth may be reckoned by including the Permian epoch with the gap which separates it from the Trias. In these eight periods we may add, continuing our retrospective survey, four more, namely the Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian; so that we should have twelve in all, without reckoning the antecedent Laurentian formations which are older than the Cambrian. . . . If each therefore of the twelve periods represents twenty millions of years on the principles above explained, we should have a total of two hundred and forty millions for the entire series of years which have elapsed since the beginning of the Cambrian period.'

Eighty millions since the lower tertiary formation, one hundred and sixty mil-

lions since the formation of the coal measures, and two hundred and forty millions since the beginning of the Cambrian period! And beyond that inconceivable antiquity lie the whole range of the primary rocks which contain no fossils.

Mr. Darwin* assigns to the world even a greater age. 'In all probability,' he says, 'a far longer period than three hundred millions of years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period.' Other geologists exceed even this estimate. Mr. Jukes, for instance, after referring to this passage, in which Mr. Darwin has given an estimate of the length of time necessary for wearing down the space between the North and South Downs, declares it is just as likely that the time which actually elapsed since the first commencement of the erosion till it was nearly as complete as it now is, was really a hundred times greater than his estimate, 'or *thirty thousand millions of years!*'

To any one but a professed geologist, it would almost seem as if these ideas of geological periods had been framed on the principle which guided Mr. Montague Tigg in fixing the capital of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. 'What,' asked the Secretary, 'will be the paid-up capital according to the next prospectus?' 'A figure of two,' says Mr. Tigg, 'and as many noughts after it as the printer can get into the same line.'

It is hard for imagination to compass the meaning of a million, and when that number is multiplied by hundreds, the effort is altogether beyond us. But we need not dwell on this consideration; we turn at once to the practical comments made by physical science on these and such-like opinions. The first is founded on the secular cooling of the earth.

If a red-hot ball be taken from a furnace, it begins at once to part with heat at a certain definite rate. As it becomes colder it cools more and more slowly. From the known laws of heat it is quite possible roughly to approximate to the period during which the earth has been habitable for animals and plants such as we now find upon it. Whenever a body

* 'Origin of Species.' Edition 1859, p. 287.

is hotter at one part than at another, the tendency of heat is to flow from the hotter body to the colder. As the earth's crust is warmer as we go further down, there must be a steady increase of heat from the surface to the centre, and the earth is even now losing heat at a perfectly measurable rate; therefore it is possible to calculate what was the distribution of heat a hundred thousand or a thousand thousand years ago, supposing the present natural laws to have been then in existence. According to these data, about ten millions of years ago the surface of the earth had just consolidated, or was just about to consolidate; and in the course of comparatively few thousand years after that time the surface had become so moderately warm as to be fitted for the existence of life such as we know it. If we attempt to trace the state of affairs back for a hundred millions, instead of ten millions of years, we should find that the earth (if it then existed at all) must have been liquid, and at a white heat, so as to be utterly incompatible with the existence of life of any kind with which we are acquainted.*

The next argument, namely, that founded on the earth's retardation by the tidal wave, is more recondite, and the theory that there is such a retardation at all is quite of recent date. Theoretical reasons connected with mechanics caused it to be adopted, and its establishment depends on the most refined astronomical investigation.

It is one of the peculiarities of time measurement, that from the nature of things no two periods of time can be compared directly one with another. The standards by which we measure time are less and less precise as we recede further into the past. To-day we have as the standard unit of duration the interval between two successive transits of a star over the cross-wires of a fixed observatory-telescope. This measure has been considered until lately as absolutely fixed and invariable. And so it is for all practical purposes; the sidereal time of any heavenly body passing the meridian on a given day in 1880,

may be ascertained from the 'Nautical Almanac' to-day, and it will be found true within one hundredth of a second. But that throws no light on the question what is the absolute length of an hour or a second. They are both definite fractions of a day; and a day is a revolution of the earth on its axis; no artificial measurement of such an interval can prove whether the interval itself remains from age to age unchanged. To quote Humboldt as a sure guide to the received opinions of scientific men thirty years ago,* 'The comparison of the secular inequalities in the moon's motion, with eclipses observed by Hipparchus, or during an interval of two thousand years, shows conclusively the length of the day has certainly not been diminished by one hundredth part of a second.'

The assertion is derived from Laplace, and even now is mentioned as an unquestioned fact in the most recent astronomical text-books. Halley, it is true, in 1695, discovered that the average velocity with which the moon revolves round the earth had apparently been increasing from year to year, and this acceleration remained unexplained during more than a century. Halley compared the records of the most ancient lunar eclipses of the Chaldean astronomers with those of modern times. He likewise compared both sets of observations with those of the Arabian astronomers of the eighth and ninth centuries. The result was an unexplained discrepancy, which set all theory at defiance for a century or more. It appeared that the moon's mean motion increases at the rate of eleven seconds in a century; and that quantity, small in itself, becomes considerable by accumulation during a succession of ages. In 2500 years the moon is before her calculated place by $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —enough to make a very material difference in place of visibility of a solar eclipse. Laplace at last, as Sir John Herschel says, stepped in to rescue physical astronomy from its reproach, by pointing out the real cause of the phenomenon. Laplace accounted for the apparent acceleration by showing that the motion of the earth in her orbit was disturbed by the other planets, in a manner before insufficiently appreciated, and the explanation was

* The 'Doctrine of Uniformity' in Geology briefly refuted. 'Proceedings of the R. Soc. Edinburgh, Dec. 1865.'

* 'Cosmos,' i. 161.

accepted for many years as complete and satisfactory. The acceleration was calculated to the utmost point of precision attainable in mathematics by M.M. Damoiseau and Plana. Using the formulæ of Laplace, and the numbers deduced from them, it was found that the circumstances and places of ancient eclipses, as recorded by historians, were brought into strict accordance with the times and circumstances as they ought to have been if the theory were true. Laplace's explanation rests upon the fact, that for many thousands of years past the orbit of the earth has been tending more and more to a perfect circle: that is, the minor axis is increasing while the major axis remains unchanged. The result is, that the average distance of the moon from the sun is greater than it was in past ages. But in proportion as the moon is released from the sun's influence she revolves faster round the earth.

When it was seen how completely the difficulties in ancient observations were explained away by the calculations of Laplace, all doubt was considered to be at an end, and astronomers supposed that the whole truth was known. But in 1853 it occurred to Professor Adams to recalculate Laplace's investigations, and the result was the detection of a material error, which vitiated the whole series of observations. The results of Professor Adams's calculations were submitted to the Royal Society* in a paper, the explanatory part of which is very short indeed, occupying but a couple of pages of the 'Proceedings.' The brief statement is followed by a corroborative sea of high mathematics, into which we have no intention of asking the reader to plunge. The result, roughly stated, was to halve the amount of acceleration calculated by Laplace, and thus to leave half the acceleration of the moon necessary for his explanation of ancient eclipses to be found in some other way. Astronomers were now in a condition almost as bad as that from which they had been rescued by Laplace.

Adams communicated his final result to M. Delaunay, one of the great French mathematicians; and it seems to have been during the investigations which

that astronomer undertook to verify the calculations of Adams, that it occurred to him to inquire whether our measure of Time itself remains unchanged? In other words, whether the earth itself may not be rotating more slowly, instead of the moon more quickly, than in by-gone ages? It is plain that the moon will appear to be moving more quickly round the earth, if the earth itself—which is furnishing the standard by which the moon's revolution is to be measured—is rotating more and more slowly from age to age.

— Newton laid it down in his first law of motion, that motion unresisted remains uniform for ever; and he gave as an instance of constant motion, unaffected by any external causes, this very rotation of the earth about its axis. But M. Delaunay remembered that Kant had pointed out the resistance which the earth must incur from the tide-wave, and had even approximately calculated its amount. The tidal wave is lifted up towards the moon, and on the side of the earth opposite the moon; so that as Professor Tait puts it, the earth has always to revolve within a friction-brake. Adams adopted this theory of tidal friction; and in conjunction with Professor Tait and Sir William Thomson, assigned twenty-two seconds per century as the error by which the earth would in the course of a century get behind a thoroughly perfect clock (if such a machine were possible).

It may be asked, if the earth's movement be diminishing gradually in rapidity, will it eventually stop altogether? No; if ever the earth shall so far yield to the action of the tidal wave as to rotate not more rapidly than the moon, she will present to the moon always the same part of her surface. Then the liquid protuberance directed towards the moon will no longer be a cause of delay, and the retardation will cease. This cessation of effect, owing to the cause having ceased, appears to have actually happened with regard to the moon herself. At some time the moon's crust, and, indeed, her whole substance, was in a molten state. Enormous tides must have been produced by the attraction of the earth in this viscous mass of molten rock, and the time of the moon's rotation must have been quickly com-

* June 16, 1853.

pelled, by the friction, to become identical with the time of its revolution round the earth, and now, as is well known, the moon always presents to the earth the same side of her sphere.

It being thus established that there is retardation of the earth's motion, and the amount of retardation being calculated, it remains only to inquire how the fact affects the question of the world's age. We know that the flattening at the poles and bulging at the equator is the result of rotation; from the amount of retardation it can be calculated how fast the earth was rotating in bygone ages. Two thousand millions of years ago she would, according to such calculation, have been revolving twice as fast as at present, and the amount of centrifugal force at the equator would have been four times as great as now. If the earth, subjected to such strong centrifugal force, had been liquid or even pasty, when it began to rotate, the equatorial protuberance would have been much greater than it is. It therefore follows that she was rotating at about the same rapidity as now, when she became solid, and as the rate of rotation is certainly diminishing, the epoch of solidification cannot be more than ten or twelve millions of years ago.

A third argument for restricted periods is founded on an examination of the question, how long can the sun be supposed to have kept the earth, by its radiation, in a state fit to support animal and vegetable life? Here, as might be expected, a wider range of opinion exists.

It will be conceded at once that the age of organic life upon the earth must, of necessity, be more recent than the age of the sun. The several theories as to the way in which the sun may have derived his heat, may be put aside in favor of that of Helmholtz, viz., that the sun has been condensed from a nebulous mass, filling at least the entire space at present occupied by the whole solar system. The gravitation theory of Helmholtz is now generally admitted to be the only conceivable source of the sun's heat. The opinion that it can be obtained from combustion is not tenable for a moment. The amount of heat radiated is so enormous, that if the sun were a mass of burning coal, it would all be

consumed bodily in 5000 years!* On the other hand, a pound of coal falling on the surface of the sun from an infinite distance, would produce 6000 times more heat from concussion than it would generate by its combustion. An idea of the amount of energy exerted by one pound weight falling into the sun, will be conveyed by stating that it would be sufficient to hurl the 'Warrior,' with all its stores, guns, and ammunition, over the top of Ben Nevis! † But, if we accept gravitation as the source of energy, we accept a cause the value of which can be mathematically determined with very considerable accuracy.

The amount of heat given off by radiation in a year ‡ is known; the total amount of work performed by gravitation in condensing a nebulous mass to an orb of the sun's present size is known. The result is, that the amount of heat thus produced by gravitation would suffice for about twenty millions and a quarter of years. This is on the assumption that the nebulous matter composing the sun was originally cold, and that heat was generated in it by the process of 'condensation only.' It is, however, quite conceivable that the nebulous mass possessed a store of heat previous to condensation, and that the very reason why it existed in the gaseous condition was that its temperature was excessive. The particles composing it would have had a tendency, in virtue of gravitation, to approach one another if they had not been kept apart by the

* To maintain the present rate of radiation, it would require the combustion of 1500 lbs. of coal on every square foot of the sun's surface, per hour.—*Croll*, 346.

† The velocity with which a body falling from an infinite distance would reach the sun would be equal to that which would be generated by a constant force equal to the weight of the body at the sun's surface operating through a space equal to the sun's radius. One pound would at the sun's surface weigh about 28 lbs. Taking the sun's radius at 441,000 miles, the energy of a pound of matter falling into the sun from infinite space would equal that of a 28-lb. weight descending upon the earth from an elevation of 441,000 miles, supposing the force of gravity to be as great at that elevation as it is at the earth's surface. It would amount to upwards of 65,000,000,000 foot-pounds.

‡ The total amount radiated from the whole surface of the sun per annum is $8,340 \times 10^{28}$ foot-pounds.—*Croll*, 346.

repulsive energy of heat; it is not then unreasonable to suppose that the attenuated and rarified mass was vaporous by reason of heat, and began to condense only when its particles began to cool. By the known laws under which heated gases condense, the amount of heat originally possessed by the gas bears a definite and known proportion to the amount of heat generated by condensation; and, on the assumption that the analogy holds good in the case of the sun, which holds in the condensation of other heated gases, nearly fifty millions of years' heat must have been stored up in the mass as original temperature. This, added to the twenty and a quarter millions which resulted from gravitation, gives rather more than seventy millions of years' sun-heat.

As, however, this quantity gives the total amount of heat given out by the mass since it began to condense, the earth could not have had an independent existence till long after that time. The sun must have had time to condense from its outer limits as a nebula, to within the limit of the earth's orbit, before that separate existence could begin; for before then the earth must have formed part of the fiery mass of the sun. This calculation, like the others, falls short by nearly two hundred millions of years of the period estimated by Sir Charles Lyell for the commencement of life upon the earth.

But it would not be satisfactory to see a theory upset, if with the theory the means of accounting for observed facts were also destroyed. One great reason which weighs with geologists in assigning an almost incalculable age to the earth, is that among the fossils of the latest glacial epoch there are found the remains of tropical plants and animals, deposited in alternate strata with the remains of temperate climates, and this not once, but many times over. A hot climate prevailed at one time, and the earth became peopled with the flora and fauna appropriate to those conditions: after a lapse of many ages, the land subsided, and became the bed of the ocean; a vast period of upheaval then ensued, and dry land once more appeared: the climate gradually changed and ice set in: after ages more there was another slow subsidence, another equally slow

upheaval, and another change of climate; and so on without end. Seeing the slow way in which the land sinks or is upheaved nowadays, it naturally appeared that no conceivable lapse of time could be enough to explain that which had obviously taken place.

Mr. Croll, however, has recently afforded an explanation at once beautiful, simple, and complete. About the facts to be accounted for there can be doubt. The land has been many times under the sea, and the most violent changes of climate have succeeded one another. Mr. Croll's explanation is partly astronomical, and partly rests on geological dynamics. The heat of the sun is great in proportion to his distance from the earth. This distance is greater at one time of the year than another. The orbit of the earth is not quite circular, but its eccentricity varies slowly from century to century. It is just now very small, and the summer of the northern hemisphere happens when the earth is at its greatest distance from the sun. Both these circumstances tend to produce in Europe a moderate climate. But the longitude of the perihelion, as this state of things is called, is constantly changing, and the line joining the solstices moves round the orbit in about twenty-one thousand years. It follows that every ten thousand years, or thereabouts, the winter of the northern hemisphere will occur when the earth is at its farthest from the sun; and if at that time the earth's orbit is very eccentric, the two causes combined will produce a very severe climate. Eleven thousand years hence the northern hemisphere will be nearest to the sun in summer, and farthest from him in winter. Now if when that state of things occurred, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit happened to be very great—if the earth in winter-time was at a part of her orbit several millions of miles farther from, and in summer time was very much nearer, the sun than she is now, the climate of the northern hemisphere would be very different from what it is.

One such period of great eccentricity occurred about two million five hundred thousand years ago. Fifty thousand years later there was another. Again, eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago there was a third, and two hundred

thousand years ago a fourth. Those periods were characterised by cold such as we have no conception of. More than Arctic winter lingered far on into the spring, and unmelted ice of one year accumulated through the next, till from the pole to the south of Scotland the earth was covered with a vast ice-cap, probably several miles in thickness.

Now, in Europe and America, wherever in fact any records are left of the glacial epoch, it is remarked that a general subsidence of the land followed closely on the appearance of the ice. This fact led certain geologists to conclude that there was some physical connection between the two phenomena, and Mr. Jamieson suggested to the Geological Society that the crust of the earth might have yielded under the enormous weight of the ice. Mr. Croll, however, gives a different explanation; and the more it is understood the more it appears to gain ground with those capable of forming an opinion. He says that the surface of the ocean always adjusts itself in relation to the earth's centre of gravity, no matter what the form of the earth happens to be. If a large portion of the water of the ocean were formed into solid ice, and placed round the North Pole, its weight would naturally change the centre of gravity of the earth. The centre would be changed a little to the north of its former position. The water of the ocean would then forsake its old centre, and adjust itself with reference to the new. The surface of the ocean will therefore rise towards the North Pole, and fall towards the south. The land will not sink under the sea, but what amounts to the same thing, the sea will rise upon the land. The extent of submergence will be in proportion to the weight of the ice.

It is easy to see that glaciation would not be contemporaneous on both hemispheres. One hemisphere would be covered with ice and snow, while the other would be enjoying a perpetual spring. A glacial epoch resulting from the eccentricity of the earth's orbit would extend over a period of a hundred thousand years. But for the reason given above, the glaciation would be transferred from one hemisphere to another every ten thousand

years. A glacial epoch extending over a hundred thousand years would therefore be broken up into several warm periods. The warm period in one hemisphere would coincide with the cold one in the other, and there would be elevation of the land during the warm period and subsidence during the cold.

This cause would be quite sufficient to effect the alternate upheaval and depression. During the successive ages that each pole alternately was subjected to glaciation, the winter ice, unmelted by the brief summer, would accumulate till a cap many thousand feet thick formed at the pole, and would ultimately spread far down into what is now the temperate zone. If such an ice-cap were only equal in density to 1000 feet of earth, accumulated, say, on the north side of the globe, the centre of gravity would be shifted 500 feet to the north; and as the ocean would accommodate itself to the centre there would be a subsidence at the North Pole equal to 500 feet. But this is not all, for at the time the ice-sheet was forming on the northern hemisphere, a sheet of equal size would be melting on the southern. This would double the effect, and produce a total submergence of 1000 feet at the North Pole and a total elevation of 1000 feet at the South Pole.

It is clear that all the upheavals and submergences of land which have so impressed geologists with the immensity of time required for their execution can thus be accounted for within periods, stupendous indeed if compared to historical time, or even to the duration of man on the earth, but still conceivable by human imagination. The nightmare of subsidence and emergence need no longer oppress the geologist. He has only to remark surface changes and see how far forces now at work are capable of effecting them, and if so, how long they would take. The discovery of Mr. Croll upsets the whole scale of geological time. Sir Charles Lyell was quite right in saying that the earth could not have subsided and emerged from the sea half-a-dozen times, in less than a million of years, if it sank or rose in the leisurely manner which has characterised it in recent times; consequently he could not accept as 'the glacial epoch' the most recent period of great eccentricity.

He was obliged to go back to the next, which happened nearly a million years ago. Sir Charles Lyell's standard of measurement is the date of the age of ice. If, therefore, the age of ice is assigned to a period 200,000 years ago instead of a million years ago, the standard of Sir Charles Lyell is diminished by four-fifths; and adapting his conclusions to the altered premises, we should have forty-eight millions of years instead of two hundred and forty millions for the age of the fossiliferous rocks.

This change of standard would agree very well with the fact that there are evidences in the eocene and miocene periods of ice ages antecedent to the last. These might well be referred to the former periods of high eccentricity.

Enormous as are the periods which have undoubtedly passed since the creation of the world, it need not startle us to be told that every succession of events of which we have any evidence may well have occurred within a manageable number of millions of years. Could we stand, as Mr. Croll says, upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and were we informed that the little streamlet was able in one year to wear off only one-tenth of an inch of its rocky bed, what would be our conception of the prodigious length of time that it must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled when on making the necessary calculations we found that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million years.

The absolute settlement of the question must ever be above our powers. For a few centuries only we have the comparative daylight of historical times, thence backward lies the rapidly-gathering twilight of tradition; beyond that, geological periods the duration of which can be only vaguely guessed at, and beyond all these, far back into past eternity, the epoch when Time began. The old belief which limited the existence of the earth to less than seven thousand years, gave way once for all, almost within living memory. All men are now agreed that the six days of creation were

periods of indefinite extent. They are not solar days—for evening happened and morning happened, three times over before the sun was created. Not being days measured by the sun, we know not how many thousands of years they may have endured. The reaction was sudden and complete. Geology jumped to the conclusion that the past history of the world was without any limits that human imagination could conceive. But in quite recent years, as we have tried to show, the calm light of science has proved that the practical eternity of matter is not more tenable than the arbitrary limitation by which thought was formerly confined.

'I dare say,' says Professor Tait, 'that many of you are acquainted with the speculations of Lyell and others, especially of Darwin, who tell us that even for a comparatively brief portion of recent geological history three hundred millions of years will not suffice! We say—so much the worse for geology as at present understood by its chief authorities, for . . . physical considerations render it impossible that more than ten or fifteen millions of years can be granted.'

Sir William Thomson is not so sweeping in his assertion; but then the nature of the problem before him did not require any such opinion at his hands. His argument aimed at disproving Playfair's assertion, that neither the heavenly bodies nor the earth offered any evidence of a beginning, or any advance towards an end. If, therefore, Sir William Thomson was able to show that there was good evidence both of a beginning and an end, he was not concerned to speculate how long past time had existed, or when the end would come. His summing up is this:—

'We must admit *some* limit. . . . Dynamical theory of the sun's heat renders it almost impossible that the earth's surface has been illuminated by the sun many times ten million years. And when finally we consider underground temperature we find ourselves driven to the conclusion that the existing state of things on the earth, life on the earth, and all geological history showing continuity of life, must be limited within some such period of past time as one hundred million years.'

We have passed in rapid review the evidence upon which guesses, more or less plausible, as to the age of the world, have been founded. Whatever may be

the opinion at which men will ultimately arrive, it cannot but be satisfactory to note from how many quarters and in

how many ways Natural Science has in latter days cast light on the inquirer's path.—*Quarterly Review*.

SOUTH-SEA ISLAND MYTHOLOGY.*

IMMEDIATELY south-west of the Society Islands is a group known as the Hervey Islands, geographically insignificant, but full of interest to the philanthropist and to the ethnologist. To this group belongs Mangaia, an island about as large as Jersey, whose native religion and poetry form the principal subject of the following pages. It was discovered by Captain Cook on his way from New Zealand to Tahiti on his third and last voyage; but as the surrounding coral-reef reaches to the shore he could get no anchorage, nor even land without staving in his boats. From what he saw of the natives, it was clear that they led a secluded life, and had little intercourse with their kinsfolk in the Society Islands. They had never seen a pig or a dog, though these had long been naturalised in Tahiti; and when one of the chiefs who came on board the 'Resolution' stumbled over a goat on deck, he enquired with much curiosity what kind of *bird* that was. After their discovery the Hervey Islands were scarcely noticed for half a century, when the missionary John Williams arrived among them and set about their conversion to Christianity. It was high time for such an intervention, for the two worst tendencies of the Polynesian character, ferocity in war and licentiousness in peace, were fast breaking up society, and proving to political economists that it was possible for an intelligent and active population, in a

luxurious climate, with a plentiful supply of food, to be ruined and actually extirpated through want of moral control. On Hervey Island, from which the whole group takes its name, Mr. Williams expected when he landed in 1823 to find a considerable population, but it proved that since Cook's time they had by frequent exterminating wars reduced themselves to about sixty in number. Six or seven years after, he found that this miserable remnant had fought so desperately that the only survivors were five men, three women, and a few children, and among these there was a contention as to which should be king. As time went on, the populations of the islands yielded to the efforts of the missionaries. There is no need to suppose, as these good men were rather prone to do, that Providence altered the natural course of the winds and waves to facilitate their work. They carried with them a power quite adequate to account for the results they produced. Not only did they bring their message of peace and goodwill to men whose lives were torn by incessant wars and embittered by undying revenge, but Christianity came with all the prestige of a conquering race, who held in their hands the keys of prosperity and power. Motives of the most various order worked together from the highest devotion which led the native converts to lay down their lives for their new faith, down to the desire of a certain chief's wife to become a Christian, 'because when she compared herself with the Christian females she was much ashamed, for they had bonnets, and beautiful white garments, while she was dressed in "Satan's clothes."' Even the native religions of the South Sea Islanders had brought about a state of mind favorable, when once the tide of belief had turned, to the reception not only of the religion but of the authority of the 'wise men' (*orometua*) as they called the missionaries. The natives had a well-marked theology, and their minds were pervaded by a belief in the

* 1. *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*. By the Rev. W. W. Gill, B.A., of the London Missionary Society. With a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A. London, 1876.

2. *Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race*. By Sir George Grey, late Governor-in-Chief of New Zealand. London, 1855.

3. *Te Ika a Maui; or New Zealand and its Inhabitants*. By the Rev. Richard Taylor, M.A., F.G.S. Second edition. London, 1870.

4. *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*. By Edward Shortland, M.A. Second edition. London, 1856.

5. *Die Wandersagen der Neuseeländer und der Maunimythos*. Von G. Schirren. Riga, 1856.

ever-present influence of their divinities. Accustomed to the stringent prohibitions of the tabu, they took quite kindly to the observance of Sunday as a day of tabu against work. Their doctrine of the fate of the soul after death, which sent the slain in battle to the warrior's paradise above the sky, while the ignoble crowd of souls were cooked and eaten by the grim Death-goddess, opened the way for a doctrine in which goodness and wickedness receive after death their endless reward or punishment. Especially the Polynesians were already prepared to give to the ministers of the new faith an almost boundless authority over their social and political life. For they had been brought up under a theocracy where even the power of the chief was secondary and subservient to that of the priest. A trivial custom in Mangaia may serve to illustrate this state of things as well as a whole page of description. Ordinary people, and even chiefs, when thirsty, would suck the milk of their cocoa-nuts, as our school-boys do, through a hole in the soft spot. But priests always had the ends of their cocoa-nuts struck off, in token of their power to cut off the heads of anybody or anything. 'Chiefs and warriors were merely instruments of their vengeance.' No wonder that the missionaries, stepping into the place of a caste with such power, were able to remodel the whole tone of life among the islanders. On the whole, some narrowness apart, they used their great influence with praiseworthy kindness and discretion; and where the white sailors, traders, and kidnappers have not undone their work, the islands under their charge present a picture of prosperity and mild happiness.

It need hardly be said, however, that this improved life of the South Sea Islanders, while pleasing to the philanthropist, has destroyed much of their interest to the student of human nature. The new generation of Mangaians, for instance, brought up to live after the respectable and somewhat prosaic pattern of our 'orthodox dissenters,' are no longer objects so instructive as in the unregenerate days when they still propitiated their fierce gods with human sacrifices, believed in the real existence of a firmament, and thought that the figures they saw in dreams were spirits.

Long ago, but in times which have left their plain traces in history, the ancestors of the now most cultured nations of Europe were at this level, and thus it is that such modern races as the Polynesians can give many a valuable suggestion as to the ancient history of our ideas and arts. But as barbarians cannot be left in their barbarism to serve as interesting specimens for the instruction of anthropologists, all that can be done is to preserve a faithful portrait of their old life before it passes away. The policy of the early missionaries was too often not only to convert the world from heathendom, but to stamp out every vestige of the accursed thing. Yet even in ancient times there were brilliant exceptions, and now-a-days the missionaries work as hearty allies of science in collecting the last dwindling relics of savage thoughts and ways. Mr. Gill's volume of native tales and beliefs from Mangaia is such a collection, made with minute care during his twenty years' stay on the island. Lest readers should miss the scientific value of these materials, and think it little worth while to print stories of heroes being pulled up into the sky in baskets, or childish fancies about the world being like a monstrous cocoa-nut, Mr. Gill has wisely sought the help of Professor Max Müller, who introduces the work with a preface—one of those brief, thoughtful discourses on a great subject which the world is always ready to listen to from him. His remark on the real importance of the collection touches the key-note of the whole subject:—

'I confess it seemed strange to me that its importance should be questioned. If new minerals, plants, or animals are discovered, if strange petrifications are brought to light, if flints or other stone weapons are dredged up, or works of art disinterred, even if a hitherto unknown language is rendered accessible for the first time, no one, I think, who is acquainted with the scientific problems of our age, would ask what their importance consists in, or what they are good for. Whether they are products of nature or works of man, if only there is no doubt as to their genuineness, they claim and most readily receive the attention, not only of the learned, but also of the intelligent public at large. Now, what are these myths and songs which Mr. W.W. Gill has brought home from Mangaia, but antiquities, preserved for hundreds, it may be for thousands, of years, showing us, far better than any stone weapons or stone idols, the growth of

the human mind during a period which, as yet, is full of the most perplexing problems to the psychologist, the historian, and the theologian? The only hope of our ever unravelling the perplexities of that mythological period, or that mythopœic phase of the human intellect, lies in our gaining access to every kind of collateral evidence. We know that mythopœic period among the Aryan and Semitic races, but we know it from a distance only, and where are we to look now for living myths and legends, except among those who still think and speak mythologically, who are, in fact, at the present moment what the Hindus were before the collection of their sacred hymns, and the Greeks long before the days of Homer? To find ourselves among a people who really believe in gods and heroes and ancestral spirits, who still offer human sacrifices, who in some cases devour their human victims, or, at all events, burn the flesh of animals on their altars, trusting that the scent will be sweet to the nostrils of their gods, is as if the zoologist could spend a few days among the Megatheria, or the botanist among the waving ferns of the forests, buried beneath our feet.'

It will make Professor Max Müller's preface more acceptable to some readers, and less to others, that while insisting on the need of gathering up such evidence, he lifts up his voice against drawing over-hasty inferences from it. He protests in a tone more cautious and conservative than is usual among the new school of the science of culture, against attempts to resettle on an ethnological basis the origin of religion, or even mythology :—

'With all these uncertainties before us, with the ground shaking under our feet, who would venture to erect at present complete systematic theories of mythology or religion? Let any one who thinks that all religion begins with fetishism, all worship with ancestor-worship, or that the whole of mythology everywhere can be explained as a disease of language, try his hand on this short account of the beliefs and traditions of Mangaia; and if he finds that he fails to bring even so small a segment of the world's religion and mythology into the narrow circle of his own system, let him pause before he ventures to lay down rules as to how man, on ascending from a lower or descending from a higher state, must have spoken, must have believed, must have worshipped. If Mr. Gill's book were to produce no other effect but this, it would have proved one of the most useful works at the present moment.'

The caution is a salutary one, and will not fail of its effect. Yet, after all, the world's practical interest in ethnology lies more in what it does prove than in what it does not, and we may here best turn our attention to points where

South Sea Island mythology shows distinctly some of the stages through which the modern world seems to have arisen out of the prehistoric world. As will have been seen from the titles at the head of this article, the materials for such an inquiry already form a whole literature, beginning with Sir George Grey's attractive little volume of 'Polynesian Mythology.' Macaulay's famous traveller from New Zealand (who, by the way, belongs, if we all had our own, to Mrs. Barbauld) will not, at any rate, reproach the mother-country with neglecting the historian's duty to the new lands she colonised. The world now knows far more about the traditions of the Maoris than about those of the ancient Britons. What would we not give for a description by Cæsar of the inmost recesses of the Druidical religion, such as we have of the esoteric doctrines of the priests in Mangaia? It is a melancholy reflection that we know less exactly what the ancient Romans believed as to the nature of the soul and its fate after death than we now know the not altogether dissimilar theories of the South Sea Islanders. Mr. Gill's present book, then, by no means brings into notice a hitherto unknown subject. He does not tell the world for the first time the story of Rangi and Papa, Heaven and Earth, the father and mother of all things; or how Maui fished up the land from the depths of the ocean, and went down to Hades to bring up fire for man. All this belongs to the traditions of the South Seas, told only in varying versions in different islands. Mr. Gill's claim to notice lies in his having studied the traditions of an out-of-the-way island, which has kept itself singularly free from foreign influences, and in his having gained his information from recently converted priests, with heathen beliefs fresh in their minds. Thus by mere intimacy of knowledge he is able to settle, once for all, points which former writers in his district have been obliged to leave obscure, as witness the following examples.

Almost every reader will remember how sometimes, happening to sneeze, he has been saluted with a 'God bless you!' from some old woman who had not the least notion why she did so, beyond its being a time-honored cus-

tom. Not only is such a custom known all over Europe, but something like it is met with among various barbarian nations in other quarters of the globe.* On De Soto's famous expedition into Florida, the retinue of a native chief burst out, on his sneezing, into a chorus of blessings, whereupon the Spanish leader said, not unreasonably, to his men, 'Do you not see that all the world is one!' The key to this curious practice was first distinctly given by Dr. Callaway, now Bishop of Independent Kaffraria, who ascertained by inquiry from the Zulus that their habit of saluting a sneezer has a perfectly rational meaning, inasmuch as they believe that it is caused by a spirit, one of the ancestral ghosts whom they suppose to be often hovering around them, appearing to them in dreams, and causing or curing sickness. The natives said, 'When a Zulu sneezes, he will say, "I am now blessed. The Idhlozi (ancestral spirit) is with me; it has come to me. Let me hasten and praise it, for it is it which causes me to sneeze!" . . . If a child sneezes, they say to it "Grow!" It is a sign of health. So then, it is said, sneezing among black men gives a man strength to remember that the Itongo has entered into him and abides with him.' This explanation accounts for such cases as when Colonel Macpherson among the Khonds, in the hills of Orissa, describes the priest in the act of becoming possessed by his goddess; he sneezes, is filled with the deity, and speaks wildly in her name. But what one wants to know is precisely why all these uncivilised men should fancy that a sneeze has to do with the entrance of a spirit. This is what Mr. Gill is able to tell:—

'The philosophy of sneezing is, that the spirit having gone travelling about—perchance on a visit to the homes or burying-places of its ancestors—its return to the body is naturally attended with some difficulty and excitement, occasioning a tingling and enlivening sensation all over the body. Hence the various customary remarks addressed to the returned spirit in different islands. At Rarotonga, when a person sneezes, the bystanders exclaim, as though addressing a spirit, "A, kua oki mai koe."—Ha! you have come back. At Manihiki and Rakaanga (colonised from Rarotonga) they say to the spirit, "Aere koe ki Rarotonga."—Go to Rarotonga. At Mangaia

the customary address is, "Ua nanave koe,"—Thou art delighted.'—p. 177.

Here, then, is proof that the notions of savages as to sneezing are simple consequences of their rude physiology, according to which disease, pain, excitement, with all manner of other abnormal actions of mind and body, are simply accounted for by spirits entering in and affecting their bodies. One might perhaps have guessed that people with such a notion in their minds, when they felt the peculiar twinge of a sneeze, would naturally say that it was a spirit going in or out. But civilised men are too far removed from the savage state of mind to guess with any safety how savages would reason under given circumstances, and it is altogether more prudent to wait for an opportunity of hearing the savage state his own reasoning, as he does here.

The Mangaian legend of Echo is told by Mr. Gill (p. 114). When Rangi, the first man, had dragged up the land from the shades below, he set out to explore every nook and corner of it, to see whether there were any other inhabitants in his territory. After a while, approaching a pile of cavernous rocks overhanging a tremendous gorge, he shouted, as was his wont, 'Oō!' To his surprise, a voice from the rocks distinctly replied, 'Oō!' and when he asked, 'What is your name?' he only received his own question back. At last Rangi could bear such insults no longer, and made his way, leaping from rock to rock, up the dark gorge, till entering a cave whose stalactite pillars above and below were like the teeth in a pair of monstrous jaws, he found the laughing cave-fairy, whose name is Tumuteanoa, the cave-speaking sprite. Not to go further with the story, the remarkable point about it is not that the Mangaians should tell it, but that they should really believe it, as appears from their discussions as to whether Rangi was to be considered the first inhabitant of the country, seeing that he found Echo already in possession of the rocks and caves. The reality of this conception in the Polynesian mind is further proved by Mr. Gill from the fact that even now in the Marquesas divine honors are paid to Echo, who is supposed to give them food, and who speaks to the worshippers out of the rocks. A fit pendant to this is Lander's

* Tylor, 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 99.

story of his boatmen on the Niger, who threw a glass of rum and a bit of yam for the fetish which answered their shouts. As no one can deny that people who worship and offer sacrifice to a being must believe in that being's reality, it is sufficiently evident that the original myth of Echo is a real inference of savage science, accounting for a mysterious phenomenon by the usual and accepted theory that it is the act of a spirit. How changed from the reality of mythology into the mere fancy of poetry has the old idea become in Ovid's time, when he tells how babbling Echo kept Juno in talk when she might have caught her Jove toying with the Nymphs; and how Echo sought Narcissus, answering in his words, and at last, rejected by him, pined till her rocky bones and voice alone remained:—

'Vox tantum atque ossa supersunt.

Vox manet. Ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.

Inde latei silvis, nulloque in monte videtur :
Omnibus auditur. Sonus est, qui vivit in illa.'

Encouraged by such proofs that South Sea Island beliefs can throw light on the fancies and superstitions of the civilised world, let us put ourselves into the place of Mr. Gill's Mंगाians, so as to understand further what they mean by their system of the universe and their tales of gods and heroes. In doing this, of course the first thing is to set aside the teachings of physical science, and to look at the universe as it must appear to men in a state of intellectual childhood. The second thing is to throw ourselves back into the myth-making stage of thought, when every analogy of nature, real or fanciful, may be worked up into a reason and become the subject of a tale. We have little difficulty in doing this, being indeed quite used to it in poetry, though poets carry it on with a conscious playful make-believe very unlike the serious distinctness that in us accompanies actual belief. But the barbarian's mind is not cultivated far enough to feel, as we do, the difference between poetry and prose. Imagine then, ages ago, a native Mंगाian philosopher sitting on the top of the high hill in the middle of his island, to him evidently the centre of the round, flat ocean-world. To his uncritical sight the blue sky is a solid dome or firmament, such as we

should still think it, had it not been for the Greek astronomers and their successors. But how can the sun get in and out, morning and evening? Clearly through openings, so there must be a dawn-hole and a sunset-hole. As the wind, too, comes from different quarters, there must be a number of wind-holes, all round the horizon; and when one is open, the wind comes from there. The barbarian simply and straightforwardly reasons about the winds as he would about draughts coming through chinks in his own hut. The foreigners, whose ships appear to have burst into his world from outside, he naturally considers to be, as the native term calls them, *paparangi*, 'heaven-breakers.' Next, where does the sun go when he sets? Obviously down into a region below the horizon, whose daytime is our night, as the native proverb says, 'Day here; night in Avaiki.' All this is plainly not so much myth as science in its childhood. But myth hangs on to its skirts. The question how the sky got up there, and how it came to be so beautifully smooth, is answered by an invented tale in which the gods are brought in as actors. If men wanted to put up a great roof they would have to lift it up, and so the Mंगाians say that those great ancient beings, Maui and Ru, pushed the sky up with enormous efforts. As the blue stones it was made of were still rough, they took each an adze, and did not cease to chip at the blue vault till it was faultlessly smooth and beautiful. One thinks of the somewhat similar story in the 'Kalewala,' the great epic poem of Finland, where it is told how Ilmarinen, the master-smith, forged the sky, the roof of the winds, so deftly that no hammer-dint, nor mark of the tongs can be seen upon its smooth face. The Mंगाian story, however, does not end with the mere setting-up of the firmament, but another version goes on to tell how Maui put his head between the legs of his old father Ru, and heaved up him and the half-raised sky together, so that Ru was caught by the shoulders among the stars, where he hung till his body fell to pieces, and his bones were scattered over the land below. A curious story, but which was found to be not so senseless as it looked at first; for the natives, to confirm its truth, brought the

missionaries bits of Ru's bones, and these proved to be morsels of pumice-stone, so like bits of dry bone in appearance, and which, lying broadcast over that particular district, had suggested the myth.

It is not to be expected that the whole series of Polynesian myths should yield thus readily to interpretation. Any one-sided student, devoted to some special theory—such as that mythic heroes are all personifications of the sun, or that all myths have arisen out of misunderstandings of words by a 'disease of language,'—is likely to go hopelessly astray. Warning may be taken from Professor Schirren, whose ingenious work is mostly devoted to explaining the legends of Maui, the Hercules of the Pacific. Of late years the mania for finding myths of the sun in every story or history has been very prevalent among mythologists; but perhaps few have been more severely sun-struck than this learned Livonian. To give an example: Among the favorite tales of New Zealand are the stories of the first coming of their ancestors to the land, in the famous canoes named the 'Arawa,' the 'Tainui,' and others. As there is no reason to think that the Maoris had been on New Zealand from any extreme antiquity, and as their pedigrees are kept with extraordinary care on account of the native law of tribe-lands, it is not unlikely that there may be more or less of historical truth in these migration-legends, on'y mixed with marvellous episodes. But Professor Schirren boldly undertakes to explain the stories as principally mythical descriptions of the sun. On the voyage of the 'Arawa,' the story says that the chief Ngatoro climbed on to the top of the deck-house to see how fast she was sailing, having previously taken the precaution of tying a long string to his wife's hair and holding the other end in his hand, but while he was aloft, the rival chief untied the end of the cord below and fastened it to a beam. All this Professor Schirren gravely turns into sun-myth. The chief on the roof is the sun climbing into the sky, but all the while keeping his wife, the earth, bound to him by his rays. But the other chief below is a cloud, and he unfastens the rays from the earth till all at once the sun breaks through again from above,

&c. The remarkable thing is that the book containing this fanciful nonsense is really a valuable collection of Polynesian stories, among which there are a certain number which are on the face of them real sun-myths. The lesson to be learned from such books is this, never to force explanations of stories. When a number of versions of a myth are found current, it often happens that some of the story-tellers have not lost the original meaning, or, if they have, at least they are able to tell the tale with names and particulars which explain its real sense. For instance, there is a simple little Polynesian story which is really a myth of the clouds. The South Sea Islanders fancy they see in the moon the figure of a woman. In Samoa they call her Sina, and say that she was caught up by the moon while she was beating out bark-cloth, and there she is still to be seen with her board and mallet. If now a mythologist had to guess what the woman in the moon had to do with paper-cloth, he would be likely to guess wrong. But the Manganians happen to know; for in the version in their island, Ina, who is the moon's wife, 'is indefatigable in the preparation of resplendent cloth, i.e., *white clouds*.' And this childish notion of the clouds being like shining white cloth is worked out into details about Ina stretching her cloth out to dry and bleach on the blue sky, great stones being put to hold the edges down; when the work is done, these stones are thrown aside, and their crash is what mortals call thunder (p. 45).

The exploits of the god Maui, whom we have called the Hercules of the Pacific, form a whole cycle of wonder-tales current over the immense ocean-district from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand. One of Maui's greatest feats was fishing up the land from the depths of ocean. Sir George Grey tells the Maori version how Maui went out in the canoe with his brothers, and with his enchanted fishhook, pointed with part of the jawbone of his great ancestress in the realms below, hauled up the North Island of New Zealand, which is still called 'Te Ika a Maui'—the Fish of Maui. The fishhook is still to be seen in the form of a curved cape south of Hawke's Bay. The huge island-fish would have lain flat and smooth had not

Maui's brothers greedily begun to cut it up before the proper prayers and sacrifices had been offered, whereupon the fish began to flap about, and so New Zealand is all uneven hill and dale to this day. In other parts of the Pacific it is, of course, other islands that are heaved up from the deep. But what does the story mean anywhere? This may not seem a problem of much importance, but, after all, it is one of the religious beliefs of a race, and the origin of a belief is always worth looking for. Looking over the versions in the different islands, it is found that Maui is not the only personage to whom the feat of drawing up the land is attributed. In Samoa, they say that it was Tangaloa, the Heaven-god, who did it. Still more to the purpose are the Mangaian versions (Gill, pp. 16, 48), of which one says that it was Vatea, the Noonday, who fished up the island of Tongareva (his fishhook is to be seen in the sky, and we call it the tail of the constellation Scorpio), while another version states yet more simply that Rangi, the Day, drew up their island, Mangaia, from Avaiki, the shades below, into the daylight. This childish, simple statement of what Day still does every day, that he brings the world to light, is apparently the germ which, in the pictorial fancy of the myth-maker, has grown into the whole circumstantial wonder-tale of the fishing up of the island. In another episode Maui appears in the character of the Sun-catcher. He thought the sun went down too soon, and gave men too short days for their work, so he and his brother plaited ropes to catch him in a snare, and they went eastward to the very edge of the place where the sun rises, and there they set their nooses. At last the sun came rising up till his head and forepaws got fairly into the snare, and the brothers pulled the ropes tight while Maui rushed forward armed with his enchanted jaw-bone and beat the sun till he nearly killed him, and since then the luminary has crept slowly along his course. It is remarkable that the North-American Indians have a story of the sun being caught in the same way by a hero who goes to the place where the sun comes up, and plants his noose there. There are other tales of the sun being bound, in the folklore of various parts of the

world. What do they mean? The answer which the South Sea Islanders themselves give seems the right one. In Tahiti, so long ago as Captain Cook's time, they said that it was by his rays that Maui tied the sun to a tree when he wanted daylight to build the great marae; and now Mr. Gill is able to explain more fully (p. 63) that 'the extravagant myth refers to what English children call "the sun drawing up water," or as these islanders still say, "Tena te taura a Maui!"—behold the ropes of Maui!' The likeness of these rays to stretched cords holding the sun is obvious; and when we take into account the sun's slow apparent motion when near the horizon, as if he were restrained or bound, we are able to make sense of the whole myth, or at least such approach to sense as myths contain, by reading the last lines of Mr. Gill's version (p. 62) of the story as told in Mangaia: 'The Sun-god Rā was now allowed to proceed on his way; but Maui wisely declined to take off these ropes, wishing to keep Rā in constant fear. These ropes may still be seen hanging from the sun at dawn, and when he descends into the ocean at night. By the assistance of these ropes he is gently let down into Avaiki, and in the morning is raised up out of the shades.' It only remains to add, for its quaintness, the mention of a custom of setting sun-nooses among the Fijians, no doubt connected in some way with this sun-catching myth: 'An innocent conceit is entertained by the Lakembans. Some distance from the chief town is a small hill, having a plot of short reeds on the top. Whenever I passed, many of these reeds were tied together at the top, which I found was done by travellers in order to prevent the sun from setting before they reached their journey's end' (Williams' 'Fiji and the Fijians,' p. 250).

How Maui went down to Avaiki to bring up fire for men from the old Fire-god, and learnt the secret of the firesticks, by which fire is made by friction, is told at length in Mangaia, but with little that happens to throw light on its origin. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as the story takes in two episodes most interesting to classical mythologists—the descents of heroes like Ulysses or Hercules into Hades, and the tale of Prometheus. However, some New Zea-

land versions of Maui's descents into the realms of night are quite explicit stories of the sunset, especially the last and fatal time when, at evening, at the moment that the tiwakawaka, the sunset-bird, is singing, he plunges into the body of his ancestress 'Hine-nui-te-po,' or Great-Woman-Night, 'whom you may see flashing, and as it were opening and shutting there where the horizon meets the sky.' Another story describes Maui as taking fire in his hands and springing with it into the sea, and when he sank in the waters the sun for the first time set and darkness covered the earth, so he pursued the sun and brought him back in the morning. When also it is related in the Tonga Islands that the Fire-god in the under-world, to whom Maui goes to get fire for men, is also the Earthquake-god, this seems to mean, in a very natural way, that fire and earthquake belong to the depths of the earth, as the inhabitants of these volcanic islands have good reason to know they do. Are mythologists, then, on the strength of such interpretations, to follow Professor Schirren in concluding that Maui is a personification of the sun? Clearly not. As well might they, on classic ground, try to bring the exploits of Hercules under one consistent personality. Maui, like Hercules, is not, properly speaking, a Sun-god. As the Greeks have a definite Sun-god, Helios, so the Polynesians have a Sun-god, whom they simply call 'Ra,' or 'Tama-nui-te-Ra,' that is, Sun, or Great-Man-Sun. Maui, like Hercules, is one of those mythic heroes-of-all-work, to whom all wonder-tales, even such as belong properly to very different beings, attach themselves in the course of ages. It is true that Maui does go down into night in an unmistakably sun-like way, and the feat of bringing the land to light is as well suited to the sun as to the day, who is also described as doing it; but in another tale he appears not as the sun, but the sun-catcher; while again elsewhere he acts the part of Æolus imprisoning the winds in caves, with great stones rolled to their mouths; and he even is known in Tonga as the great earth-supporting god, who causes the ground to rock when he turns his prostrate body from side to side, so that when there is an earthquake the people used to beat the ground with sticks to make him lie still. To increase

the confusion there are several Maui's, old and young, so that the impossibility is manifest of reducing the whole to any consistent or primitive idea. Looked at from this point of view, the study of these mythic creations of the South Sea Islanders may save the learned world volumes of speculative theorising. Evidently while single incidents of nature-myth are often plain enough, especially when the savage himself is there to tell their meaning, the systematic analysis of the attributes of national gods and heroes and the stories they figure in, is not a hopeful undertaking; for such personages, even in so early a stage as the myths of these islanders represent, were wanting in the consistency which alone can make analysis feasible.

The religion of the South Sea Islanders was based on remarkably well-defined ideas of the nature of soul and spirit, interesting as showing us the exact working of those half-materialistic, half-spiritualistic conceptions on such subjects which have usually prevailed among the lower races. How at once phantasmal and material a being a spirit seems to them, is well shown in the story of Vatea, who in his dreams several times saw a beautiful woman, till on one happy occasion he succeeded in clutching her in his sleep and made her his wife, and she lived with him for years (Gill, p. 7). What thorough physical agents such spiritual beings were held to be is shown by the accounts of the native divinities, who made known their will by getting for a time inside the bodies of their priests, who delivered their oracles when in a state of frenzy brought on by a bowl of intoxicating kawa (*Piper methysticum*). These priests were significantly known as 'pia atua,' or god-boxes, and their enormous gluttony gave rise to the native phrase 'kai atua'—to eat like a god. The world, to the minds of the Mangaians, was swarming with spirits, and they carried perhaps further than any uncivilised philosophers the idea that earthly objects are but, as it were, the material bodies of spiritual originals. The visible world is but a gross copy of what exists in spirit-land. If fire burns, it is because latent flame was hidden in the wood by the Fire-god in Hades. If the axe cleaves, or the iron-wood club kills its victim, this is because demons are in-

visibly present in them. They actually declared that their islands were only the bodies or outward forms of spirit islands down in the under-world or Avaiki. The Mangaian system of the universe, as represented in figures by Mr. Gill (pp. 2 and 153), imagines a vast cocoa-nut-shell, with this earth at the broad end, uppermost, the interior occupied by Avaiki or Hades, while at the bottom the stem tapers to a point which is a formless spirit or demon, whose name is 'Root-of-all-Existence.' Above him is the being, called 'Breathing,' or 'Life;' and above him again 'The Long-lived,' the third and last of 'the primary, ever-stationary, sentient spirits who themselves constitute the foundation and insure the permanence and well-being of the rest of the universe. It is most curious to find among these islanders such conceptions as these—abstractions of mythical metaphysics such as we are more accustomed to associate with the philosophic dreams of the Phœnician cosmogony of Sanchoniathon, that begins with primæval beings, called 'First-born,' and his children 'Birth' and 'Race.' In the inside of the cosmic cocoa-nut are the various regions which make up the under-world, or Avaiki. At the lowest part, where it comes almost to a point, lives a female demon, crouched so close in her narrow space that her knees and chin meet; her name is 'The very-beginning,' and above her region come others which need not be here particularised. The remarkable thing about the Mangaian accounts of Avaiki is that, with all this fancifulness, there is something to be learnt by close examination of them. They throw light on a question of the early history of the South Sea Islanders themselves, and they help to explain the origin of a remarkable ancient belief peculiarly connected with the British Isles.

Avaiki, or Hawaiki, or Hawaii, or Savai, as it is called in various Polynesian dialects, means the West, or Sunset, or Night, or the under-world, Hades. It has been already explained by what simple reasoning this under-world is made out to be the region where the sun descends at night. A more difficult question is, why races like the Polynesians consider the home of departed souls to be there? In Mangaia, Mr. Gill is ready with an answer. This rocky island is

honeycombed with caves, and rent with deep chasms, to cast the corpses down which is the native mode of burial. Therefore, he thinks, the people naturally imagined the earth to be hollow, and the dark nether-world to be accessible down these pits. One cavern-opening, especially, over which the mission-house at Oneroa is built, leads down so far towards the shore, that the beating of the surf can be distinctly heard; the opening of this subterranean region used to be the great burial-place of the island, and bore the significant name of *Auraka*, that is to say, 'Don't.' Doubtless, says Mr. Gill (p. 154), this is the true origin of their idea of the whereabouts of the spirit-world. A story which he tells elsewhere (p. 210) of the fate of a native chief, named Murua, the same who came on board Captain Cook's ship, and was so puzzled about the goats, favors this view of the subject. Murua was set upon and slain by his enemies; but his friends carried off his body, and eventually cast it down the deep and gloomy chasm of Raupa. A night or two afterwards Murua appeared in a dream to one of his sons, and reproached him with having thrown him down into a place where he had in his time cast so many victims; for these had risen up, and set on him as soon as he reached the bottom, and pummelled him till he was sore. Mr. Gill is by no means the first to start the theory that barbarous people who buried their dead in caves were led thence to think that the inside of the earth was a huge cavern, where the dead or their shades continued to live. But it must be remembered that many races have held the same view of a cavernous under-world who did not bury their dead in caverns, nay, who even put them on scaffolds like certain American Indians, or burnt them like the Hindoos. Reading the wonderful description in the 'Odyssey' of the shades of the heroes leading their phantom life in the gloomy land of Hades—or looking at the pictures in the Egyptian 'Book of the Dead,' blazoned on the mummy-cases, where one sees the departed soul travelling with the sun through the regions of Amenti, reached by the sunset-gate in the far West—we may well ask, can all this have come of the fact that ancient people, when they buried their dead at all, some-

times buried them in caves? And besides, the belief is about as general among uncultured races that the land of the dead is away far in the West, in some happy hunting-ground or lovely island. This thought lasted on into the belief of the Greeks in the Islands of the Blest, far away in the Western Ocean, where dwell swift-footed Achilles and noble Diomedes; and where steadfast souls of the just have their golden-flowered home amid the breezes of ocean. Evidently it is because Britain is a western island, that the idea of the island of souls became attached to it, so that Procopius had his weird tale to tell of the ghosts being shipped off to Britain from the mainland of Europe, invisible, but lading almost gunwale under the fishermen's boats that carried them in crowds. It is this legend of our own country that brings the South Sea Island mythology so closely into connection with our own. To continue; not only are the underworld and the Far West both accepted as the region of departed souls, but the combination of the two is as common as it is natural; the cavernous land of the departed, or the approach to these dread realms, is itself thought to be out in the far region of the sunset. The mere fact of cavern-burial by itself fails to explain all this. For some reason or other, savages and nations above the savage state are agreed that the souls of the departed go into the region either of the night or the sunset. Is this, after all, a simple inference from the fact (or what seems to them the fact) that ghosts belong to the night, coming up in the darkness to appear to the living in dreams, and returning at daybreak to their subterranean home? We do not venture to pronounce certainly with certainty on this curious question of early philosophy, which is made more difficult by the notions of the subterranean burial-cavern and of the sunset under-world being quite incompatible together, probably having both helped to bring about such a general theory of the soul's fate after death as that held by the islanders of the Mangaia, of which some further particulars may now be given.

On the shores of the islands looking towards the setting sun, the souls of the newly-dead wander over the sharp rocks that cut their feet, or bleach the ghostly

network they are dressed in, or dance to pass away the time, or go back to wander among the trees near their homes, and sometimes peep inside to see how their wives and children are faring. They have to wait, often for months, till some chief dies of rank high enough to lead a band of followers to the shores below. Then at last the stray ghosts are gathered together, and following the course of the sun all day across the island, they flit across the ocean in the train of the Sun-god, plunging into Avaiki with him, but not like him to reappear on the morrow among men. Each island has on its western coast its 'reinga vaerua,' or leaping-place-of-souls, where they start across the ocean towards the sunset. The esoteric doctrine of the priests, however, differs from this as to the mode of access to Hades. We may begin the narrative before death. A man is sick, his god is bad, disease is wasting his body, as it were a demon squatting on his shoulders. The soul-doctor has been sent for already, and his procession of men piping with the nose-flute, and women whistling, have done their best to lead back the truant spirit and settle it in the body it was forsaking. But in vain; the time has come when, quitting the body before breath quite ceases, the soul must set out on its journey to the edge of the cliff Araia, looking out over the western sea. There is one chance more; if a friendly spirit should meet him there and say, 'Go back and live!' the now joyful ghost would return home and re-enter the forsaken corpse. This, indeed, is the native scientific theory to account for a fainting-fit or coma, just as an Ojibway Indian would say that the soul had travelled away from the body as far as the river of death, but had been sent back thence. But if no friendly spirit intervene, the gigantic tree of death rises at the edge of the cliff, the soul climbs upon his proper branch, and tree and all go down to the nether-world. There, half-drowned in the lake of death, the trembling spirit comes into the presence of the maimed, hideous Miru, the Death-goddess, whose face glows ruddy from the glare of her ever-burning oven. She feeds the wretched guest with the food of the dead—crawling earth-worms and blackbeetles, emblematic of night and death. Then Miru's daughters prepare

the bowl of intoxicating kava, and the soul, stupefied with the draught, is carried to the oven and cooked to be eaten. Such is the inevitable fate of all who die a natural death—that is, women, cowards, and children. They are annihilated. There are, indeed, stories of heroes who have gone down alive into Hades and come up to tell the tale; or rather there are several versions of one such story in the islands of the Hervey Group. Te-kaue looks into the bowl that Miru offers, and sees that it is full of living centipedes; but he drops them out slyly as he holds the bowl to his lips, and the baffled Death-goddess lets him return to life. Myths of heroes who have gone down to Hades and returned alive, like Odysseus or this Polynesian warrior, are to be found everywhere in the world, the common property of the tale-teller. But there is a singularity of likeness here to the adventure of Wainamoinen, the hero of the Finnish epic already here mentioned, which calls for remark. In the sixteenth rune of the 'Kalewala' it is told how old Wainamoinen came down living, ferried across the stream by Tuoni, the Death-god's daughter, into the dark realm of Manala. There Tuonetar, the Death-goddess, brought him beer in jugs, in two-eared cans, and bade him drink; but he looked within and saw loathly frogs and worms. So he refused to drink of the jug of Manala, and escaped to tell men of the awful region whither many go, but whence so few return.

For Mangaian warriors slain in battle, however, there is a quite different fate. They, too, wander for a while on the western coast; but soon the first who fell collects his brother warriors. Linger-ing till June, their chilly ghosts are seen as the dark clouds of that gloomiest season of the year. But in August the light fleecy clouds are seen to pass over the heavens till they are left cloudless, and now men know that the spirits of the brave dead have taken flight. They have climbed up the celestial mountain, up the road over the spears and clubs they were killed by, and arrived at the sunset; have leaped out into the blue sky and reached the warrior's paradise in the ten concentric heavens, there to live deathless, crowned with garlands, dancing their old war-dances, and laughing as they look down on the filth-besmeared

wretches struggling below in Avaiki. Little as the religion of Polynesia was concerned with precepts of moral life, it had here the same influence in fostering a warlike temper as the belief in Odin's Valhalla had among the old Norsemen; so that in both countries even aged warriors, scarce able to hold a spear, were led into battle to meet the warrior's death and gain the warrior's heaven.

The ten heavens of the warriors paradise are shown in the Mangaian sketch of the universe. They are overarching domes, fitting over one another like the rounded lids of a nest of Indian boxes, the innermost being, of course, our visible sky with its sun and moon. Looking at this drawing, the question arises why these islanders should have fancied these concentric spheres or domes? Such a theory is not obvious to the savage mind, like the notion of a flat earth, with a firmament above. Is it, perhaps, an idea borrowed from some more civilised race, with whom the Polynesians have been in contact? The cosmogony of the ancient Hindu theologians has found its way into the Malay Islands, and thus the doctrine of the spheres of heaven may have reached the Polynesian branch of the Malay race. When we talk of being 'in the seventh heaven,' we are keeping up the remembrance of the old world doctrine of concentric planetary spheres surrounding the earth—a doctrine which is the outcome of a comparatively advanced astronomy. It may be safely guessed that no South Sea Islander ever had science enough to strike out such an idea; but whereas it has been known for thousands of years in Eastern Asia, it adds to the already strong evidence that we must look thither for the origin of the Polynesians, their language, and their civilisation.

As a question of ethnology, it is hardly disputed that the connection of the Polynesian languages with the Malay dialects of Sumatra, Java, and the Malay Peninsula, proves that the Malays and Polynesians are in part at least of the same stock. It is true that a Tahitian or a New Zealander is not exactly like a Malay of Singapore, but they are not very different either in complexion, hair, or features; and allowing for the change of appearance and effect of intermarriage with the darker race of Melanesia, there

is little to object to in the theory of a common Malay-Polynesian race, which separated long ago into its two great branches. Nor is it imprudent, when we find the South Sea Islanders possessed of Asiatic ideas which seem beyond their own reach, to suppose these to have been carried across the canoe-frequented Pacific, perhaps a long while ago, perhaps quite lately. Care has to be taken, indeed, in such arguments. Mr. Gill, who believes that Polynesia was peopled from Asia, does not seem to strengthen his opinion by his reasoning on the fact that the Hervey Islanders divide the horizon into sixty-four points or 'wind-holes,' corresponding exactly with the card of our mariner's compass. As the magnetic compass was invented in China, Mr. Gill argues, may not the Polynesians have brought it with them, and though they dropped the needle in consequence of the scarcity of iron, have kept the points of the compass? It was unlucky that he did not notice the fact of the Chinese compass being divided not into thirty-two points but into twenty-four. It seems more likely that some English whaler may have occupied his leisure moments on Mangaia in teaching the natives to 'box the compass' after the manner of his country.

More importance may be attached to the remarkable agreement in the legends of so many island groups as to whence their ancestors came. The first man, the

Mangaia said, came from Avaiki, which means not only the Under-world but the West. We have seen that other forms of this word (of which the original form was probably Savaiki), are Savaii, Hawaiki, Hawaii. Two of these are well-known names of Pacific Islands, and they are so-called because they are western islands. As, moreover, in the Polynesian idiom, taken plainly from the sun's course, 'down' means 'west' and 'up' means 'east,' any islander who wishes to say that his ancestors came from Savaii would say that they came 'up' from Savaii. Entangled somehow in this confusion of terms lie the Polynesian myths of ancestors who came up from Avaiki. To their notions it was as reasonable that they should have come up out of Hades as that they should have come from the West. Our notions of the possibilities of nature are, however, different; and where there is alternative of meaning, we may reasonably choose for ourselves. Totally declining to believe that the first Mangaian came up out of the under-world, we may admit at least a possibility of real historical tradition in the idea that the voyages of the first migrating Polynesians started from the sunset-land of Asia, till, by gradual drifting, colonies of bold seamen had colonised island after island, at last reaching Easter Island, with nought but bare ocean between them and the American coast.—*Quarterly Review*.

RUSSIA IN EUROPE.

BY ARTHUR ARNOLD.

By the waters of the Vistula we sat down and talked of the historic wrongs of Warsaw. It was a beautiful evening in last autumn, and the rays of the setting sun gilded the stately lines of the palace, once that of King Poniatowski, which stands from fifty to a hundred feet above the level of the river, on the left side of the bridge. On the other side, the queer old houses of the most ancient part of Warsaw are scattered on the slope, and the background is filled with yet higher objects, the lofty roofs, and towers, and spires of Polish churches, and the five golden cupolas of the Russian cathedral. Rafts of pine timber, cargoes of ruddy

apples and dark green melons, float before us. The stream has nearly the width of the Thames at Putney, but nowhere the beauty of our metropolitan river; it comes to where we sit, visible afar in its course through bare and sandy plains, and as we mount the rising grounds into the town, we can trace its flow, burnished by the dying sunlight, passing away through a country equally destitute of charm or of high cultivation.

Arrived at the top of the slope leading to the bridge, we are in the principal street of Warsaw, which, indeed, in its entire length, is composed of two streets—the Krakowski Przedmiesci, or Fau-

bourg de Cracovie, as the French-loving people of the Polish capital call it; and the Nowy Swiat, or Rue de Nouveau Monde, as the more fashionable shopkeepers at once inform any stranger. It is likely that thousands of people in Warsaw would be glad to see the defeat of Sedan and the annexation of Metz and Strasburg avenged and reversed. There is an air and natural gaiety in the manner of the people which make one liable to forget that the broad expanse of the German Empire lies between the city and France, to which, of all foreign lands, the Polish sympathies are given. There are some nations which it seems impossible to fancy as living in apparent happiness and gaiety in the condition of a conquered people. For my own part, I can imagine the Battle of Dorking a reality, and conceive the occupation of London by a foreign soldiery; but I cannot picture to myself laughing crowds of holiday-making Londoners visiting the Tower by permission of alien sentries, nor merry parties on the hills of Hampstead, and Sydenham, and Muswell, cracking nuts and jokes as they looked down upon London the prey of a foreign foe. I can better frame for the mind's eye the debonair populace of Paris disporting in the Bois, under the guardianship of Germans, than Berliners happy in the Thiergarten while the Unter den Linden was patrolled by French. The Italians would be lighter-hearted under similar circumstances, and the Poles appear to exhibit their affinity of race by all that one sees in Warsaw.

The partition of Poland is the fundamental bond of union drawing together the alliance of 'the three Imperial Courts,' who, in the language of the Berlin memorandum, 'believe themselves called upon to concert among themselves measures for averting the dangers of the situation' in Turkey; who, when united, are absolute masters of that situation, and can be subject to the interference of other great Powers only in their dissensions. The three Emperors who, if they agree, can, without reference to any other Power, impose their own solution of the Eastern Question upon the world, are first of all united in that transaction which gave to Prussia her Roman Catholic provinces upon the Baltic; to Russia the central district of which Warsaw is the

chief city; and to Austria, Cracow and Galicia. No more effectual mode of insuring the extinction of Poland, as a separate State, could have been devised; and, in fact, Poland has ceased to exist. There is not even a quiver in the divided limbs. Poles must be Prussian, Russian, or Austrian, if they wish for a successful career. He who climbs to the prizes must wear the colors of the sovereignty, and so it usually happens that acquiescence and contentment follow conquest. This was manifest even in the short-lived annexations of the First Napoleon. It has been said of Garibaldi that he, an Italian of Italians, was in fact born a Frenchman; that in Nice, under the First Empire, it was the wish of prudent parents that their children should talk French and that the tongue of Molière, rather than that of Dante, was the language in which the patriot hero of Italy first learnt to speak.

Poland is dismembered, but in religion she is united. Austria has always had a hold on Polish sympathy, which neither Russia nor Prussia can attain, in the fact that both turn to Rome as the fountain of their religious faith. Perhaps it is owing to this communion in religion that the rule of Austria in her Polish dominions has been milder than that of the Northern Powers. The Austrian Poles have neither Falck laws nor a schismatic Church connected with the Government to which they are subject; and in a conglomerate empire in which there is unavoidably some confusion of tongues, the Government is not impelled by that irritating desire to impose the official language which marks the rule of Russia and of Prussia. The Tsar is doubtless aware of the leaning of some among his Polish subjects to his Austrian brother, who is to a certain extent protected in his ambition on the Danube by the probability that he could raise revolt in Warsaw by promising to Poland autonomy like that of Hungary. Indeed, the more we examine the condition of Poland the more convinced shall we become that it is the centre upon which reposes the concord of the three Imperial Courts.

There has been no disposition, at least not until the last few years, to conceal the character of the claim by right of which Russia rules in Warsaw. The in-

solence of conquest could not look more grim than in the ugly stunted obelisk, supported on lions, which was erected in 1841 upon the Saski Place in memory of the 'loyal' Poles who fell victims to 'their fidelity to their sovereign.' We have lived in Paris and in Rome in a state of siege; but when the Germans were at St. Denis, and the Army of Versailles at Neuilly, when Garibaldi was in arms at Mentana, and the Chassepot had '*fait merveille*' upon the bodies of men which were yet unburied, it was more easy to enter or quit those cities than it is to find acceptance as a visitor in Warsaw. The penalties are dire for those who receive a stranger without at once giving notice to the police of his country and his quality. No hotel exists without a passport bureau, and travellers are not 'ushered,' as reporters say, into their apartments, but are rather 'interned,' to await, on Polish food, the pleasure of the Russian police, as to their liberty within the city, and the time of their departure. If their passports do not bear the *visé* of the Russian legation in their country, they will pass a good deal of time in a shuttlecock existence between the police-office and their hotel, in the execution of formalities, which of course no well-informed conspirator would be so foolish as to encounter. In fact, the inhabitants, temporary and resident, of Warsaw live in a fortress under special licence from the police and the governor-general. One notices in the streets that not only for convenience, but 'by order,' every shopkeeper must inscribe in Russian whatever announcement he chooses to set up in the native tongue. If on the right-hand side of his shop-window he writes in the letters which are common to most of the languages of Europe, 'Konicz, Tailleur, Chapeaux de Paris; La Dernière Mode; Style Élégante,' he must on the left side or elsewhere communicate to all whom it may concern the same information in the semi-barbarous characters of the Russian language. One is everywhere reminded that Warsaw is Russian, not Polish, that Russian soldiers form the garrison, that Russian is the official language, that the Russo-Greek Church imparts the official religion. There would be little perhaps to recall the fact that here is a suppressed nationality were not the difference of

creed ever present to remind the stranger of the history of this part of Europe. Standing beside the open door of the Roman Catholic cathedral of Warsaw, I noticed that all who were neither Jews nor Russian soldiers uncovered as they passed, while not a few prostrated themselves upon the damp and dirty pavement, making humblest obeisance to the distant altar. A droschky driver, whose restive horse and nervous 'fare' demanded all his attention, would not pass but with bare head; the country carter doffed his cap, the porter dropped his load, even the schoolboy paused to make the customary mark of homage; some kissed the sacred threshold of the door; all who had leisure seemed to enter. Quite a common sight in the Roman Catholic churches of Poland is a prostration like that of Moslems, with the knees and forehead resting on the pavement. The Papal religion and national sympathies have always been closely related in Poland, and it is probably true that many a religious fanatic has also been what is called a rebel. Looking to the intensity and superstitious character of the devotion in these Polish churches, one is almost surprised that there are not miracles *à la mode* in Warsaw. Perhaps the Tsar and Prince Gortschakoff do not approve of Roman Catholic miracles, though they would hardly put the stamp of their authority to the French couplet—

De, par le Roy, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle dans ce lieu.

Warsaw is one of the cities that 'have been,' like Poland herself. In a retrospect of Polish history it is, especially at this time, an interesting recollection that for most of the regulations defining our present position in the Turkish Empire we are indebted to the Poles as much as to any other people. It will probably surprise not a few Englishmen to learn that the peculiar privileges, 'capitulations' as they are termed, by which our direct intercourse with the Ottoman Empire is regulated, and under which subjects of this monarchy carry on business in Turkey, were originally conceded to the Poles. These concessions were not made to us on any demand from our Foreign Office. More than two hundred years ago, in 1675, 'an extension to British subjects of privileges granted to French,

Poles, Venetians,' was accorded by Sultan Mehemed.

On the stage of thirty years ago there were frequent representations of Polish life. But the Pole of my childish imagination is not the Pole of real life. I thought him an inhabitant of craggy hills and lovely dales, living in sight of high mountains and deep forests, a country like that in which the Bosnians and the Montenegrins dwell; like that in which, from the almost invariable success of insurrection in mountainous regions, it is perhaps natural for untaught intelligences to place the ideal insurgent. He is in fact the laborious cultivator of a sandy plain, which would be a desert if it were in a rainless country; he is pinched and poor, as a tiller of sand is likely to be; and, to say the truth, he is very ignorant and terribly bigoted. If an Englishman discusses the past and present condition of Poland with a Russian, the latter is sure to introduce the state of Ireland by way of comparison, and will undoubtedly believe and maintain that the manifestation of political opinion is no more free in Ireland than in Poland. *Apropos* of this well-worn comparison, the sight of the statue of John Sobieski, in the Lazienski Gardens at Warsaw, reminded us of what we had seen a few weeks before in Dublin. Some days after the termination of the inharmonious proceedings connected with the O'Connell Centenary, we noticed, in riding through the streets of Dublin, a remnant of the Home Rule procession in the shape of a green handkerchief, which still encircled the neck of the statue of Mr. Smith O'Brien. Fancy what would happen to the daring enthusiast who should venture to tie the colors of revolutionary Poland around the collar of John Sobieski, or to the officer who, seeing this manifestation accomplished, should hesitate for one unnecessary moment to remove the irritating symbol! What a rattle of swords; what a jingling of spurs there would be among the long-coated Russian officers, who are omnipresent in Warsaw, smoking always and in every street! What a flutter of paper at the head-quarters of Russian government in the city palace of Poniatowski—the dull quadrangle of stone which we looked at from the Praga side of the Vistula, where the

Russian Viceroy lives! The hapless man would soon meet the forms of Russian justice administered in a language incomprehensible by him, and punishment, which he could not fail to understand, proportioned to Russian estimate of his offence. I can see him, as I have seen hundreds of Russian prisoners, marched off to Siberia, his wife and children being permitted, if they please, to accompany him, at the expense of the State, to that inhospitable region, the rigors of which can hardly be understood by those who have only seen the northern plains of Asia during the transient brightness of the brief summer.

I will now take my readers to the capital. St. Petersburg has often been described, but generally in language of exaggerated admiration. It certainly possesses that feature without which there can be no grandeur in town or city—open space, which we are slowly and successfully giving at such enormous cost to London. I should say that the clear and flowing waters of the Neva, sweeping in ample width through the city, form the chief advantage and ornament of the Russian capital. But for that over-praised pile of stucco, the Winter Palace, I have no admiration; and as for the treasures of the Hermitage Museum, they cannot bear comparison with those of more southern cities. The streets are wide, the pavement in the roads is execrable, the shops are gay only in the Newski Prospekt, and there is no more antiquity than in Boston or New York. The glories of that florid wilderness of plaster, the Winter Palace, are supposed to culminate in the semi-barbaric resplendence of the golden boudoir of the Empress—a small apartment of which the ceiling, the walls, and even the doors are gilded. No wonder the Tsar Nicholas took refuge and comfort in his plain rooms in the basement! There is one among the great buildings of St. Petersburg, the latest in point of date, which, if we overlook some of its internal decorations, appears worthy of all praise. I refer to the recently-finished church of St. Isaac, which, I venture to say, is the noblest building of modern times, and one of which not half enough has been said in Europe by way of eulogy.

Perhaps it is not difficult to account

for the misplaced adulation of Russian palaces. The 'special correspondents' who are sent to St. Petersburg on great occasions have their eyes fixed upon grand ceremonies of the Court, and there can be no doubt that the Russian Court is seen to much advantage by the soft glare of thousands of wax candles, and it is true that the Winter Palace 'lights up well,' better even than the White Hall of the old Schloss in Berlin, and with far finer effect than the comparatively mean apartments of English Royalty. It must be owing to the effect of wax lights on the brain that, in accounts of St. Petersburg, the stuccoed gew-gaws of the Winter Palace and the veneered lapis-lazuli and malachite of the Hermitage have obscured the solid magnificence of St. Isaac's—a building most worthy of the golden crown which, with vast circumference, domes the centre of this splendid edifice. The style is Byzantine—that mixture of Greek and Romanesque architecture which is perhaps the best suited to the northern climate; and though smaller, St. Isaac's is even more massive in construction than St. Paul's in London or St. Peter's in Rome. St. Peter's has some monoliths pillaged from temples of the ancient city, the old Romans having in their turn robbed others of these monumental evidences of much labor, but none finer than those which support the four pediments in the porticoes of St. Isaac's, and there is nothing in the elevation of either of those world-famous churches more admirable than the bronze statuary with which the tympanum of each one of these pediments is adorned, or than the compositions which, placed upon the wings of these pediments, vary with excellent effect the outlines of the church. In solidity, the masonry is not surpassed by any ancient work, and the splendid interior is only disappointing because its permanent decorations are somewhat too substantial and its religious ornaments out of harmony with the grandeur of a building in which the sight of people smacking their lips upon the trumpery picture of some person sanctified perhaps after a narrow-minded life, spent for the most part in dirt and asceticism, is especially ridiculous, if not irritating.

When morning dawns upon the mail train, as it approaches the more ancient

capital of Russia, there is in the neighborhood of Moscow much the same prospect as that which meets the eye in coming to St. Petersburg from the west, the same sand from which laborious peasants scratch a scanty crop, the same forests of fir and birch in which princes and nobles delight to hunt the grizzly bear. All is flat and uninteresting; one shivers in the cold of May or September, and begins to comprehend what a reservoir of warmth is the tossing sea, how bitterly cold in winter are these sandy plains, which, with the aid of rain, are here and there coaxed by cultivation to some fertility in the north, but in the south are seen and known as barren steppes, yielding nothing but a useless sense of bigness to the Russian Empire.

The religious enthusiasm of the Russian people, nowhere more evident than in Moscow, is a very important element in a thorough understanding of this side of the Eastern Question. Except perhaps in Brittany and in the Basque provinces of Spain, there is nothing like it in Europe. In the Russo-Greek church solid images are not permitted, and the symbols of faith are generally worthless pictures, made to represent images as much as is permissible, by having stuffs wrought in thin gold or silver stuck upon the painting. The celebrated gate in the wall of the Kremlin is famous because a picture of this sort, 'the Redeemer of Smolensk,' as it is called, is suspended above the high archway of brick. With an opera-glass, one can discern a representation of the typical face of Christ decked in golden garb and nimbus. Even in these degenerate days it is scarcely permitted that anyone shall pass under this archway except uncovered. Jews and Mahomedans generally find some less sacred gate when they wish to enter the Kremlin—the Acropolis of Moscow; the Tsar himself never passes by any other way, and never with his hat upon his head. But it is upon the outer side of the Voskreseski Gate, in the Kitai-Gorod, or 'Chinese town' of Moscow, that the most remarkable exhibition of religious feeling may be witnessed. Before the stout wall of brickwork which separates the outgoing from the incoming way, is the Iberian Chapel (*Iverskaya Chasovnia*) architecturally nothing but a large-sized hut of stone on a platform

raised by two steps above the roadway. From morning till night this platform is thronged, and the chapel overflows with a crowd chiefly composed of men, pressing, all bareheaded, and all with money in their hands, towards the narrow doorway of the little sanctuary. We were some time getting into the chapel, which will hold about ten people abreast, and is lighted by the flickering glare of a score of candles. There is a step at the further end, and the wall opposite the door is resplendent with shining metal, except where the object of this extravagant devotion looks grimy through its framework of gold. On the left side of 'the Iberian Mother of God,' which is the name given to this commonplace daub, supposed to possess miraculous powers, stands a long-haired priest—now and then relieved by another long-haired priest—who hour by hour, in the name of the tinselled and jewelled picture, and with blessings, consecrates the prayers and offerings of the faithful. Only the face of the Madonna is visible, and it is not easy to distinguish her features beneath the dust of years. But not a minute passes in which the rattle of money falling to the uses of the Russian Church is not heard, or in which lips are not pressed upon the framework or upon the rudely wrought robes of beaten gold which conceal the picture to the neck. Surely no lower depth of superstitious degradation was ever reached in connection with Christian worship! One cannot be surprised that, to a Turk, a Russian seems to be an idolatrous worshipper of pictures. The refining explanation which the most enlightened fathers of the Greek Church offer concerning this exhibition, is precisely of the sort, and differs only in degree, from that which might be offered for the idol worshippers of more southern and eastern lands. The picture has no historic reputation. It was brought from Mount Athos, that pleasant wooded hill peopled with monkish drones. A sum of about 12,000*l.* a year is collected, and from this the salary of the Metropolitan of Moscow is paid. Time was when in the ceremonies which precede Easter, the Tsar used to lead the 'lonkey upon which the Patriarch of Moscow rode, carrying a sacred chalice and a copy of the four Gospels. Now-a-days that ceremony is

neglected, but we are given to understand that the Tsar never enters Moscow without assisting the revenues of this high ecclesiastical officer by praying at this shrine of 'the Iberian Mother of God.' In reading Dean Stanley's *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, I wonder at the patience with which he tolerates degrading and grossly superstitious observances; I cannot pretend to equal moderation in sight of these things. It may be that the Dean has taken to heart, as I cannot do, the archiepiscopal inscription near the famous monastery of Troitsa: 'Let not him who comes in here carry out the dirt that he finds within.'

The Russian watches the varying fortunes of the war in the East in the spirit of a Crusader. The Servians are in his eyes fighting for the Cross against the Crescent. In Moscow there are some, in Kazan not fewer than 20,000, Mahomedans to remind the Christian Russians of the battles of bygone ages when their forefathers suffered cruel death at the hands of the Moslems, and their towns were laid in ashes and ruin by barbarous hordes of Mahomedan Tartars. Between these towns, among the permanent buildings of the fair of Nijni Novgorod, is, I think, the most northerly mosque in Russia. Nowhere else, except in the Crimea, have I seen the Crescent lifted high over the characteristic cupola; and possibly the fact that in the southern towns, Kazan, Saratof, Tzaritsin, and others, all of which contain a large Mahomedan population, mosques resemble houses in outward shape, is due to some law similar to that which denied to Dissenters in this country the right of building belfries and steeples above their places of meeting for public worship.

In the great fair at Nijni Novgorod, an English free-trader sees with dismay the absence of the manufactures of his country. Russia has injured us far more by her tariffs than by her fleets and armies, and every mile of the East which passes into her hands involves so much loss to the trade of this country. During the last fair at Nijni we examined the goods on many of the hardware stalls. Knives, padlocks, door-locks, tools, and household cutlery, all were of miserably inferior manufacture, and, without exception, bore the mark of Moscow, Warsaw, or some other Russian town. Thou-

sands of these articles were then passing every day from Russia into Asia. What a trade Birmingham might do at Nijni if it were not for the prohibitory rates of the Russian tariff; and how soon would Russians of Europe and Asia learn to appreciate the difference between a Sheffield blade and the knives of coarse iron imposed upon them at a price for which they could obtain articles of English manufacture, from a mistaken belief that this forced supply of inferior goods to the many for the benefit of the few, is advantageous to the general welfare of the Empire.

Those numberless Englishmen who possess a pecuniary interest in the stability of the Russian Empire have indeed some cause to fear lest the backward intelligence of the people should seriously diminish the power of the Russian Government to meet the claims of creditors. The Russian press is a sham, inasmuch as its existence leads the outside world to suppose that there exists within the Empire a widely based expression of public opinion. I am not now alluding to the censorship, which forbids the utterance of progressive sentiments, or the full expression of hope for a constitutional *régime*, but to the initial fact, in the just comprehension of this important matter, that the productions of the press are not open to more than one in a hundred of the Tsar's subjects because of their ignorance of the meaning of letters. Every reader of a newspaper in Russia, of the most loyal and even servile of the issues from the press, is a marked man, because as a rule journals can only be obtained by subscription through the Post-office. In 1870, including printing of every sort and kind, there was only one printing-press in Russia for every 16,000 of the population. This condition of the Russian people affects their agricultural and foreign trade. Odessa is perplexed because the corn trade from that port is dwindling; and we are told upon official authority that 'a peculiarity of the bills in circulation in South Russia is, that 10 per cent. of them are given or endorsed by persons who cannot sign their own names, but get it done by proxy at a notary's; and from 20 to 30 per cent. more are emitted and endorsed by parties who can only just sign their names and are not able to write anything in addi-

tion.' The Odessa Committee on Trade and Manufactures have reported to the Council for Trade and Manufactures in St. Petersburg that the commerce of their town, by far the most important in South Russia, 'is not only undergoing a temporary crisis, but is actually entering on a period of absolute decline.' The 'temporary crisis' is due to the failure of the two last harvests, and Vice-Consul Webster reports from Kherson that 'nearly everybody in South Russia will be bankrupt' if the harvest of this year is not sufficient. 'The commercial banks,' he writes, 'whose principal occupation now is renewing or prolonging old bills, have been assisted by the State Bank, and will be able to make way till the probable result of the harvest of 1876 is known. Should the harvest fail, a financial crash is inevitable.' The Odessa Committee find that Nicolaieff and Sebastopol, having become places of export, are drawing away their trade, and that much of the produce in the fertile district of Kief which was formerly brought for shipment to Odessa, is now conveyed by railway to the ports of the Baltic, the freight from Königsberg to England being less than half that to Odessa, or in the proportion of three to seven.

'But it is not in the opening of these new outlets for Russian grain that the Committee see the danger to Odessa.' 'The competition of Nicolaieff, Sebastopol, or even Königsberg, could not prevent Odessa continuing to be the natural outlet for a tract of country quite sufficient for a large remunerative trade.' The danger is one which threatens not Odessa only but all Russia, and it comes from the Valley of the Mississippi, from the United States of America. Of the 9,000,000 to 14,000,000 quarters of foreign wheat required by England, the proportions supplied by Russia and the United States have been as follows during seven years from 1867:

		Russia. Per cent.	United States. Per cent.
1867	..	44	14
1868	..	32	18
1869	..	32	18
1870	..	38	21
1871	..	40	23
1872	..	51	24
1873	..	21	44

The Committee say they have no posi-

tive information for 1874, but they have reason to believe the result is less favorable to Russia than that of 1873. The figures given above show that in seven years, Russia and the United States have in this very important matter changed positions. In 1867 Russia supplied 44 per cent. and the United States 14 per cent. of England's demand for foreign wheat; in 1873 the United States supplied 44 per cent., and Russia only 21 per cent. The Odessa Committee have no illusions; they indulge no hope that even a most prosperous harvest in Russia will turn the scale, but rather believe that the United States will take a still higher position among the grain-producers of the world. Congress has granted \$2,000,000 for deepening the mouths of the Mississippi, and on the completion of these works 'the cost of the transport of wheat from Chicago to England will be diminished by more than 50 per cent.' The 'Odessa Committee see in a near future the United States 'so absolutely the controller of the prices of the London market that we shall be utterly unable to compete with her.' And in this race it must be admitted that they, in common with all Russian enterprise, are heavily weighted by the official system of the empire. The *Artel* (Association of Workmen) has a monopoly of Custom-house work, and the Committee find that the cost of the necessary Custom-house formalities is on the average seven times, and for some classes of goods eleven times, more than before this association was formed. It is estimated that the annual sum paid to the *Artel* of Odessa amounts to 400,000 roubles, 'and this for no service rendered, as the *Artel* in no way dispenses with the necessity of employing the workmen who were employed before the institution of the *Artel*.' The Committee further complain that the inspection of goods commences at eleven and closes at two, which they think a somewhat absurd indulgence of Russian bureaucracy. That powerful caste, for the official class has a tendency to become such, is of course directly interested in maintaining the troublesome system by which 'the declarations required for the formalities of clearing goods pass through twenty-nine different hands.'

But impartial critics must admit that,

while stating nothing untrue, the Odessa merchants have not been careful to relieve their picture, and that they employ the very dark coloring of their foreground to show up the remedial measures which, with the natural dependence of people living under a despotic and protective system, they hope for from the Tsar. Such tactics are natural. When Marshal MacMahon was Governor-General of Algeria, a disastrous earthquake occurred, by which hundreds of houses were destroyed, and many people were impoverished. I shall never forget the scene, nor the spectacle of the emigrants crowding around his Excellency, and declaring that if the Emperor did not rebuild their houses they would return to France. In like manner the *enfants d'Etat* of Russia want the Tsar to make Odessa a manufacturing centre, in spite of the facts that it is bounded on one side by the Euxine, that fuel is scarce, and that water must be paid for. Very characteristic of the evils of Russian government is their proposal to exempt manufacturers from all taxation, and their belief that the appointment of a Viceroy instead of a Governor-General 'would be the best guarantee for the effectual carrying out of the measures they have suggested.' They want the State to help them to wash wool, and to make depôts for colonial goods, regardless of the fact that the proprietor of the only wool-washing establishment in Odessa lately hanged himself, a suicide which was followed by that of the principal importer of colonial goods. Their proposal to exempt manufacturers 'for a term of years from Crown, provincial, and municipal taxes,' is only in accordance with the vicious system which prevails in the Russian Empire. The Government of the Tsar rewards distinguished citizens and successful traders who are loyal and respected, by making them free from taxation. There are probably four or five thousand of these privileged citizens in Moscow, and of course it is not ordained that, paying nothing, they shall have no voice in the general expenditure. Quite the contrary. They and the landed proprietors are the chiefs of local government. Owners of a hundred *arpents* of land, which is the qualification for one who enjoys the governing privileges of a

'proprietor,' elect in great part the Provincial Assemblies, which nominate the provincial judges; and perhaps it would be impossible to devise a system more strongly marked with injustice than one in which all those most able to pay are exempt from taxation, and have a powerful voice in the election of judges who cannot afford to disregard, and who do not pretend to ignore, the claims of important constituents, because their tenure of judicial office is only for three years, at the expiration of which they must, if they desire to continue their functions, again submit their candidature to the Provincial Assemblies. It should, however, be said that these provincial judges cannot sentence a prisoner to more than one year's confinement, and cannot deal with civil cases in which the amount claimed is over five hundred roubles.

But perhaps England has most direct interest in the statements which have reference to the export of wheat. From a thoughtless glance at the figures held up by the Odessa merchants, it might be supposed that our absolute supply from Russia had in seven years fallen off by more than one half. But this is not so. To say nothing of the increase from Sebastopol and Königsberg, the export of cereals from Odessa in 1867 amounted to 2,674,978 qrs., and to 2,648,000 qrs. in 1873, while the value of the exports in the latter year was greater by 15,200,169 roubles than in 1867. In 1874 there was an increase in quantity as well as value, and while we learn from these facts that the Russian supply is not declining, we cannot escape the conviction, forced upon us by the table of figures given above, that Russian agriculture is stationary in comparison with the boundless and successful activity of the United States.

It must be admitted that the great measure of 1861; the main glory of the present reign, has not effected all that improvement of the Russian peasant and his tillage, which the most sanguine looked for, and the belligerent power of Russia is reduced because of the unimproving condition of agriculture. Primarily this is due to the general ignorance of the peasantry, and secondarily to the land system and the onerous taxation of Russia. It was very absurd to expect

that twenty-two millions of people would, at a stroke of the Tsar's pen, advance by a leap from the display of the characteristics of slavery to an exhibition of the virtues of people who have for ages sustained the cares and responsibilities of personal freedom. It may be said that the Russian peasantry will never be as the rural population of Germany, of Switzerland, or even of less educated France, until they too are instructed, and until they, like those, are accustomed to the exercise of a substantial and duly responsible share in the government of the country. In many villages of Russia, the peasant declares that the Tsar's benign policy has done him no good, inasmuch as it has resulted in giving him a harder master in the commune than he had in the proprietor. The advances which the Government has made to the peasantry for the enfranchisement of their lands, as well as the revenue resulting from taxation, are secured by making each commune equally with each individual responsible for payment. In 1872 the State had advanced not less than 80,000,000*l.* in respect of 66,000,000 acres.

Perhaps we may usefully diverge for a moment into a brief, and therefore necessarily imperfect, reference to the Russian land system, merely in order to exhibit the blighting effect of the communal system upon agriculture. In the primitive state, the Russian people used land, and, when that was exhausted, went further afield for more. By degrees, in fertile places, when there was no more land to be had, this method began to assume the aspect of private property by right of possession. But the community increased, the land did not; the fulfilment of the obligations of individuals to the State and to proprietors were demanded and could not be met, according to Russian ways of agriculture, unless every man had land from which to earn his contribution to the general assessment. So it came about that the system of periodical redistribution of the cultivated land by each commune was established, and under this system the Russian peasant has no security of tenure, no certainty as to his payment to the commune, and through the commune to the State; for these things are determined by the circumstances of his neigh-

bors. Mr. D. M. Wallace, who has lived in Russia, says :

The allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement cannot be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land strive to get back their old lots, and the commune respects their claims so far as they are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often happens that it is impossible to conciliate private and communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

This will account in a great measure for the inefficiency of Russian agriculture where the communal system prevails; but that system is not universal, and greater intelligence would bring about a reform in the method of Russian agriculture which is much needed. The three-course farming—one field rye or wheat, one field spring corn (oats, &c.), and one field fallow—obtains over nearly the whole of European Russia.

In all this there is much that may be amended with advantage; but Russia is not a fertile country. We hear of it as a great corn-exporting land, and are apt to compare it as a whole in fertility with such rich soils as those of the Danubian provinces, or with the alluvial basins of British India and of the United States. In this important matter it is hardly possible to make a greater error. The present writer has visited Russia twice, in North and South, and has passed leisurely through the length and, to a great extent, the breadth of the European Empire. Of the Asiatic dominions of Russia I have also seen something, and no fact has been more constantly impressed upon my mind than the unequalled poverty of the soil. From the frontier of Russia west of Warsaw to St. Petersburg, and from the capital through Moscow and Nijni to Astrachkan, is, I believe, a journey of about 3000 miles. The constant feature of that route is the exhibition of white sand—the worst and most hopeless soil for cultivation. There is no natural fertility, and this is manifested by the surest proof. There are only stunted trees other than the pine and fir, and the landscape is therefore without a charm, which is present in every

English county. It may be a question whether such land as the scrubby wastes of the Crimea would repay the cost of cultivation, if that were attempted; but there can be no doubt that, taking the empire from north to south, and from east to west, Russia is and must remain, agriculturally, the poorest country in Europe.

In spite of the terrible weight of her increasing debt, the Russian people are seen to be cheaply governed if we compare them with other populations. But as they are poorer than any other people of the Continent, the comparison would be unfair. It would be a very nice question to decide how far they have been enabled to support their burdens by the largely unproductive expenditure upon railways and other public works, the cost of which is chiefly provided by England. The revenue gathered from a population which approaches (including Asia) 90,000,000 does not amount to 77,000,000*l.*—much less than 1*l.* per head. Great as is the cost of the Russian army, 23,716,000*l.* in 1874, they 'drink themselves out of it,' with the exhibition of a surplus; for this people, who, in company with all their northern neighbors to the extremity of Iceland, are the most drunken in Europe, contributed 27,609,000*l.* in 1874 to the revenue by way of excise duties on spirits and other intoxicating drinks. By this means, and by the poll-tax, nearly three-fifths of the revenue are provided—the poll-tax yielding in the same year no less than 122,000,000 roubles.

To what extent Russian capacity in the matter of taxation has been supplemented by the annual expenditure of 12,000,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.* of borrowed money, I shall not attempt to determine. But it is clear that Russia has borrowed about 70,000,000*l.* for the construction of railways, and I cannot accept the argument of the *Economist* that this great sum 'is at least no more than can be afforded, even if the railways are directly and indirectly unprofitable, because the interest of these loans is charged in the accounts, and there is still a balance of revenue and expenditure, or even a small surplus.' To uphold the proposition it would be necessary to prove that Russia can maintain this equilibrium when the annual expenditure of 15,000,000*l.* of

borrowed money is discontinued. And from what I have lately seen of Russia, I have no confidence in the statement that this outlay, which now produces an income of only 2,132,000*l.*, will be remunerative. Of course I do not deny that these railways are necessary to the existence of the Russian Empire. Upon the Volga, near Samara, we came upon the commencement of a vast public work, of a character most truly Russian, one which in this age will never pay from the British investor's point of view. It is a viaduct, which will be the longest and the most costly in the world, forming a connection by railway between St. Petersburg and Orenburg. The procureur-général of the latter town was standing beside me as we approached the preparatory works. He and his townsmen rejoice greatly at the proposed enormous expenditure apparently for the benefit of Orenburg, if we confine our view to Europe, as it is not in contemplation to push the railway further to the east. But they all understand that this is the high road to Khiva, and that the Government, by constructing this viaduct and railway, will increase the security of their hold upon Central Asia, and the facilities for extending conquest in that direction. It is curious that this road to India should be constructed with British gold, and the fact may well be read together with the recent cynical boast of a St. Petersburg journal, that Russia will not suffer financially by the war and rumors of war, because of the Russian funds negotiated abroad and quoted upon the 'Changes of Europe not one-twentieth part is held in Russia.

With reference to the present war, the English press has barely done justice to the feelings of Russia. It is not improbable that by the Imperial family and their officers, Turkey in Europe is looked upon as a ground for the extension of the Empire, but it is unquestionable that by the mass of the Russian people this war is enthusiastically regarded as a holy battle, in which God and all the saints are on the side of the Slavonic forces. One master evil in the absolutist system of Russia is in the temptation which it presses upon statesmen to adopt a sensational policy of conquest. Where there is no representation of the people, there are no home-keeping roads to po-

litical fame, and the imaginations of the most able and ambitious are therefore turned from youth to thoughts of an aggressive foreign policy. We forced, in 1856, such terms upon Russia as no people could endure when there was opportunity to break them. While the waters of the Golden Horn and of the Bosphorus supported the powerful iron-clad fleet of Turkey, Russia was bound not to keep in the Black Sea more than six steamships of 800 tons maximum, and four light despatch vessels, not exceeding 200 tons. For years after the conclusion of this engagement she left the ruins of Sebastopol untouched by the hand of repair; and when in 1868 I saw the new statue of Admiral Lozrofi, the original founder of the port, raised in a scene of unexampled ruin, I felt sure that Russia had in prospect the early abrogation of this offensive restriction. Such humiliation of a great Power appeared to many injudicious; but few were aware until the publication of Lord Russell's *Recollections* that Lord Palmerston regarded the treaty of 1856 only as a temporary expedient. At the same time, when the navigation of the Danube was opened to all nations, Russia was thrust away from its banks by the taking from her of that portion of Bessarabia which was then annexed to Moldavia, and is now part of the Prussian Prince Charles' dominion of Roumania. The penal clause of the treaty of 1856, forcing from her this unwholesome home of the cattle-plague, which is said to originate in the plains of Bessarabia from the bite of a black spider, Russia would like to annul, but the territories of German princes are not easily diminished.

By the whole world, the war in which Servia is leading against the Turks is watched with an interest wholly disproportioned to the prior regard for the Slavonic provinces of Turkey, and in Russia this feeling is intensified to a degree which is certainly not appreciated in England. Prince Gortschakoff is reported to have said that the movement of Servia is premature, but this is simply a diplomatic excuse for a convenient policy of non-intervention. When the Tsar and the Austrian Kaiser met lately at Bodenbach and Reichstadt, they were probably sincere in their unison of ideas. Yet what could be more temporary, more

hand-to-mouth, more inconclusive, than the policy upon which they coincide? It is likely that they do not desire to see Serbia triumphant. Probably they would rather witness a vindictive success on the side of the Sultan, who has brought legions of the cruelest soldiery in the world from Asia and Africa to dash out the life from his insurrectionary vassals. Success on the part of Serbia would be 'premature' in the eyes of Russia, for it would be more fatal to Pan-Slavism than failure. Were Serbia triumphant, Russian influence on the Danube must decline, and the hopes of successive Roumanoffs with regard to European Turkey be imperilled. Russia wishes to be the patron, the father, the possessor of the Slavonic races on the Danube, not to see them setting up in the business of statecraft for themselves. The notion of an independent Slavonic power in Belgrade—a splendid situation for a great capital—is painful to Russia as it is to Austria, and on the surface similar objections are presented. But Austro-Hungary and Russia are deadly enemies when the Russian idea of Pan-Slavism is discussed. Not only does it mean that Austro-Hungary must be shorn of the large Slavonic territory which now belts her in the East, but the very life would be crushed out of her, if with what remained of empire she stood between the realised ideas of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism. Were victorious Serbia the centre of South Slavonism, would Croatia rest content to be Austrian, would Dalmatia look to Vienna rather than to Belgrade? Prince Gortschakoff and Count Andrassy are sincere enough in their unity on these grounds. If each cannot for himself promote the policy of his separate empire, then both are for non-intervention, and would rather see the failure than the success of the Slavonic revolt. Serbia, the *protégé* of Russia, Serbia the unattractive vassal of Turkey; better so, say the Imperial quartett at Reichstadt, than a young pretender and a rival, firing Slavonic hearts with insubordination to Imperial Crowns. They prefer that Serbia should be beaten back within her borders, faint with loss of blood and money, a suppliant once more for their intervention and patronage.

The Tsar, a nervous invalid, would be content to see something like the *status*

quo resumed, and that his Chancellor should watch the inevitable decay of Turkey, losing no opportunity of furthering Russian influence. But he is not the master of events, and he knows something of the conditions upon which despotic rule is based. Even the Autocrat of all the Russias would totter and might fall in exile were his people baulked in a frantic course of religious enthusiasm, which is always the outward manifestation of their national ideas. And the storm is rising. Victory on the side of Turkey may leave Serbia in a position which will admit of a pacification negotiated by Russia in concert with other Powers, wherein the Tsar's magnanimity and supremacy may seem so apparent as to satisfy the pride and quell the excitement of his people. But if the non-Mussulmans of Turkey are resolved, as many hope and trust they are, that they will submit to no terms of peace which re-impose the foreign domination of the Turkish Empire with its alien soldiery; that if they are beaten in the field they will continue in the mountains harassing and fatal, because continuous, warfare—the solution of this 'question,' as it is called, which troubles, and must increasingly trouble Europe until it is settled by the expiration of the Turkish Empire, will soon be brought about.

The supreme interests of the world at large demand some permanent settlement. It is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine a state of things more injurious than that armed and strained peace which is no peace, which must follow any reversion to the position of 1875. Never again can the Turkish Empire become even so respectable a Power as it appeared to the eyes of men at the beginning of last year. Englishmen do not quarrel with the action of their Government, but they feel it unendurable that throughout the world they should be referred to as the friends of Turkey. They have no objection to maintaining acquaintance with such a Power so long as it continues to form part of the political system of Europe, but friendship is another matter. Nations, like individuals, are apt to be known by their friends, and Englishmen, who are jealous for the reputation of their country, have a natural aversion to be regarded as the particular and bosom friends of Turkey. They have learn

something more of the Mahomedan *ré-gime* than they knew in 1853-1856. The Ottoman power in Europe is fulfilling the measure of its iniquity. It is hard to say which is more revolting—the importation of semi-savages from Egypt and Asia Minor to slaughter the European subjects of the Porte because they object to a condition of government under which any other European people would instantly and successfully rebel, or the attitude of the Powers which the satirical press rightly represent as a prize

ring. But the vulgarest pugilistic encounter is chivalry itself compared with this. The great Powers are watching a fight in which on the one side are embodied the principles which civilised countries have accepted as the true and the only trustworthy basis of government, while on the other is a force which expresses without concealment, and with no possibility of mistake, all that is most hateful and most opposed to the ruling maxims of government in Europe.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

SOCIETY IN ITALY IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

WHETHER free institutions create good citizens, or whether conversely free institutions are only possible where the citizens are good already and wither up and perish as private virtue decays, is a question which will continue to be agitated as long as political society continues. The science of history ought to answer it, but the science of history is silent or ambiguous where, if it could tell us anything at all, it would be able to speak decidedly. Philosophers unfortunately commence their speculations with theories which they form from observation of what is round them. They go back over the past only to find such facts as harmonise with conceptions already formed, and, without being aware of it, they are swayed negatively or positively by the prevailing currents of contemporary opinion. They are either the exponents of the sentiments of the common crowd, which is too self-confident to tolerate the possibility that it may be mistaken, or they fly into mere contradiction with an impatience no less fatal to the value of the conclusions at which they arrive. Those who have studied more conscientiously the influences which have determined their own convictions will be the last to claim exemption from the control of forces which they recognise as universal and irresistible. The foreground of human life is the only part of it which we can examine with real exactness. As the distance recedes details disappear in shadow, or resolve themselves into outlines. We turn to contemporary books and records, but we

lose in light and in connection with other things what we gain in minuteness. The accounts of their own times which earlier writers leave to us are colored in turn by their opinions, and we cannot so reproduce the past as to guard against prejudices which governed those writers as much as they govern ourselves. The result, even to the keenest historical sight, is no more than a picture which each of us paints for himself upon the retina of his own imagination.

These conditions of our nature warn us all, if we are wise, against generalised views of history. We form general views. This, too, we cannot help, unless we are ignorant of the past altogether. But we receive them for what they are worth. They do not repose upon a knowledge of facts which can form the foundations of a science. We see certain objects; but we see them not as they were, but fore-shortened by distance and colored by the atmosphere of time. The impression, before it arrives in our minds, has been half created by ourselves. Therefore it is that from philosophy of history, from attempts to explain the phenomena of earlier generations by referring them to general principles, we turn with weariness and distrust. We find more interest in taking advantage of those rare occasions where we can apply a telescope to particular incidents, and catch a sight of small fractions of the actual doings of our fellow-mortals, where accident enables us to examine them in detailed pattern. We may obtain little in this way to convince our judgment, but we can

satisfy an innocent curiosity, and we can sometimes see enough to put us on our guard against universal conclusions.

We know, for instance (so far as we can speak of knowledge of the general character of an epoch), that the early commonwealth of Rome was distinguished by remarkable purity of manners; that the marriage tie was singularly respected; that the Latin yeomen who were the backbone of the community were industrious and laborious, that they lived with frugality and simplicity, and brought up their children in a humble fear of God or of the Gods as rulers to whom they would one day have to give an account. That the youth of a plant that grew so sturdily was exceptionally healthy is no more than we should naturally infer, and that the fact was so is confirmed to us both by legend and authentic record. The change of manners is assumed by some persons to have come in with the Cæsars. Virtue is supposed to have flourished so long as liberty survived, and the perfidy and profligacy of which we read with disgust in Tacitus and Juvenal are regarded as the offspring of despotism. With the general state of European morals under the first centuries of the Empire we are extremely ill-acquainted. Tacitus and Juvenal describe the society of the capital. Of life in the country and in the provincial towns they tell us next to nothing. If we may presume that the Messalinas had their imitators in the provinces; if we may gather from the Epistles of St. Paul that the morals of Corinth, for instance, were not distinguished by any special excellence, yet there was virtue or desire of virtue enough in the world to make possible the growth of Christianity.

Accident, on the other hand, has preserved the fragments of a drama of real life, which was played out in the last days of the Republic, partly in Rome itself, partly in a provincial city in South Italy, from which it would appear that the ancient manners were already everywhere on the decline; that institutions suited to an age when men were a law to themselves could not prevent them from becoming wicked if they were inclined, and only saved them from punishment when they had deserved it. The broken pieces of the story leave much to be desired. The actions are preserved;

the actors are little more than names. The flesh and blood, the thoughts that wrought in the brain, the passions that boiled in the veins—these are dry as the dust of a mummy from an Egyptian catacomb. Though generations pass away, however, the earth at least remains. We cannot see the old nations, but we can stand where they stood; we can look on the landscape on which they looked; we can watch the shadows of the clouds chasing one another on the same mountain slopes; we can listen to the everlasting music of the same waterfalls; we can hear the same surf far off lapping upon the beach.

Let us transport ourselves then to the Neapolitan town of Larino, not far from the Gulf of Venice. In the remains of the amphitheatre we can recognise the Roman hands that once were laboring there.

Let us imagine that it is the year 88 before Christ, when Cæsar was a boy of twelve, when the Social War had just been ended by Sylla, and Marius had fled from Rome, to moralise amidst the ruins of Carthage. Larino, like most of the Samnite towns, had taken part with the patriots. Several of its most distinguished citizens had fallen in battle. They had been defeated, but their cause had survived. Summoned to Asia to oppose Mithridates, Sylla had postponed his revenge, and had conceded at least some of the objects for which the Italians had been in arms. The leaders returned to their homes, and their estates escaped confiscation. The two families of highest consequence in Larino were the Cluentii and the Auri. Both were in mourning. Lucius Cluentius, who had commanded the insurgent army in Campania, had been killed at Nola. Marcus Aurius had not returned to Larino at the Peace, and was supposed to have fallen in the North of Italy. Common political sympathies had drawn the survivors together, and they were further connected by marriage. There remained of the Cluentii a widowed mother named Sasia, with two children, Aulus Cluentius Avitus, a boy of sixteen, and his sister, Cluentia, a year younger. Dinea, the mother of the Auri, was a widow also. Dinea had been the sister of Sasia's husband, and was therefore herself a Cluentia. She had four children, all

some years older than their cousins—Marcus Aurius, whom she believed to be dead; Numerius Aurius; Cnæus Magius Aurius; and a daughter, Magia.

The Auri were relations of the same name at Larino—Aurius Melinus, Caius Melinus, and several others. The Cluentii were the last of their race. Both families were rich. The wealth which had poured into Rome after the conquest of the East had filtered over Italy. These provincial magistrates lived with comforts which would have made Cato shudder, in handsome villas, and waited upon by retinues of slaves. Otherwise scandal had no harm to say of either Auri or Cluentii. They were honored for their patriotism, and beloved for their private virtues.

A third family at Larino, the Oppianici, though also connected with the Auri, belonged to the opposite faction. Caius Oppianicus, the younger of the two brothers, was married to Dinea's daughter Magia. Statius Albinus Oppianicus the elder, and the head of the clan, had been three times married: first to a sister of Dinea, who had died, leaving him with a son; next, to a lady named Papia, who bore him a son also, and whom he had divorced; lastly, to Novia, who was for the present living with him and had brought him a third son, an infant. He had squandered his own fortune and the fortune of his first wife, whom he was suspected of having poisoned. He had since been living by his wits, and had figured unpleasantly in a late trial at Rome. A foolish youth of Larino, appropriately named Asinius, had come into possession of a large sum of money. Like Iago, who made his fool his purse, Oppianicus took possession of Asinius, carried him to Rome to see the world, and launched him among the taverns and the gambling houses. A confederate, Avilius, a Larinate also, made a third in the party; and one night when Asinius was absent with a female companion with whom they were assured that he would remain till morning, Avilius affected to be taken suddenly ill, and said that he must make his will. A notary and witnesses were introduced to whom the persons of Avilius and Asinius were alike unknown. Avilius bequeathed all his property to Oppianicus, signed his name Asinius, and then recovered. The true Asinius was waylaid and killed a few

days after. Oppianicus produced the will, claimed the estate, and obtained it—not, however, without some notice having been drawn to the matter which might have ended unpleasantly for him. Suspicions had been aroused, it does not appear how. Avilius was arrested and carried before one of the city magistrates, to whom in his terror he confessed the truth. Fortunately for Oppianicus, the magistrate was discreet and not inaccessible. The spoils were divided and the affair was hushed up, but it had naturally been much talked of at Larino. Oppianicus had been looked on askance; in the matter of fortune he was in a desperate condition, and he was on the look-out for the nearest means of improving his circumstances.

He was a man, it appears, of considerable personal attractions. He had made himself agreeable to his brother's wife Magia, and had seduced her. Her brother Numerius caught a fever and suddenly died, leaving his share of the Aurian property to his brother Cnæus Magius.

Cnæus Magius fell ill also very soon after. He, perhaps, suspected the cause of his sickness. At any rate he had seen with alarm and suspicion his sister's intimacy with a person of so questionable a character as Albinus Oppianicus. His alarms were not diminished when her husband Caius Oppianicus was found dead in his bed, from some unexplained visitation; and growing rapidly worse, and feeling that his own end was not far off, he sent for his sister, and in the presence of his mother Dinea he questioned her as to whether she was with child. She assured him that it was so. She half satisfied him that she was herself innocent of guilt, and that Caius Oppianicus, and not his brother, was the father. He made a will bequeathing the whole inheritance which had fallen to him to this child as soon as it should be born. He appointed his mother, Dinea, the guardian, lest Albinus Oppianicus should interfere. If the child should miscarry, or should not survive, Dinea and Magia were then to divide the estates between them.

The arrangement had scarcely been completed when Cnæus Magius died also. Oppianicus then induced Magia to take a medicine which produced abortion.

Magia and Dinea became thus coheirresses, and Oppianicus saw almost within his reach the accumulated wealth of the family.

At this moment a stranger appeared in Larino, who brought the news that the elder brother, Marcus, was still alive. He had not been killed as report had said, but had been taken prisoner, and was confined with hard labor at a convict station in the North of Italy. The story was not improbable, and the newcomer produced credible evidence of the truth of what he said. He gave Dinea the names and addresses of persons who had seen Marcus Aurius and could find him. The hope that she had still a son surviving came to comfort her in her desolation, and she despatched friends to discover him, purchase his release, and restore him to her.

So unpleasant a discovery came inopportunistically for the schemes of Oppianicus; but he lost neither heart nor presence of mind. He made acquaintance with the stranger, purchased his help, and induced him to vary his account, and throw Dinea on a false scent. He sent off a confederate to gain the parties in the North and mislead the mother's messengers, while others were despatched to obtain true directions from them, to find out Marcus Aurius, and assassinate him. The game was dangerous, however, so long as Dinea lived. She had Aurius kinsmen in Larino who were powerful, and to whom she might possibly appeal. He was aware that her suspicions would turn upon himself as soon as she should hear that her son could not be found, and he thought it better to anticipate future trouble by removing her at once. She was growing old, and her health had been shaken by sorrow and anxiety. Oppianicus recommended to her the assistance of a physician of whose skill he professed to have had experience. Dinea declined his advice, and sent for another doctor from Ancona, whom Oppianicus had some difficulty in gaining over to his purpose. He succeeded at last, however, with a bribe of four thousand pounds, and the unfortunate woman was poisoned. Before she died she, too, made a will; but Oppianicus destroyed it. His agents in the North sent him word that his work had been successfully done. Marcus Aurius had been found

and killed, and all traces were destroyed by which his fate could be discovered. Oppianicus at once divorced his present wife, married Magia, and took possession of the estates in her name.

He had played his cards skilfully; but again, as with his adventure at Rome, without having succeeded perfectly in averting suspicion from himself. Many eyes, no doubt, were watching him. The Larinates could not see with complaisance the entire disappearance of one of their most honored families, and the Aurius estates passing into the hands of a blemished and bankrupt adherent of the Oligarchic faction. The messengers sent by Dinea reported that they could not discover Marcus Aurius; but they had found that secret efforts had been made to baffle them. They had ascertained that Oppianicus had been concerned in those efforts, and they wrote to Larino, charging him with foul play. Dinea being dead, the letters were taken to the nearest relative of the family, Aurius Melinus.

This Aurius Melinus had already appeared before the Larinate public in a not very creditable manner. Soon after the death of her father he had married Cluentia, daughter of the widow Sassia, and sister of Aulus Cluentius Avitus. Sassia, who was a licentious, unprincipled woman, became enamored of her son-in-law. Under the ancient Roman law, the marriage tie had been as indissoluble as in the strictest Christian community. But the restraint of marriage, like every other check on the individual will, had gone down before the progress of democracy. To divorce a wife was now as easy as to change a dress. The closest affinity was no longer an obstacle to a new connection. Sassia succeeded in enchanting her son-in-law. The daughter was divorced, and the mother was installed in her place.

Public opinion, though degenerate, was not entirely corrupted. The world of Larino considered itself outraged by what it still regarded as incest. Aulus Cluentius, the son, took his mother's conduct so much to heart that he refused to see either her or her husband, and the domestic scandal had created almost as much agitation as the tragedy of Dinea and her children. The two vicious streams were now to unite. Aurius Me-

linus, perhaps to recover the esteem of his fellow-citizens, put himself forward to demand justice against the murderers of his kinsmen. He called a public meeting; he read aloud in the Assembly the letters from the North denouncing Oppianicus. He demanded an immediate investigation. If his cousin Marcus was no longer alive, he charged Oppianicus with having assassinated him.

Suspicious already rife turned to certainty. The people rose. They rushed to Oppianicus's house to seize and tear him in pieces. Exceptional villains appear at times to be the special care of Providence, as if they had a work given them to do and might not perish till it was accomplished. Oppianicus had fled; and unhappily a political revolution had not only provided him with a sure refuge, but with means yet more fatal of adding to his crimes. While Sylla was fighting Mithridates in Asia, Marius had returned to a seventh Consulship, and the democracy had enjoyed a brief and sanguinary triumph; but Marius was dead, and Sylla had returned a conqueror, and the name of every eminent advocate of popular rights was now entered on a proscription list. Sylla's lieutenant, Quintus Metellus, was encamped not far from Larino. Oppianicus threw himself on Metellus's protection, representing himself, perhaps, as the victim of a popular commotion. Metellus sent him on to the Dictator, and from Sylla he received a commission to purge Larino of its suspected citizens, to remove the magistrates, and to execute every one who had been connected with the Marian faction. In the haste of the time he was allowed to draw the list of the proscribed himself, and to enter upon it both his open enemies and the accomplices of his crimes, whose too intimate acquaintance with him he had reason to fear. Aurius Melinus perished, and every remaining member of the Auran kindred. Sextus Vibrius perished, who had been his instrument in hiding the traces of Marcus Aurius and murdering him. The proscribed were seized and killed without being allowed to speak; and thus at one blow Oppianicus was able to rid himself of every one whose vengeance he had to fear, and of the only witness by whom the worst of his crimes could be brought home to him.

For his services to Sylla he was proba-

bly rewarded further out of the estates of his victims, and by a series of enormous crimes, which even in that bad time it is to be hoped could not be easily paralleled, he had become the most opulent and most powerful citizen of his native town.

Oppianicus had obtained all that he had desired, but he found, as all mortals find, that the enjoyment had been in the pursuit—that the prize when won still failed to give perfect satisfaction. Happiness was still flying before him, almost within his grasp, but still eluding it. Perhaps the murder of her husband, her mother, and her brothers, may have sate uneasily upon Magia. At any rate he had grown weary of Magia. She too was now cleared away, to make room for a more suitable companion. On the death of Aurius Melinus, Sassia again became a widow, and Oppianicus became a suitor for her hand. It was true that he had killed her husband, but he swore, like Richard, that he had done it 'to help her to a better husband.' It was Sassia's 'heavenly face' which had set him on, and Sassia listened, not unfavorably. There were difficulties, however, which had first to be removed. Sassia was rich, and in a position to make conditions. Oppianicus had three children, whose mothers she may have disliked, or whom she expected that she would find in her way. She was willing to tolerate the eldest, who bore his father's name, but she refused to marry him till the two little ones had been removed.

The horrible woman was showing herself a suitable mate for Oppianicus. Her wealth, her person, perhaps this last proof of the hardness of her disposition, determined him to secure her on her own terms. One of his little boys was being brought up with his mother at Theano. He sent for the child to Larino. In the night it was taken ill and died, and to prevent inquiry into the manner of its death, the body was burnt before dawn the next morning. Two days after the other little boy died with as mysterious suddenness; and Sassia became Oppianicus's wife.

These fresh atrocities could not be perpetrated without notice. The people of Larino shuddered and muttered. They could not challenge the favorite

of Sylla, the chief magistrate of the town, who had the local authority in his hands and the confidence of the Dictator at Rome; but they shrank from contact with him. They avoided both him and his wife as if they had the plague. Young Cluentius especially held aloof from his mother more sternly than ever, and would neither speak to her nor see her.

At length Sylla died; the middle classes through Italy drew their breath freely again, and at Larino as elsewhere the people could venture to make their voices heard. There was in the town an ancient and venerable college of Priests of Mars, a sort of Cathedral Chapter. The priests had obtained the Roman franchise as a result of the Italian war. It had been confirmed to them by Marius. It had been taken away again by Sylla. And now that Sylla was gone, a deputation from the town was sent to the Senate to petition for its restoration. With this deputation, as one of its members, went young Aulus Cluentius, who was then acquiring fame as a public speaker, and he soon attracted notice at Rome by his vindication of the rights of the Chapter. Oppianicus, who had been Sylla's instrument in carrying out the disenfranchisement in Larino, had his own good reasons for dreading to see his work overthrown. With the restoration of political liberty municipal self-government would be restored along with it. He feared Cluentius on personal grounds as well as political. He saw in him his future accuser, and he had a further motive of another kind for wishing to destroy him. Cluentius had not yet made his will, for he would not leave his fortune to his mother, and he could not bring himself to make a disposition in which her name should not be mentioned. In the absence of a will she was his heir-at-law. It was but one more murder, and Oppianicus would at once quit himself of a dangerous antagonist, gratify his wife, and add the lands of the Cluentii to the vast estates which he had accumulated already.

Cluentius was out of health. Cleophrantus, the physician by whom he was attended, was a man of eminence and character, whom it was unsafe to approach by the means which he had used so successfully in the poisoning of Dinea. But Cleophrantus had a slave who worked

in his laboratory whom Oppianicus calculated on finding corruptible, and the assistant by whom medicines are made up is in such cases as useful as his principal. He did not think it prudent to appear in person, but a patrician friend, one of the Fabricii, undertook the business for him; and Fabricius felt his way with the slave through his freedman Scamander.

Villains have an instinct for recognising one another, and rarely make mistakes in the character of the persons whom they address. The necessary tact, however, was wanting to Scamander; and in the class of wretches who were bought like sheep in the market, and might be flung at pleasure into the fish-ponds to feed the aristocrats' lampreys, a degree of virtue was found at last which was to bring Oppianicus's atrocities to a close. Diogenes—so the slave was called—received Scamander's overtures with apparent acquiescence. He listened, drew Scamander on to reveal the name of his employers, and then whispered the story to his master. Cleophrantus carried it to Cluentius. An honest Senator, Marcus Bibrius, was taken into counsel; and it was agreed that Oppianicus should be played with till he had committed himself, when punishment could at last overtake him. Diogenes kept up his correspondence with Scamander, and promised to administer the poison as soon as he was provided with materials. It was arranged that Cluentius should purchase Diogenes, that he might have a skilled attendant to wait upon him in his illness. The conspiracy would then be carried on under Cluentius's own roof, where the proceedings could be conveniently watched, and conversations be overheard. Oppianicus was outmanœuvred at last. Both he and Fabricius were tempted to betray themselves. The poison was conveyed to Diogenes; the money which was to pay for the murder was brought to him, and received in the presence of concealed witnesses. The criminals were caught red-handed, without room for denial or concealment. They were seized and denounced, and brought to immediate trial.

Horrible crimes have, unfortunately, been so frequent in this world that they have no permanent interest for us; and, unless they have been embalmed in poetry, or are preserved by the exceptional genius of accomplished historians,

the memory of them rarely survives a single generation. The tragedies of Larino would have passed into oblivion with the lives of those who witnessed and shuddered at them. Posterity, if it cared to recollect, would have had their curiosity and their sense of justice satisfied if they could have learned that the chief villain was detected and punished at last; and to revive an interest in a detailed chapter of human wickedness after nearly two thousand years would have been alike superfluous and impossible. The story, however, now assumes features of deeper importance. Oppianicus and his victims are nothing to us. The rise and fall of the Roman Commonwealth is of undying consequence to the political student; and other thousands of years will still have to pass before we shall cease to study the most minute particulars which will interpret to us so remarkable a phenomenon. The judicial investigation into the crimes of Oppianicus was to form an illustration of the incurable corruption of the Roman Senate; and that Senate's most brilliant member—better known to English schoolboys than the most distinguished modern classic (Kikero they now call him; but we are too old to learn the new nomenclature)—was to be the principal instrument in exposing it.

Criminal trials at Rome were conducted before a body of judges or jurymen, the selection of whom had been one of the chief subjects of contention during the recent political struggles. The privileged orders affected to fear that justice would be degraded if the administration of it was extended to persons who were incompetent for so honorable an office. The people complained that their lives and properties were unsafe in the hands of proud, extravagant, and cruel aristocrats. The Senators declared that if members of their own order had not been always pure, the middle classes would be found immeasurably worse. The middle classes, without laying claims to superior virtue, protested that the Senators had already descended to the lowest depths of the abyss of dishonesty.

That the office of a judge, at any rate, might be made one of the most lucrative situations which the State had to offer was made apparent in a prosecution which

happened about the same time of the Prætor Verres for the plunder of Sicily. In the trial of Verres it was proved that the Governor of a Roman province under the Republic looked on his period of office as an opportunity of making his fortune by extortion and the public sale of justice. To be successful, he must carry off three times as much booty as he expected to be allowed to retain. A third had to be bestowed in buying the good-will of the consuls, tribunes, and other magistrates; a third in corrupting the juries, when he was called to account by the pillaged provincials; the remaining part only he might calculate on keeping for himself.

The Court which was to try the case of the Larinates was composed of thirty-two Senators. Caius Gracchus had granted the jury-right to the Equites; but it had again been taken from them by Sylla. The judges were now exclusively patricians, the purest blood of which Rome had to boast. Scamander, Fabricius, and Oppianicus were indicted successively for conspiring the murder of Cluentius. The prisoners were tried separately. Though rumor had caught hold of some features of the story, the circumstances were generally unknown. Oppianicus, through his wealth and connections, had secured powerful patrons; and Cicero, who rarely took part in prosecutions, was retained in the first instance to defend Scamander.

Publius Canutius opened the case of Cluentius; and Cicero, though he exerted himself to the utmost, very soon discovered that he had a bad cause. The evidence was absolutely conclusive. Scamander was condemned, and Fabricius was brought to the bar. Cicero withdrew from the case and contented himself with watching it. Fabricius's brother, Cepasius, took his place as advocate; but with no better success. Fabricius, too, was convicted, but with a slight difference in the form of the result. A unanimous verdict was given against Scamander; a single Senator, called Stalenus, voted for the acquittal of Fabricius. There was no more doubt of his guilt than of his freedman's. The evidence against them both was the same. Stalenus had not been bribed, for Fabricius was poor; but he intended to intimate to the rich Oppianicus that he was

open to an arrangement when his own turn should come on.

Stalenus was a man of consequence. He had been *quæstor*, and aspired to the higher offices of State. He had obtained some notoriety in a recent civil case in which one of the parties was a certain *Safinius Atella*. *Safinius* had the worst of the argument, and *Stalenus* had boasted that for a round sum of money he could purchase a verdict notwithstanding. The money was given to him, but *Safinius* lost his cause, and ill-natured persons had whispered that *Stalenus* had kept it for himself. Such a transaction, however, if successful and undetected, might pass for a stroke of cleverness. At all events the suspicions attached to it had not interfered with the further employment of this ingenious young nobleman. He was merely observed, and anything singular in his conduct was set down to its right motive.

Oppianicus's case might well be considered desperate. *Scamander* and *Fabricius* had been accessories only to a single attempt at murder. The past history of *Oppianicus* had probably been alluded to generally in the preliminary trials. He would stand at the bar an object of general abhorrence for various other enormities, and the proofs which had been sufficient to condemn his accomplices would tell with tenfold force against their instigator, whose past career had been so dark. In the vote of *Stalenus* only some glimmer of hope remained. The Court adjourned for a few days. In the interval *Oppianicus* made *Stalenus*'s acquaintance, and they soon understood one another. *Stalenus* told him frankly that his situation was a difficult one, and would probably be expensive. The judges who had condemned the other prisoners would commit manifest perjury if they acquitted *Oppianicus*. Public feeling being excited, they would be exposed to general opprobrium, and they would require to be well paid for their services. Still, however, he thought it might be managed. He knew his men, and he considered that he could secure fifteen votes out of the thirty-two, which in addition to his own would be sufficient. Money only was necessary: each vote would require 400*l*.

Oppianicus's fortune would be of little use to him if he was convicted. Be-

ing a Roman citizen, he was not liable to a sentence of death from a criminal court, but exile and a fine amounting nearly to confiscation were as bad or possibly worse. He assented to *Stalenus*'s terms, and paid into his hands 6400*l*.

It was understood by this time that a negotiation with the prisoner was going forward. *Stalenus* had felt his way, dropping hints here and there in whatever quarter they were likely to be operative, and at length the corruptible fifteen had given conditional assurances that they might be relied on. But the terms, as he expected, were high; very little would be left for himself; and he began to reflect that with perfect safety he might keep the whole of it. The honest part of the jury would, he thought, undoubtedly vote for a conviction. Those who had agreed to sell their consciences would be so angry if they were now disappointed that he might count on them with equal certainty, and it would be in vain that after a verdict of guilty such a wretch as *Oppianicus* would appeal to public opinion. No one would believe him, no one would pity him. Thus the night before the trial came on he informed his friends upon the jury that *Oppianicus* had changed his mind, and that no money was forthcoming. They were as exasperated as he hoped to find them. He was himself not suspected, and they met the next day in court with a most virtuous resolution that justice should not be balked of its object.

The voting in a Roman trial was either open or secret, as the Court might decide for itself. *Oppianicus* not relying too perfectly on his friends, and anxious not to be cheated of the wares for which he had paid, demanded that each judge should give his verdict by word of mouth. The tribune *Quinctius*, who was secretly his friend, supported him, and his request was agreed to. Everyone was aware that there had been bribery, and the members of the jury who were open to bribes were generally well known. It was, of course, assumed that they would vote for an acquittal, and *Stalenus* and his friends were observed with contemptuous curiosity, but without a doubt of what their judgment would be.

It happened that Stalenus was the first to vote, and two of his intimate associates were the second and third. To the astonishment of everyone, all three without the slightest hesitation voted guilty. The rest of the judges, or rather the respectable portion of them, were utterly bewildered. The theory of corruption implies that men who take bribes will generally fulfil their contract, nor again do men usually take bribes to vote according to their real convictions. They were assured that Stalenus had been corrupted to give a false verdict. They thought he had been corrupted by Oppianicus; but he had voted against Oppianicus; he had voted for Cluentius, —therefore it seemed he must have been bribed by Cluentius, and Oppianicus might be innocent after all. Thus argued the outside public almost universally, having heard the story but imperfectly. Thus argued even a section of the judges themselves, and in their confusion five of the more honest of them actually voted for Oppianicus's acquittal. The larger number concluded at last that they must go by the evidence. Stalenus and his friends might have taken money from Cluentius. Cluentius might have been afraid to trust himself entirely to the justice of his cause. But corruption could not alter the truth. Oppianicus was unquestionably guilty, and he was condemned by a large majority.

He for his part was banished, clamoring that he was betrayed, but unable, as Stalenus expected, to obtain a remission of his sentence. In modern eyes such a punishment was immeasurably too lenient. To a Roman who wanted courage to end his misfortunes with his own hand, exile was held to be the most terrible of calamities. Cæsar pleaded against the execution of the accomplices of Catiline, that death ended all things. He would have them live and suffer. 'Life,' said Cicero on the present occasion, 'was worse than death to Oppianicus. No one believed any longer the old wives' fable of Tartarus. Death would be but a happy release to him.' He left Rome to wander about Italy, as if marked with a curse. Sassia followed him to torment him with her reproaches and infidelities. One day as he was riding his horse threw him. He was mortally injured and died.

So ended Oppianicus. So, however,

did not end the consequences of his various villanies. Political passions were again rising. The people in Rome and out of it were clamoring to the skies against the iniquities of the Senate. The story went abroad that a senatorial jury had again been bribed; and being without detailed knowledge of the case, the Roman populace rushed naturally to the conclusion that an innocent man had been condemned. Oppianicus had protested against the verdict, and had denounced his judges. It was enough. The verdict was indisputably corrupt, and a corrupt verdict, as a matter of course, must be a false verdict.

Quinctius the tribune, Oppianicus's friend, encouraged the agitation. It was an opportunity not to be neglected of bringing the Senate into disrepute. Thrice he harangued the General Assembly in the Forum. He insisted that the degraded Patricians should be stripped once more of the privileges which they abused. Cluentius's name became a by-word. He who in his humble way had been the champion of his own townspeople was identified with the hated senatorial monopoly. So furious were the people that for eight years, Cicero says, they would not so much as listen to a word that could be said for him. They were not contented with words. Every senator who had voted for Oppianicus's condemnation was prosecuted under the Jury Laws. Some were fined, some were expelled from the Senate by the Censors. One of them, Caius Egnatius, was disinherited by his father. The Senate itself was invited to condemn its own members. Not daring to refuse, the Senate saved its conscience by a wise generality, and passed a resolution that any person or persons who had been instrumental in corrupting public justice had been guilty of a serious offence. Finally Cluentius himself was brought to trial, and so hot was public feeling against him, that Cicero was obliged to confine his defence to a legal technicality. The law, he said, was for the restraint of corruption in the juries. The juries under Sylla's constitution could consist of senators only, and Cluentius being an Eques, the law could not touch him.

Gradually the outcry died away, melting into the general stream of indignation which in a few years swept away the con-

stitution, and under new forms made justice possible again. But the final act of the Cluentian drama had still to be played out. Again Cluentius was to appear before a tribunal of Roman judges. Again Cicero was to defend him—no longer under a quibble, but on the merits of the whole case, into which at last it was possible to enter.

From the speech which Cicero delivered on this occasion we have gathered our story. It is not a favorable specimen of his oratorical power. There is no connection in the events. There is no order of time. We are hurried from date to date, from place to place. The same person is described under different names; the same incident in different words. The result is a mass of threads so knotted, twisted, and entangled that only patient labor can sort them out into intelligible arrangement.

What Cicero lacks in method, however, he makes up in earnestness. He was evidently supremely affected by the combination of atrocities and misunderstandings by which an innocent, well-deserving man was likely to be overwhelmed.

The various lovers of Sasia had been either murdered or had died, or had deserted her. She had lost much of her ill-gained fortunes. She had grown too old for the further indulgence of her pleasant vices. One desire alone remained, and had devoured the rest—a desire for revenge upon Cluentius. In the prejudiced condition of public feeling at Rome, any wild accusation against him might be expected to obtain a hearing. Having escaped the prosecution for the bribery of the judges, he was charged with having murdered one of his friends whose property he hoped to inherit. The attempt was clumsy and it failed. The friend was proved to have died where Cluentius could have no access to him; and a nephew, and not Cluentius, was his heir. The next accusation was of having tried to poison the surviving son of Oppianicus. Cluentius and the younger Oppianicus had been together at a festival at Larino. Another youth who was also present there had died a few days later, and it was alleged that he had drunk by mistake from a cup which had been prepared for Sasia's stepson. But again the evidence broke down. There was no

proof that the death was caused by poison, or that Cluentius was in any way connected with it.

The accursed woman, though twice baffled, would not abandon her object. In both instances proof of malice had been wanting. Cluentius had no object in perpetrating either of the crimes of which she had accused him. If he had no grudge against the young Oppianicus, however, he had undoubtedly hated his father, and she professed to have discovered that the father had not died, as had been reported, by the fall from his horse, but had been poisoned by a cake which had been administered to him at Cluentius's instigation. The method in which Sasia went to work to make out her case throws a fresh and hideous light on the Roman administration of justice in the last days of liberty. She produced two witnesses who were both slaves. To one of them, Nicostratus, a Greek, she owed an old grudge. He had belonged to Oppianicus, the elder, and had revealed certain infidelities of hers which had led to inconvenience. The other, Strato, was the slave of a doctor who had attended Oppianicus after his accident. Since neither of these men were willing to say what she required them to say of their own accord, she demanded according to custom that they should be tortured. The Roman law did not acknowledge any rights in these human chattels: a slave on the day of his bondage ceased to be a man. Nicostratus and Strato were racked till the executioners were weary, but nothing could be extracted from them. A distinguished advocate who was present, and was not insensible to pity, said that the slaves were being tortured not to make them tell the truth, but to make them lie. The court took the same view, and they were released.

Once more Sasia was defeated, but she waited her opportunity. Three years later, the orator Hortensius, a general protector of rogues, was elected to the consulate. The vindictiveness with which she had come forward as the prosecutrix of her own son had injured her cause. She made one more effort, and this time she prevailed on the young Oppianicus, who had meanwhile married her daughter, to appear in her place. She had purchased Strato after his es-

cape from the torture, and had power of life and death over him. He had murdered a fellow slave; and it was alleged that when he confessed to this crime, he had confessed to the other also. He was crucified, and to prevent his telling inconvenient truths upon the cross, his tongue was cut out before he was nailed upon it. On the strength of his pretended deposition, a criminal process was once more instituted against Cluentius before a Roman jury. The story had by this time become so notorious, and the indignation of the provinces had been so deeply roused, that deputations from every town in the South of Italy came to the capital to bear witness in Cluentius's favor. How the trial ended is unknown. It may be hoped that

he was acquitted—but it is uncertain. Innocent men have suffered by millions in this world. As many guilty wretches have escaped, and seemed to triumph; but the vengeance which follows upon evil acts does not sleep because individuals are wronged. The penalty is exacted to the last farthing from the community which permits injustice to be done. And the Republican Commonwealth of Rome was fast filling the measure of its iniquities. In another half-century perjured juries and corrupt magistrates had finished their work; the world could endure them no longer, and the free institutions which had been the admiration of mankind were buried under the throne of the Cæsars.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,

At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,

The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses

The steep square slope of the blossomless bed

Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses

Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,

To the low last edge of the long lone land.

If a step should sound or a word be spoken,

Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?

So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,

Through branches and briars if a man make way,

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless

Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled

That crawls by a track none turn to climb

To the strait waste place that the years have rifled

Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;

The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.

The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,

These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;

As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,

Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither

Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;

Only the sun and the rain come hither

All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart they stood, "Look thither,"
 Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
 What love was ever as deep as a grave?
 They are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
 Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
 Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
 In the air now soft with a summer to be.
 Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
 Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.

—*The Athenæum.*

[SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.]

BY LIEUTENANT LOVETT VERNEY CAMERON.

PART III.

HABIB IBN SALIM, the old trader mentioned in my last number, who housed Dr. Livingstone at Nyangwé, showed me great kindness during my stay there, but most of the other traders were very half-hearted in their welcome. Muinyi Dugumbi, who was supposed to be the head man amongst them, was full of promises of assistance, but he was so absorbed in the delights of his harem of over 300 female slaves, that he did nothing. Some of the other traders neither promised nor did anything, and Syde Merzui contented himself with begging for beads, instead of trying to procure canoes for me according to his agreement. My whole attention was now concentrated on the means of obtaining canoes to convey us down the Congo to the falls of Yellala. I was at first told that I could get them at the markets, which are held every fourth day at Nyangwé, but soon found that the Wagenya (a tribe inhabiting a narrow strip on the left bank of the river, to whom all the canoes belonged) would not sell any for such stores as I had to offer, although their repugnance might have been overcome if I had consented to buy slaves from the Arabs and to purchase the canoes with them. This, of course, I was unable to do.

All my efforts, however, were ineffectual; and I was next advised to send men through the strip of country belonging to the Wagenya, to get boats from the people who built them (or rather hacked them out of logs), and who lived in the jungle, about ten miles from the river. I was unable to go myself, and therefore the opportunities which arose of buying shipping were not taken full advantage of, and at the end of three weeks I found myself with only one canoe (which was given to me by Habib ibn Salim), which might have held four or five men and their loads, and apparently with little or no chance of obtaining another.

A party of Arabs, etc., who had been away to the south of the river for some time, making war and fomenting disturb-

ances amongst the natives, principally with the view of obtaining slaves, now returned and brought news that Tipotipo (alias Haméd ibn Haméd) was coming to Nyangwé to arrange peace between Russuna, chief of Maréra (a friend of his) and the traders settled at Nyangwé; who would have attacked him (Russuna) had it not been for the intervention of Tipotipo.

When Tipotipo arrived, he advised me to give up the idea of going down the river in canoes, or of attempting to march along its bank direct from Nyangwé. He told me that if I would go with him to his camp, about ten days' march south by west of Nyangwé, I should then be able to get guides to show me the way to a great lake about fifteen marches west of it, where men came in large canoes holding from eighty to one hundred people, and the crews of which wore hats and trousers. I had already heard many reports of this lake at Nyangwé and that the Lualaba fell into it; but now, in addition, two men, belonging to the district in which Tipotipo's camp was situated, assured me that they had been there, and gave the name, Sankorra; and also mentioned a small lake called Iki, situated on a river Luwembi, just to the west of the Lomâmi.

After a little consideration, I determined to go with Tipotipo to his camp, and thence march to Sankorra, and trust to getting boats from the trouser-wearing traders who, I hoped, would prove to be half-caste Portuguese from the Cassanci or thereabouts.

I therefore cleared out of Nyangwé, the night before Tipotipo left there, and camped in a village of Wagenya, on the left bank of the Lualaba. I saw most of the men off myself, and as the day was very hot, left Bombay to bring the rest of the caravan and my boxes over after me; but, as usual, trusting to Bombay was like trusting to a broken reed, and he and the other men did not make their appearance till noon on the following day. In addition, several of the men, whom I had seen across myself, managed to slip back,

and three deserted altogether, taking with them their guns and ammunition.

The left bank of the Lualaba is low and swampy, with many semi-stagnant back-waters, which render it a very hot-bed of fever, whilst the right bank is raised and healthy. When I had got my men and stores together, and ready for the road, I was suffering from a heavy attack of fever, the effect of one night's exposure to the malaria. I managed, however, to struggle on for a long march, which, including an hour's halt, lasted from half-past twelve to between seven and eight P.M., although, for the greater part of the time, I was reeling about like a drunken man from fever and weakness. For the last hour or so, our path led us through tracks covered with gigantic pyramidal ant-hills, which I, in the partial delirium of fever, kept on mistaking for my tent; when at last I did arrive in camp, I was so done, that I was obliged to turn in at once, without being able to eat anything.

The next morning I was able to go on again, and each day saw me getting better. Half way to Tipo-tipo's camp, we halted for a couple of days at Russuna's; but just before reaching his village a row took place, between some of the Wamerima from Nyangwé who accompanied us and the natives, who, thinking that these had come to plunder them again, began a fight which resulted in the death of two natives; but Tipo-tipo had influence enough to restore peace as soon as he heard of the affair, and made the Nyangwé people pay something to the chief.

During the two days I was at Russuna's I was an object of intense interest to his wives, who would scarcely let me have one moment to myself, and kept on turning up the legs of my pyjamas, to see if I were really white all over: indeed, I had to use a certain amount of restraint, or I believe their curiosity would have led to their undressing me altogether. All these wives of Russuna, about forty or fifty in number, live together in a small village formed of two rows of huts, with one hut in the middle for himself and his mother, on whom devolves the task of keeping the harem. Many of the wives were really very good-looking, and, like many other ladies, seemed quite sensible of their charms.

Between Russuna's and Tipo-tipo's camp, nothing of importance occurred. The country was very pretty and fertile with groves of nutmeg-trees, and enormous quantities of oil palms. Tracks of elephants were very numerous, and we sometimes heard them trumpeting in the jungles.

When I arrived at Tipo-tipo's, though he had always told me only to expect a camp, I found a neatly-built, and well-arranged town. There were four or five smaller traders besides. Tipo-tipo and the armed followers from Zanzibar and Unyanyembe amounted to nearly a thousand; in addition to these, slaves and native hangers on may have raised the sum total to upwards of two thousand five hundred. Directly I got to this place I sent some of my men with guides, supplied by Tipo-tipo, to ask permission from the chief of the country to the west of the Lomâmi to pass through his territory, as none of the Arabs had been allowed to pass that way, though native traders were constantly going to and returning from Lake Sankorra, which they reported as being fifteen marches distant. In support of this story, I was shown cloth and beads obtained from traders who came there from the west, and who were the trouser-wearing people I had heard of. The cloth and beads were quite of a different sort from any brought from Zanzibar. Cowries, too, which at Nyangwé were greatly in demand, were here a perfect drug in the market, owing to the large quantities that came from the West Coast.

A couple of days after my arrival I received a state visit from Kasongo, the chief of the district. The first to arrive were drummers and marimba players belonging to several petty chiefs, then a sort of master of the ceremonies with a huge carved stick, followed by the small chiefs, each of whom he announced in due form, and at last Kasongo himself and two of his daughters, with a retinue of men armed with spears, and bows and arrows.

A clear space was formed, in which Kasongo and his daughters went through a sort of dance, accompanied by the musicians and some singers who chanted a monotonous recitative. When the dance was finished Kasongo came into an open hut, which was the general rendezvous

of the traders, and where they usually passed the day. It was now spread with carpets and mats in honor of his arrival.

We had a longish palaver, and Kasongo at first said he would go himself to the chief on the opposite side of the Lomâmi, and try to make terms with him about my passing through to the westward; but afterwards he hauled off, saying that he was too old to travel, and that he would send some of his head men instead, to carry on the negotiations. I waited for a day or two and then returned Kasongo's visit, accompanied by Tipo-tipo, and most of the principal people among the Arabs. I found Kasongo seated in a clear, open grassy plot in the middle of his village, looking clean and tidy, in a dress of grass cloth, and a great contrast in appearance to what he was the day he called on me, when he was tricked out in tawdry, dirty clothes made up for him by the Arabs, and certainly had not then left a very favorable impression on my mind.

Whilst I was at his village both his men and mine who had been to the west of the Lomâmi, returned the answer of the chief, that no people armed with guns had ever passed through his territory, and that if any came he would resist them, and if possible destroy them. I, however, at the same time saw many men who declared they had been both to Lake Sankorra and also to Lake Iki, and I had every reason to believe what they said.

On my return to the Arab settlement, I racked my brains to find out what was best to be done, and when Tipo-tipo told me that he had heard of Portuguese traders, whom, from his description, I judged to be about two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles south-south-west from us, I made up my mind to go there and then try to work back to Sankorra, thus avoiding the chief who had refused us permission to pass.

As soon as Tipo-tipo heard of my determination he gave me three guides, natives of Urna, under charge of Mona Kasanga, son of the chief of Kowamba (a lake on the Lualaba), to show me the road.

My men threw every sort of obstacle in my way, as they were thoroughly afraid of going on through a country where no caravans had passed; some

half-dozen deserted the day I started, and although I sent back from the place I halted at, I could get no news about them. They no doubt hid somewhere near Tipo-tipo-ville, and were supported by chums amongst the Zanzibar slaves until I was well away.

Besides giving me the native guides, Tipo-tipo also sent a free man of Zanzibar to accompany me for ten days on my road, but this, although intended as a great help, was rather a hindrance, as he every day said, after about two hours' marching, that the next place at which we could possibly halt was about six or seven hours further on, and therefore we had better camp where we were. In other matters he was very useful, and perhaps his always desiring to halt early arose from an idea which, until I had practically disproved it, seemed very common amongst the Arabs, viz., that a European was unable to march far or fast in Africa.

Our road led us close along the right bank of the Lomâmi, of which we caught glimpses from time to time. We crossed numerous affluents, all of which we had to ford. The country was still fairly level, with hollows grooved out through the sand and pebbles, which formed the upper strata. In these miniature valleys there were always trees, and many very beautiful ferns and mosses; some of these were club mosses over a foot in height. My guides were now getting very doubtful about the road, and as most of the villages through which we passed had been deserted by the inhabitants from an absurd rumor that we were in search of slaves, we were unable to get any directions from them. My guides themselves were all afraid, and kept on trying to work away to the eastward, towards the village of Mona Kasanga's father. At length one day, after having lost the track three times, I took the bull by the horns, and walked on by myself, leaving the guides and caravan to follow me or not as they liked; of course I was pretty sure that they would be much too cowardly to leave me altogether, but they straggled and wandered all over the country. We camped that night in a village near a large branch of the Lomâmi, called the Lukanzi; the guides persisted that there were no means of crossing it. I asked where the natives of the village

were gone to, and was told that they had crossed the river, so I knew that there must be some way to get over to the other side, and sent the guides along a path to find if it led to a bridge. After having been absent some time they returned, and reported that the path came to an end near the river, as it only led to a watering-place. I did not believe this, so I went down the path myself, and four or five hundred yards from the camp, found a large fishing-weir bridge.

Next morning I got the men across, after a very great deal of trouble; they were all in a great fright, as the guides had been cramming them with hobgoblin stories all the night about the natives beyond the river. As soon as we were across I took the lead again, and about a mile from the river, whilst I was passing through a strip of jungle, a native lurking near shot at me, and the arrow glanced off a leathern coat I wore without penetrating. I saw the fellow bolting, and as he was between me and the open, I was able to make him break cover, and dropping my rifle, I ran him down, and gave him a regular good thrashing.

Soon after this a lot of natives appeared on the path in front of us and wanted to prevent our proceeding any further, but after half-an-hour's palaver, which ended in my giving them a few beads, we became very good friends, and went on to the village of a chief, four miles off, escorted by a mob of black fellows shouting, yelling, and playing on large wooden horns. Here I was told that Kwarumba, a chief whose village had been described to me as lying directly on our road, was only one march distant. I expected to get information from him about the Portuguese, and therefore I was anxious to go on at once, but Mona Kasanga began to give himself airs, saying he was a chief's son, and sorely against my will detained me for a day.

Next morning we went on our road, and after again crossing the Lukanzi by another fishing-weir bridge, arrived in the afternoon at Kwarumba's first village, which was very large and well populated. Here we halted, and I was regularly surrounded by crowds who came to look at me, and to whom the sight of a white man was perfectly novel. I believe

many of the people had never even heard of one.

On the following day we marched a short distance, and camped close to the village in which Kwarumba lived. In the afternoon he came to see me, and told me that a short time before, strangers, who were not Arabs, and who wore hats and carried umbrellas, had been close by. This was good news for me, and I concluded that they were the Portuguese of whom I was in search.

After leaving Kwarumba's, the guides again began to give trouble, but I held on to my own course as well as I could until we arrived at Kamwawi, where at first we were well received. I engaged guides to take me down to the chief with whom the strange caravan was stopping, and paid them in advance, and during the whole afternoon women were in our camp selling flour, beans, &c. Next morning, however, I found that my pet goat "Dinah" was missing, and therefore went up to the village to inquire about her; so little did I suspect that anything was wrong, that I did not even take my pistol or gun with me.

I could get no answer about the goat, and the people began throwing spears and shooting arrows at us, so I had to send and get all my party together in the village, and show a bold front. For some time I would not allow my men to fire in return, as I did not know what the shindy was about, and I wanted to try every means to make all straight before I resorted to force. However, as I found the natives getting cheekier and cheekier every minute, I at last allowed some three or four of my men to return their fire, and a native was shot through the leg. Almost directly the row commenced a party of five hundred men or so came up from the road by which we had intended to go, where I believe they had been posted in ambush. When we began to defend ourselves they consented to a parley, notwithstanding their being at least ten to one.

After a few preliminaries, it was decided that the chief of the village and myself should exchange presents, and that one of my men should make brothers with him, after which we should go on our way in peace; but before this could be carried out, another chief with

a large body of men came up, and said to the chief of Kamwawi, "Don't be such a fool, they are a small party, and we shall be able to kill or make slaves of them all, and divide their beads and cloth amongst us."

In consequence of his advice the negotiations were broken off; so I, remembering Troubridge at Tenetiffe, set fire to a hut and said that unless I was allowed to go in peace I would burn the whole village. On this we were told that we could go unmolested to a village where our guides said we should be received as friends, and I therefore gave orders to march for it. Notwithstanding their promise, the natives hung about us all the march, which lasted from ten A.M. till nearly six P.M., and whenever we passed through a strip of jungle they closed in and began shooting at us, and the "whit, whit" of the long arrows sounded anything but pleasant.

Just before sunset we arrived close to the village (Mkatété), which we had been led to expect would prove a haven of rest, but we were destined to be disappointed. The only answer vouchsafed to the hails of my guides, as to whether we should be received as friends or not, was a volley of arrows.

I sung out for my men to follow me, a call which was responded to by three or four, and made a dash through a strip of jungle, and across a stream into the village. The natives as soon as they saw us taking the offensive bolted, and the remainder of my men coming up, I burnt down all the village except four huts, which I utilised as the corners of a species of fortification. By dint of working all night, the morning saw us fairly protected. In this place, which I named "Fort Dinah," in memory of the goat, we remained five days, when the natives finding that we were too hard a nut for them to crack, volunteered to make peace.

On our leaving Fort Dinah we found the people apparently very friendly, all the little children running after us and saluting us, but at the same time a large number of temporary huts in the villages through which we passed showed that men had come from far and wide to join in the attack on us. The chief of the district now offered to pay us an indemnity, but this I refused to receive, but ex-

changed presents with him to show that no ill-will was borne on either side.

We then pursued our way with varying fortunes, leaving the valley of the Lomami and crossing many streams flowing directly into Lualaba itself. At a place called Mangwa Sanza I heard that the village of Kasongo (the head chief of Urua) was only two or three days distant, and that two caravans were settled there. I wanted to find a guide and go there direct, but Mona Kasanga said that the man pointed out the wrong direction, and that if we took that road we should get into trouble, and he persisted that our right course lay to the E.S.E.

When we had followed this road for three days we came to a village called Mukalombo, and there we found out the reason why Mona Kasanga and the other guides had been deceiving us. Mona Kasanga had heard that having neglected to pay his tribute his father, together with some of his sons, had been killed, and his village destroyed by Kasongo. Mona Kasanga dreading the same fate, was therefore afraid to trust himself in the clutches of Kasongo. Mukalombo was also the home of the second guide, and on this account he had joined with Mona Kasanga in trying to lead me astray. Mona Kasanga now refused to go on any farther with me, and I had to wait till the second man, Kongwé, had done a big drink, and trust to him to show me the road.

Four days' marching west by south brought me to Munza, a large district, where a good deal of iron is worked, and where I found a party of men belonging to Jumah ibn Salim (commonly known as Jumah Merikani), and they promised to give me a man to show the way to Kasongo's. They also told me that the second caravan, of which I had been told, was commanded by a Portuguese from the West Coast. The two remaining guides given me by Tipo-tipo now bolted; but for this I did not much care.

After a day's halt at Munza I went on with Ngööri, a man detailed by Kasongo to act as a sort of dragoman to Jumah Merikani, and after three days arrived at Kilemba, where I was most warmly and hospitably welcomed by Jumah Merikani. I found that Kasongo was away

on an excursion to collect tribute and punish those who had neglected to pay it; in this he was assisted by many people, both from the Arab and Portuguese caravans, who were rewarded by being allowed to make slaves of all captives they could obtain.

The day-after my arrival, Kendélé, as the Portuguese trader was called by the natives, came over from his camp about a mile distant to call on me. He said he was soon going west, but that he must first collect his various detached parties, which would occupy about a month, and that directly that was done he would make his adieus to Kasongo and start. I asked if he would require any payment, and he said that although he was black, he was all the same as a white man, and never told lies, and he would trust to my generosity. His proper name turned out to be José Antonio Alviz, and he was a native of Dondo on the Kwanza. He eventually proved to be trading from Bihé, though at first he said that he came from Cassanci,* owing to his having heard that I wanted to go there.

As Senhor Alviz said he was not going to start for a month, I determined to employ the time in visiting Lake Mohrya, on which I heard there were regular lake-dwellings. I found it difficult to make up my party, as in consequence of my wanting to take only half-a-dozen men with me, all tried to shirk going. At last I made my start on the 30th of October, 1874, and, after marching through a pretty, though half-deserted country, arrived at the lake. This was a mere pond compared to the giant lakes of Africa, and its visible surface was much diminished by floating vegetation; but in the clear waters were the regular lake-dwellings.

They were clustered together in villages; each house stood alone, though in many cases only separated a few yards from its neighbor; the intermediate space being filled up by ruined piles of former houses.

In vain did I try to obtain canoes to visit these curious dwellings, analogous to those so vividly revivd by Sir Arthur

Helps in "Realmah," a book which brought to the notice of modern civilised nations a fair idea of one of the phases through which their ancestors have passed. One of the chief causes of my failure was the presence of a guide furnished by Fumé a Kenna (the wife of Kasongo), who, exercising his prerogative as one of the royal household, used to rob all the country folks he came across. I often remonstrated with him on this practice, and tried to bribe him to refrain, but he said it was his right granted him by his king, and that nothing should prevent his exercising it.

The dwellers in the lake villages were afraid to let me approach them in his company,* for fear of similar outrage; but at the same time I should not have been able to have seen the lake at all unless I had been accompanied by a court guide. I contented myself reluctantly with getting as near as I could to one of the villages by walking on the floating vegetation, and taking a good look at it and its inhabitants and their proceedings through my opera-glasses. In addition to this I made a rough sketch of the lake, and one on a larger scale of a single hut. The reason of these lake-dwellers thus defying the power of their suzerain, was that in their insular habitations they considered themselves perfectly free from the danger of the punishments inflicted by him on others of his recalcitrant subjects.

I returned to Kilemba in two days, the second march being over five hours through drenching rain without a check or halt of any kind, and I much astonished my kind friend Jumah Merikani by having got over the distance in so short a time.

Kasongo, I learned, was still absent, and his whereabouts, and time of returning, were very dubious. Kendélé still said he would remain a month, and I therefore endeavored to get guides from Fumé a Kenna to show me the way to Lake Kassali or Ki Konja,* through

* "Cassanci" and "Cassangé" are the Portuguese ways of spelling the name; it would be more correct to spell it Kasanji, but to avoid confusion I will use in this paper "Cassanci."

* In Livingstone's last journals, p. 335, vol. I., he mentions Eycle Ibn Habib, saying that Lufira and Lualaba fell into Lake Kinkonza (evidently into my Kikonja, which I also heard received the Lufira). In one of his letters he also mentions the Lualaba flowing from a lake N.N.E. into Chowambe, which by many was supposed to be the Mwuta Nzigé (Albert

which the Lualaba was said to flow. Fumé a Kenna kept on promising to give me men to take me to Kikonja, and two or three times sent one, only, however, to be recalled an hour or two after he had made his appearance. At last, being tired of dawdling, I set out for Kikonja with four or five of Jumah Merikani's men, who had been there to show the way. We arrived at Kowédi, a village about eight miles from the lake, but between us and it flowed the Lovoi, which the chief of Kowédi said he had orders from Kasongo to prevent my crossing. As I heard Kasongo was only two marches off I sent men to find him and ask permission to cross the Lovoi. Unfortunately, before they could reach his camp, he had set off on one of his erratic cruises, and they returned without having seen him. The reason for the orders to prevent my crossing the Lovoi was that Daiyi, a brother of Kasongo, who laid claim to the kingdom and had a considerable number of followers, was residing with the chief of the lake. I sent men back to Kilemba to ask Fumé a Kenna for guides, and also managed to send men across to Kikonja to try to get the chief there (whose name was also Kikonja) to use his influence with the chief of Kowédi to allow me to cross the Lovoi. This latter brought me back reliable reports about the lake, and also the news that Kikonja wanted to see me, but that the chief of Kowédi refused to allow me to go on till he had orders from Kasongo to that effect. One day, notwithstanding all these obstacles, I managed to get a distant view of the lake. After waiting for over three weeks for the guides from Fumé a Kenna to come, I determined to return to Kilemba, more especially as I had been very ill with the dysentery, and thought that milk, with which I used to be liberally supplied by Jumah Merikani, who kept a large flock of goats, would do me more good than any medicine.

The same day that I arrived at Kilemba I met guides coming from Fumé a Kenna, who evidently wished *apparently*

to help me, whilst in *reality* she, in consequence of orders from Kasongo, was doing her best to thwart me.

On my arrival I found that during my absence Kasongo had returned and again started off, leaving orders that I was on no account to be allowed to depart without seeing him, and also desiring that notice of my arrival should be sent to him at once. Kendélé had all his ivory lashed and packed, and said that when Kasongo came back he would require a few days to say good-bye to him, and that after that there was nothing more to detain us, and that we should get to Benguella, which I now learnt was his destination, in about seventy days. Six weeks elapsed (a dreary time) before Kasongo turned up, though I sent many messengers to say I was waiting at Kilemba and wanted to get away. The only thing I had to help the time along, was the discovery that my people had stolen nearly all my beads in the vain hope of forcing me to retrace my steps. Jumah Merikani, however, stood my friend and supplied me with stores which I expected would be sufficient to last to Benguella, or at all events to Bihé, where I should be able to get enough to reach the coast. Kasongo's advent was, however, by no means the signal for our immediate departure, for he had to swagger and talk big about his greatness, and hold meetings to impress me suitably. One day he held a very large levée, at which all the neighboring chiefs were assembled to do him homage, and where he made a very long speech, in which he asserted that he was the greatest man in all the world, and that the only one that could at all compare with him was Mata Yafa, his friend and relation, who is chief of Ulonda.

After this display I thought we were right for the road, but Kendélé first wanted an agreement made out as to what he was to receive for the work he was to do, and when this was arranged he began to give himself airs, and to find excuses for delaying our start. First, I heard that he was going to build a house for Kasongo, and when I remonstrated, he said that it was false, but a few days afterwards he owned that the report was true, but that it would not detain us more than a few days, as the house to

Nyanza), but which, I think, may safely be identified with Kowamba, a small lake lying N.N.E. from east end of Kikonja, and into which Lualaba falls.

be built was precisely similar to that in which he was living, and which he declared was finished in four days.

We left Kilemba for Totela, where the house was to be built, on the 25th of February, 1875, and made a very dawdling march of four days, besides halting two or three in order to give Kendélé an opportunity of stealing food, as he issued no rations whatever to any one. In fact, even he himself and his women lived on a portion of the plunder brought in by his people, and which he used to extort from them as leader of the caravan. Besides his own carriers, there were also independent bands of people of Bihé and Loyalé who ravaged the country in all directions, and were under no restraint whatever. Kasongo, instead of checking these ruffians, gave them free leave to do as they liked (he even encouraged them in their atrocities) if in return they would go with him when he went to punish any of his villages, either for not paying tribute at all or whose tribute he thought insufficient. On these occasions all the adult males who could not escape were shot down like dogs, and the women and children seized as slaves.

The house was built almost entirely by my men, and under my superintendence, or it would never have been finished at all, but even when it was completed there were still more delays. A party of Kendélé's men had gone to Kanyoka, a place on the boundary between Kasongo's and Mata Yafa's kingdoms, some time before I arrived at Kilemba, and as nothing had been heard of them since, Kendélé refused to start without them, and we had to wait until men had gone and brought them back. They did not return until the 27th of May, and in the meantime Coimbra (Kendélé's second man) was off on a slave-hunting expedition, much to my disgust and annoyance.

On the 28th my camp was burnt down by the carelessness of one of my men, and I very nearly lost journals and all I possessed; but, owing to the coolness and pluck of my servant Jumah, everything important inside the tent was saved, though the tent itself was burnt.

A few days afterwards we started for Lunga Mandis, a sub-chief of Kasongo's, ten days (short marches) south by west of us. Here we were detained nearly

three weeks waiting for the wretch Coimbra, and only got off at last by dint of constant growls and remonstrances. After the first march we were detained a day by slaves running away and their owners going to look for them. The next morning, just as we were packed up and ready for the road, news came that Coimbra would arrive in the course of the day, and Kendélé said we must wait for him.

Sure enough, in the course of the day Coimbra came in, driving a string of fifty or sixty wretched women tied together with knotted cords, and all heavily laden with plunder, and several with babies in their arms. These poor creatures represented twenty or thirty villages burnt down, and I am sure a population of two hundred and fifty to three hundred people utterly destroyed. About three or four hundred more may have escaped to other villages. There were now in the caravan upwards of fifteen hundred slaves, all of them obtained by plunder and murder from a country which has only lately been tapped to supply slaves for export.

The rest of my journey to the West Coast I will describe in the next number.

[The Editor has much pleasure in publishing the following explanation sent him by Lieutenant Cameron, in reference to some remarks made by him at the Colonial Institute. The Editor hopes that there are few Missionary Societies in this country so foolish as to employ agents whose qualifications have not been thoroughly tested, or who, when actually engaged, are permitted to labor without supervision. He is glad not only to endorse what Lieutenant Cameron says respecting the Universities' mission, but to express his belief that similar confidence may be placed in the well-equipped Scotch mission recently sent to Livingstonia.—ED. G. W.]

It has been supposed, from what I said on the evening I had the honor to address the members of the Colonial Institute, that I intended to disparage the work of missionaries, or to endeavor to dissuade men from following that noblest of callings. I am sorry to have been so misunderstood. Nothing, according to my ideas, can be grander than the man

who devotes his life, his talents, and his energies to missionary labors. But what I wanted to urge was, that proper care should be taken in the selection of missionaries.

In ordinary affairs of life every candidate for employment has his qualifications for the post he seeks carefully considered and weighed by able men, and has during his labors to submit to close and constant supervision.

Missionaries, on the contrary, are frequently taken on their own recommendation, and are often subject to no supervision whatever.

With regard to what I said about the necessity that missionaries should be gentlemen, I maintain I am in the right. Who could be better fitted for this glorious work than such men as Bishops Mackenzie, Patteson, Selwyn, Heber, and Crowther, and I would add Drs. Moffat and Livingstone, who were one and all Christian gentlemen in the truest sense of the word?

Real work is, I believe, being done by the Universities' mission, so ably conducted by the learned Bishop Steere.—*Good Words.*

A PONTIFICATE OF THIRTY YEARS.

No previous Pope has "seen the years of Peter," which Pius IX. has now exceeded by five, and to none therefore has it fallen to observe so many anniversaries and jubilees as are crowded into his prolonged pontificate. There was first the jubilee of his priestly ordination in 1869; then came in 1871 the unprecedented celebration of a Papacy which had reached the twenty-five years that tradition assigns to the apostolic rule of St. Peter. Already preparations are making for the universal observance in 1877 of the jubilee of his episcopal consecration. And meanwhile his Holiness on Wednesday, June 21, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his accession to the Papal throne. How full of events, of changes, of revolutions, political, social, intellectual, and religious, that thirty years' period has been, we need not stop to remind our readers. The map of Europe has been reconstructed; the policy of every European State has been materially modified; new dynasties have risen and old ones have passed away; scarcely a European throne but has tottered or fallen; scarcely a principle once deemed axiomatic in any sphere of thought but has been rudely questioned or tacitly abandoned. One rock, it is boasted, still emerges unmoved from the deluge; one form stands erect amid a world of ruins; the Church which inscribes *semper eadem* on her banner has never faltered, never been subdued, and raises her head more proudly than ever, though the Kings and Queens who once befriended her have lost their crowns, and the temporal sov-

ereignty that was the oldest in Christendom has been wrested from her jealous grasp. Never, we are assured, was her rule more absolute, her children more zealous and united, her faith more exclusively triumphant amid "the battle of the Churches" and the failure of dissolving creeds. This is what the Ultramontanes are never tired of telling us; and they generally add that the result is largely due to what Cardinal Manning has somewhere called the "divinest presence" he ever knew, that of the present Pope. Of course there is a certain truth in it. The great religious reaction which began more than half a century ago, after the shock of the first French Revolution had spent its force, was felt throughout Europe, and not least in that Church which is the largest and most powerful on the Continent. And as in the Anglican Church it first took the shape of the Tractarian revival, it naturally in the Roman Church gave a fresh impetus to Ultramontanism, under the vigorous handling of its earlier leaders, Lamennais and De Maistre. And that reaction has naturally received some fresh accession of strength when brought into antagonism with the second revolutionary epoch of 1848. And this brings us to Pius IX.'s concern in the matter. Elected through a series of unforeseen accidents on June 16, 1846, after one of the shortest Conclaves on record, partly through the blundering of Cardinal Lambruschini, the head of the Conservative party (which had a great majority in the Conclave) partly through Cardinal Gaysnuk's arriving twelve hours

too late with the Austrian veto; finally, as was believed, through the influence of Cardinal Acton, Mastai Ferretti, the hero and darling of the Liberal party at Rome, succeeded the ultra-conservative Gregory XVI., who had reluctantly, under strong pressure, raised him to the purple, with a sort of muttered prediction that he would become Pope and would ruin the temporal power, if not the Church also. The first part of the prediction has already been fulfilled, so far as Pius IX. may be supposed to have had a hand in bringing about the events of his pontificate. What is to be said of the second part?

If we are to believe the *papalini*, the Roman Church was never stronger than at this moment, and the Vatican Council has consummated and attested its triumph alike over the opposition of history and of present foes. Two new dogmas, one of wide range and momentous import, have been enunciated by Pius IX. After an interval of more than three centuries he has collected in Council a larger number of bishops than was ever previously assembled, and succeeded in manipulating their decisions at his will and crushing their resistance. He has started two or three new hierarchies and created a number of fresh sees. He has elicited a kind of passionate "devotion"—the word is not ours—to his person and office, which such ardent Catholics as Gratry and Montalembert have not scrupled to denounce as "Lamaism" and "idolatry." He has established throughout the episcopate and priesthood of his vast communion a system of rigid and uniform drill which Hildebrand never dreamt of, and probably would not have desired. He has reduced to muttered hints or to discontented silence every whisper of dissent among the many millions of his fold; and the modern Catholic who would say *e pur se muove*, if he dared, is reminded of the Syllabus, and bidden to begone or to hold his peace. In a certain sense this may be called a triumph, but there are victories more than one of which neither nations nor Churches can easily endure; the cost is too tremendous. The "Catholic reaction" was powerful, and it won its way; but under the auspices of Pius IX. and the Jesuit Camarilla, who have long inspired his policy, it has advanced to the goal they have

chosen over the prostrate bodies of the ablest and the noblest of its friends. Who was by general confession the leading Roman Catholic divine of Europe, whose name was respected by Christians of every shade, and thinkers of every creed or nation?—Döllinger; and Rome has excommunicated him. Who is the greatest convert probably that the Church of Rome has won since the Reformation?—Newman; and he lies under the cold shade of her disapproval, and is spoken of with a distrust, verging on detestation, by the "insolent faction" (as he himself termed them) who are now dominant in the Church. Who have been the leading thinkers of the day in Italy and Germany respectively who have sought to conciliate philosophy with Catholic belief?—Rosmini, Gioberti, and Gunther, all of them priests. The first was selected by Pius IX., in the early days of his transition from Liberalism to Ultramontanism, for an insult wholly unprecedented by summarily quashing, for no fault whatever, his formal nomination to the cardinalate; Gioberti was persecuted out of the Church by the Jesuits; Gunther's works, written in German, which his judges did not understand, were all placed on the Index. Passaglia was the first theologian in Italy, and the learned apologist of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, but he was unsound on the temporal power; he has been either excommunicated or reduced to silence. Montalembert was the most eloquent of French writers and speakers, and the most eminent of living statesmen who had devoted their lives to the service of their Church; the Pope over his open grave denounced him as a "semi-Catholic," and prohibited the accustomed requiem for his soul at the French Church in Rome. We might go on to speak of the forced recantation wrung amid the agonies of an excruciating disease from the dying lips of Gratry, of the virtual expulsion of Father Hyacinthe, of the insults heaped on the memory of the single-minded Archbishop Darboy, to the last faithful alike to his conscience and his creed, of the suppression in this country of the strictly orthodox *Home and Foreign Review*. But we have said enough perhaps to show that the internal peace of the Church, which is vaunted, as the crowning boast of Pius IX.'s long

pontificate, is the stillness of the solitude that he has made around his throne.

Nor let any one object that this is the mere prejudiced estimate of Protestant ignorance or enmity. We reviewed not long ago a very remarkable work which, whatever controversy may be raised as to its formal and technical authorship, undoubtedly represents the views, and often the very words, of the late Cardinal Vitelleschi, and is edited by his brother the Marquis, who is a devout Roman Catholic, and, we believe, in the good graces of the Pope. What then is the explanation given on such exceptionally orthodox authority of the present state of the Church? Its "constitution in the nineteenth century," says the author, "renders resistance impossible; *it is like a machine worked by a single motive force*, which casts away all that it does not absorb within itself"; that is the secret of its boasted unity and peace. And he well sums up the net result of the policy pursued at the Vatican by saying that it has everywhere substituted "a Catholic *party*"—the italics are his own—for the Catholic Church. As at Trent the Church repudiated the Protestants with many anathemas, while she tightened her hold over the portion of her subjects that remained to her, so now the process has been again repeated, and those who are sedulously narrowing the terms of communion "have given up the universality of their kingdom." The result of all this, it is added, is "a feeling of weariness even among the most devoted Catholics," and "a passive resistance," while the clergy are reduced to mere mechanical instruments, and the authorities "prefer to see the number of the faithful constantly diminished rather than to recognise as such any who are not completely and blindly submissive." Meanwhile Catholics are completely isolated from all other Christians, even those who most nearly approach them in belief, while they "very often neither have nor

profess any religion whatever," and seem instinctively to draw closest to those whose views tend most towards rationalism. This is the result on "practising Catholics"—who are "simply a party in the Church at the present day"—of this ultimate, development of an absolutism so minute, so uniform, and so inflexible; while others have learnt to rebel, "consciously, openly, and wildly," and a third party subside into "honorary members for life" on condition of holding their tongues, observing a few external ceremonies, and promising a final repentance. The peculiar organisation and traditions of the Roman Curia supply it with quite unique capabilities for exercising this sort of absolute domination, and even the fall of the temporal power has proved conducive to the same end by bringing the purely ecclesiastical element to the front. It is not wonderful under the circumstances that those who look at the matter from the point of view of such liberal Catholics as Vitelleschi should consider "the present situation of the Church very discouraging." To their closer scrutiny, what to the sanguine gaze of Ultramontane zealots looks like the verdure of a second spring will appear at best to be but the efflorescence of decay. And if this be a just verdict, something more than the interests of the Church must be compromised by the result. For religion, in the words of the eminent author already quoted, "is one of the integral elements of society, one of the firmest bonds by which it is united, and is the foundation which sustains the social fabric." It is therefore no light thing, even from a purely human and temporal point of view, that religion should be dragged through the mire at the chariot-wheels of an imperious and powerful autocracy which loudly claims, and is still widely believed, to be the sole authorized representative of revealed truth.—*Saturday Review*.

WORDSWORTH'S ETHICS.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

UNDER every poetry, it has been said, there lies a philosophy. Rather, it may almost be said, every poetry is a philos-

ophy. The poet and the philosopher live in the same world and are interested in the same truths. What is

the nature of man and the world in which he lives, and what, in consequence, should be our conduct? These are the great problems the answers to which may take a religious, a poetical, a philosophical, or an artistic form. The difference is that the poet has intuitions, while the philosopher gives demonstrations; that the thought which in one mind is converted into emotion is in the other resolved into logic; and that a symbolic representation of the idea is substituted for a direct expression. The normal relation is exhibited in the case of the anatomist and the sculptor. The artist intuitively recognises the most perfect form; the man of science analyses the structural relations by which it is produced. Though the two provinces are concentric, they are not coincident. The reasoner is interested in many details which have no immediate significance for the man of feeling; and the poetic insight, on the other hand, is capable of recognising subtle harmonies and discords of which our crude instruments of weighing and measuring are incapable of revealing the secret. But the connection is so close that greatest works of either kind seem to have a double nature. A philosophy may, like Spinoza's, be apparelled in the most technical and abstruse panoply of logic, and yet the total impression may stimulate a religious sentiment as effectively as any poetic or theosophic mysticism. Or a great imaginative work, like Shakespeare's, may present us with the most vivid concrete symbols, and yet suggest, as forcibly as the formal demonstrations of a metaphysician, the idealist conviction that the visible and tangible world is a dream-woven tissue covering infinite and inscrutable mysteries. In each case the highest intellectual faculty manifests itself in the vigor with which certain profound conceptions of the world and life have been grasped and assimilated. In each case that man is greatest who soars habitually to the highest regions and gazes most steadily upon the widest horizons of time and space. The logical consistency which frames all dogmas into a consistent whole is but another aspect of the imaginative power which harmonises the strongest and subtlest emotions excited.

The task, indeed, of deducing the

philosophy from the poetry, of inferring what a man thinks from what he feels, may at times perplex the acutest critic. Nor, if it were satisfactorily accomplished, could we infer that the best philosopher is also the best poet. Absolute incapacity for poetical expression may be combined with the highest philosophic power. All that can safely be said is that a man's thoughts, whether embodied in symbols or worked out in syllogisms, are more valuable in proportion as they indicate greater philosophical insight; and therefore that, *ceteris paribus*, that man is the greater poet whose imagination is most transfused with reason; who has the deepest truths to proclaim as well as the strongest feelings to utter.

Some theorists implicitly deny this principle by holding substantially that the poet's function is simply the utterance of a particular mood, and that, if he utters it forcibly and delicately, we have no more to ask. Even so, we should not admit that the thoughts suggested to a wise man by a prospect of death and eternity are of just equal value, if equally well expressed, with the thoughts suggested to a fool by the contemplation of a good dinner. But, in practice, the utterance of emotions can hardly be dissociated from the assertion of principles. Psychologists have shown, ever since the days of Berkeley, that when a man describes (as he thinks) a mere sensation, and says, for example, "I see a house," he is really recording the result of a complex logical process. A great painter and the dullest observer may have the same impressions of colored blotches upon their retina. The great man infers the true nature of the objects which produce his sensations, and can therefore represent the objects accurately. The other sees only with his eyes, and can therefore represent nothing. There is thus a logic implied even in the simplest observation, and one which can be tested by mathematical rules as distinctly as a proposition in geometry.

When we have to find a language for our emotions instead of our sensations, we generally express the result of an incomparably more complex set of intellectual operations. The poet, in uttering his joy or sadness, often implies, in the very form of his language, a whole philosophy of life or of the universe. The

explanation is given at the end of Shakespeare's familiar passage about the poet's eye :

Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

The apprehension of the passion, as Shakespeare logically says, is a comprehension of its cause. The imagination reasons. The bare faculty of sight involves thought and feeling. The symbol which the fancy spontaneously constructs implies a whole world of truth or error, of superstitious beliefs or sound philosophy. The poetry holds a number of intellectual dogmas in solution ; and it is precisely due to these general dogmas, which are true and important for us as well as for the poet, that his power over our sympathies is due. If his philosophy has no power in it, his emotions lose their hold upon our minds, or interest us only as antiquarians and lovers of the picturesque. But in the briefest poems of a true thinker we read the essence of the life-long reflections of a passionate and intellectual nature. Fears and hopes common to all thoughtful men have been coined into a single phrase. Even in cases where no definite conviction is expressed or even implied, and the poem is simply, like music, an indefinite utterance of a certain state of the emotions, we may discover an intellectual element. The rational and the emotional nature have such intricate relations that one cannot exist in great richness and force without justifying an inference as to the other. From a single phrase, as from a single gesture, we can often go far to divining the character of a man's thoughts and feelings. We know more of a man from five minutes' talk than from pages of what is called "psychological analysis." From a passing expression on the face, itself the result of variations so minute as to defy all analysis, we instinctively frame judgments as to a man's temperament and habitual modes of thought and conduct. Indeed, such judgments, if erroneous, determine us only too exclusively in the most important relations of life.

Now the highest poetry is that which expresses the richest, most powerful, and most susceptible emotional nature, and

the most versatile, penetrative, and subtle intellect. Such qualities may be stamped upon trifling work. The great artist can express his power within the limits of a coin or a gem. The great poet will reveal his character through a sonnet or a song. Shakespeare, or Milton, or Burns, or Wordsworth can express their whole mode of feeling within a few lines. An ill-balanced nature reveals itself by a discord, as an illogical mind by a fallacy. A man need compose an epic on a system of philosophy to write himself down an ass. And, inversely, a great mind and a noble nature may show itself by impalpable but recognisable signs within the "sonnet's scanty plot of ground." Once more, the highest poetry must be that which expresses not only the richest but the healthiest nature. Disease means an absence or a want of balance of certain faculties, and therefore leads to false reasoning or emotional discord. The defect of character betrays itself in some erroneous mode of thought or baseness of sentiment. And since morality means obedience to those rules which are most essential to the spiritual health, vicious feeling indicates some morbid tendency, and is so far destructive of the poetical faculty. An immoral sentiment is the sign either of a false judgment of the world and of human nature, or of a defect in the emotional nature which shows itself by a discord or an indecorum, and leads to a cynicism or indecency which offends the reason through the taste. What is called immorality does not indeed always imply such defects. Sound moral intuitions may be opposed to the narrow code prevalent at the time ; or a protest against puritanical or ascetic perversions of the standard may hurry the poet into attacks upon true principles. And, again, the keen sensibility which makes a man a poet, undoubtedly exposes him to certain types of disease. He is more likely than his thick-skinned neighbor to be vexed by evil and to be drawn into distorted views of life by an excess of sympathy or indignation. Injudicious admirers prize the disease instead of the strength from which it springs ; and value the cynicism or the despair instead of the contempt for heartless commonplace or the desire for better things with which it was unfortunately connected. A strong moral sentiment

has a great value, even when forced into an unnatural alliance. Nay, even when it is, so to speak, inverted it often receives a kind of paradoxical value from its efficacy against some opposite form of error. It is only a complete absence of the moral faculty which is irredeemably bad. The poet in whom it does not exist is condemned to the lower sphere, and can only deal with the deepest feelings on penalty of shocking us by indecency or profanity. A man who can revel in "Epicurus' style" without even the indirect homage to purity of remorse and bitterness, can do nothing but gratify our lowest passions. They, perhaps, have their place, and even the man who satisfies them may not be utterly worthless. But to place him on a level with his betters is to confound every sound principle of criticism.

It follows that a kind of collateral test of poetical excellence may be found by extracting the philosophy from the poetry. The test is, of course, inadequate. A good philosopher may be an execrable poet. Even stupidity is happily not inconsistent with sound doctrine, though inconsistent with a firm grasp of ultimate principles. But the vigor with which a man grasps and assimilates a deep moral doctrine is a test of the degree in which he possesses one essential condition of the higher poetical excellence. A continuous illustration of this principle is given in the poetry of Wordsworth, who, indeed, has expounded his ethical and philosophical views so explicitly that great part of the work is done to our hands. Nowhere is it easier to observe the mode in which poetry and philosophy spring from the same root, and owe their excellence to the same intellectual powers. So much has been said by the ablest critics of the purely poetical side of Wordsworth's genius, that I may willingly renounce the difficult task of adding or repeating. I gladly take for granted—what is generally acknowledged—that Wordsworth in his best moods reaches a greater height than any other modern Englishman. The word "inspiration" is less forced when applied to his loftiest poetry than when used of any of his contemporaries. With defects too obvious to be mentioned, he can yet pierce furthest behind the veil; and embody most efficiently the thoughts and emo-

tions which come to us in our most solemn and reflective moods. Other poetry becomes trifling when we are making our inevitable passages through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Wordsworth's alone retains its power. We love him the more as we grow older and become more deeply impressed with the sadness and seriousness of life; we are apt to grow weary of his rivals when we have finally quitted the regions of youthful enchantment. And I take the explanation to be that he is not merely a melodious writer, or a powerful utterer of deep emotion, but a true philosopher. His poetry wears well because it has solid substance. He is a prophet and a moralist, as well as a mere singer. His ethical system, in particular, is as distinctive and capable of systematic exposition as that of Butler. By endeavoring to state it in plain prose, we shall see how the poetical power implies a sensitiveness to ideas which, when extracted from the symbolical embodiment, fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought.

There are two opposite types to which all moral systems tend. They correspond to the two great intellectual families to which every man belongs by right of birth. One class of minds is distinguished by its firm grasp of facts, by its reluctance to drop solid substance for the loveliest shadows, and by its preference of concrete truths to the most symmetrical of theories. In ethical questions the tendency of such minds is to consider man as a being impelled by strong but unreasonable passions towards tangible objects. He is a loving, hating, thirsting, hungering—anything but a reasoning—being. As Swift—a typical example of this intellectual temperament—declared, man is not an *animal rationale*, but at most *capax rationis*. At bottom, he is a machine worked by blind instincts. Their tendency cannot be deduced by *a priori* reasoning, though reason may calculate the consequences of indulging them. The passions are equally good, so far as equally pleasurable. Virtue means that course of conduct which secures the maximum of pleasure. Fine theories about abstract rights and correspondence to eternal truths are so many words. They provide decent masks for our passions; they do not really govern them, or alter their

nature, but they cover the ugly brutal selfishness of mankind, and soften the shock of conflicting interests. Such a view has something in it congenial to the English love of reality and contempt for shams. It may be represented by Swift or Mandeville in the last century; in poetry it corresponds to the theory attributed by some critics—such as M. Taine—to Shakspeare; in a frigid and reasoning mind it leads to the utilitarianism of Bentham; in a proud, passionate, and imaginative mind it manifests itself in such a poem as *Don Juan*. Its strength is in its grasp of fact; its weakness, in its tendency to cynicism. Opposed to this is the school which starts from abstract reason. It prefers to dwell in the ideal world, where principles may be contemplated apart from the accidents which render them obscure to vulgar minds. It seeks to deduce the moral code from eternal truths, without seeking for a groundwork in the facts of experience. If facts refuse to conform to theories, it proposes that facts should be summarily abolished. Though the actual human being is, unfortunately, not always reasonable, it holds that pure reason must be in the long run the dominant force, and that it reveals the laws to which mankind will ultimately conform. The revolutionary doctrine of the "rights of man" expressed one form of this doctrine, and showed in the most striking way a strength and weakness, which are the converse of those exhibited by its antagonist. It was strong as appealing to the loftier motives of justice and sympathy; and weak as defying the appeal to experience. The most striking example in English literature is in Godwin's *Political Justice*. The existing social order is to be calmly abolished because founded upon blind prejudice; the constituent atoms called men are to be rearranged in an ideal order as in a mathematical diagram. Shelley gives the translation of this theory into poetry. The *Revolt of Islam* or the *Prometheus Unbound*, with all their unearthly beauty, weary the imagination which tries to soar into the thin air of Shelley's dreamworld; just as the intellect, trying to apply the abstract formulæ of political metaphysics to any concrete problem, feels as though it were under an exhausted receiver. In both cases we seem to have got entirely

out of the region of real human passions and senses into a world, beautiful perhaps, but certainly impalpable.

The great aim of moral philosophy is to unite the disjointed elements, to end the divorce between reason and experience, and to escape from the alternative of dealing with empty but symmetrical formulæ or concrete and chaotic facts. No hint can be given here as to the direction in which a final solution must be sought. Whatever the true method, Wordsworth's mode of conceiving the problem shows how powerfully he grasped the questions at issue. If his doctrines are not systematically expounded, they all have a direct bearing upon the real difficulties involved. They are stated so forcibly in his noblest poems that we might almost express a complete theory in his own language. But, without seeking to make a collection of aphorisms from his poetry, we may indicate the cardinal points of his teaching.

The most characteristic of all his doctrines is that which is embodied in the great ode upon the *Intimations of Immortality*. The doctrine itself—the theory that the instincts of childhood testify to the pre-existence of the soul—sounds fanciful enough; and Wordsworth took rather unnecessary pains to say that he did not hold it as a serious dogma. We certainly need not ask whether it is reasonable or orthodox to believe that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." The fact symbolised by the poetic fancy—the glory and freshness of our childish instincts—is equally noteworthy, whatever its cause. Some modern reasoners would explain its significance by reference to a very different kind of pre-existence. The instincts, they would say, are valuable, because they register the accumulated and inherited experience of past generations. Wordsworth's delight in wild scenery is regarded by them as due to the "combination of states that were organised in the race during barbarous times, when its pleasurable activities were amongst the mountains, woods, and waters." In childhood we are most completely under the dominion of these inherited impulses. The correlation between the organism and its medium is then most perfect, and hence the peculiar theme of childish communion with nature.

Wordsworth would have repudiated the doctrine with disgust. He would have been "on the side of the angels." No memories of the savage and the monkey, but the reminiscences of the once glorious soul, could explain his emotions. Yet there is much in common between him and the men of science whom he denounced with too little discrimination. The fact of the value of these primitive instincts is admitted, and admitted for the same purpose. Man, it is agreed, is furnished with sentiments which cannot be explained as the result of his individual experience. They may be intelligible, according to the evolutionist, when regarded as embodying the past experience of the race; or according to Wordsworth, as implying a certain mysterious faculty imprinted upon the soul. The scientific doctrine, whether sound or not, has modified the whole mode of approaching ethical problems; and Wordsworth, though with a very different purpose, gives a new emphasis to the facts, upon a recognition of which, according to some theorists, must be based the reconciliation of the great rival schools—the intuitionists and the utilitarians. The parallel may at first sight seem fanciful; and it would be too daring to claim for Wordsworth the discovery of the most remarkable phenomenon which modern psychology must take into account. There is, however, a real connection between the two doctrines, though in one sense they are most antithetical. Meanwhile we observe that the same sensibility which gives poetical power is necessary to the scientific observer. The magic of the ode, and of many other passages in Wordsworth's poetry, is due to his recognition of this mysterious efficacy of our childish instincts. He gives emphasis to one of the most striking facts of our spiritual experience, which had passed with little notice from professed psychologists. He feels what they afterwards tried to explain.

The full meaning of the doctrine comes out as we study Wordsworth more thoroughly. Other poets—almost all poets—have dwelt fondly upon recollections of childhood. But not feeling so strongly, and therefore not expressing so forcibly, the peculiar character of the emotion, they have not derived the same lessons from their observation. The Epi-

curean poets are content with Herrick's simple moral—

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may—

and with his simple explanation—

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer.

Others more thoughtful look back upon the early days with the passionate regret of Byron's verses :

There's not a joy the world can give like that
it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Such painful longings for the "tender grace of a day that is dead" are spontaneous and natural. Every healthy mind feels the pang in proportion to the strength of its affections. But it is also true that the regret resembles too often the maudlin meditation of a fast young man over his morning's soda-water. It implies, that is, a non-recognition of the higher uses to which the fading memories may still be put. A different tone breathes in Shelley's pathetic but rather hectic moralisings, and his lamentations over the departure of the "spirit of delight." Nowhere has it found more exquisite expression than in the marvellous *Ode to the West Wind*. These magical verses—his best, as it seems to me—describe the reflection of the poet's own mind in the strange stir and commotion of a dying winter's day. They represent, we may say, the fitful melancholy which oppresses a noble spirit when it has recognised the difficulty of forcing facts into conformity with the ideal. He still clings to the hope that his "dead thoughts" may be driven over the universe,

Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth.

But he bows before the inexorable fate which has cramped his energies :

A heavy weight of years has chained and
bowed
One too like thee ; tameless and swift and
proud.

Neither Byron nor Shelley can see any satisfactory solution, and therefore nei-

ther can reach a perfect harmony of feeling. The world seems to them to be out of joint, because they have not known how to accept the inevitable nor to conform to the discipline of facts. And, therefore, however intense the emotion, and however exquisite its expression, we are left in a state of intellectual and emotional discontent. Such utterances may suit us in youth, when we can afford to play with sorrow. As we grow older, we feel a certain emptiness in them. A true man ought not to sit down and weep with an exhausted *délauchée*. He cannot afford to confess himself beaten with the idealist who has discovered that Rome was not built in a day, nor revolutions made with rose-water. He has to work as long as he has strength; to work in spite of, even by strength of, sorrow, disappointment, wounded vanity, and blunted sensibilities; and therefore he must search for some profounder solution for the dark riddle of life.

This solution it is Wordsworth's chief aim to supply. In the familiar verses, which stand as a motto to his poems—

The child is father to the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety—

the great problem of life, that is, as he conceives it, is to secure a continuity between the period at which we are guided by half-conscious instincts and that in which a man is able to supply the place of these primitive impulses by reasoned convictions. This is the thought which comes over and over again in his deepest poems, and round which all his teaching centred. It supplies the great moral, for example, of the *Leech-gatherer*:

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood:
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith still rich in genial good.

When his faith is tried by harsh experience, the leech-gatherer comes,

Like a man from some far region sent
To give me human strength by oft admonishment;

for he shows how the "genial faith" may be converted into permanent strength by resolution and independence. The verses most commonly quoted, such as

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and sadness,

give the ordinary view of the sickly school. Wordsworth's aim is to supply an answer worthy not only of a poet, but a man. The same sentiment again is expressed in the grand *Ode to Duty*, where the

Stern daughter of the voice of God

is invoked to supply that "genial sense of youth" which has hitherto been a sufficient guidance; or in the majestic morality of the *Happy Warrior*; or in the noble verses on *Tintern Abbey*; or, finally, in the great ode which gives most completely the whole theory of that process by which our early intuitions are to be transformed into settled principles of feeling and action.

Wordsworth's philosophical theory, in short, depends upon the asserted identity between our childish instincts and our enlightened reason. The doctrine of a state of pre-existence, as it appears in other writers—as, for example, in the Cambridge Platonists*—was connected with an obsolete metaphysical system, and the doctrine—exploded in its old form—of innate ideas. Wordsworth does not attribute any such preternatural character to the "blank misgivings" and "shadowy recollections" of which he speaks. They are invaluable data of our spiritual experience; but they do not entitle us to lay down dogmatic propositions independently of experience. They are spontaneous products of a nature in harmony with the universe in which it is placed, and inestimable as a clear indication that such a harmony exists. To interpret and regulate them belongs to the reasoning faculty and the higher imagination of later years. If he does not quite distinguish between the province of reason and emotion—the most difficult of philosophical problems—he keeps clear of the cruder mysticism, because he does not seek to elicit any definite formulæ from those admittedly vague forebodings which lie on the border land between the two sides of our nature. With his invariable sanity of mind, he more than once notices the difficulty of distinguishing between that which nature teaches us and the inter-

* See, for example, Henry More's poem on the *Pre-existence of the Soul*.

pretations which we impose upon nature.* He carefully refrains from pressing the inference too far.

The teaching, indeed, assumes that view of the universe which is implied in his pantheistic language. The divinity really reveals himself in the lonely mountains and the starry heavens. By contemplating them we are able to rise into that "blessed mood" in which for a time the burden of the mystery is rolled off our souls, and we can "see into the life of things." And here we must admit that Wordsworth is not entirely free from the weakness which generally besets thinkers of this tendency. Like Shaftesbury in the previous century, who speaks of the universal harmony as emphatically though not as poetically as Wordsworth, he is tempted to adopt a too facile optimism. He seems at times to have overlooked that dark side of nature which is recognised in theological doctrines of corruption, or in the scientific theories about the fierce struggle for existence. Can we in fact say that these early instincts prove more than the happy constitution of the individual who feels them? Is there not a teaching of nature very apt to suggest horror and despair rather than a complacent brooding over soothing thoughts? Do not the mountains which Wordsworth loved so well speak of decay and catastrophe in every line of their slopes? Do they not suggest the helplessness and narrow limitations of man, as forcibly as his possible exaltation? The awe which they strike into our souls has its terrible as well as its amiable side; and in moods of depression the darker aspect becomes more conspicuous than the brighter. Nay, if we admit that we have instincts which are the very substance of all that afterwards becomes ennobling, have we not also instincts which suggest a close alliance with the brutes? If the child amidst his newborn blisses suggests a heavenly origin, does he not also show sensual and cruel instincts which imply at least an admixture of baser elements? If man is responsive to all natural influences, how is he to distinguish between the good and the bad, and, in short, to frame a conscience out of the vague instincts

which contain the germs of all the possible developments of the future?

To say that Wordsworth has not given a complete answer to such difficulties is to say that he has not explained the origin of evil. It may be admitted, however, that he does to a certain extent show a narrowness of conception. The voice of nature, as he says, resembles an echo; but we "unthinking creatures" listen to "voices of two different natures." We do not always distinguish between the echo of our lower passions and the "echoes from beyond the grave." Wordsworth sometimes fails to recognise the ambiguity of the oracle to which he appeals. The "blessed mood" in which we get rid of the burden of the world is too easily confused with the mood in which we simply refuse to attend to it. He finds lonely meditation so inspiring that he is too indifferent to the troubles of less self-sufficing or clear-sighted human beings. The ambiguity makes itself felt in the sphere of morality. The ethical doctrine that virtue consists in conformity to nature becomes ambiguous with him, as with all its advocates, when we ask for a precise definition of nature. How are we to know which natural forces make for us and which fight against us?

The doctrine of the love of nature, generally regarded as Wordsworth's great lesson to mankind, means, as interpreted by himself and others, a love of the wilder and grander objects of natural scenery; a passion for the "sounding cataract," the rock, the mountain, and the forest; a preference, therefore, of the country to the town, and of the simpler to the more complex forms of social life. But what is the true value of this sentiment? The unfortunate Solitary in the *Excursion* is beset by three Wordsworths; for the Wanderer and the Pastor are little more (as Wordsworth indeed intimates) than reflections of himself, seen in different mirrors. The Solitary represents the anti-social lessons to be derived from communion with nature. He has become a misanthrope, and has learnt from *Candide* the lesson that we clearly do not live in the best of all possible worlds. Instead of learning the true lesson from nature by penetrating its deeper meanings, he manages to feed

* As, for example, in the *Lines on Tintern Abbey*: "If this be but a vain belief."

Pity and scorn and melancholy pride

by accidental and fanciful analogies, and sees in rock pyramids or obelisks a rude mockery of human toils. To confute this sentiment, to upset *Candide*,

This dull product of a scoffer's pen,

is the purpose of the lofty poetry and versified prose of the long dialogues which ensue. That Wordsworth should call Voltaire dull is a curious example of the proverbial blindness of controversialists; but the moral may be equally good. It is given most pithily in the lines—

We live by admiration, hope, and love;
And even as those are well and wisely fused,
The dignity of being we ascend.

‘But what is Error?’ continues the preacher; and the Solitary replies by saying, “somewhat haughtily,” that love, admiration, and hope are “mad fancy’s favorite vassals.” The distinction between fancy and imagination is, in brief, that fancy deals with the superficial resemblances, and imagination with the deeper truths which underlie them. The purpose, then, of the *Excursion*, and of Wordsworth’s poetry in general, is to show how the higher faculty reveals a harmony which we overlook when, with the Solitary, we

Skim along the surfaces of things.

The rightly prepared mind can recognise the divine harmony which underlies all apparent disorder. The universe is to its perceptions like the shell whose murmur in a child’s ear seems to express a mysterious union with the sea. But the mind must be rightly prepared. Everything depends upon the point of view. One man, as he says in an elaborate figure, looking upon a series of ridges in spring from their northern side, sees a waste of snow, and from the south a continuous expanse of green. That view, we must take it, is the right one which is illuminated by the “ray divine.” But we must train our eyes to recognise its splendor; and the final answer to the Solitary is therefore embodied in a series of narratives showing by example how our spiritual vision may be purified or obscured. Our philosophy must be finally based, not upon abstract speculation and metaphysical arguments, but on the diffused consciousness of the healthy mind. As Butler sees the universe by the light of conscience, Wordsworth sees

it through the wider emotions of awe, reverence, and love, produced in a sound nature.

The pantheistic conception, in short, leads to an unsatisfactory optimism in the general view of nature, and to an equal tolerance of all passions as equally “natural.” To escape from this difficulty we must establish some more discriminative mode of interpreting nature. Man is the instrument played upon by all impulses, good or bad. The music which results may be harmonious or discordant. When the instrument is in tune, the music will be perfect; but when is it in tune, and how are we to know that it is in tune? That problem once solved, we can tell which are the authentic utterances and which are the accidental discords. And by solving it, or by saying what is the right constitution of human beings, we shall discover which is the true philosophy of the universe, and what are the dictates of a sound moral sense. Wordsworth implicitly answers the question by explaining, in his favorite phrase, how we are to build up our moral being.

The voice of nature speaks at first in vague emotions scarcely distinguishable from mere animal buoyancy. The boy, hooting in mimicry of the owls, receives in his heart the voice of mountain torrents and the solemn imagery of rocks, and woods, and stars. The sportive girl is unconsciously moulded into stateliness and grace by the floating clouds, the bending willow, and even by silent sympathy with the motions of the storm. Nobody has ever shown with such exquisite power as Wordsworth how much of the charm of natural objects in later life is due to early associations thus formed in a mind not yet capable of contemplating its own processes. As old Matthew says in the lines which, however familiar, can never be read without emotion—

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

And the strangely beautiful address to the Cuckoo might be made into a text for a prolonged commentary by an æsthetic philosopher upon the power of early association. It curiously illustrates, for example, the reason of Wordsworth’s

delight in recalling sounds. The croak of the distant raven, the bleat of the mountain lamb, the splash of the leaping fish in the lonely tarn, are specially delightful to him, because the hearing is the most spiritual of our senses; and these sounds, like the cuckoo's cry, seem to convert the earth into an "unsubstantial fairy place." The phrase "association" indeed implies a certain arbitrariness in the images suggested, which is not quite in accordance with Wordsworth's feeling. Though the echo depends partly upon the hearer, the mountain voices are specially adapted for certain moods. They have, we may say, a spontaneous affinity for the nobler affections. If some early passage in our childhood is associated with a particular spot, a house or a street will bring back the petty and accidental details; a mountain or a lake will revive the deeper and more permanent elements of feeling. If you have made love in a palace, according to Mr. Disraeli's prescription, the sight of it will recall the splendor of the object's dress or jewellery; if, as Wordsworth would prefer, with a background of mountains, it will appear in later days as if they had absorbed, and were always ready again to radiate forth, the tender and hallowing influences which then for the first time entered your life. The elementary and deepest passions are most easily associated with the sublime and beautiful in nature.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

And, therefore, if you have been happy enough to take delight in these natural and universal objects in the early days, when the most permanent associations are formed, the sight of them in later days will bring back by preordained and divine symbolism whatever was most ennobling in your early feelings. The vulgarising associations will drop off themselves, and what was pure and lofty will remain.

From this natural law follows another of Wordsworth's favorite precepts. The mountains are not with him a symbol of anti-social feelings. On the contrary, they are in their proper place as the background of the simple domestic affections. He loves his native hills, not

in the Byronic fashion, as a savage wilderness, but as the appropriate framework in which a healthy social order can permanently maintain itself. That, for example, is, as he tells us, the thought which inspired the *Brothers*, a poem which excels all modern idylls in weight of meaning and depth of feeling, by virtue of the idea thus embodied. The retired valley of Ennerdale, with its grand background of hills, precipitous enough to be fairly called mountains, forces the two lads into closer affection. Shut in by these "enormous barriers," and undistracted by the ebb and flow of the outside world, the mutual love becomes concentrated. A tie like that of family blood is involuntarily imposed upon the little community of dalesmen. The image of sheep-tracks and shepherds clad in country grey is stamped upon the elder brother's mind, and comes back to him in tropical calms; he hears the tones of his waterfalls in the piping shrouds; and, when he returns, recognises every fresh scar made by winter storms on the mountain sides, and knows by sight every unmarked grave in the little churchyard. The fraternal affection sanctifies the scenery, and the sight of the scenery brings back the affection with overpowering force upon his return. This is everywhere the sentiment inspired in Wordsworth by his beloved hills. It is not so much the love of nature pure and simple, as of nature seen through the deepest human feelings. The light glimmering in a lonely cottage, the one rude house in the deep valley, with its "small lot of life-supporting fields and guardian rocks," are necessary to point the moral and to draw to a definite focus the various forces of sentiment. The two veins of feeling are inseparably blended. The peasant-noble, in the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, learns equally from men and nature:

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and hills.
The silence that is in the starry skies,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Without the love, the silence and the sleep would have had no spiritual meaning. They are valuable as giving intensity and solemnity to the positive emotion.

The same remark is to be made upon Wordsworth's favorite teaching of the

advantages of the contemplative life. He is fond of enforcing the doctrine of the familiar lines, that we can feed our minds "in a wise passiveness," and that

One impulse from the vernal wood
Can teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

And, according to some commentators, this would seem to express the doctrine that the ultimate end of life is the cultivation of tender emotions without reference to action. The doctrine, thus absolutely stated, would be immoral and illogical. To recommend contemplation in preference to action is like preferring sleeping to waking; or saying, as a full expression of the truth, that silence is golden and speech silvern. Like that familiar phrase, Wordsworth's teaching is not to be interpreted literally. The essence of such maxims is to be one-sided. They are paradoxical in order to be emphatic. To have seasons of contemplation, of withdrawal from the world and from books, of calm surrendering of ourselves to the influences of nature, is a practice commended in one form or other by all moral teachers. It is a sanitary rule, resting upon obvious principles. The mind which is always occupied in a multiplicity of small observations, or the regulation of practical details, loses the power of seeing general principles and of associating all objects with the central emotions of "admiration, hope, and love." The philosophic mind is that which habitually sees the general in the particular, and finds food for the deepest thought in the simplest objects. It requires, therefore, periods of repose, in which the fragmentary and complex atoms of distracted feeling which make up the incessant whirl of daily life may have time to crystallise round the central thoughts. But it must feed in order to assimilate; and each process implies the other as its correlative. A constant interest, therefore, in the joys and sorrows of our neighbors is as essential as quiet, self-centred rumination. It is when the eye "has kept watch o'er man's mortality," and by virtue of the tender sympathies of "the human heart by which we live," that to us

The meanest flower which blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The solitude which implies severance from natural sympathies and affections is poisonous. The happiness of the heart which lives alone,

Housed in a dream, an outcast from the kind,
Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

Wordsworth's meditations upon flowers or animal life are impressive because they have been touched by this constant sympathy. The sermon is always in his mind, and therefore every stone may serve for a text. His contemplation enables him to see the pathetic side of the small pains and pleasures which we are generally in too great a hurry to notice. There are times, of course, when this moralising tendency leads him to the regions of the namby-pamby or stern prosaic latitude. On the other hand, no one approaches him in the power of touching some rich chord of feeling by help of the pettiest incident. The old man going to the toxhunt with a tear on his cheek, and saying to himself,

The key I must take, for my Helen is dead;

or the mother carrying home her dead sailor's bird; the village schoolmaster, in whom a rift in the clouds revives the memory of his little daughter; the old huntsman unable to cut through the stump of rotten wood—touch our hearts at once and for ever. The secret is given in the rather prosaic apology for not relating a tale about poor Simon Lee:

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in everything.

The value of silent thought is so to cultivate the primitive emotions that they may flow spontaneously upon every common incident, and that every familiar object becomes symbolic of them. It is a familiar remark that a philosopher or man of science who has devoted himself to meditation upon some principle or law of nature, is always finding new illustrations in the most unexpected quarters. He cannot take up a novel or walk across the street without hitting upon appropriate instances. Wordsworth would apply the principle to the building up of our "moral being." Admiration, hope, and love should be so constantly in our thoughts, that innumerable sights

and sounds which are meaningless to the world, should become to us a language incessantly suggestive of the deepest topics of thought.

This explains his dislike to science, as he understood the word, and his denunciations of the "world." The man of science is one who cuts up nature into fragments, and not only neglects their possible significance for our higher feelings, but refrains on principle from taking it into account. The primrose suggests to him some new device in classification, and he would be worried by the suggestion of any spiritual significance as an annoying distraction. Viewing all objects "in disconnection, dead and spiritless," we are thus really waging

An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls.

We are putting the letter in place of the spirit, and dealing with nature as a mere grammarian deals with a poem. When we have learnt to associate every object with some lesson

Of human suffering or of human joy;

when we have thus obtained the "glorious habit,"

By which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine;

the "dull eye" of science will light up; for, in observing natural processes, it will carry with it an incessant reference to the spiritual processes to which they are allied. Science, in short, requires to be brought into intimate connection with morality and religion. If we are forced for our immediate purpose to pursue truth for itself, regardless of consequences, we must remember all the more carefully that truth is a whole; and that fragmentary bits of knowledge become valuable as they are incorporated into a general system. The tendency of modern times to specialism brings with it a characteristic danger. It requires to be supplemented by a correlative process of integration. We must study details to increase our knowledge; we must accustom ourselves to look at the detail in the light of the general principles in order to make it fruitful.

The influence of that world which "is too much with us late and soon" is of the same kind. The man of science

loves barren facts for their own sake. The man of the world becomes devoted to some petty pursuit without reference to ultimate ends. He becomes a slave to money, or power, or praise, without caring for their effect upon his moral character. As social organisation becomes more complete, the social unit becomes a mere fragment instead of being a complete whole in himself. Man becomes

The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel.

The division of labor, celebrated with such enthusiasm by Adam Smith,* tends to crush all real life out of its victims. The soul of the political economist may rejoice when he sees a human being, devoting his whole faculties to the performance of one subsidiary operation in the manufacture of a pin. The poet and the moralist must notice with anxiety the contrast between the old-fashioned peasant who, if he discharged each particular function clumsily, discharged at least many functions, and found exercise for all the intellectual and moral faculties of his nature, and the modern artisan doomed to the incessant repetition of one petty set of muscular expansions and contractions, and whose soul, if he has one, is therefore rather an encumbrance than otherwise. This is the evil which is constantly before Wordsworth's eyes, as it has certainly not become less prominent since his time. The danger of crushing the individual is a serious one according to his view; not because it implies the neglect of some abstract political rights, but from the impoverishment of character which is implied in the process. Give every man a vote, and abolish all interference with each man's private tastes, and the danger may still be as great as ever. The tendency to "differentiation"—as we call it in modern phraseology—the social pulverisation, the lowering and narrowing of the individual's sphere of action and feeling to the pettiest details, depends upon processes underlying all political changes. It cannot, therefore, be cured by any nostrum of constitution-mongers, or by the negative remedy of removing old barriers.

* See Wordsworth's reference to the *Wealth of Nations*, in the *Prelude*, book xiii.

It requires to be met by profounder moral and religious teaching. Men must be taught what is the really valuable part of their natures and what is the purest happiness to be extracted from life, as well as allowed to gratify fully their own tastes; for who can say that men, encouraged by all their surroundings and appeals to the most obvious motives to turn themselves into machines, will not deliberately choose to be machines? Many powerful thinkers have illustrated Wordsworth's doctrine more elaborately; but nobody has gone more decisively to the root of the matter.

One other side of Wordsworth's teaching is still more significant and original. Our vague instincts are consolidated into reason by meditation, sympathy with our fellows, communion with nature, and a constant devotion to "high endeavors." If life run smoothly, the transformation may be easy, and our primitive optimism turn imperceptibly into general complacency. The trial comes when we make personal acquaintance with sorrow, and our early buoyancy begins to fail. We are tempted to become querulous or to lap ourselves in indifference. Most poets are content to bewail our lot melodiously, and admit that there is no remedy unless a remedy be found in "the luxury of grief." Prosaic people become selfish, though not sentimental. They laugh at their old illusions, and turn to the solid consolations of comfort. Nothing is more melancholy than to study many biographies and note—not the failure of early promise which may mean merely an aiming above the mark—but the progressive deterioration of character which so often follows grief and disappointment. If it be not true that most men grow worse as they grow old, it is surely true that few men pass through the world without being corrupted as much as purified.

Now Wordsworth's favorite lesson is the possibility of turning grief and disappointment into account. He teaches in many forms the necessity of "transmuting" sorrow into strength. One of the great evils is a lack of power

An agonising sorrow to transmute.

The Happy Warrior is, above all, the man who in face of all human miseries can

Exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, be-
reaves
Of their bad influence, and their good re-
ceives;

who is made more compassionate by familiarity with sorrow, more placable by contest, purer by temptation, and more enduring by distress.* It is owing to the constant presence of this thought, to his sensibility to the refining influence of sorrow, that Wordsworth is the only poet who will bear reading in times of distress. Other poets mock us by an impossible optimism, or merely reflect the feelings which, however we may play with them in times of cheerfulness, have now become an intolerable burden. Wordsworth suggests the single topic which, so far at least as this world is concerned, can really be called consolatory. None of the ordinary common-places will serve, or serve at most as indications of human sympathy. But there is some consolation in the thought that even death may bind the survivors closer, and leave as a legacy enduring motives to noble action. It is easy to say this; but Wordsworth has the merit of feeling the truth in all its force, and expressing it by the most forcible images. In one shape or another the sentiment is embodied in most of his really powerful poetry. It is intended, for example, to be the moral of the *White Doe of Rylstone*. There, as Wordsworth says, everything fails so far as its object is external and substantial; everything succeeds so far as it is moral and spiritual. Success grows out of failure; and the mode in which it grows is indicated by the lines which give the key-note of the poem. Emily, the heroine, is to become a soul

By force of sorrows high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed serenity.

The *White Doe* is one of those poems

* So, too, in the *Prelude*:

Then was the truth received into my heart
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honor which could not else have been, a faith,
An elevation, and a sanctity;
If new strength be not given, nor old restored,
The fault is ours, not Nature's.

which makes many readers inclined to sympathize with Jeffrey's celebrated dictum, "This will never do;" and I confess that I am not one of its warm admirers. The sentiment seems to be unduly relaxed throughout; there is a want of sympathy with heroism of the rough and active type, which is, after all, at least as worthy of admiration as the more passive variety of the virtue; and the defect is made more palpable by the position of the chief actors. These rough borderers, who recall William of Deloraine and Dandie Dinmont, are somehow out of their element when preaching the doctrines of quietism and submission to circumstances. But, whatever our judgment of this particular embodiment of Wordsworth's moral philosophy, the inculcation of the same lesson gives force to many of his finest poems. It is enough to mention the *Leech-gatherer*, the *Stanzas on Pele Castle*, *Michael*, and, as expressing the inverse view of the futility of idle grief, *Laodamia*, where he had succeeded in combining his morality with more than his ordinary beauty of poetical form. The teaching of all these poems falls in with the doctrine already set forth. All moral teaching, I have sometimes fancied, might be summed up in the one formula, "Waste not." Every element of which our nature is composed may be said to be good in its proper place; and therefore every vicious habit springs out of the misapplication of forces which might be turned to account by judicious training. The waste of sorrow is one of the most lamentable forms of waste. Sorrow too often tends to produce bitterness or effeminacy of character. But it may, if rightly used, serve only to detach us from the lower motives and give sanctity to the higher. That is what Wordsworth sees with unequalled clearness, and he therefore sees also the condition of profiting. The mind in which the most valuable elements have been systematically strengthened by meditation, by association of deep thought with the most universal presences, by constant sympathy with the joys and sorrows of its fellows, will be prepared to convert sorrow into a medicine instead of a poison. Sorrow is deteriorating so far as it is selfish. The man who is occupied with his own interests makes grief an excuse for effeminate indulgence

in self-pity. He becomes weaker and more fretful. The man who has learnt habitually to think of himself as part of a greater whole, whose conduct has been habitually directed to noble ends, is purified and strengthened by the spiritual convulsion. His disappointment, or his loss of some beloved object, makes him more anxious to fix the bases of his happiness widely and deeply, and to be content with the consciousness of honest work, instead of looking for what is called success.

But I must not take to preaching in the place of Wordsworth. The whole theory is most nobly summed up in the grand lines already noticed on the character of the Happy Warrior. There Wordsworth has explained in the most forcible and direct language the mode in which a grand character can be formed; how youthful impulses may change into manly purpose; how pain and sorrow may be transmuted into new forces; how the mind may be fixed upon lofty purposes; how the domestic affections—which give the truest happiness—may also be the greatest source of strength to the man who is

More brave for this, that he has much to lose;
and how, finally, he becomes indifferent
to all petty ambition—

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

This is the Happy Warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to
be.

We may now see what ethical theory underlies Wordsworth's teaching of the transformation of instinct into reason. We must start from the postulate that there is in fact a divine order in the universe; and that conformity to this order produces beauty as embodied in the external world, and is the condition of virtue as regulating our character. It is by obedience to the "stern law-giver," Duty, that flowers gain their fragrance, and that "the most ancient heavens" preserve their freshness and strength. But this postulate does not seek for justification in abstract metaphysical reasoning. The *Intimations of Immortality* are precisely intimations, not intellectual intuitions. They are vague and emotional, not distinct and logical.

They are a feeling of harmony, not a perception of innate ideas. And, on the other hand, our instincts are not a mere chaotic mass of passions, to be gratified without considering their place and function in a certain definite scheme. They have been implanted by the Divine hand, and the harmony which we feel corresponds to a real order. To justify them we must appeal to experience, but to experience interrogated by a certain definite procedure. Acting upon the assumption that the Divine order exists, we shall come to recognise it, though we could not reduce it by an *à priori* method.

The instrument, in fact, finds itself originally tuned by its Maker, and may preserve its original condition by careful obedience to the stern teaching of life. The buoyancy common to all youthful and healthy natures then changes into a deeper and more solemn mood. The great primary emotions retain the original impulse, but increase their volume. Grief and disappointment are transmuted into tenderness, sympathy and endurance. The reason, as it develops, regulates, without weakening, the primitive instincts. All the greatest, and therefore most common, sights of nature are indelibly associated with "admiration, hope, and love;" and all increase of knowledge and power is regarded as a means for furthering the gratification of our nobler emotions. Under the opposite treatment, the character loses its freshness, and we regard the early happiness as an illusion. The old emotions dry up at their source. Grief produces fretfulness, misanthropy, or effeminacy. Power is wasted on petty ends and frivolous excitement, and knowledge becomes barren and pedantic. In this way the postulate justifies itself by producing the noblest type of character. When the "moral being" is thus built up, its instincts become its convictions, we recognise the true voice of nature, and distinguish it from the echo of our own passions. Thus we come to know how the Divine order and the laws by which the character is harmonised are the laws of morality.

To possible objections it might be answered by Wordsworth that this mode of assuming in order to prove is the normal method of philosophy. "You

must love him," as he says of the poet,

Ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The doctrine corresponds to the *crede ut intelligas* of the divine; or to the philosophic theory that we must start from the knowledge already constructed within us by instincts which have not yet learnt to reason. And, finally, if a persistent reasoner should ask why—even admitting the facts—the higher type should be preferred to the lower, Wordsworth may ask, why is bodily health preferable to disease? If a man likes weak lungs and a bad digestion, reason cannot convince him of his error. The physician has done enough when he has pointed out the sanitary laws obedience to which generates strength, long life, and power of enjoyment. The moralist is in the same position when he has shown how certain habits conduce to the development of a type superior to its rivals in all the faculties which imply permanent peace of mind and power of resisting the shocks of the world without disintegration. Much doubtless remains to be said as to the soundness of the doctrine thus expounded; but at least it corresponds to deep philosophical principle.

It only remains to be added once more that Wordsworth's poetry derives its power from the same source as his philosophy. It speaks to our strongest feelings because his speculation rests upon our deepest thoughts. His singular capacity for investing all objects with a gloss derived from early associations; his keen sympathy with natural and simple emotions; his sense of the sanctifying influences which can be extracted from sorrow, are of equal value to his power over our intellects and our imaginations. His psychology, stated systematically, is rational; and, when expressed passionately, turns into poetry. To be sensitive to the most important phenomena is the first step equally towards a poetical or a scientific exposition. To see these truly is the condition of making the poetry harmonious and the philosophy logical. And it is often difficult to say which power is most remarkable in Wordsworth. It would be easy to illustrate the truth by other than moral topics. His sonnet noticed by De Quincey, in which he

speaks of the abstracting power of darkness, and observes that as the hills pass into twilight we see the same sight as the ancient Britons, is impressive as it stands, but would be equally good as an illustration in a metaphysical treatise. Again, the sonnet beginning—

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and wide,
is at once, as he has shown in a commentary of his own, an illustration of a curious psychological law—of our tendency, that is, to introduce an arbitrary principle of order into a random collection of objects—and, for the same reason, a striking embodiment of the corresponding mood of feeling. The little poem called *Stepping Westward* is in the same way at once a delicate expression of a specific sentiment and an acute critical analysis of the subtle association suggested by a single phrase. But such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. As he has himself said, there is scarcely one of his poems which does not call attention to some moral sentiment, or to a general prin-

ciple or law of thought, of our intellectual constitution.

Finally, we might look at the reverse side of the picture, and endeavor to show how the narrow limits of Wordsworth's power are connected with certain moral aspects; with the want of quick sympathy which shows itself in his dramatic feebleness, and the austerity of character which caused him to lose his special gifts too early and become a rather commonplace defender of conservatism; and that curious diffidence (he assures us that it was "diffidence") which induced him to write many thousand lines of blank verse entirely about himself. But the task would be superfluous as well as ungrateful. It was his aim, he tells us, "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous;" and, high as was the aim, he did much towards its accomplishment.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

WITH white lips, and in a low, parched voice, Kate read these astonishing details to Fanny, who at the same time perused the letter over her shoulder. When it was ended, the friends looked at each other, and Kate, resting her elbows on the table, covered her face with her hands.

"The murder is out at last," exclaimed Fanny; "and," with a hearty kiss, "the queen shall have her own again."

"Thank heaven!" cried Kate. "Mr. Ford is gone. I shall not have to prosecute him. How could he have permitted himself to act so basely, so treacherously, so fatally for himself! I am very glad he has escaped."

"Well, so am I; but he deserved to be punished. I wonder what will be done next. I wonder if Sir Hugh will dispute your claim. But he cannot. I wonder—"

"You see," interrupted Kate, "Tom says, 'We are rather stunned at present. But Mr. Wall will write to you as soon as he has consulted counsel, and made up his mind.' We must just wait—wait still. All I hope is, that there will be no bitter, costly lawsuit. But how will Hugh Galbraith take it? I wonder where he is?"

"Then he did not leave his address when you parted?" said Fanny demurely. "You really must forgive him, and make friends, now you have beaten him."

"You must remember my victory is not an accomplished fact yet. But as to Hugh Galbraith, I have forgiven him long ago. Still, he has not ceased to trouble me, I fear."

"And, dear Kate, what shall you do? Shall you live in the grand Hereford Square house, or—"

"Dearest Fan, how far ahead of present probabilities you go. There are quantities of things to be done yet."

"If I were you I should advertise the Berlin Bazaar for sale at once; that would be doing something."

"Yes. Whatever happens I shall not, of course, stay here when you are married. But, Fan," beginning to re-read the letter, "what an extraordinary history this is! With what skill and cunning Mr. Ford appears to have laid his plans! He must have thought that the secret of his iniquity was buried with the poor scrivener; and in his turn *he* thought that in concealing Ford's name he had kept full faith with his employer."

They talked far into the night, and then retired to dream and conjecture even in sleep.

It was long, however, before tired nature's restorer visited Kate's eyes. Over and over again she pictured Galbraith receiving the news that fortune's brief smile was withdrawn, and replaced by her heaviest frown. The stern impartiality with which he would set himself to sift the evidence, and, seeing it incontrovertible, the silent endurance with which he would submit to his fate. And all the time no sympathizing friend near to take his hand and say, "It is hard to bear."

Her heart throbbed, and the tears welled over on her eyelashes with the intensity of the longing she had to be with him, to assure him that all should be well, if he would only be reasonable; to tell him that she understood him and felt for him, and would be faithful to him. One more crisis was to come, and she knew it would be the greatest of her life. He must be told, sooner or later, who she really was; and everything depended on how he took that information.

The succeeding fortnight went by with the strangest mixture of flight and dragging. Every day that was unmarked by a letter from Tom seemed an age of inaction, and yet at the end of a week it seemed but an hour since the first great news of the solving of mysteries had arrived. Still no tidings of how Hugh Galbraith had borne the bursting of the storm, or if he had even heard of it.

It was from Lady Styles the first rumor reached Mrs. Temple, more than a fortnight after Upton's visit.

Her ladyship, contrary to her usual custom, had driven into Pierstoffs before

luncheon, in order to take some departing visitor to the train.

"Did not expect to see me at this hour," she said, waddling in with her usual vivacity. "Do you know I think it is very foolish to come out as late as we all do in winter; but it can't be helped. My coachman would give me notice if I took him out every day at eleven, and James would rebel. Yet in November it is almost dark before one can order the carriage round. And how are you, Mrs. Temple? I cannot say you are looking very bright. Any news of your purse?"

"None, I am sorry to say, Lady Styles."

"Sorry to hear it. I don't think I have seen you since Colonel Upton paid you a visit. By-the-way, it's a mistake your not keeping gentlemen's gloves. Lots of the men staying at Weston and other places would make quite a lounge here, and buy heaps——"

"That is exactly what I should not like the Berlin Bazaar to become, Lady Styles," returned its mistress. "It is a lady's shop *par excellence*."

"I am sure you are the most prudent young woman in the world; still I am certain a mixed multitude pays. Do you know, I do not think I should make a bad woman of business myself."

"Far from it, Lady Styles."

"Well, I want two pairs of black gloves stitched with red. Have you any at two-and-ninence? No? Really, Mrs. Temple, your prices are extravagant; a Bond Street standard for Pierstoffs won't do, I assure you. Well, have you any dark violet at three-and-sixpence?"

Mrs. Temple could accommodate her ladyship; and while she was undoing the parcels and turning a whole boxful over to select a thin, elastic kid, she chattered on.

"Well, is there no news stirring? Have you seen Slade lately? No! I am surprised at a bright, intelligent woman living shut up like a mummy in this old house, never hearing anything or seeing any one. By-the-way, that reminds me. I had a letter from Colonel Upton this morning; do you know, he was quite struck with you. I can't tell you all the pretty things he said; and

envied Sir Hugh Galbraith having been your inmate, and declared, with his usual impudence, that had he been in Galbraith's place he would have seen a great deal more of you."

"I do not think he would," said Mrs. Temple demurely.

"So I told him. But in his letter this morning he says he had just seen Galbraith, who has been called up to town in consequence of some move of the enemy—that is, Travers's widow. She is making a stir about the will. I suppose it will end in smoke; but it is curious that the day I took the trouble of going up to see Sir Hugh Galbraith, when he received me so coolly, I suggested to him that he had not heard the last of her yet. Of course he pooh-pooh'd my suggestion; but it was curious, wasn't it?"

"I think this pair will suit you, Lady Styles," said Mrs. Temple, anxious to draw her away from this agitating topic.

"Well, they look very nice! May I try them on?"

"It is against shop rules," returned Mrs. Temple smiling. "But you may."

This little concession charmed her ladyship, who was further gratified by finding they fitted admirably, and, after a little more talk, she rose to depart.

"And how is your agreeable friend, the traveller?"

"Who?" asked Kate, considerably puzzled.

"Oh, you know who I mean! The young man I had tea with. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, yes, I remember. He is quite well, thank you!"

"Do you know, I met a man in town last spring so wonderfully like him. I was quite startled for a moment! It was at Lady Lorrimer's, one of Sir Hugh Galbraith's sisters. She is a blue and a politician, and has artists and editors, and a perfect *olla podrida* at her house. Just as I went into the refreshment-room I saw a gentleman handing a cup of tea to a very pretty woman, and he was so like your young man that I nearly cried out 'Shrimps!'"

"Very extraordinary," returned Kate laughing, "but he is Fanny's young man, not mine."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Lady Styles, with a twinkle of delight in her good-humored black, beady eyes. "I always guess-

ed he was after one or other of you. And so he is her young man," reseating herself. "Now tell me all about it."

Kate, bitterly repenting her unguarded admission, had hard work to ward off her ladyship's very leading questions, and after a desperate encounter of wits, had at last the satisfaction of seeing her tormentor depart.

In the meantime Mr. Wall and Tom were working hard in London. The revelations of Trapes rendered criminal proceedings against Poole unnecessary, although he was called upon to explain how his name came to be appended to a will executed when it was incontrovertibly proved that he was sixty or seventy miles away. He was greatly astonished at the circumstances revealed to him, but adhered steadily to his statement, that late in February or early in March, previous to Mr. Travers's death, he had been called into the private office to witness, together with Gregory, what he understood to be Mr. Travers's will written out by the latter.

He acknowledged that, about a week or ten days after, he had "sick leave," which he had employed in attending the Reepham Steeplechase in company with Trapes; but he felt quite sure the signature shown him was his own writing. After meditating on it for a moment or two, he suddenly struck his hand on the table and exclaimed, "I remember now!—between three and four months after Mr. Travers's death, I was very hard up, and one day Ford noticed I was looking uncommon bad. As he spoke in an unusually kind, friendly way, I took heart and asked him for a small loan. He said he could not oblige me then, but that if I would come over to his place and take a bit of dinner he would. So I went. We had a very good feed. Then he lent me two-ten, and talked to me like a father, till he brought the tears into my eyes. Then he said he was making a little settlement on a sister of his, and asked me to be good enough to witness his signature. Of course I agreed, and he went over to another table and wrote something, and then he brought a parchment, all doubled up, and says he, 'Put your name there.' 'All right,' says I, 'only I did not really see you write yours.' 'Never mind,' said he, with a pleasant

laugh, 'I am sure you heard it, for I never had such a scratchy pen.' I was ashamed to say any more, so I just wrote my name, though I did not exactly see where he had put his. I wonder if he really had any hand in this! But he was done out of money by it himself, wasn't he?"

Poole had been kept carefully in the dark as to the suspicions, or rather certainties, concerning Ford, and this fresh instance of the morbid cunning displayed by the late manager struck Mr. Wall and Tom, who were both present at the examination of the signatures by Poole, as confirmatory of the deep-laid and carefully worked-out scheme by which he had endeavored to draw Kate into his power, and singularly illustrative of the keen foresight on all sides save the one where strong passion and unchecked desire had blinded his judgment and blunted his moral sense.

His whole plot rested its chance of success on the strength of Kate's dislike to Sir Hugh Galbraith overcoming her sense of right. Had he been able to view these forces with sight undistorted by exaggerated vanity and enormous selfishness, he would not have embarked in so disastrous a crime. Once launched in it self-preservation compelled him to persevere.

"What an awful life that fellow must have led for more than two years!" exclaimed Tom to Mr. Wall, who was making a note of Poole's observations. "I imagine he has had his share of punishment."

"It is very much to be regretted he has escaped the hands of justice," returned Mr. Wall sternly, "and I trust he may be caught yet. I have seldom heard of a greater villain. Just look at the confusion he has created! First, poor Mrs. Travers suffers, and then Sir Hugh Galbraith! Finally, Mr. Travers's intentions are frustrated, for there can be no question that at the end of February 18—he executed a will, which will this absconding forger has destroyed. So we are compelled to fall back upon the first will, which Mrs. Travers originally proved. I must say that, although I am heartily glad Mrs. Travers is righted, I cannot help feeling for Sir Hugh Galbraith. He has laid out a good deal of money, too, in the purchase of property,

I am told. Mrs. Travers can force him to repay all that, you know."

"Mrs. Travers will do nothing harsh or unjust," cried Tom; "but I agree with you it is much to be regretted the second will is lost. It is impossible even to guess at the true intentions of the testator. What course do you propose to take now?"

This was fully discussed, and with the advice of counsel it was decided to lay a statement of the whole matter, with Trapes's confession, duly embodied in an affidavit, and the circumstances detailed by Poole and Captain Gregory, before Sir Hugh Galbraith's solicitor, who quickly summoned his client from the congenial retirement of the family den. Here Galbraith had lived not unhappily since his last interview and rejection by Mrs. Temple. Something he could not define in her voice—her look—her soft, hesitating manner, gave him hope. There might be some difficulties connected with her past which she could not at once remove, but nothing that he would shrink from associating with the name of wife. He had her word for that, and it was enough. In another month or six weeks he would visit Pierstofte again, or write and ask leave to do so. All hesitation and doubt had long since been exorcised by "the sweetness and light" of as honest a love as ever warmed man's heart.

Near Kate life was a fresher, fairer thing than he ever thought it could be. To be understood—to be loved—to have the brighter, richer tints of his soul, which had so long been dulled by the mists and miasmas of every-day commonplace association with men who aspired not, nor knew, nor sought knowledge,—to feel them glowing forth once more, retouched by the penetrating nobility of a nature in many things weaker, but also in many loftier, than his own, all this was a vision of paradise. What a terrible awakening awaited him when he reached London! His dreams were even more substantial than the reality he had tasted.

At first he was very little moved; but as one overwhelming proof after another was laid before him, he could no longer refuse acquiescence in his lawyer's conviction, that the will which had constituted him his cousin's heir was a clever forgery.

Having admitted this, he demanded a day's reflection. It was spent in a brave, silent facing of his position on every side, and a careful, deliberate decision on his own future plans.

When Galbraith reappeared at Mr. Payne's office, he looked considerably older and sterner, but it was with perfect composure and apparent *sang-froid* that he gave them directions to communicate with Mrs. Travers's solicitor his complete conviction of the justice of her claims, and the means by which he proposed to refund the money he had withdrawn from her estate.

While these events were occurring in London, Kate, finding herself too much over-wrought by the strain of constant anxiety and correspondence with Tom and Mr. Wall, to give due attention to her business,—Fanny, too, being quite distracted from her usual routine,—it suggested itself to her mind one morning, while lying wakefully watching for the dawn, that she would ask Mr. Turner for the "loan" of one of his young ladies to attend to the shop. It was more than she could bear at such a time to be hunting for subtle shades of Berlin wool, when her heart was beating with a variety of emotions, hopes, and fears, inextricably mixed together, so that every hope was largely streaked with fear, and every fear with hope.

Fanny, who was in a most restless, nervous mood, highly approving this project, Mrs. Temple started immediately after their early dinner to call on the proprietor of the chief shop, glad to be out in the air and doing anything.

She was most politely received by Turner, senior, who heard her proposition favorably and affably. In fact, in the dead season, he was not sorry to get rid of an extra shopwoman.

He rubbed his hands over each other, in the "do-you-require-any-other-article, madam?" style, and said blandly that he was always happy to oblige a neighbor; that there was Miss Newman or Miss Finch, both very clever, industrious young ladies, with a good idea of business, and she could arrange with either herself.

Mrs. Temple thanked him, and was about to request an interview with one or other, when, with a portentous hem! Mr. Turner proceeded to inquire if she

had any idea of giving up business, or if it was only temporary pressure that made her seek extra assistance. Mrs. Temple answered candidly that circumstances would probably render business no longer necessary to her, and that the Berlin Bazaar would soon be in the market. "Then, ma'am," said Turner, solemnly, "as a neighbor that has always been on the best of terms, may I be so bold as to ask for the first refusal?"

"Certainly, Mr. Turner," she replied smiling; "you are at liberty to make me an offer whenever you like."

He, still solemnly, replied that he would take a few days to consider, and then proceeded to summon Miss Finch, with whom Kate soon agreed, arranging, to her great satisfaction, that the young lady was to sleep at her old quarters, but to come to breakfast at the Berlin Bazaar each morning.

"I think, Fan, I shall get rid of the business without the trouble and delay of advertising," said Kate, after narrating her interview with Mr. Turner; "and this poor girl seems very good-humored and inoffensive—you must go in and assist her sometimes."

"Of course I will, dear. But oh! I do feel in such an extraordinary state! Every ring of the bell makes me expect Sir Hugh, or news that Ford's body has been found! or that Sir Hugh has shot Tom, or Trapes has committed suicide! It will be such a relief when everything is really settled, and we have left Pierstoffs."

"It will," said Mrs. Temple slowly, while she took off her bonnet; "but, Fanny, I shall always have a regard for Pierstoffs. It was here I found that I could 'learn and labor' to get my own living, and altogether I am not sure that I shall quit Pierstoffs with dry eyes."

"Ah," said Fanny with a supremely knowing look, "I can understand your having more tender reminiscences of Pierstoffs than I have, but I will say no more. Goodness gracious!" interrupting herself. "What a violent ring! Mills!—don't you hear, Mills?" and Fanny started up with her hand on her heart.

"Law, Miss Fanny, it's only the post; you need not be in such a taking. There! two for the mistress, and one for you."

"One is a circular," said Kate, taking hers. "But who is this from?"

"Just open it and see," cried Fanny, who had pounced upon her own letter, which bore Tom's well-known superscription. "There is nothing particular in it," she continued, glancing at its contents. "No further news from Messrs. Payne. Sir Hugh is in town—he supposes in consultation with them, and Mr. Wall will let you know anything fresh. Now, who is your correspondent?"

"Colonel Upton!" cried Kate, turning to the signature at the end of her letter.

"How extraordinary! What does he say?"

"Dear Madam," read Kate, "since I had the pleasure of seeing you, some circumstances connected with my relative, the late John Aylmer, have come to my knowledge, which make me especially anxious for any information that you can give me respecting the prayer-book which so stirred my curiosity. I trust I am not indiscreet in troubling you. Should you be inclined to gratify me, I shall be entirely guided by your wishes in making your solution of the mystery public or not—"

"I wonder what he can have heard?" said Kate thoughtfully. "At any rate, Fan, there is no longer any need for concealment. I shall just tell him the fact that his relative, John Aylmer, was my father. I wonder if Lady Styles will still continue to patronise the Bazaar when the news penetrates to her ears? Perhaps she will be disgusted!"

"Not she," cried Fanny. "She will be far too much delighted with such a nine days' wonder. Tell me, Kate, did you know all along that she was your great aunt?"

"No, Fanny; not until Colonel Upton's visit."

"And how could you hold your tongue about it?"

The next day but one brought a long letter from Mr. Wall, announcing that Sir Hugh Galbraith had resolved not to make any attempt to uphold the will which had been proved in so extraordinary a manner to be false. His solicitors, on his part, expressed extreme regret that he should, under an erroneous impression regarding his rights, have alienated so large a sum from Mrs. Travers's property. To refund this was

quite out of Sir Hugh Galbraith's power. All he could propose was to give her a mortgage, being a first charge upon property still remaining to him, and pay five per cent. interest. He also proposed to create a sort of sinking fund by quarterly payments into the hands of trustees in order to liquidate the debt.

Various other details of business were dealt with, the letter concluding thus: "No traces of the missing Ford have as yet been discovered, nor do I think will be. Being amply supplied with funds of the least traceable description, he is probably in the New World by this. I shall be glad to know what your plans are. If I might make a suggestion, I should say that your presence in town would be desirable."

"Are you in want of cash? If so, pray let me know how much you require, and I will forward a cheque by return."

"I am yours, &c., &c."

"Ah!" said Kate with a sigh and a smile. "Have the old times come back; the quiet, stagnant old times, when I never had even the excitement of a want? But no, the game is not played out yet!"

She immediately replied to the lawyer's letter, entreating him to make Sir Hugh Galbraith understand that she particularly wished him to consider the ten thousand he had appropriated his share of the property, for she felt convinced that had the will for which the forged one was substituted been discovered, a larger portion would have been his. She pressed Mr. Wall to lose no time in making this proposition, and to let her know the result. She declined his offer of funds with thanks, assuring him that her *shop* had answered extremely well. Finally, she promised to come up to town as soon as she could arrange matters at Pierstofte.

Now that she was free, she felt an extraordinary reluctance to move—why, she scarcely acknowledged to herself. But the real magnet which attracted her to her humble home was a vague but instinctive feeling that Galbraith would come to seek her there—that in the wilderness of London they might miss each other, and that now nothing was to be risked, for the happiness of both was balancing on a mere thread of possibility.

"Yet I must go soon—I cannot stay on; and Fanny is visibly vibrating to—"

the points of her toes in her eagerness to take flight!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE day after Kate had despatched her reply to Mr. Wall's letter she was somewhat surprised by receiving an offer from the prosperous Turner for "the good-will, stock-in-trade, furniture, and fixtures" of the modest little establishment, she having only informed him of her intention to part with it a few days before. The sum he proposed was sufficient to reimburse her for any outlay she had made, and leave a small—a very small margin of profit. It was enough, however, to satisfy the proprietress, who, sincerely glad to have the whole concern thus taken off her hands at once, only waited till the next morning to write, accepting Mr. Turner's offer, lest a more immediate reply should seem too hasty.

"Really," exclaimed Fanny, "nothing could happen more fortunately. We shall only have to pack up our clothes, and leave everything as it stands. When shall you go?—because, if you will make up your mind, I had better write to Tom to take lodgings for us. Oh," with a little ecstatic jump, and clapping her hands together, "how delightful it will be in London once more!—to go to the theatres!—and have Tom coming in to late dinner."

"I imagine you will soon have the privilege of choosing Tom's dinners for him; and I only hope you may be wisely directed in the choice, for I am convinced a great deal depends on how you feed a man," said Kate, oracularly. "And now, run away like a dear. I must look at my inventories, for of course Mr. Turner's offer is subject to a proviso that the furniture is in fairly good order, and I want to write to Tom besides."

"I am sure you could write in your sleep; the pen is never out of your hand. You are looking quite ill, more as if you had lost a fortune than gained one! Was there any bad news in Tom's letter this morning? I think you have seemed miserable since you read it."

"Yes, there was something in it that distressed me; but I cannot say anything more now, dear. I shall try and think what is best to be done; and do you go and help Miss Finch in the shop. It is a fine afternoon, and the people will

be coming out and into the Berlin Bazaar, I hope."

When Fanny left her, Kate sat quite still in a low chair near the window, gazing out upon the sea without being aware of what she saw.

For greater quiet and seclusion she had settled herself and her writing materials in the upper sitting-room, which had been Galbraith's. The table had been placed nearer the window that she might have the light as long as a November day would allow, but the sofa was still where it had been the day she had first spoken to him. She could still in fancy see him extended on it; still see the look of profound astonishment in his eyes, which, in spite of their light color, were so stern and sombre, when he turned at the sound of her voice. Was that day to prove fortunate or unfortunate to them both? Hugh Galbraith was specially in her thoughts, because of the concluding paragraph of Tom's letter.

"Johnston, formerly our correspondent in India, has just come in; he says he met Galbraith yesterday, who informed him that he had nearly arranged an exchange into the —th (a regiment which sailed for India last autumn), as his old corps, the —th Dragoons, was on its way back, and he did not wish to remain in England. I do not know how far this may interest you, but I think it right you should be told."

She had not said anything of this to Fanny; but the words had stamped themselves on her brain. Wherever she turned, the words, "Hugh Galbraith is going away out of my reach. I shall never see him again," seemed to blaze before her. How could she prevent it? How could she draw him to her? What right had she to address the man she had twice rejected, and yet she could not bring herself to resign? Perhaps all this trouble—the crushing reverse of his fortune—had driven her from his mind! to so many men, women are but the playthings of their hours of ease; and if she made any attempt to recall herself to him, might he not consider her importunate? Still she felt she ought—she must—make some effort to communicate with him. She might write and ask if he still wished to know the story of her previous life; or she might send a formal request for a personal interview, as Mrs. Travers.

How she wished some one would tell him her story for her!

"Thinking will do no good," she said to herself, rising and moving towards the fire, which burned brightly, thanks to Fanny's parting attentions, and she knelt before it to warm her chill hands. "I shall just write to Tom, and enclose a little note to Sir Hugh, asking if he is still curious to learn my history. Tom will find out where he is. Yes" (standing up and gazing in the glass), "I do look ill."

A pale, sad sweet face was reflected, only the lips richly red, with a slight shade as of fatigue beneath the large yearning eyes; the slender pliant figure, in its winter garb of thick, dark woollen stuff, looked a trifle less round than when she first stood before Galbraith. "However," she thought, "the anxiety and uncertainty cannot last. I will take courage and write."

She went quickly to the table, and set forth her writing materials, then, seating herself, traced quickly the words, "Dear Tom——" There she stopped, and the succeeding sentence was never written, for Mills came in, with an unusually benign expression on her face. In her hand she held a card; and as she gave it to her mistress, she said, "He wants to know if you will see him."

Kate turned faint and dizzy as she saw the card bore the name of Sir Hugh Galbraith.

"Yes, yes, I will see him!" She went instinctively to stand by the fireplace, as furthest from the light, and strove to be composed, or to seem composed, though she trembled all over.

It seemed at once a long stretch of time, and yet but a second, before the door opened to admit Galbraith. He advanced and took the hand she held out, both remaining face to face and silent for a moment. Then she saw how gaunt and haggard and worn he looked; what deep gloom was in his eyes; what hard lines about his mouth.

"I hope you are not displeased at my coming here, Mrs. Temple," he said; and she fancied a touch of melancholy softened the harshness of his voice. "But you must forgive me; I could not leave England without seeing you."

"Leave England!" she echoed, sitting

down on the sofa because she felt unable to stand.

"Yes," returned Galbraith, walking slowly to the window, and then back again to the fire, where he leant against the mantelpiece opposite, looking intently at her, while she, in the great, the terrible strain of the moment, was unconscious how her own eyes were fully uplifted to his.

"Are you all right?" he continued tenderly. "You look pale, disturbed, as if something had gone wrong."

"Oh, yes, I am well enough. But tell me, why—why are you leaving England?"

"It is rather a long story," resumed Galbraith; "but considering how we parted last, and the sort of promise you made me, I thought it due to you to explain how matters are; besides" (a short quick sigh), "I wanted to look upon your face once more" (another pause, which Kate felt quite unable to break, and he moved restlessly away to the window and back). "Since I saw you last," he resumed, speaking quicker than usual "I am sorry to say I have come to grief. You remember my telling you how I inherited a fortune from a relation who cut out his widow?"

"I do," in a very low voice.

"Well, the widow has come to the front, and proved the will to be a forgery."

"Has she really proved it?"

"Yes, there cannot be a doubt in any sane mind on the subject. There is nothing for it but to give up the fortune I had a short spell of. So I am going back to my profession as my only outlook now. There would be nothing in that alone I couldn't stand very well; but you see I took ten thousand pounds of this woman's money and used it; and I could as soon pay the national debt! It is this that hangs like a cursed millstone round my neck; and I shall be poorer than ever with a lifelong effort to pay it off."

"Surely she will not exact it," murmured Kate.

"I only know I am determined to pay," he returned. "But I did not come here to dwell about my troubles and distress you. I only want to show you my imperative reason for going on foreign service—to explain to you, that having no

longer home or fortune or position to offer you, I must not press for the explanation you once promised me. He leant against the mantelshelf, and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment. "What was once a bitter grief is something of a consolation now, for I should not like you to feel what I do; but I shall battle through, I suppose, Mrs. Temple," seeing her press her handkerchief to her eyes. "A new life and hard work will help to wear out both myself and my trouble. You will give me your hand—taking it—" and bid me God-speed, will you not?"

He sat down beside her as he spoke, trying to look into her face, which was half averted.

She did not reply. Her heart was beating to suffocation; she was trembling in every limb.

"Speak to me," repeated Galbraith, making a movement to relinquish her hand; but, to his infinite surprise, her soft white fingers closed over his; it was drawn close to her; and, before he could find any word to express the mingling of pain and pleasure and wild emotion her movement excited, with a gesture full of grace and shy tenderness she laid her cheek upon it.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Galbraith pressing close to her, "is it possible that my dim instinct did not deceive me?—that you care for me—love me?"

"Before you ask me any question, Hugh," said Kate, finding voice and courage, letting his hand go, and starting to her feet—"before you ask a single question, hear my story, then—"

"Ay, I will listen to what you like; but first, one moment of Paradise before I go out into the dark," cried Galbraith, rising also.

He caught her hands in his, drawing her to him gently, yet with a force she could not resist. He raised them to his neck, and, clasping his arms round her, laid his lips on hers as if he were athirst for life and had found its well-spring.

"Now tell me everything," he said, his voice husky with passionate delight—"here—in my arms. I will not—cannot let you go!"

"You must—you will," said Kate, half-frightened at this outbreak. "Listen, then. My name is not Temple! I am Catherine Travers. I am your cousin's widow. I am the woman you de-

spised so much, and you—you are my dearest foe!" The last words sounded like a caress.

"What!" said Galbraith in great astonishment, and holding her from him to gather her meaning in her face as well as from her words. "You Travers's widow? How did you come here? Why did you not tell me at once? And—but I see it all. And Mr. Tom—your man of business—is that newspaper fellow, Reed?"

"He is. There, you must let me go, Sir Hugh. That is my story." She drew herself away from him and stood near the table with downcast eyes, and an air half proud yet shy, one hand upon her heart, which throbbed almost visibly. "Perhaps I ought to have told you at once, but we seemed to drift into a sort of acquaintance which made explanation so awkward. And then I never thought we should meet any more; and I enjoyed making you feel I was a gentlewoman. But when I found that you cared so much for me, I was afraid you would go back to your feelings of contempt again if you knew who I really was. And I was so anxious to prove that my poor husband loved and trusted me to the end, that I was resolved nothing should turn me from my purpose of proving that dreadful will a forgery. And now, you will *not* go away?—you will forgive my half-involuntary imposition? Ah, Hugh! it went to my heart to hurt you—to rob you! You will take back your own?"

"It is the most extraordinary story I have ever heard," said Galbraith, still bewildered; "yet now that I know it, I seem to have been a blockhead not to know who you were. Forgive you! I do not see that I have much to forgive, though I have had some hours of torture lately. But tell me, do you love me—really, earnestly? Are you willing to give me your life?"

And Kate, with grave eyes, but a tender smile on her trembling lips, said, "I am, Hugh."

The night had closed in, and still the lovers sat in earnest talk by the firelight. Their explanations were full, outspoken, unchecked by a shadow of reserve. There are moments of rapture—diapasons of delight—which from their nature cannot

last, but leave a blessing behind them : this was one.

"And I suppose, then, you agree with me that there is now no necessity for your going on foreign service?" said Kate with an arch smile, when they had fully discussed all points.

"Well, no. I suppose we can manage a fair division of the property. Though I warn you, you might find a far more brilliant marriage than with a poor baronet—your debtor too, by Jove!"

"But if I happen to fancy a penniless lad wi' a lang pedigree," said Kate, abandoning her hand to his caresses.

"How did that fellow Trapes manage to warn Ford?"

"Oh, he did not warn Ford."

"Then who did?"

"I myself. I do not know what you will think of it, Hugh, but the night that Trapes made a sort of half confession here, I was so convinced Mr. Ford was implicated in the plot, that I wrote him a little line, saying that Trapes was in communication with me respecting the will, and that no decided step could be taken for a week, adding that my writing to him was a profound secret; then I suppose he ran away."

"And so you let the villain off! Well, I think you might have asked Reed's advice. It is too bad he should escape."

"Still, I do not think having to punish him would have added to my happiness—our happiness. I am glad he is out of the way; and, I imagine, so are you."

"You are a sage as well as a witch! By Heaven, I can scarcely yet believe you are my *bête noir*, Travers's widow—the embodiment of all I most detested. And this is the reason why you looked at me so murderously the first time I saw you in this blessed room?"

"Yes, I was very angry against you; which you cannot wonder at. Consider that, not ten months before, I had heard you tell Colonel Upton Mr. Travers might have been satisfied to take me for a companion on cheaper terms. Do you remember?"

"How do you know this? Where did I say it?"

"In Hampton Court Palace Gardens. You were talking to Colonel Upton under a large yew-tree. I was at the other

side, and then and there devoted you to the powers that punish."

"Yes; but how in Heaven's name was I to imagine you the sort of woman you are—a *rara avis* in any station?"

"But remember, Hugh, I am no aristocrat. My father was, poor fellow, what is called an officer and a gentleman; my dear—my dearest mother, was the daughter of a shopkeeper."

"I don't care a rap, Kate, who you are, so long as——"

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Fanny, pushing the door open slowly and prudently, "but it is six o'clock. Miss Finch is gone, and if Sir Hugh and yourself have not quite cut each other's throats, why, tea is ready."

"Fanny! you dear little soul," cried Galbraith, starting up joyously, "I have such wonderful news to tell that you must give me a kiss!"

"Wonderful news—no news to me, Sir Hugh. I know what it is; but there, I will give you a kiss of peace and congratulation. You and Kate have been made more than friends! I always knew you would."

A few lines from Tom to Fanny, received that evening, announced his intention of running down the next day to talk matters over and make certain arrangements which, in his opinion, had been delayed too long.

"Will you not stay and see our good friend and prime minister?" said Kate to Galbraith. "I want you to know and value him."

"I had no intention of returning to town till Monday," replied Galbraith. "A letter to the army agent will do as well as a visit, and I think the redoubted Tom will back me up as to the arrangements I want to make."

So it happened that the next day a very happy *parti carré* sat down to high tea in Mrs. Travers's (the name of Temple was now discarded) pretty drawing-room; four happier hearts could not be found; "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles" flew from lip to lip, mellowed by a real loving kindness for each other. Galbraith confessed in his heart that, although a newspaper fellow, and a bit of a radical, Tom Reed was a gentleman and an acquisition; while Tom's delight

at the solution of all difficulties, and the righting of all injustice, by the prospective union of Kate and her "foe" was sincere and heartfelt.

Kate had begun to dispense that crucial test of a tea-maker, the second cup, when long, loud, irregular rapping at the front door caused her to pause in her operations.

"Who can it be?" cried Mrs. Travers.

"Oh, I do not care," said Fanny. "We are no longer two 'lone lorn' females! With Tom and Sir Hugh here, I am as bold as a lion."

They were silent for a moment, and then Mills opened the door. "If you please, mum, here's my Lady Styles wants to speak to you, right or wrong."

"Oh, have her in!" cried Galbraith. "The sooner everything is known the better; and she is a first-rate circulating medium."

But her ladyship waited no permission. Galbraith's words were hardly uttered before she was upon them.

"My dear Mrs. Temple! you really must excuse my coming in; but I *must* see you about an extraordinary——" stopping short, as she crossed the threshold and recognised the group before her. "The young traveller, I protest! and Sir Hugh Galbraith—I really am surprised. Perhaps I am in the way; but, my dear creature, I have such an extraordinary letter from Upton! I only found it when I came in from calling at the vicarage to-day; and late as it was, I ordered the carriage and came straight away to speak to you." To the general company: "Pray don't let me keep you standing. I dare say you know what I mean, my dear Mrs. Temple; would you rather come and speak to me in another room, or the shop?"

"No, Lady Styles," replied Kate with a smile and a blush; "we are all true friends here; we have no secrets."

"Very nice indeed!" cried her ladyship, with a stare of undisguised astonishment at Galbraith. "Well, then, Upton tells me you are the daughter of my nephew John Aylmer, and—and—that pretty girl he ran away with—and married—I believe."

"I am," said Kate quietly; "and I possess the marriage certificate of my parents."

"Well, I protest, it's the most extra-

ordinary, romantic, unheard-of affair I ever knew! My dear, I always thought your face was familiar to me; now I recognise the likeness to my poor brother, your grandfather! Berlin Bazaar or no Berlin Bazaar, you are a nice creature, and you shall come and stay with me." And Lady Styles took Kate's hand and bestowed a kindly, audible kiss upon her cheek. "Now," she resumed, sitting down at the table, "come, do tell me all about everything! I can't make out what brings Sir Hugh Galbraith here. I am really sorry to hear such bad tidings of you," she went on, addressing him. "But I told you that I thought that widow would be a thorn in your side yet; now, didn't I?"

"You certainly did," said Galbraith, laughing a genial heart-laugh very unusual to him; "but instead of rushing into legal warfare, I have persuaded her to become bone of my bone."

"Excellent! very judicious! a common-sense line of action. But pray, Sir Hugh, is she aware of your visits here? I am not strait-laced, but——"

"She highly approves," interrupted Galbraith.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" cried Mrs. Travers laughing. "You are accustomed to manage the *dénouements* of thrilling tales; will you tell Lady Styles everything?"

Whereupon Tom detailed a simple narrative of the principal events set forth in the foregoing pages; during which Lady Styles was a study. She followed his words with her eyes and a motion of her lips, as though she were absolutely drinking the delicious revelations. Her fat, jewelled hands (for she soon drew off her gloves in the excitement of the moment) twitched and clutched at her dress as they lay on what were unmistakably her ladyship's knees; and when he reached the climax of Mrs. Travers's approaching marriage with Sir Hugh Galbraith, her joy, her exultation knew no bounds.

"My dear creature, I never in all my experience knew anything half so wonderful, and delightful, and romantic, and satisfactory; only I should like to have hung Ford! And you, my dear Mr. Tom, are going to be married to this charming young lady! I tell you what, you shall all come to me, and we will have what Willie Upton would call 'the double event,' at Weston. Why, it

will supply the county with talk for the next ten years to come ! I am sure, Sir Hugh, I already look on you as my nephew ; and I shall always thank Heaven that I happened to be on the spot when you were carried in here insensible. Only for me, there is no knowing where that obstinate fellow Slade might have taken you, and then nothing would have come about," said her ladyship, throwing back her bonnet-strings, and stirring the cup of tea Fanny placed before her, joyously, while her broad, good-humored face beamed upon them.

"But my dear Lady Styles——"

"Dear aunt, if you please," interrupted her ladyship.

"My dear aunt, then," repeated Kate, "I was under the impression that Doctor Slade ordered Hugh to be brought here from the hunting-field, and——"

"Not at all, not at all, my dear ! You," turning to Tom, "must remember my standing up from that nice tea and shrimps, and my words to Slade were, 'Don't exhaust him by going further, bring him in here and keep him quiet.'"

"I cannot recall the words," said Tom demurely.

"Never mind, I can," said her ladyship, with an air of deep conviction. "And but for me, my niece here, Mrs. Travers, would never have had an opportunity——"

She paused, and Tom finished the sentence——

"Of heaping coals of fire on the head of 'Her Dearest Foe.'"

THE END.

MERVAUNEE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

ALONG the level sands I heard
The mystic water, how it stirr'd
And whisper'd of the days of old ;
While Sun touch'd ocean, sank,—and soon
Eastwards a tawny vaporous Moon
Rose ghostlike, to that solemn tune
Of waves. A path of ruddy gold,
Of yellow gold, in turn unroll'd
Full to my feet. Without a word,
I heard an ancient story told.

A Princess of the Sea, a Prince
Of the West Isle,—and never since
Was any fairer couple wed
Or loved each other more. As fled
Month after month, year after year,
Their love grew every day more dear,
Glad, sad, together, or apart ;
Tender they were, and true of heart.

Askest what love is ? Hast thou known
That sweet religion ? from thy own
Learn all true lovers' creed ; there is
No other way to learn but this.
The best things thou hast found or dream'd—
Howso they new and special seem'd,
Most intimately thine,—are part
Of Man's inheritance ; thou art

Co-heir with many. That bright Road,
 Where only winged Fancy trode,
 Stretched on the wave by moon or sun,
 For each that saw, appear'd to run
 Directly to the gazer's feet,—
 Which was not thus, and yet no cheat;
 And if a radiancy divine
 Doth straight into thy spirit shine,
 Lo, it is thine—not singly thine.
 The wondrous light that shone to thee
 A child, the children saw, and see;
 And Love's widespread celestial glow
 To each peculiarly doth flow.
 If thou hast been a lover, so
 These loved in bye-gone days.

Befell

One spring-day, from the circling mound,
 Where her Sun-chamber builded well
 Look'd wide on all the prospect round,
 Princess Mervanee watch'd the sea,—
 Her two young sons beside her knee.
 Her solemn eyes of changeful blue
 Larger, it seem'd, and darker grew,
 And mournful as they never were
 Till now. The children gazed on her,
 With awe of that strange mournfulness,
 The sense whereof they might not guess.
 But youth still turns to thoughts of joy,
 And quickly spake the younger Boy,
 "O Mother! would we had a boat
 Upon these merry waves afloat,
 To sail away and leave the land!"
 The elder Brother shouted—"I
 Would dive beneath the waves, and spy
 Who live there!"

Nothing did she say,

But stared upon them, seized a hand
 Of each, and hurried them away.
 Then, to her husband, "Grant me grace!"
 She said, "and take me from this place!
 The moaning restless water kills
 All peace within me, day or night,
 And soon will be my death outright;
 Take me to inland woods and hills.
 I love the quiet grassy earth,
 Calm lakes, tree-shadows, wild birds' mirth.
 I hate this heaving, watery floor,
 Its ceaseless voices, more and more.
 Take me away!—O love, forgive!"
 He marvell'd; but he loved her best.
 Of all things, and on this behest
 Sought out an inland place to live.

Amid the hills wide-forested,
 With rocky pastures interspread,
 The sky is in a placid lake,
 Steep-shored, transparent-water'd, lonely,—
 A bed of reeds at one place only,
 "Twixt the water and the brake.
 There, driving many an oaken stake

Into the shallow, skilful hands
 A steadfast island-dwelling make,
 Seen from the hill-tops like a fleet
 Of wattled houses; beams of oak
 Fix them; and soon a light-blue smoke
 Goes up across the crowd of trees,
 Where greening Spring is busy anew,
 Dark holly intermixt, and yew,
 And here and there a hoary rock.

The wolf, the wild-cat, and the bear
 Prowl'd in these woods or made their lair;
 Strange yells at midnight came, or oft
 At dead of night,—while safe and soft
 Within their Island-Houses slept,
 On rushy mat and woollen cloak
 And fur of beast, the Prince's folk,
 Save who in turn the nightwatch kept;
 The Prince himself, and Mervaunee,
 The two brave Boys, where they should be;
 While, underneath, the ripple crept,
 And morning rose behind the hills.

There bide they while the Spring refills
 Earth's cup with life-wine to the brink,
 And every creature joys to drink.
 They fish'd, they hunted, ranged afar
 Through labyrinthine woods, made war
 On catamount and cruel wolf;
 And, three times, Dalimar himself
 Spear-smote the spreading-antler'd elk
 And dash'd to ground his mighty bulk.
 They drove the milky kine to feed
 In forest lawn and marshy mead,
 Or swam their wolf-hounds, pure of breed,
 Or hollow'd the tree-trunk for canoe,
 Made nets and lines, and bows of yew,
 Goblets, and other things of wood
 For a hundred uses good,
 Nor bare of carving. Mervaunee,
 Span with her tall handmaidens three,
 Taught her sons whate'er she could,
 Tended the household well, prepared
 The evening feast which all folks shared;
 Then gladly heard the minstrel sing
 His tales, or touch'd herself the string
 (But seldom this) to music strange
 Floating through many a subtle change.
 Thus fled the summertime away.
 "Art thou at peace?" he said one day,
 Kissing her lips. "O Dalimar!
 Lovest me yet? Thou dost, I know,
 But still I'd have thee tell me so!"
 "I loved thee first ten years ago;
 And now I love thee better far.
 Nay, thou hast kept thy bloom of youth
 All perfect."

"Dalimar, in sooth,
 There is my sorrow! I can see
 A touch or two of time on thee,

Dearer for this,—but—may thy wife
Now tell thee somewhat of the life
Of those beneath the waves, and teach
What I have always shunn'd in speech,
Nay, shunn'd in thought?—but year by year
Brings the inevitable near.

“In those vast kingdoms under sea,
Dusky at noontide, few there be
Of mine, a magic race, that dwell,
And how we came there none can tell,
Imperial mid the monstrous forms
Of Ocean's creeping, gliding swarms;
We live three hundred years or more,
Three hundred years, and sometimes four,
And then—ah misery!—and then—

“I said, it is not so with men
Of that bright Upper World who breathe
Crystalline ether, live beneath
The great dominion of the Sun
And Starry Night—(O Night with Stars!).
Surely nothing there, I said, debars
Or daunts them, be it life or death,
In their Infinity begun,
Inspired with such transcendent breath!

“Fearful our visits, short and rare
To your unbounded World of Air,
By an old secret, told to few,
And perilous of proof. I knew
The danger, but I loved it too;
And sometimes, good or evil hap,
Would even doff that precious Cap
Which all beneath the sea must wear,
Because I thus felt greater share
Of earth-life, an unwonted sense
Of fearful hope and joy intense
Commingle, seem'd almost to rise
And float immortal through those skies
Without a limit.

“I have proved
Earth's life and love, through thee, Belov'd,
And through thee, happy. Former days
Withdrew into a distant haze;
First I had Thee, then twofold bliss,
And threefold: better lot than this
Heart could not dream of—might it stay.

“It smote me suddenly one day,
Like arrow from an unseen bow,
A poison'd arrow—He must go,
And thou remain! He shall wax old
Ere fifth part of thy life be told,
And die, and leave thee desolate,
With all the endless years to wait!
My sons too—'tis not death I fear;
If we all die, then death is dear;
But long, sad, lonely life. O Sea,
At least thou hast a death for me!
Nay, husband, kiss me, clasp me tight,
Albeit I lack the human right
Of growing old along with thee!”

She wept; he sooth'd her as he could,
 And cheered her to a brighter mood.
 But grief came shadowing back; and when
 Dark autumn gained on wood and fen
 She felt the moaning of the trees
 Was worse to suffer than the sea's.
 "It taunts us with the distant shore—
 Return we!"

They return'd. Once more
 The salt gale stirr'd her robes and hair,
 But could not breathe away her care;
 The trouble grew, the sad unrest,
 And most of all when moony nights
 Whiten'd the surf or spread afar
 On lonely tracts of sea. His best
 Of comforting tried Dalimar;
 Beyond the hour availing nought.
 For in their lives a change was wrought.

One dreary afternoon, while She
 Sat gazing on the doleful sea,
 She saw her Husband by her stand,
 The Cap of Magic in his hand,
 His face was ashy, his voice low
 And hollow, and his words came slow:
 "My strange dear Lady of the Sea,
 If thou hast mind to part from me
 And live no longer on the land,
 'Take this, and let thy choice be free."
 She did not speak, she did not look;
 As in a trance the Cap she took.
 At its touch a tremor shook
 Suddenly through her, from head to feet,
 And back she lay in the carvent seat,
 With staring eyes and visage wan,
 As though she were at point to die;
 Then started up with sudden cry—
 "O Dalimar!"—but he was gone.
 And none saw her go; nor found trace;
 Nor henceforth look'd upon her face.
 From that hour, empty was her place.

On a winter night when the fire burned bright,
 After flocks of years had flown away,
 Voiceful O'Kennedy sung his lay,
 And his yearning harp was tuned aright
 For ripples of music that keep afloat
 The little tale like a gliding boat:
 "Who will hearken to harp and rhyme,
 Of things that befell in olden time?"

"For one more voyage Prince Dalimar sail'd;
 His two bold sons in the ship with him;
 Though his beard was white, and his eyesight dim,
 And his strength was fail'd.
 (Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
 This befell in the olden time.)

"Weary was he with endless quest
By watery way and island bay;
Never seeing by night or day
One he loved best.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"For he had wedded a fairy wife,
And she had left him, he knew not why,
And till he could find her he would not die,
Though sad was life.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"A sunset over mid-ocean spread
Where the ship, becalmed, did gently sway;
And there on deck Prince Dalimar lay,
As well-nigh dead.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"Closed were his eyes, and pallid his face,
His sons and his sailors standing round;
They thought 'He is far from the burial-mound
Of his chieftain race.'
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"But he opens his eyes, he lifts his hands,
Like one who sees some wonderful sight;
He raises himself, his eyes grow bright;
Straight up he stands!
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"He sighs, 'Long-while have I lived alone.'
He smiles, 'It is Thou!' and then, with one leap
Into the heave of the glassy deep,
Sinks like a stone.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"Swifter than cormorants plunged the men,
Rose for breath and dived anew;
But they swam to the ship when dark it grew,
All silent then.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"Voyaging homewards, often a gleam
Encompassed the vessel, and with the light
A waft of music. One still midnight
There came a Dream.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in the olden time.)

"At full moon, full tide,—to each Brother the same :
 His Father and Mother, hand in hand,
 Immortally fair beside him stand,
 And speak his name.
 (Hush a little for harp and rhyme :
 This befell in the olden time.)

"Seeming out of the water to rise,
 Enclosed in a radiant atmosphere,
 And to float aloft, and disappear
 Into the skies.
 (Hush a little for harp and rhyme :
 This befell in the olden time.)

"The ship sailed fast in the morning sun
 By point and cave, as the fair wind blew,
 And into a little port she knew,
 And her voyage was done.
 (Hush a little for harp and rhyme :
 This befell in the olden time.)

"Where the mounded Rath overlooks the sea
 The Pillar-Stone is a beacon afar ;
 Graven in ogham, 'DALIMAR—
 MERVAUNEE.'
 (This was all in the olden time ;
 And here is the end of harp and rhyme.)"

But this too is a byegone song.
 The Rath has been for ages long
 A grassy hill ; the Standing-Stone
 Looks on a country bare and lone,
 And lonelier billows,—half a word
 Of ogham at the edge all blurred
 With crust of lichens yellow and gray.
 There you may sit of a summer day,
 And watch the white foam rise and fall
 On rampart cliffs of Donegal,
 And the wild sheep on the greensward stray,
 And the sea-line sparkle far away.

THE END.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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ZULU WITCHES AND WITCH-FINDERS.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, April 4th, 1876.

CAN you believe that we are crying out for rain already, and anxiously scanning the clouds as they bank up over the high hills to the south-west ? But so it is. It would be a dreadful misfortune if the real dry weather were

to set in so early, and without the usual heavy downfall of rain which fills the tanks and springs, and wards off the evil day of a short water supply, and no grass. Besides which, everybody faithfully promises me pleasanter weather,—weather more like one's preconceived

idea of the climate of Natal, after a regular three-days' rain. It is high time for my temper as well as for the tanks, that this rain should come, for the slow dragging summer days are now only broken by constant gales of hot winds. These same hot winds are worse than anything, more exasperating and more exhausting; nor does a drop of dew fall at night to refresh the fast-browning vegetation, over which they scatter a thick haze of dust. Hot winds are bad enough in India, lived through in large, airy, lofty rooms, with mats of fragrant grass, kept constantly wet and hung at every door and window; with punkahs, and ice, and all the necessary luxury and idle calm of Indian life. What must they be here,—and, remember, the wind is just as hot, only it blows at short intervals, instead of continually, for months,—in small houses, with low rooms of eight or ten feet square, and in a country where the mistress of the house is head cook, head housemaid, head nurse, and even head coachman and gardener, and where a glass of cool water is a luxury only dreamed of in one's feverish slumbers? Nature demands that we should all be lotus-eaters, and lie "propt on beds of amaranth and moly," at all events from November to April. Necessity insists on our rising early, and going to bed late, and eating the bread of carefulness, during all these hot weeks; that is to say, one must work very hard oneself if one desires to have a tolerably clean and comfortable house, and to live in any sort of rational and civilised fashion. For my part I like hard work, speaking generally, but not in a hot wind. Yet people seem to be pretty well, except their tempers,—again speaking for myself,—so I suppose the climate is rather disagreeable than actually unhealthy.

I feel it is exceedingly absurd the way I dilate incessantly upon three topics,—roads (I promise faithfully not to say a word about *them* this time), weather (I have had my grumble at that, and feel all the better for it), and servants. We have lately added to our establishment a Kafir girl, who is a real comfort and help. Malla—for Kafirs cannot pronounce the letter r; "red" is always "led" with them, and so on—is a short, fat, goodhumored-looking damsel of fifteen years of age, but who looks thirty. Regarded

as a servant, there is still much to be desired, in spite of the careful and excellent training she has enjoyed in the household of the Bishop of Natal; but as a playmate for G—, who is fast teaching her the whole game of cricket, or a nursemaid for the baby, she is a treasure indeed of sweet temper and willingness. To be sure she did race the perambulator down a steep hill the other day, upsetting the baby and breaking the small vehicle into bits; but, still, English nursemaids do the same, and do not tell the truth about it at once, as Malla did: it was done to amuse the two children, and answered that part of the programme excellently well, even the final upsetting eliciting peals of laughter from both the mischievous monkeys. It is also rather singular that, in spite of the extreme slowness and deliberation of my Kafir housemaid's movements, she breaks quite as much crockery in a week as any one else would in a year; and she is so inexpressibly quaint about it all, that one has neither the heart nor the command of countenance requisite to scold. I handed her a saucer last night, to put down: the next moment she remarked, in her singularly sweet and gentle voice and pretty musical accent, "Now here is the saucer in three pieces." So it was; and how she broke it, without dropping it, must ever be a mystery to me. It was like a conjuring trick, but it occurs somewhat too often. Malla ought not to be a housemaid at all. She has a thirst for knowledge which is very remarkable, and a good deal of musical talent. She speaks and reads three languages—Kafir, English, and Dutch—with perfect fluency and facility; and is trying hard to learn to write, practising incessantly on a slate. She is always whistling, or singing, or picking out tunes on a sort of pipe, on which she plays some airs very prettily. Every spare moment of her time she is poring over a book, and her little Kafir Bible is ever at hand. I wish, with all my heart, that I had time to teach her to write, and to learn Kafir from her myself: but, except on Sundays, when I read with her and hear her say some hymns, I never have a moment. She is so anxious to learn, poor girl, that she watches her opportunity; and when I sit down to brush my hair, or lace my boots, she drops on one knee by my side, produces

her book from her pocket, and says, in the most *edlinante* voice, "Sall I lead to you a little, Inkosa' casa?" Who could have the heart to say No, although my gravity is sorely tried by some peculiarities of pronunciation. She cannot say "such," it is too harsh; and the nearest we can arrive at, after many efforts, is "sush." Almost every word has a vowel tacked on to the end, so as to bring it as close to her own liquid, soft-sounding Zulu as possible. I think what upsets me most is to hear our first parents called "Dam and Eva." But, indeed, most of the Bible names are difficult of recognition; yet her idioms are perfect, and she speaks in well-chosen, rather elegant phraseology.¹ Every alternate Sunday, Malla goes down to town dressed in the smartest of bright pink cotton frocks, made very full and very short, a clean white apron, and a sky-blue kerchief, arranged on her head in a becoming turban. Malla's shy grins of delight and pride, as she comes thus arrayed to make me her parting curtsy, are quite charming to behold, and display a set of teeth which it would be hard to match for beauty anywhere out of Kafirland. Indeed, all these people seem to possess most exquisite teeth, and they take great care of them, rinsing their mouths, and polishing even these glistening pearls at every opportunity.

The more I see of the Kafirs, the more I like them. People tell us they are unreliable; but I find them gay and good-humored, docile and civil. Every cow-herd on the veldt has his "sako bono" (phonetic spelling again, on my part) as he passes me fern or grass-seed hunting in the early morning, and I hear incessant peals of laughter from kitchen and stable. Of course laughter probably means idleness, but I have not the heart to go out *every* time (as indeed I ought, I believe) and make them, what Mr. Toots calls, "resume their studies." Their mirth is very different from that of my old friends, the West-Indian negroes, who are always chattering and laughing. The true Kafir wears a stolid expression of countenance in public, and is not easily moved to signs of surprise or amusement; but at home they seem to me a very merry and sociable people. Work is always difficult and disagreeable to them, and many generations must pass before a Kafir will do a hand's turn more than is ac-

tually necessary to keep his body and soul together. They are very easily trained as domestic servants, in spite of the drawback of not understanding half what is said to them; and they make especially good grooms. The most discouraging part of the process, however, is that it is well-nigh perpetual, for, except gipsies, I don't believe there is on the face of the earth a more restless, unsettled human being than your true Kafir. Change he seems to crave for, and change he will have, acknowledging half his time that he knows it must be for the worse. They will leave a comfortable, easy place, where they are well treated and perfectly happy, for harder work and often blows, just for the sake of a change. No kindness can attach them, except in the rarest instances, and nothing upon earth could induce them to forego their periodical visits to their own kraals. This means a return, for the time being, to barbarism; which seems very strange when a man has had time to get accustomed to clothes, a good room, good food, and the hundred and one tastes which civilization teaches. Imagine laying aside the comforts and decencies of life to creep in at the low door of a big bee-hive, and squat naked around a huge fire, smoking tobacco and drinking a kind of beer which is made from mealies. I've often seen this beer, and Charlie is very anxious that I should taste it, bringing me some occasionally in an old biscuit-tin, with assurances that "ma" will find it very good. But I cannot get beyond looking at it, for it is difficult to associate the idea of beer with a thick liquid resembling dirty chocolate more than anything else. So I always stave off the evil day of tasting, with ingenious excuses.

Perhaps they are more behindhand in medical faith than in any other respect. The other day one of our Kafirs had a bad bilious attack, and, declining all offers of more civilised treatment, got one of his own physicians to bleed him in the great toe, with, as he declared, the happiest effect. Certain it is that in the afternoon he reported himself as perfectly well. But quite the most extraordinary kind of remedy came before me lately. Tom had a frightful headache,—which is not to be wondered at, considering how that boy smokes the.

strongest tobacco out of a cow's horn, morning, noon, and night; to say nothing of incessant snuff-taking. The first I heard of Tom's headache was when Charlie came to ask me for a remedy; which I thought very nice on his part, because he and Tom live in a chronic state of quarrelling, and half my time is taken up in keeping the peace between them. However, I told Charlie that I knew of no remedy for a bad headache except going to bed, and that was what I should advise Tom to do. Charlie smiled rather contemptuously, as if pitying my ignorance, and asked if I would give him a box of wooden matches. Now matches are a standing grievance in a Kafir establishment, and go at the rate of a box a day if not carefully locked up. So I, failing to connect wooden matches and Tom's headache together, began a reproachful catalogue of how many boxes of matches he had asked for lately. Charlie, however, hastily cut me short by saying, "But, ma', it for make Tom well." So of course I produced a new box of "Bryant and May," and stood by to watch Charlie doctoring Tom. Match after match did Charlie strike, holding the flaming splinter up Tom's exceedingly wide nostrils, until the box was empty. Tom winced a good deal, but bore this singeing process with great fortitude. Every now and then he cried out—as well he might—when Charlie thrust a freshly-lighted match up his nose; but on the whole he stood it bravely, and by the time the matches were all burnt out, he declared his headache was quite cured, and that he was ready to go and chop wood. Nor would he listen to the idea of going to bed. "It very good stuff to smell, ma'," said Charlie: "burn de sickness away."

They are inexpressibly queer, too, about their domestic arrangements, and I had a long argument with a Kafir woman the other day, through Malia's interpretation, as to the propriety of killing one of her babies when she chanced to have twins. My dusky friend declared it was much the best plan, and one which was always followed when the whites did not interfere. If both children were kept alive, she averred, they would be both puny, wretched little creatures, and would be quite sure to die eventually; so, as a Kafir looks to his children to

take care of and work for him even in his middle age,—the sons by their wages, and the daughters by their dowries, or rather by the prices paid for them,—she declared it was very bad economy to try to rear two babies at once, and calmly recapitulated the instances in her own and her neighbors' families where one wretched twin had been killed to give the other a better chance. She confessed she had been much puzzled upon one occasion when the twins were a girl and a boy, for both would have been useful hereafter. "I thought of the cows I should get for the girl," she said, "and then I thought of the boy's wages, and I didn't know which to keep; but the girl, she cried the most, so I kill her, and the boy grow up a very good boy, earns plenty money." That was Malia's interpretation; for although she speaks excellent English, when another person's words have to be reproduced her senses get a little confused and jumbled up. But she is a capital mouth-piece, and it always amuses me to bargain, through her, for my eggs and chickens and mealies. Sorry bargaining it is, generally resulting in my paying double the market price for these commodities. Lately I have been even more fleeced than usual, especially by my egg-man, who is an astute old Kafir, very much adorned with circlets of copper wire on his legs and arms. He brings his eggs in a bag, which he swings about so recklessly that it is a perpetual marvel to me how they escape annihilation. Every time he comes he adds threepence to the price of his eggs per dozen on account of the doubled hut-tax, and I assure him that in time it will end in my having paid the whole amount instead of him. Hitherto the natives have paid a tax of seven shillings per annum on each hut, but this year it has been doubled, so the Kafirs very sensibly make their white customers pay a heavy percentage on the necessities of life with which they supply them. It is exactly what it used to be in London three or four years ago, when coals were so costly: everything rose in price, from china vases down to ha'pennies; so now this doubled tax is the excuse for a sudden rise in the value of eggs, fowls, cows, mealies, and what I don't understand political economy myself, but it always seems to me a curious fact that although every arti-

of food or clothing is only too ready to jump up in price on the smallest excuse, *it never comes down again*. I try to chaff my old Kafir egg merchant, and show him by figures that his extra charge for eggs pays his extra seven shillings in about six weeks. I endeavor to persuade him, after this increased tax is thus provided for, to go back to his original price; but he smiles knowingly, and shakes his head, murmuring "Ka, ka," which appears to mean "No."

All this time, however, I am longing to tell you of a famous tea-party I have had here lately. A regular "drum," only it beat all your London teas hollow, even with dear little "Minos" * thrown into the bargain, because in the corner of my cards were the words, "Tea and Witches."—Now I ask you could any one wish for greater excitement than that to enliven a summer afternoon? Attractive as was the bait, it yet was a blunder or a fib, which you choose, for so far from being witches, my five extraordinary performers were the sworn enemies of witches, being in fact "witch-finders," or "witch-doctors," as they are just as often called. I am quite sure that no one has ever suffered so much anxiety about a small entertainment as I did about that tea-party! Of course there was the usual thunder-storm due that afternoon, and not until the last moment, when the clouds rolled off towards the Umpeni valley, leaving us a glorious sky and pleasant breeze, did I cease to fear that the whole thing might prove a *fiasco*. By the time I had begun to have confidence in the weather, came a distracted message from the obliging neighbor who supplies me with milk, to say that, as ill-luck would have it, her cows had selected this particular afternoon of all the year to stray away and get themselves impounded, and that consequently the delivery of sundry bottles (everything is sold in bottles here) of milk was as uncertain as—what shall I say? Natal weather—for nothing can be more uncertain than *that*. Imagine my dismay. No one dared even to suggest preserved milk to me, so well-known is my antipathy to that miserable makeshift. I should have sat me down and

wept if at that moment I had not discerned a small herd of cattle wending their way across the veldt to my neighbor's gate. Oh joy! the milk and the weather are all right, but what in the name of wonder is this enormous mob of shouting, singing Kafirs clamoring outside my garden fence? These are my witch-finders, escorted by nearly the whole black population of Maritzburgh. They have arrived about three hours before the proper time and are asking for some place to dress in, not from any fastidiousness, but simply because they don't want profane eyes to witness the details of assuming their professional decorations. Remember there is not a white man nearer than Maritzburg, and there is nothing upon earth to prevent any number of these excited, shouting men and boys from walking into my little house, or at least helping themselves to anything off the tea-tables which the servants are beginning to arrange in the verandah. But they were as docile and obedient as possible, readily acceding to my desire that they should remain outside the fence, and asking for nothing except copious draughts of water. Certainly I was armed with a talisman, for I went out to them with one of my numerous "Jacks" as an interpreter, and told them they must all sit down and wait patiently until Mr. S— (their own beloved Inkosi) came, adding that he would be here immediately. That was a fib, for he could not come until late; but an excellent substitute very soon appeared and set my mind partly at rest. I say only "partly," because I had been so teased about my party. F— had been especially aggravating, observing from time to time that my proceedings were at once illegal and improper, and adding that he was "surprised at me." Can you imagine anything more trying? And I yet knew quite well all the time that he was just as anxious to see these people as we were, only he persisted in being semi-official and disagreeable. Never mind, I triumphed over him afterwards when it all went off so well. When I had leisure to think of anything but whether there would be a riot or not, I had horrible misgivings about the compulsory scantiness of my invitations. I should have liked to ask all my acquaintances as well as the few friends I had in-

* A wonderful performing dog exhibited by Madame Häger, and much in request last season.

vited; but what is one to do with a doll's house and a dozen tea-cups? Those were my resources, and I taxed them to the uttermost as it was. One can't hire things here, and I had no place to put them if I could; but it is horrid to feel, as I did, that heaps of people must have wondered why they were left out.

At last five o'clock came, bringing with it a regiment of riders thirsting for tea and clamorous to see the witches, wanting their fortunes told, their lost trinkets found, and heaven knows what beside. "They are not witches at all," I say gravely; "they are witch-finders, and I believe the whole thing is very wrong." Here was a depressing announcement for one's hostess to make! but it had a good effect for the moment, and sent my guests quietly off to console themselves with their tea; *that* at least could not be wrong, especially as the milk had arrived, new and delicious. In the meantime kind Mr. F— had gone off to fetch the witches—as every lady persisted in calling them—and presently they appeared in full official dress, walking along in a measured, stately step, keeping time and tune to the chanting of a body-guard of girls and women, who sung continuously, in a sort of undertone, a monotonous kind of march. They made an excellent stage entrance. Grave, composed, erect of carriage, and dauntless of mien, these Amazonian women walked past the verandah, raising their hand as the men do with the low cry of "Inkōsi" in salutation. Their pride is to be looked upon as men when once they take up this dread profession, which is also shared with them by men. They are permitted to bear shield and spear as warriors, and they hunt and kill with their own hands the wild beasts and reptiles whose skins they wear. Their day is over and ended, however, for the cruelties practised under their auspices had risen to a great height, and it is now against the law to seek out a witch by means of these pitiless women. It is not difficult to understand—bearing in mind the superstition and cruelty which existed in remote parts of England not so very long ago—how powerful such women became among a savage people, or how tempting an opportunity they could furnish of getting rid of an enemy. Of course there are exceptional individ-

uals; more observant, more shrewd, and more dauntless, than the average fat hard-working Kafir women; besides possessing the contradictory mixture of great physical powers and strong hysterical tendencies. They work themselves up to a pitch of frenzy, and get to believe as firmly in their own supernatural discernment as any individual among the trembling circle of Zulus to whom a touch from the whisk they carry in their hands is a sentence of instant death. It gave a certain grim interest to what a Scotch friend called the "ploy" to know that it had once been true; and I begged Mr. F—to explain to them, before they began, that the only reason I had wanted to see them arose from pure curiosity to know what they looked like, how they were dressed, and so forth; and that I quite understood that it was all nonsense and very wrong, and against the law to do so *really*, but that this was only a play and a pretence. Shall I confess that I felt rather ashamed at making this public avowal, but my conscience demanded it clamorously, and I felt many misgivings lest I should indeed be causing any "weak brother to offend." However, it was too late now for scruples, and a sort of shout came up from the good-humored, well-behaved crowd outside, assuring me they knew it was only for fun, and that it was quite right; and they were glad for the English "Inkosa's casa" and her friends to see an old custom which it was a good thing to have done with. This little speech, so full of true tact, put me at my ease at once, and we all took up our position at one side of the little semicircular lawn, where the dance-crescent was already formed, supplying ourselves, the place of the supposed ring of spectators and victims. I wish I could make you see the scene as I saw it, and shall ever see it when I look back upon it. The first original "tail" of my witch-finders had been supplemented by a dense mob of people, who formed a background, behaving perfectly quietly, and though uninvited and unexpected giving not the slightest trouble. That is the odd part of a colony: individuals are rougher, less polite, more brusque and overbearing than the people one is accustomed to see in England; but the moment it comes to a great concourse of people, then the absolute respectability of class asserts itself,

and the crowd—the “rough” element being conspicuous by its absence—is far more orderly than any assemblage of a dozen people elsewhere. Imagine a villa at Wimbledon or Putney, and some four or five hundred uninvited people calmly walking into the grounds to look at something they wished to see, without a ghost of a policeman or authority in charge! Yet that was our predicament for an hour or two, and not a leaf, or rosebud, or blade of grass was touched or injured in any way; nor was there a sound to be heard to mar the tranquil beauty of that summer evening. It was

“A beauteous evening, calm and free,—

in spite of my chronic state of grumbling at the climate and weather I must acknowledge that,—an evening which might have been made to order. Recent rains had washed the surrounding hills, brightened the dust-laden grass to green once more, and freshened up everything. The amphitheatre of rising ground which surrounds Maritzburg had never looked more beautiful with purple and blue shadows passing over it from the slow-sailing clouds above. Towards the west the sky was taking that peculiar azure and mystic glow which precedes a fine sunset, and the sun itself laid long parting lances of pure golden light across hill and dale around. A fresh air came up from the south, blowing softly across the downs, and sleepy, picturesque little Maritzburg—empty for the afternoon of its inhabitants, I should fancy—nestled cosily up against the undulating ground opposite. Then, to come nearer home, just outside our sod-fence a line of dusky faces rose above the ferns and waving grasses, faces whose gleaming eyes were riveted on the knot of performers within. The little drive and garden paths were crowded with strangers, white and colored, all, as I said before, perfectly quiet and orderly, but evidently interested and amused. A semicircle of girls and women,—some in gay, civilised garb, some in coarsest drapery, with bright beads on wrist and neck, some with drowsy babies slung at their backs, but all earnest and intent on their part,—stood like the chorus of a Greek play, beating their hands together, and singing a low, monotonous chant, the measure and rhythm of which changed every now and again with a stamp

and a swing. A pace or two in front of these singers were the witch-finders, in full ceremonial dress. Collectively they are known by the name of the “Isinyanga” or “Abangoura,” but each had, of course, her distinctive name, and each belonged to a separate tribe. Conspicuous from her great height, Nozinyanga first caught my eye, her floating helmet-like plume of the tail-feathers of the saka-bula bird shading her fierce face, made still more grimsome by wafers of red paint on cheek and brow. In her right hand she held a light sheaf of assegais or lances, and on her left arm was slung a small and pretty shield of dappled ox-hide. Her petticoat was less characteristic than that of her sister-performers, being made of a couple of large gay handkerchiefs worn kiltwise. But she made up for this shortcoming of characteristic decoration in her skirts by the splendor of the bead necklaces, fringes of goats’ hair, and scarlet tassels with which she was covered from throat to waist. A baldric of leopard skin was fastened with huge brazen knobs across her capacious chest, and down her back hung a beautifully dried and flattened skin of an enormous boa-constrictor. This creature must have been of a prodigious length, for whilst its hooded head was fastened at the broad nape of Nozinyanga’s neck, its tail dropped some two feet or so on the ground behind her. Now Nozinyanga stood something like six feet two inches on her bare feet. Although I first looked at her, attracted by her tall stature and defiant pose, the proceedings were really opened by a small, lithe woman, with a wonderfully pathetic, wistful face, who seemed more in earnest than her big sisters, and who in her day must doubtless have brushed away many a man’s life with the quagga’s tail she brandished so lightly.

To make you understand the terrible interest attaching to these women, I ought to explain to you here that it used to be the custom whenever anything went wrong, either politically or socially, among the Zulus or other tribes, to attribute the shortcomings to witch-agency. The next step to be taken, after coming to this resolution, was to seek out and destroy the witch or witches; and for this purpose a great meeting would be summoned by order of the King, and,

under his superintendence, a large ring, some four or five deep, of natives would be made to sit trembling and in fear of their lives on the ground. In the centre of these danced the witch-finders, or witch-doctors, and as they gradually lashed themselves up to a frantic state of frenzy, bordering in fact on demoniacal possession, they lightly switched with this quagga-tail one or other of the quivering spectators. No sooner had the fatal brush passed over the victim than he was dragged away and butchered on the spot; and not only he, but all the living things in his hut—wives and children, dogs and cats,—not a stick left standing, or a living creature breathing. Sometimes a whole kraal was exterminated in this fashion; and it need not be told what a method it became of gratifying private revenge and paying off old scores. Of all the blessings, so unwillingly and grudgingly admitted, which even so partial a civilisation has wrought to these difficult, lazy, and yet pugnacious Kafir people, none can be greater surely than the rule which strictly prohibits this sort of lynch-law from being carried out anywhere, under any circumstances, by these priestesses of a cruel faith. Now perhaps you see why there was such a strong undercurrent of interest and excitement beneath the light laughter and frolic of our summer afternoon tea-party.

Nozilwane was the name of this terrible little sorceress, who frightened more than one of us more thoroughly than we should like to acknowledge, peering up in our faces as she hung about the group of guests, with a weird, wistful glance which was both uncanny and uncomfortable. She was really beautifully dressed for her part, in lynx-skins folded over and over from waist to knee, and the upper part of her body covered by strings of wild beasts' teeth and fangs, beads, skeins of brilliantly-hued yarn, strips of snakes' skin and fringes of Angora-goat fleece. This was a singularly effective and graceful decoration, worn round the body and above each elbow and falling in soft white flakes among the gay coloring and against the dusky skin. Lynx tails hung down like lap-pets on each side of her face, which was overshadowed and almost hidden by the profusion of saka-bula feathers. This bird has a very beautiful plumage, and

is sufficiently rare for the natives to attach a peculiar value and charm to the tail-feathers; they are like those of a young cock, curved and slender, and of a dark chestnut color, with a white eye at the extreme tip of each feather. Among this floating and thick plumage, small bladders were interspersed, and skewers or pins fashioned out of tusks. All the witch-finders wore their own hair, or rather wool, alike: that is, highly greased, and twisted up with twine until it loses the appearance of hair completely, and hangs around their faces like a thick fringe, dyed deep red. Nozilwane stepped out with a creeping, cat-like gesture, bent double, as if she were seeking out a trail. Every movement of her undulating body kept time to the beat of the girls' hands and the low crooning chant. Presently she affected to find the clue she sought, and sprang aloft with a series of wild pirouettes, shaking her spears and brandishing her little shield in a frenzied fashion. But Nowarusu, albeit much fatter and in less good condition than the lady of the lynx-skins, was determined that she should not remain the cynosure of our eyes, and she too, with a yell and a caper, cut into the dance to the sound of louder grunts and faster hand-claps. Nowarusu turned her back to us a good deal in her performances, conscious of a magnificent snake-skin, studded besides in a regular pattern with brass-headed nails, which floated like a streamer down her back. She wore a magnificent *jupe* of leopard skins, decorated with red rosettes, and her toilette was altogether more *recherché* and artistic than any of the others. Her bangles were brighter, her goat-fringes whiter, and her face more carefully painted. Yet Nozilwane held her own gallantly in virtue of being a mere bag of bones, and also having youth and a firm belief in herself on her side. The others, though they all joined in, and hunted out a phantom foe, and triumphed over his discovery in turn, were soon breathless and exhausted, and glad to be led away by some of the attendant women, to be anointed and to drink water. Besides which, they were all of a certain age, and less inclined to frisk about than the agile Nozilwane. As for great big Nozinyanga, she danced like Queen Elizabeth, "high and disposedly,"—and no wonder, for I

should think she weighed at least fifteen stone. Umgiterri, in a petticoat of white Angora goat-skin, and a *corsage* of bladders and teeth, heads and viper skins, was nothing remarkable; neither was Um-à-noujjozza, a melancholy looking personage, with an enormous wiglike coiffure of red ringlets and white skewers. Her physiogomy, too, was a trifle more stolid and commonplace than that of her comrades; and altogether she gave me the impression of being a sensible, respectable woman, who was very much ashamed of herself for playing such antics. However, she brandished her divining brush with the rest, and cut in now and then to "keep the flure" with the untiring Nozilwanc. All this time the chanting and hand-beating never ceased; the babies dozed placidly behind their mothers' backs, and we all began to think fondly of a second cup of tea.

The sun had now quite dropt behind the high hills to the west, and was sending long rays right up across the tranquil sky. We felt we had nearly had enough of imaginary witch-finding, and looked about for some means of ending the affair. "Let us test their powers of finding things," said one of the party. "I have lost a silver pipe-stem, which I value much;" so the five wise women were bidden to discover what was lost, and where it was to be found. They set about this in a curious and interesting way, which reminded one rather of the children's game of magic music. In the first place it was a relief to know that there were not any ghastly recollections attached to this performance, and in the next one could better understand by the pantomimics what they were about. In front of us, squatted on heels and haunches a semicircle of about a dozen men, who were supposed to have invoked the aid of the sisterhood to find some lost property. These men, however, did not in the least know what was asked for, and were told to go on with their part until a signal was given that the article had been named. So they all addressed themselves to the business in hand with the utmost seriousness and good faith. I must mention that these men were all highly respectable: head men, "indunas," in fact; each worth a good herd of cows at least, and much "portable property." In every-day life it would have been hard

to beat them for shrewd common sense, and I make bold to say their grasp of intellect and power of comprehension would be a good deal higher than that of the ordinary middle-class English farmer, whose ideas are bounded by the horizon of his own fields. Well, in spite of the constant contact with civilisation, in spite of missionary and schoolmaster, it was easy to perceive that the old savage instincts and beliefs were there, strong as ever, and that these men, though they affected to take it all as we did, as an afternoon's frolic, were firm believers in the mystic power of the "Isinyanga," else they never could have played their parts so well, so eagerly, and with such vivid interest.

"What is it the Inkos' has lost?" they cried: "discover, reveal, make plain to us."

It was a good moment in which to try the experiment, because all the singing and dancing had worked the "Isinyanga" up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and excitement, and the inspiration was held to be complete; so, without hesitation, Nowaruso accepted the men's challenge, and cried, "Sing for me: make a cadence for me." Then, after a moment's pause, she went on in a rapid, broken utterance,—

"Is this real? is it a test? is it but a show? Do the white chiefs want to laugh at our pretensions? Has the white lady called us only to show other white people that we can do nothing? Is anything really lost? is it not hidden? No: it *is* lost. Is it lost by a black person? No: a white person has lost it. Is it lost by the great white chief (meaning their own King of Hearts, their Native Minister)? No: it is lost by an ordinary white man. Let me see what it is that is lost. Is it money? No. Is it a weighty thing? No: it can be always carried about,—it is not heavy. All people like to carry it, especially the white Inkosi: it is made of the same metal as money. I could tell you more, but there is no earnestness in all this,—it is only a spectacle."

Between each of these short sentences the seeress made a pause, and eagerly scanned the faces of the men before her. For sole reply they gave a loud, simultaneous snap of their finger and thumb, pointing towards the ground as they did

so, and shouting but one word, "Yizwa (the first syllable tremendously accented and drawn out): discover, reveal!" That is all they can say to urge her on, for in this case they know not themselves; but the priestesses watch their countenances eagerly, to see if haply there may be, consciously or unconsciously, some sign or token whether, as children say in their games, they are "hot" or not. Nowarusu will say no more: she suspects a trick; but Nozilwane rushes about like one possessed, sobbing, and quivering with excitement, "It is this: it is that!" Gigantic Nozinyanga strikes her lance firmly into the ground, and cries haughtily in her own tongue, "It is his watch!" looking around as though daring us to contradict her. The other three join hands, and gallop all round and round, making the most impossible suggestions: the "inquirers," as the kneeling men are called, give them no clue or help,—nothing but the rapid finger-snaps, the hand pointed sternly down to the ground as though they were to seek it there, and the fast-following cry, "Yizwa, yizwa!" At last Nozilwane has it: "His pipe: yizwa, yizwa! a thing which has come off his pipe!" And so it is. Nozilwane's pluck, and perseverance, and cunning watching of our faces at each hit she made, have brought her off triumphantly. A grunt and murmur of admiration goes round. The Indunas jump up and subside into ebony images of impassive respectability. The chorus, surely weary by this time, breaks up into knots; and the wearied sisterhood drop, as if by one accord, on their knees, sitting back on their heels, before me, raise their right hands in salutation and deliver themselves of a little speech, of which this is as close a translation as it is possible to get of so dissimilar a language:—

"Messages were sent to us at our kraals that an English lady wished to see us and witness our customs. When we heard these messages our heart said, 'Go to the English lady.' So we have come, and now our hearts are filled with pleasure at having seen this lady, and ourselves heard her express her thanks to us. We would also on our part thank the lady for her kindness and her presents.

"White people do not believe in our powers, and think that we are mad; but

still we know it is not so, and that we really have the powers we profess. So it comes we are proud this day at being allowed to show ourselves before our great white chief and so many great white people. We thank the lady again, and say for us, O son of Mr. F—, that we wish her ever to dwell in peace, and we desire for her that her path may have light."

It was not easy to find anything equally pretty to say in return for this; but I in my turn invoked the ready wit and fluent tongue of the son of Mr. F—, and I daresay he turned out as if from me something very neat and creditable. So we were all eventually pleased with each other; only I was haunted all the time of this pretty speech-making by the recollection of a quaint saying often used by a funny old Scotch nurse we had when we were children—I don't think I have ever heard it since, but it darted into my mind with my first platitude—"When gentlefolks meet compliments pass"—we were so anxious to outdo each other in politeness; but unless my *niaiseries* gained a good deal by being changed into Zulu I fear the witch-finders did the best in that line.

The twilight—sadly short now—was fast coming on, and all the black people were anxious to get back to their homes.

Already the crowd of spectators had melted away like magic, streaming down the green hillsides by many a different track. Only a remnant of the body-guard lingered to escort the performers home. As they passed the corner of the verandah where the tea-table was set I fancied they glanced wistfully at the cakes, so I rather timidly handed a substantial biscuit as big as a saucer to the huge Nozinyanga, who graciously accepted it as joyfully as a child would. Another little black hand was thrust out directly, and yet another; and so the end was that the tea-tables were cleared then and there of all the eatables, and it was not till every dish was empty that the group moved on, raising a parting cry of "Inkosalosa," and a sort of cheer, or attempt at a cheer. They were so unfeignedly delighted with this sudden, happy thought about the biscuits and cakes, that it was quite a pleasure to see them so good-humored and docile, moving off the moment they saw I

really had exhausted my store, with pretty gestures of gratitude and thanks. We had to content ourselves with bread and butter with our second cup of tea, but we were so tired ourselves, and so glad of a little rest and the quiet, that I don't think we missed the cakes.

As we sat there enjoying the last lovely gleams of daylight, and chatting over the strange weird scene, we could just hear the distant song of the escort as they took the tired priestesses home, and we all fell to talking of the custom when it was in all its savage force. Many of the friends present had seen or heard terrible instances of the wholesale massacre which would have followed just such an exhibition as this had it been in earnest. But I will repeat for you some of the less ghastly stories. One shall be modern and one ancient,—as ancient as fifty years ago, which *is* ancient for oral tradition. The modern one is the tamest, so it shall come first.

Before the law was passed making it wrong to consult these Isinyanga or witch-doctors, a servant belonging to one of the English settlers lost his savings,—some three or four pounds. He suspected one of his fellow-servants of being the thief, summoned the Isinyanga, and requested his master to "assist" at the ceremony. All the other servants were bidden to assemble themselves, and to do exactly what the witch-finder bade them. She had them seated in a row in front of her, and ordered them, one and all, to bare their throats and chests (for you must remember they were clothed as the law specifies them to be in the towns,—in a shirt and knickerbocker). This they did,—the guilty one with much trepidation you may be sure,—and she fixed her eyes on that little hollow in the neck where the throat joins the body, watching carefully the accelerated pulsation.

"It is thou. No: it is not. It must then be you," and so on, dodging about, pointing first to one and then rapidly wheeling round to fix on another, until the wretched criminal was so nervous, that when she made one of her sudden descents upon him, guided by the bewraying pulse which fluttered and throbbed with terror and anxiety, he was fain to throw up his hands and confess, praying for mercy. In this case the Isinyanga was merely a shrewd, observant woman,

with a strong spice of the detective in her; but they are generally regarded not only as sorceresses, whose superior incantations can discover and bring to light the machinations of the ordinary witch, but as priestesses of a dark and obscure faith.

The other instance of their discernment we talked of happened some sixty years ago, when Chaka, the Terrible, was King of the Zulus. The political power of these Isinyanga had then reached a great height in Zulu-land, and they were in the habit of denouncing as witches, or rather wizards, one after the other of the King's ministers and chieftains. It was difficult to put a stop to these wholesale murders, for the sympathy of the people was always on the side of the witch-finders, cruel though they were. At last the King thought of an expedient. He killed a bullock, and with his own hands smeared its blood over the royal hut in the dead of night. Next day he summoned a Council and announced that some one had been guilty of high treason in defiling the King's hut with blood, and that too when it stood apparently secure from outrage in the very middle of the kraal. What was to be done? The Isinyanga were summoned, and commanded on pain of death to declare who was the criminal. This they were quite ready to do, and named without hesitation one after the other of the great Inkosi, who sat trembling around. But instead of dooming the wretched victim to death, the *dénouement* resembled closely that of a famous elegy, "The dog it was that died." In other words, the witch-finders who named an Inkosi, heard, to their astonishment, that they were to be executed and the denounced victims kept alive. This went on for some time, until one cleverer than the rest, yet afraid of committing himself too much, rose up and said oracularly, "I smell the heavens above!" Chaka took this as a compliment, as well as a guess in the right direction, ordered all the remaining Isinyanga to be slain on the spot, and appointed the fortunate oracle to be his one and only witch-finder for ever after.

Chaka's name will be remembered for many and many a day in Zulu-land and the provinces which border it, by both black and white. In the first decade of this century when Napoleon was map-

ping out Europe afresh with the bayonet for a stilet, and we were pouring out blood and money like water to check him here and there,—at that very time Raupera in New Zealand, and Chaka in Zululand were playing precisely a similar game. Here, Chaka had a wider field for his Alexander-like rage for conquest, and he and his wild warriors dashed over

the land like a mountain stream. No place was safe from him, and he was the terror of the unhappy first settlers. Even now his name brings a sense of uneasiness with it, for it is still a spell to rouse the warrior spirit which only sleeps in the breasts of his wild subjects across the border.—*Evening Hours.*

AN EXCURSION IN FORMOSA.

A BULWARK of islands, single and in groups, protects—like some great system of natural fortification—the eastern shore of Asia. Beginning at the southern extremity of Kamschatka, this chain of advanced works extends beyond the Northern Tropic. At first come the Kurile Islands, then the Japanese group, then the Linschotten Isles, the Loochooan Archipelago, and the Meiacosima group resting, as on a flank defence, on the great island of Formosa. There is nothing fanciful in this comparison of the long line of islands, that is interposed between the Asiatic coast and the broad expanse of the North Pacific, to a protective fortification. Behind this screen the ports of China from Amoy to the Yellow Sea enjoy an almost, if not quite, perfect immunity from that terrible scourge of the Eastern seas, the dreaded typhoon.* Round the right flank of the line they sweep with unbroken fury, and, repulsed by the lofty mountains of Formosa, carry havoc and dismay to Hong-Kong and Macao on the southern coast of China. Thus this great island fills in the geography of the Far East a position commensurate with its physical characteristics, and with the interest with which it has long been regarded.

Few names have been more correctly bestowed. Formosa is indeed majestic in its beauty. It may be regarded as a fortunate event in the history of geogra-

phical nomenclature that its sponsors were early Spanish navigators, who inherited a sense of the beautiful and the romantic with their Southern blood. The seas about are studded with the uncouth patronymics of rival Dutch explorers, which throw into brighter contrast this well-deserved appellation. A line of Alpine heights runs along the island in the interior. On the west this splendid range sinks into an extensive plain, fertile and rich in streams, which has received a multitude of industrious colonists from the neighboring Chinese province of Foh-kien. There these colonists have built cities and have turned the country into a garden. But where the mountains begin their occupation ceases; and the eastern part of the island, abrupt and mountainous to the very shore, is inhabited by tribes of savages who still live in unreclaimed barbarism. The territory in the possession of the Chinese stretches across the northern end of the island from sea to sea; but its extent on the Pacific shore is very limited, and may be said to end at the sea-port of Kelung.

Coasting along the eastern side the voyager is repeatedly struck by the magnificence of the scenery. The central range rises to a height of above 12,000 feet; whilst between it and the water are mountains of an elevation at least half as great. Their outline is at once beautiful and fantastic. Domes, and peaks, and wall-like precipices succeed each other in striking variety. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which dash cascades that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight. Occasionally on rounding a headland a deep gorge is revealed, and in the shadow cast by the enclosing heights can be dimly discerned the outlines of a native village.

A short excursion made into the coun-

* "They (the typhoons) do not extend into the Formosa Strait. . . . There is only one case on record of their having reached Amoy; and northward of Formosa they are of rare occurrence. . . . Eastward of Formosa they extend as far as the Bonin Islands and probably right across the Pacific."—*China Sea Directory*, iii. p. 8. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. London, 1874.

try near Kelung enabled me to see many of the beauties of the island. It was undertaken chiefly with a view to visit the coal-mines which abound in that part, and to form some idea of the manner of working them and of transporting the coal to the coast for exportation. As May had already begun, and as the weather was hotter than was pleasant for travelling on foot in the middle of the day, a start was made in the early morning. Soon after six o'clock I landed with one companion on the little island which forms the eastern side of the harbor, and to which Europeans have given the name of Palm Island. On it there are two villages, one inhabited exclusively by Chinese, and the other by a mixed race of Chinese and Peppy-hoans, a tribe of natives less barbarous than their fellows, who here, at least, have to some extent coalesced with the colonists from the mainland.

Our landing took place at the nearest point of the former village. On our way we passed several of the inhabitants engaged in fishing in *sampans*, or Chinese boats, which seemed like rude copies of those found at Amoy, and at all other places to which the roving natives of Foh-kien migrate. We were received by a respectable concourse of the remaining villagers. It was soon evident that Europeans were not frequent visitors, as whenever we encountered women or the younger children they fled to their houses at first sight of us. The men, and some dozen valiant little urchins of more mature age, perhaps eight or ten years, exhibited no signs of alarm or even of surprise, and seemed anxious to show us every civility. The former, in several cases, came forward and offered us their long bamboo pipes to smoke; whilst the latter, with that inexpressible love of fun so characteristic of Chinese children, did their best to heighten the terrors of their younger companions by shouting loudly at any who exhibited signs of fear at our approach.

Fishing villages in any part of the world are seldom remarkable for cleanliness; and a Chinese fishing-village might be expected to surpass all others in abominations of sight and smell. This one, however, of Searle-how seemed an exception to the rule. There was a very remarkable air of comfort and well-being about

the place. The boats were numerous and well-found. The street was laid out with a fair amount of regularity. The inhabitants were well-dressed, and the women, all tottering on their poor crushed feet, wore many ornaments. A temple of considerable size occupied a prominent position, and, strange to say, it was comparatively clean and in good repair, whilst, still stranger, an attendant was positively engaged in sweeping and in generally embellishing the paved space in front of the central door. Early as it was, voices of small Chinese scholars learning their lessons came from a wing of the building on the right. The houses were well built, comfortable, and cleanly. As a rule one plan was followed. A large central building, generally of neatly cut blocks of the sandstone of which the island is formed, ran parallel to the roadway; from it a wing jutted out at right angles at either end; the whole house thus forming three sides of a square. In the central building was a large hall containing, right opposite the door, the family altar and the shrine of the household deities. This seemed to be the principal living room of the dwelling; the wings were chiefly used as storehouses. We were civilly invited by signs to enter and inspect one of the best houses, and were even tempted by the offer of chairs; but as we had some distance to go, we declined the friendly invitation. In front of the village was a noble tree, throwing a vast shade around it, under which the whole village might assemble.

The other village was on the same beach, a few hundred yards further on. Behind both there was much cultivated land, many plots being laid out as vegetable gardens and rice-fields. The high style of Chinese cultivation was everywhere noticeable, as also the rarer sight of well-kept fences and hedges. The houses at this latter place were not so large nor so well-built as those at Searle-how. Many were constructed of wooden frames filled in with fragments of coral from the beach, but in design they were almost exactly similar. Here also in front of the village was a magnificent tree of even nobler proportions than the other. Its trunk was a gnarled and knotted mass bound and overlaid with the stems of innumerable creepers. Beneath a vertical sun it would cast a shadow considerably

over a hundred feet in diameter; whilst so thick was its foliage that not a ray could penetrate it.

The Peppy-hoan villagers bore some resemblance to their Chinese neighbors. They had adopted the Chinese dress, and the men had shaven heads and the regular *queue*. The women, on the contrary, dressed their hair in a different fashion, tying it up in a loose knot behind with some bright-colored cord. Their feet too were bare and as nature had formed them. They were a tall, fine-looking people. The men had a sturdier more manly air than is common amongst Chinamen, whilst the women could boast a stature and a stateliness of figure almost unknown amongst their Chinese sisters. Handsome faces were not common; their complexions somewhat resembled those of the lighter skinned Chinese, though they were decidedly of a fresher hue than those of the yellow-visaged nation. The type of feature was unmistakably Mongolian. The island is separated from the main-land by a narrow strait, through which there was a boiling tide rushing at the time of our visit. We tried to engage a boat to cross it, but it was intimated to us by signs that the owners were away. At length a boat of large size deeply laden was seen coming through the strait with the tide. We called out to the boatmen, and made them understand our wish to be ferried across. With some little difficulty in that swift current they succeeded in picking us up, and landing us at a pretty little bay on the opposite shore. There were four men in the boat, all Chinese. When we landed we offered them a small sum of money as our fare; to our astonishment they civilly but firmly refused to accept it, though they must have been considerably delayed in their voyage, and two of them had actually got into the water and stood in it up to their waists to assist us in landing.

The scenery of the main-land was very fine. Even the views we had had on our way up the coast had not at all prepared us for it. The copious moisture of a tropical climate was apparent in the rich luxuriance of the vegetation. The varied outlines of the heights which rose on either side told of earthquakes and of a volcanic region. Inland from the head of the little bay to which we had been

brought across ran a narrow valley, through which water had at some time evidently forced its way. On each hand were tokens of a great upheaval. The strata dipped steeply towards the west; and the edges of the seams of rock were scored and eaten away by the action of the water. Yellow sandstone and masses of coralline limestone abounded. The former exhibited in the little promontories and points that jutted out into the sea the strangest forms. Blocks of the soft stone stood upright near the water's edge, and here and there they were rounded off and scraped away near the lower part till they looked like gigantic mushrooms, or huge egg-cups or wine-glasses, or took some other quaint shape. In some cases so exact was the resemblance to these objects that it was difficult to believe that art had not been called in to aid nature in fashioning them.

The bottom of the valley was laid out in rice-plots. The rice had been recently transplanted, and each plant had a clear space around it of several inches. The surface of the ground was covered to a slight depth with water. The brilliant green of the young rice formed a charming contrast to the more sombre foliage of the shrubs and trees which half hid the steep cliffs on both sides of the valley. The number and beauty of the wild-flowers were extraordinary. We were first struck by a convolvulus of enormous size, of a rich violet hue striped with crimson, which covered the bank by the side of which the path ran. Then a white lily of exquisite shape and delicate perfume delighted us. Orchids of varied colors fringed the pathway. A graceful creeper with a tiny lilac blossom trailed along the narrow strip of sward that edged the rice-field on our right. A cottage or two lay half-hidden behind a hedge of bamboo and screw-pine, above which waved the graceful leaves of the plantain-tree. A splendid variety of tree-fern, like a dwarf palm, grew in great profusion. A variety of willow is a common object in most Chinese villages, and some of the delicately-leaved trees, which we met with in our further progress, bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the aspen.

At the head of the valley we came upon the sea. A sandy beach swept round with

a wide curve towards the east, beneath a line of almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs. Midway along it was a little hamlet of fishermen's cottages. Some of the inhabitants were on the beach repairing their boats and nets. Imitating in pantomimic action the occupation of coal-miners, we asked, and were readily shown the way to the pits. Our road lay by the shore beneath the cliffs, then round the headland which they formed. A geologist would have been charmed with the scene laid open to our view. At the water's edge were numberless rocky pinnacles, and cup-shaped masses like those we had already seen. The beach itself was strewn with boulders in every stage of formation. Some of the sandstone stems were so eaten away by the waves that the globular mass on the summit was ready to fall, others had but recently been broken off, whilst on the ground lay many rolled about to a greater or less degree of sphericity. As the path led round the extremity of the headland, two parallel lines of rock in crystallized blocks, as level and as regular as a tiled footway, ran out for some hundreds of yards into the sea. It was the Giant's Causeway on a larger scale. These long and shapely roads, that almost joined the point on which we stood to another promontory in front of us, were just the edges of strata tilted up from where the sea now flows, and inclining towards the land. On our right or inshore hand great sandstone cliffs towered above us. Superimposed on these was a line of perpendicular coralline limestone, edged at the summit with shrubs and creepers, and presenting, with its buttressed projections, and grey and hoary surface, the appearance of an old castle wall. Indeed, so closely in this did nature resemble art, that we were forced to make a close inspection before we could get rid of the idea that we were actually passing beneath ruined walls. The flowers had followed us still. The giant convolvulus still shone upon the prominences and projections of the cliffs; and the snowy lily grew boldly in clumps far out on the rocks towards the sea.

More rice-fields filled up a narrow plain which succeeded to the cliffs. Then the straggling houses and vegetable gardens of a small village built by the seaside appeared. The houses came

down close to the edge of a snug and picturesque harbor, and many of them stood in the deep shadow of noble trees. Junks and cargo-boats were lying moored close to the shore, and a line of carriers was descending and ascending a steep hill-path, carrying loads to and from the craft below. We soon came upon symptoms of a coal-mining neighborhood. Heaps of coal, and great masses of "slack" and refuse formed a background to the village between the houses and the surrounding hills. The carriers, who went and came in an endless procession, were bearing baskets of the black mineral, slung from a pole across their shoulders. The bright verdure, the luxuriant tropical shrubs, the smooth sandy beach were soiled by the foul dust from the black heaps that were piled up beneath the hill.

We ascended the path, which was so steep that we almost had to climb. The carriers, nevertheless, came down it fearlessly and with sure foot in spite of their heavy loads. At the summit we saw that the path dropped into a valley, which it crossed between wet rice-fields, and then again mounted a ridge on the other side. This we found, as we went on, was repeated over and over again. In some places so precipitous was the way, that steps were cut in the soft sandstone of the hillside to facilitate the ascent. We encountered still an unbroken stream of carriers with their loads; though diverging paths showed that they came from mines in different quarters.

These continuously succeeding valleys revealed the volcanic nature of the formation, and were evidences of violent convulsions. There was a certain sameness in the features of many. The sides were abrupt, seldom rising above four hundred feet in height; the surrounding ridges were sharp and with a broken sky-line, and the low ground was a kind of floor, flat and level throughout. Yet they were sufficiently unlike to give, as we ascended ridge after ridge, a succession of changing views. The aspect of all was extremely picturesque. The level rice-fields with their emerald-hued plants lay like a brilliant carpet beneath our feet. At one side ran a purling brook, whose murmurs struck softly on the ear. Trees and shrubs of various tints clad the hillsides, while patches of bamboo

added further variegation to the foliage, and decked the outline of the heights with groups of graceful forms. The giant convolvulus still clung to the banks and thicker clumps of shrubs; but a brilliant scarlet lily replaced the delicate white one of the sea-shore. Closer inspection was often disappointing. In the rice-fields, wallowing on hands and knees, and kneading the liquid mud about the plants, were Chinese peasants engaged in the revolting rice-culture. By the side of the streams were huge heaps of refuse coal, which stained the waters to dinginess. The tropical* air was warm and moist, and fragments of cloud hung about the higher peaks around us. At first sight these valleys reminded us of sunken craters, such as Agnano, near Naples, or still more the picturesque peninsula of Uraga in Japan. Perhaps there is almost sacrilege in the latter comparison, for in that lonely land, if anywhere, are

"More pellucid streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams."†

The road of the coal-carriers was long and troublesome. Carrying a heavy load for at least four miles, as those who came from some of the mines were doing, up and down steep hills in such an atmosphere and such a temperature, must have been superlatively distressing. Many of them bore a forked stick on which they rested at their halts—the pole to which their coal-baskets were slung. These halts were, however, infrequent. Here and there in some sequestered nook, some umbrageous fold in the hillside, an enterprising Chinaman had established a little tea-house, and in front of it a knot of carriers stopped to refresh themselves. Elsewhere there were stalls beneath an awning of mats for the sale of sweet-meats, or bits of sugar-cane.

The mines were worked in a most primitive fashion. A hole, not much bigger than would be necessary to admit one person, was dug horizontally into the

side of the steep face of a hill. Into this a miner carried a shallow flexible basket, and when he had scraped it full, he dragged it out with a rope, and transferred its contents to the two baskets which the carriers use. The coal was of two descriptions; a lustrous, black, bituminous sort, and a brittle, dull, yellow kind which came out in small lumps, and abounded in sulphur and iron pyrites. The slack and refuse was cast forth from the pit's mouth to lie where it might. By this rude method of raising it a considerable quantity of the mineral is brought into the market. It is believed that as much as ten thousand tons have been raised in a single year. A rude estimate of the capabilities of the present mines, as now worked, fixes the possible out-put at one hundred tons a day, the actual amount being assumed on fairly good data, as one thousand *piculo*, or about half. The great customers of the Kelung miners are the factories and furnaces of the Chinese naval arsenal near Foo-Chow. A considerable quantity also is exported in junks, for household use, at other ports in China. The Government has at length become alive to the important source of wealth which lies hidden in the coal-fields of Northern Formosa. Four English miners arrived just before my visit to the island, to instruct the native colliers, and an engineer, who had already inspected the mines, was in England purchasing the requisite machinery for mining on Chinese Government account. The local officials had issued a proclamation desiring the inhabitants to treat the foreigners with civility; a mandate which, in the case of a casual visitor—judging only from my own experience—was quite uncalled for. The same authority has also intimated that the Government only proposes to open new mines, and not in any way to interfere with the working of those previously dug.

This will undoubtedly very considerably modify the position of the aboriginal savages of Formosa. The increase of the commercial importance of Kelung will mean the extension of Chinese occupation along the eastern coast. Already, thanks to the action of the Japanese Government, which nearly caused a war between it and that of China, a Chinese garrison is stationed at Sauro

* The tropic of Cancer crosses the island of Formosa.

† These lines of Wordsworth (*Protesilaus'* description of the Elysian Fields) are not inappropriate in a reference to the lovely part of Japan alluded to, near Yokosuka and Kanazawa, as the district goes by the name of the "Plains of Heaven."

Bay, some way south of Kelung harbor. In a few years, probably, these wild tribes, who have so long preserved a primeval barbarism on the very borders of a most ancient civilisation, will be surrounded by patient and industrious Chinamen, cut off from the sea, and driven to the mountains of the interior, there to disappear before the Mongolian race, as the Red men have before the Anglo-Saxon.

At the foot of a high hill, far up on the sides of which yawned the black mouths of two coal-pits, out of and into which an ant-like stream of miners and carriers unceasingly swarmed, stood a little hamlet of tea-houses, rice-planters' cottages, and a blacksmith's shop. Above it rose a smooth, grassy eminence, which broadened at the summit to an open down. A fair extent of green sward, placed thus amidst the dense foliage of the neighboring hills, heightened considerably the beauty of the landscape. In front of the village ran a little stream, across which was thrown a frail bridge of a single plank, a giddy passage for the laden carriers from the mines. A few huge water buffaloes were feeding in the valley, and the green sward was dotted with swine and goats browsing on the shrubs. A wide plantation of bamboo waved in feathery masses on an opposite height, and hedges of the screw-pine fenced the village gardens behind the houses. Up the face of the green hillock, behind the village, ran our road to the town of Kelung, which the rising temperature warned us it was time to gain.

From the higher ground we caught glimpses of distant peaks, and of valleys carpeted with the growing rice. The way, which hitherto had too often been but a mere track upon the summit of a narrow dyke between water-covered fields, was now along a well-made *chaussée*, neatly paved with stones. It led us beneath jutting crags and eminences crowned with shady copses, and by the side of a swiftly-running stream. Occasionally it dipped down sharply into a narrow ravine, or wound gradually up a steep ascent. At length we descended into an extensive plain; through it flowed the stream we had so long followed, broad and sluggish as a canal. By this stream much of the produce of the mines is brought into the town, and at the head

of the navigation lay a small fleet of boats deep with their sombre cargo. Its banks were so smooth and regular that it had evidently been "canalised" by the industrious people whose patient toil has converted the surrounding country into a garden. An opening in the ridge that seemed to block up the end of the valley enabled us to see the masts of the junks lying in the shallow harbor, and the trees and houses of Kelung. As we approached the town we walked by primly cultivated gardens, and past snug homesteads embowered in trees. We met strings of people carrying back their purchases from the town, and now and then we came upon a gaudily painted sedan-chair borne by two men and carrying a small-footed woman. A little colony of boat-builders occupied a convenient creek just without the town wall, which was visible on our left. Above it showed the fantastic gables and tawdry ornaments of a large joss-house, or temple, the most conspicuous building in the place. A sharp turn to the right brought us past the end of a long bridge, thrown across the stream just before it falls into the harbor, and to the low wicket gate which formed the entrance to Kelung. Arrived within it, we found ourselves once more amidst the horrors of Chinese streets.

We had yet to go a mile farther, and were glad to hail a *sampan* and complete our journey by water instead of threading the filthy labyrinths of the town. We dropped down quietly in our little boat, sculled by a single boatman, past a long line of junks loading and discharging cargo, and landed beneath the ruins of a fort on a low promontory at the custom-house quay. A row of neat bungalows and a tall white flagstaff, flying the dragon-flag, belonged to the Imperial Maritime Customs, one of the institutions of New China which tends perhaps more than any other to bring her within the family of nations. Immediately opposite was a large building with a high-pitched matted roof, in which was stored the salt belonging to the mandarins, its sale being a government monopoly in China. So that, separated by a narrow strip of water, stood face to face symbols of the two methods, which perhaps will soon strive in China for the mastery,—restriction and freedom, the ancient and the new.—*Fortnightly Review*.

NATURAL MAGIC.

In fingering that very small object, a shirt-stud, it is apt to elude the grasp and disappear. It has gone no one knows whither. You look about for it in all directions, but it is not to be seen. This is what we call Natural Magic. You have unconsciously performed a singularly clever trick, as good as any sleight-of-hand. It was, however, only an accident, and could not, without great study and experience, be done again. Of course, the little object has not vanished into empty space. It is lying quietly in a remote corner of the room, possibly concealed by the folds of a window-curtain, to which, in the twinkling of an eye, it was sent by a twist of the fingers; and there perhaps it is found some days afterwards by the housemaid. We mention this familiar incident by way of illustrating some of the ordinary tricks of conjurers. By light flexibility of fingers, and immense tact in distracting observation by amusing talk, they make things disappear in a manner so extraordinary and mysterious as to baffle comprehension. They only do by artifice what you accidentally effected with the shirt-stud. All depends on skill and velocity in giving the right twist to the fingers.

That is but one explanation of the profound art of the conjurers. They rely on the sentiment of wonder, and power of bamboozling the simpler order of mortals. Acute in observation, they occasionally excite surprise by correctness in guessing what are one's thoughts. We may give an example which has come to our knowledge. Towards the end of last century, a conjurer, named Herman Boaz, travelled about the country, astonishing every one with his tricks. His shrewdness in guessing thoughts was remarkable. At one of his performances, at a town in the south of England, where a number of young ladies were present, he went round the room offering to tell people's thoughts. One young lady, who had formed a notion of rising next morning at five o'clock, changed her intention, and made up her mind to rise at seven. Passing her, and looking her in the face, Boaz said complacently: "You are quite right, miss; seven is a much better hour than five."

The young lady addressed never forgot this astonishing piece of conjuring. It was simply a happy coincidence in falling on the right idea. If the guess had been wrong, we should never have heard of it.

The art of the conjurer is of very old date. We hear of it in many ancient writings; the general belief always being that the tricks were performed through supernatural agency. Several clever conjurers ventured on appearing before public assemblies in England in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which was rather a bold thing to do, for the laws against witchcraft were still in force, and the poor conjurers, in trying to pick up a livelihood by their professional deceptions, ran the risk of perishing on the gallows or in the blaze of a tar barrel. The fairs about London were usually frequented by these experts, some of whom are commemorated by Mr. Frost in his very amusing volume, lately published, *The Lives of the Conjurers*. Flourishing as a contemporary of Boaz in the reign of George III., there was a juggler named Ray, who gained popularity in London. He appears to have employed a variety of jargon to give a sort of supernatural color to his deceptions. 'He had once,' says Mr. Frost, 'the honor of performing before the royal family, of which, on one occasion, an amusing anecdote is related. Ray desired the queen to say *Cockalorum* as the charm upon which, as he pretended, the success of the grand deception depended. The queen hesitated; upon which the king, who was eager to witness the conjurer's great trick, turned to her, and said good-humoredly: "Say *Cockalorum*, Charlotte; say *Cockalorum*."'

About the same period, Breslaw gave conjuring entertainments in London, and, like Ray, had the honor of performing before the king and queen and their young family. Breslaw had the candor to explain how he performed his tricks. In one of his advertisements, he announces that he will 'discover the following deceptions in such a manner that every person in the company will be capable of doing them immediately for their

amusement. First, to tell any lady or gentleman the card that they fix on, without asking questions. Second, to make a remarkable piece of money to fly out of any gentleman's hand into a lady's pocket-handkerchief, at two yards' distance. Third, to change four or five cards in any lady's or gentleman's hand several times into different cards. Fourth, to make a fresh egg fly out of any person's pocket into a box on the table, and immediately to fly back again into the pocket.' In his latter days, Breslaw offered to teach sleight-of-hand for a reasonable fee; and finally, on retiring from the profession, he, in 1784, published a small book explanatory of his conjuring tricks and apparatus.

At this time and a little later, conjurers did not in popular appreciation rank much above the grade of mountebanks. They still wore fantastic dresses, and made use of cockalorum, hocus-pocus, presto, begone, and other ridiculous jargon. The first who, in giving a tinge of science to the art of legerdemain, rose to the character of a philosophic conjurer, was Katerfelto, who has been immortalised by the poet Cowper :

Katerfelto with his hair on end

At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

Katerfelto was the son of a Prussian colonel of hussars. He had received a good education, but being of an erratic turn, he took to conjuring. After travelling for some years on the continent, giving entertainments at different courts, he appeared in London about 1781. With his tricks were intermingled harangues on mathematics, optics, magnetism, chemistry, hydrostatics, and other sciences. To aid his mystifications he exhibited a black cat, which was reputed to possess some wonderful qualities, which he took care to puff in the newspapers. The puff was of course anonymous. Sometimes it consisted of dreadful insinuations against the character of the black cat, which was represented as a demon in disguise. Having wrought up the public mind on the subject, Katerfelto would come out with an advertisement per contra, denouncing the disregard of truth in speaking of himself and his clever but very innocent cat. For instance, he issued an advertisement as follows : 'Katerfelto is sorry to find that writers (that is to say, his own puffs) in

the newspapers have several times, and particularly within the last fortnight, asserted that he and his black cat are devils. On the contrary, Katerfelto professes himself to be nothing more than a moral and divine philosopher, a teacher in mathematics and natural philosophy ; and that neither he nor his black cat bears any resemblance to devils, as they are represented in the print-shops ; and assures the nobility and public that the idea of him and his black cat being devils arises merely from the astonishing performances of Katerfelto and his said cat, which both in the days' and nights' exhibition are such as to induce all the spectators to believe them both to be devils indeed !—the black cat appearing in one instant with a tail, and the next without any, and which has occasioned many thousand pounds to be lost in wagers on this incomprehensible subject.'

Philip Astley, noted for his equestrian amphitheatre, is said to have begun life as a soldier, in which capacity, when on foreign service with his regiment, he demonstrated his ability as a conjuror by inventing the now famous gun-trick. This consists in pretending to fire a pistol loaded with ball, and catching the ball on the point of a knife. The explanation of the trick is, that in the first place the pistol is secretly loaded only with blank cartridge. In this harmless condition the conjuror slips into it a tin tube, which nicely fits before it, and then ostentatiously loads it with ball. Before firing, the tin tube is dexterously removed, and when the weapon is fired no harm ensues ; by an instantaneous manœuvre the bullet is triumphantly exhibited as being caught in the required situation. It is related that Astley invented the trick to save the effusion of blood at the duel of two comrades in the army, for one of whom he acted as second. Succeeding in getting the other man's second to assent to the ingenious device, the duellists fired at each other without effect, and the affair was amicably adjusted. Very clever this. One might, however, say with Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* :

But scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Mr. Frost mentions two instances in which the gun-trick proved fatal. Or

was that of a conjurer in Dublin who was shot dead by the accidental substitution of a real loaded pistol for one in which the charge was withdrawn. The other took place in Germany, at the performance of a conjurer named De Linsky. He set up his wife to be fired at by six soldiers, each of whom was to bite the ball off his cartridge in charging his gun. Heedlessly, one of the soldiers did not bite off the ball, and Madame De Linsky was shot through the body. She died on the second day after the accident. The catastrophe clouded the latter years of the unfortunate conjurer.

Balsamo, a native of Sicily, who assumed the name of Cagliostro, flourished as a conjurer, or, more properly, as an impostor, about the year 1780, but was better known on the continent than in England. He did not confine himself to sleight-of-hand, but pretended to cure diseases, and to make old people young again. His fate was unfortunate. While in Paris, he was confined for some time to the Bastille, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of the famed diamond necklace of Marie Antoinette. Getting out of this scrape, he went to Rome, where, on account of his conjuring operations, he was condemned to death as a magician, but died in prison in 1795.

Some of the tricks of Cagliostro had in them a trace of science. He dealt in optical illusions; and although he was a regular charlatan, one cannot but regret the cruel way he was treated. By two successors, Comus and Robert—a couple of Frenchmen—tricks by means of concave mirrors were brought to considerable perfection. Performing in Paris, M. Robert declared he would raise from the dead any person whom the company pleased to name. It was proposed that he should bring up the spirit of Marat; and truly enough a phantom resembling that hideous revolutionary monster made its appearance, and immediately vanished. Effects of this kind, aided by a subdued light and some ghastly paraphernalia, are produced by the agency of lenses, concave mirrors, and miniature likenesses of the persons represented. In fact, much of the so-called manifestations of modern spiritualism may be explained by optical illusions, such as were practised by M. Robert and his brother-conjurers.

We cannot, even in the briefest way, refer to the crowd of conjurers who, in later times, have entertained and astonished the public with their tricks. Only a few can be noticed. One of these was the well-remembered Anderson, a native of Aberdeenshire, who designated himself Wizard of the North. It is a rare thing to find a Scotchman filling the rôle of a showman, an actor, or a conjurer. Rising from a humble position, and poorly educated, Anderson began his career as a call-boy in a theatre, and with an aptitude for sleight-of-hand, along with a proper amount of audacity, he took up the profession of a conjurer, beginning with entertainments in small towns and working his way up to high-class assemblages in London and elsewhere. He established his popularity by the neat and quiet way in which he performed a variety of new and bewildering tricks. In his later days he issued a kind of memoir of his life, from which, as we suppose, Mr. Frost has drawn the following incident.

In the course of a professional excursion in the north, he visited Forres, and by the advice of his printer, took lodgings for a week at the house of an elderly widow, who expressed a wish that he should pay half the rent beforehand. Anderson made no objection, and handed her four half-crowns. Observing the words 'Great Wizard of the North' on the handle of his umbrella, the woman in trepidation asked who he was. On being told that he was a wizard, she ordered him to quit the house. At this moment the stage-coach was about to pass the door for Elgin, where the wizard had an engagement. As he was hurrying away, the woman threw his money on the floor, and fell down in a swoon, hurting herself in the fall. Some persons rushed in on hearing the fracas, and seized Anderson, to prevent his escape. Just then the coach drew up, and the driver was told that a murder had been committed. 'Leaping down, and looking through the window, he recognised Anderson, whom he had seen several times in Elgin. The coach started again; and Anderson, finding that he was in an awkward position, as the old lady gave no signs of life, demanded to be taken before a magistrate at once. This he was told was impossible, as there was no magistrate within

seven miles ; and all that could be done was to lodge him in the town jail until next day. To the jail the conjurer was taken, therefore, between a couple of constables, who were commendably prompt in making their appearance. The coach went to Elgin, where the guard lost no time in spreading the news of the Wizard's arrest, and going to the Assembly Rooms, told the audience, who were growing impatient at the conjurer's non-appearance, that "they might conjure for themselves that night, for there would be no Wizard, as he was where he would not get out with all his magic ; he was in Forres jail, for murdering an old woman." A thrill of horror ran through the crowded auditory ; then a murmur arose, and loud demands were made for the return of the money paid at the doors. This was done ; and nothing was talked of at Elgin that night but the horrible murder at Forres. On the following morning, Anderson was conducted to the residence of the magistrate, where the widow, who had recovered in the course of the night, told as much of the tragical story as she knew. The gentleman who administered justice in that remote district smiled at the old lady's narrative, reproved the witnesses for their hastiness, and at once discharged Anderson, with an expression of regret for the inconvenience and loss to which his detention had subjected him. The news of the *dénouement* of the affair reached Elgin as soon as Anderson, for whom it proved an excellent advertisement, bringing crowds to the Assembly Rooms, and inducing him to prolong his stay in that town several nights beyond the term he had intended.

Anderson deservedly made a fortune by his performances at home and abroad. While in the United States he discovered the impostures of the Spiritualists that were driving people mad, and relentlessly exposed them in his entertainments. 'I caused my table,' says he, 'to rap as loudly and intelligently as theirs, while I hesitated not to reveal the nature and *modus operandi* of the "spirits" which produced the rappings.' For this good service he deserved the thanks of society. Anderson died two or three years ago.

Every one knows that jugglery is carried to a high pitch of perfection by natives of India. We have some notice of

their marvellous tricks in Mr. Frost's entertaining volume. The Chinese are also clever at conjuring, especially as regards sleight-of-hand. A few years ago we saw a Chinese perform a dexterous manœuvre, which it was painful to witness. He appeared on the stage with his belt stuck full of table-knives with sharp points, and was accompanied by his son, a boy of nine or ten years of age. Placing the boy against a broad wooden plank, he began, at the distance of six feet, to throw knives at him ; causing these sharp instruments by a particular jerk to stick in the wood all around the boy. The feat was rapidly executed, but with apparent ease and indifference. Not one of the knives touched the boy, though some of them stuck in the board very near him. As they were projected with considerable force, any hit would have been fatal. The reflection raised at sight of this extraordinary exhibition, was that the man must have spent half a lifetime in training his hand and eye for the performance. Hazlitt, it may be remembered, has an interesting essay on the dexterity of Indian jugglers in throwing up a number of balls and catching them successively, and the enormous amount of study that must have been expended in attaining such proficiency. Everybody will say that the loss of time in studies of this nature is most wasteful. But looked at broadly in relation to natural aptitudes, it would seem to be pretty much a matter of taste whether a man shall spend seven years in learning to poise perpendicularly on the point of his nose a tall stick with a dinner-plate pirouetting on the top of it, or in qualifying himself for one of the learned professions. Conjuring, possibly, 'pays' as well as anything else.

We occasionally see clever conjurers of the mountebank order in the by-streets of London—the police taking care to keep them out of the main thoroughfares—but they are far and away excelled by the conjurers who establish themselves for popular entertainment behind little tables in the Champs-Élysées. We are inclined to think that, somehow, conjuring comes natural to a Frenchman. He possesses the requisite amount of light-heartedness and loquacity. In Paris, conjurers are a kind of *artistes*. They are asked to at-

tend festive parties for the general amusement. When the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the allied army, was supreme in Paris, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, he invited a large evening-party to the mansion he occupied in the Place Louis XV. On consideration, he found that the house could not contain all who were expected to attend. 'Cover over the garden,' said a friend whom he consulted, 'and invite a conjurer to entertain the company.' The hint was taken; and through the performances of the conjurer in the garden, the party went off with immense *clat*. This incident was related to us by the late Mr. James Simpson, an Edinburgh advocate, who visited and wrote about the field of Waterloo, and had the good fortune to be present at the famous garden party of 'Le Grand Vellington,' as the Parisians were pleased to call him.

Among the later conjurers of note there have been several foreigners, Döbler, Frikell, Bosco, and Houdin—ordinarily called Robert-Houdin. We happen to have seen them all, and in particular can speak with approbation of the elegantly adroit performances of Houdin. This clever Frenchman, who spoke English fluently, travelled about with his wife, who was an accessory in his entertainments. For example he would declare that Madame, while seated blindfold in the middle of the stage, would describe any small article that was handed to him. Responding to his request, one of the spectators would hand him a brooch, another a ring, a third a pencil-case, and so on. Every article was faithfully described to all appearance by the blindfolded lady, which caused no small degree of wonder; but in reality she never spoke at all. She only moved her lips; while the husband, holding and looking at the article in his hand, by means of ventriloquism caused the words to come apparently from her mouth. The trick was exceedingly well performed.

In the course of his travels, Houdin visited Algiers, and there astonished the native Arabs with his performance of the gun-trick, which he did in a way somewhat peculiar. At one of his entertainments an old Arab admitted that Monsieur was doubtless a great magician, but he should prefer to use one of his own pistols. Houdin said this might be done

next day, after he had invoked the powers to assist him. It was a severe trial of skill, for there was some danger in dealing with a wary and suspicious barbarian. Next day, the exploit came off. Houdin only stipulated that he should be allowed to load the pistol, the Arab handing him a leaden bullet from a saucerful from which to make his choice. This was agreed to. Houdin, as every one thought, dropped the leaden bullet into the pistol; but instead of doing so, he dropped a previously prepared sham bullet, which dissolved into dust on being fired. 'Now,' said the conjurer to the Arab, 'take the pistol, and fire at me, and I will catch the bullet in my mouth.' The pistol was fired; and to the profound amazement of the crowd of Arabs, Houdin took a leaden bullet out of his mouth, which all admitted to be the bullet that had been selected from the saucerful. To still further astonish the company, Houdin declared that by loading with another leaden ball he would bring blood out of a stone wall. All were eager to see this wonderful feat. It was performed in a way differing little from what had already taken place. Instead of dropping a real ball into the pistol, Houdin used a sham bullet filled with a red liquid, which dissolved on striking the wall. Wonder tremendous! We believe that Anderson in his gun-tricks was similarly in the habit of substituting light composition balls for real bullets, and was equally successful. It was all a matter of sleight-of-hand.

The latest and most surprising piece of Natural Magic has been what is usually called Pepper's Ghost, though it was exhibited years previously, in Paris, by the French conjurer Robin. The thing, however, is so simple and so obvious that we cannot doubt it had been employed—perhaps imperfectly—ages ago in the conjuring repertory. Every one must have noticed a very ordinary phenomenon. A fire burning in a room is at a certain angle reflected in the glass of the window. Passing through the glass, the rays are refracted or bent aside, and the image of the fire is seen blazing on a bush or other object outside. Such is the principle on which the so-called Pepper's Ghost is made a subject of wonder to an assemblage of people.

Shrouding the lights, to give the required dimness, a glass screen is lowered in front of the stage, on which the ghost is to appear; the ghost being nothing more than the reflection of a person performing out of sight of the spectators—probably at a point in front of the glass, or even under the stage. The recent manufacture of large sheets of plate-glass has immensely facilitated the trick. As none of the spectators, on account of the

crepuscular light, can see the glass, the simulation is complete. A ghost seems to be walking about the stage, which the actors affect to see or to grasp, of course without effect, and the marvel is to all appearance incomprehensible. On the like principle, is sometimes shown a 'magic head,' which answers questions, also a variety of other tricks or optical illusions.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MODERN POLITENESS.

NOTHING perhaps better illustrates the revolutionizing influence of social progress on our customary ideas and habits than the contrast between the modern and the ancient conception of courtesy. According to the latter, politeness was an emanation from a noble and reverential mind, and constituted one of its distinguishing marks. Even in the simple structure of society indicated by Homer, courtesy towards strangers was recognized as something to be recorded and extolled. The deferential politeness of Achilles when receiving the deputation of chiefs, and the friendly respect shown by Alcinous towards the stranger Ulysses, are dwelt on as valuable and striking qualities of these persons. So too the whole of the poetry of chivalry is inspired with this idea of the nobility of courtesy. The connection between external politeness and indwelling generosity of mind was regarded as of the closest; and this internal source of courteous manners was the object of continual praise:—

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

In contrast with this idea the modern theory of politeness seems to be that it is altogether or mainly a matter of rule, which anybody can master provided only he has the requisite intelligence. The moral aspect of the habit as springing from a certain style of character is overlooked, if not explicitly denied. The age which witnesses the production of shilling manuals of etiquette, by help of which the very churl in feeling may qualify himself in an hour or two for polite society, may perhaps be said to have succeeded pretty fairly in eliminating the internal and moral factor from the connotation of the term "polite." We may characterize

this change in the view of courtesy as the substitution of the knowledge of a rule for the play of a refined emotion. Not but that in former times courtesy was aided by well-defined laws. Primitive societies had their well-understood duties of courtesy, and chivalry had its elaborate code of obligations. Only these rules were never regarded as self-sufficing, but were simply a guide to those whose native gentleness of mind prompted them to acts of politeness. In modern society, however, compliance with a rule is commonly viewed as the whole of politeness, which is thus reduced to a definite external art.

A complete study of the influences which have combined to bring about this revolution of ideas would probably involve the consideration of some of the most fundamental processes of social development. The first reflection which presents itself perhaps is that the art of politeness, like every other branch of social practice, had to be gradually constructed from the example and teaching of many persons. The modern rules of politeness really represent a slow accumulation of knowledge, which had to be drawn from the tentative practices of large numbers of people. In simpler and ruder states of society a man was thrown to a large extent on his own feelings as a guide to courtesy, just because there was not a sufficient consensus of opinion as to what constitutes true politeness. Nowadays, on the contrary, the experiences of many generations have combined to form a body of well-defined rules of courtesy. What has been practised by the best sort of persons or those commanding most influence, and has become approved by the many because of

its utility or its grace, gradually solidifies into a rule. Thus politeness, like every other uniform practice, say that of dressing, could only become a well-defined art with its general rules when society, or some portion of it, had acquired a certain share of common knowledge, the fruit of many compared experiences.

But, again, politeness is not only an art which had to be gradually learnt, but also a duty which required a certain state of social sentiment for its enforcement. Courtesy and good manners belong to the less essential region of morality. Society has to dispense with them as common habits until it has settled the graver and more urgent matters of social security. They are the ornamental appendage of the moral code which society could not afford to purchase till it had first possessed itself of the essentials of this code. Now the inclusion of any previously spontaneous practice in the realm of duty clearly serves to mechanize it. For, first of all, it is the substitution of an artificial for an instinctive motive. When courtesy was not yet thus legalized, men were gentle in their manners from a love of gentleness, from a fine sense of its worth and beauty. But now that politeness has been largely reduced to an obligatory rule enforced by the sanction of social ostracism, there is no longer the same demand made on these spontaneous sentiments. A man who now cares to retain a place in good society will pretty certainly be well behaved, however little natural inclination he may have towards the observances of courtesy. Secondly, this transformation of politeness into a moral obligation has necessarily been accompanied with the compression and rigid limitation of courtesy. Whatever is to be enforced as a part of morality must be simple and easily apprehended, and, moreover, must not be too onerous; and it would be absurd to require of the miscellaneous group which constitutes a community or a social grade that amount of punctilious attention and formal deference of manners which the reverential feelings of an individual member of it might prompt, and which even a code of honor self-imposed by a band of enthusiasts might exact. Thus the inclusion of good manners among social duties has had the effect of marring the beauty of the art,

by cutting off its most generous manifestations. The exquisite delicacy of knightly worship can find no place in a system of rules to be uniformly enforced by general opinion. The noble enthusiasms of chivalry do not lend themselves to social legislation. There is a third influence, too, which serves to account for the rapid petrification of the sentiments of courtesy in the shape of rigid rules. Thus far we have spoken of politeness as of equal value for primitive and for advanced societies, though its general acquisition and its enforcement had to be postponed to a comparatively late stage of development. But, in point of fact, with social development the occasions for politeness multiply very rapidly. While civilization does away with the need of some of the most important and really beneficent offices of chivalry, it extends very widely the scope of the lighter acts of courtesy. In modern society a man forms many more connexions, meets many more strangers, is thrown more frequently into a passing contact with others, than in the simpler societies of the past. The mere fact of our present rapid means of locomotion has immeasurably enlarged the province of politeness. It is therefore of greater and greater importance for people to know how to behave towards strangers, and to have a definite set of rules to guide them amid these rapidly recurring relations. It is also of greater and greater importance to society to enforce such a set of rules, if it aims at imposing a certain style of behavior in these relations.

Yet, while there is this unmistakable tendency in the direction of a complete reduction of good manners to a system of rather obvious rules, the admirer of indwelling courtesy need not fear that this tendency will ever be fully realized. However large a part of the domain of politeness may be systematized, there will always remain much more which is unsusceptible of formulation in general rules; and the growth of kindly feeling, which is commonly supposed to be a concomitant of social development, will, it is to be hoped, ensure the cultivation of this outlying region. The vulgar mind will no doubt easily content itself with a fulfilment of the clearly prescribed rules of politeness; but the truly gentle nature will feel that these cover but a small

part of the ground. We are far from undervaluing the advantage of definite rules, even where the prompting sentiment exists. The very intensity of the wish to be courteous may render one ridiculous unless there be a knowledge of what is expected under the circumstances. A rather timid lady who has to entertain a somewhat formidable visitor may easily make a slip through the very agitation of her good feeling. One great advantage of rules of politeness, especially in the rapid movements of modern life, is to save us from the perplexities into which our polite sentiments themselves would frequently throw us. But, while admitting this, we may contend that, of all duties, courtesy is the one least susceptible of exact definition; what is respectful, what is most grateful to the object of our attention, varies indefinitely according to circumstances and to the temperament and tastes of the person who is to profit by our politeness. For example, an amount of attention which would be almost painful to a retiring young woman may be very acceptable to others of a more exacting temper. Nothing but really kind feeling and a quick desire to please can ever dictate all the fine details of gentle manners. The genuinely courteous man will always be distinguished by many signs from the man who is coarse and rude in feeling, but who manages just to execute the externals of etiquette.

Many people are probably apt to overlook the fact that genuine courtesy involves an indwelling sentiment. They fancy that kind feeling must prompt its subjects to a ludicrous excess of politeness. But this simply means that kind impulses must be supplemented by other qualities—namely, by a fine sense of the seemly and the ludicrous, and a certain

intellectual quickness of mind. Without these a very kindly disposed person will no doubt frequently err. A young man who accidentally brushes against a young woman in the dense crowd of a skating rink, and makes a profuse apology, is perhaps something more than polite. On the other hand, kind feeling must be assisted by intellectual qualities. The lady of fine tact who quickly perceives the sort of treatment best suited to her individual visitors, knows with whom to place them at dinner, and how to modulate the key of her conversation in passing from one to another, may not be a whit kinder at heart than the hostess who takes great pains to entertain, but always manages, through a certain awkwardness, to spoil the result. That is to say, goodness of heart cannot dispense with discriminating insight. Yet the kindness is as essential in the case of the skilful as in that of the awkward lady. The very tact by which the former quickly reads individual minds, interpreting their requirements, involves a lively sympathetic interest in others. The difference is that the estimable feeling exists not as a disturbing emotional excitement, but as a calm, controlling motive. It is the absence or repression of this interest which makes Englishmen seem unpolite, especially when travelling abroad. A Frenchman's politeness is no doubt in part a fulfilment of well-apprehended rules, but much of it springs directly from a respectful interest in strangers, a survival perhaps of that sentiment of reverence for an unfamiliar human presence which was a striking characteristic of antiquity, and which appears to have most completely disappeared among modern English-speaking nations. — *Saturday Review*.

THE CHILD-VIOLINIST.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
 He had played for her ladyship's whim,
 Till the poor little head was heavy,
 And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, To-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!"—was the last that he said.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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DR. PHILIP SCHAFF.

THE portrait of this eminent scholar and divine which embellishes our present number will doubtless be acceptable to all who are interested in the growth of a more elevated Christian theology, and especially in Biblical exegesis. For the following brief sketch of his life we are indebted to the new *American Cyclopædia*:

"PHILIP SCHAFF was born at Chur, Switzerland, January 1st, 1819. He was educated at the universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin, at the last of which he was graduated Doctor of Philosophy and Licentiate of Divinity in 1841. He then traveled as a private tutor of a Prussian nobleman through France, Switzerland, and Italy, 1841-2, and returning to Berlin, commenced as a lecturer on theology. In October, 1843, the synod of the German Reformed Church assembled at Winchester, Va., invited him to become a professor of theology at Mercersburg, Pa.; and having been ordained at Elberfeld, he emigrated to America in 1844. On the ground of some supposed unsound views expressed in a work published at Berlin before his call to America, and also in his inaugural at Mercersburg, the charge of heresy was brought against him; but he was honorably acquitted by the synod assembled at York, Pa., in 1845. Since that time he has labored at Mercersburg, teaching, preaching, and writing, in connection first with Dr. Nevin, and then with Dr. Wolff, with the interruption of only one year, 1854, which he spent in a European visit, lecturing on America in Berlin and other places, and representing the German churches of America at the

German Church Diet of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and before the Swiss Pastoral Conference in Basel. He received from the University of Berlin, in 1854, the degree of D.D.

"He has published in German 'The Sin against the Holy Ghost' (Halle, 1841); on 'James and the Brothers of Jesus' (Berlin, 1842); 'The Principle of Protestantism,' German and English (Chambersburg, 1845); 'History of the Apostolic Church' (Mercersburg, 1851), Leipsic, 1854, translated into English by the Rev. E. D. Seamans, New-York and Edinburgh, 1853—translated also into Dutch and French; 'German Hymn-Book' (Philadelphia and Berlin, 1859); and in English, 'What is Church History? A Vindication of the Idea of Historical Development' (Philadelphia, 1846); 'St. Augustine: His Life and Labors' (New-York, 1853; German, Berlin, 1854); 'America: Its Political, Social, and Religious Character'—lectures delivered by request at Berlin in 1854 and translated into English in 1855; 'Germany: Its Universities and Divines' (Philadelphia, 1857); 'History of the Christian Church of the First Three Centuries' (New-York and Edinburgh, 1858); 'The Moral Character of Christ a Proof of His Divinity' (1860); and 'A Catechism for Sunday-Schools' (1861), besides many contributions to American and foreign periodicals. Dr. Schaff also published the *Kirchenfreund*, a theological monthly for the German churches of America, from 1848 to 1853, and has been co-editor of the *Mercersburg Review* since 1857."

LITERARY NOTICES.

DARWINIANA: ESSAYS AND REVIEWS PERTAINING TO DARWINISM. By Professor Asa Gray. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

The thirteen papers contained in this volume were written by Professor Gray at various intervals and on various occasions during the past sixteen years, the first being a review of Darwin's "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," which appeared in 1860, and the last an essay on "Evolutionary Teleology," which is now published for the first time. They are arranged in chronological order, have been changed in no respect from their original form, and may be said to portray the successive phases under which Darwinism has presented itself to working naturalists, and the cumulative effect with which it has forced itself, as it were, upon the acceptance of the scientific world. It is only just to Professor Gray to say that he appreciated the plausibility and significance of the theory from the very beginning, and gave it a qualified adhesion, and that he has not been driven gradually and reluctantly to modify his philosophy and faith until they could coalesce with the strange and apparently revolutionary doctrine. In his very first review of the "Origin of Species" he touched at considerable length upon the theological and ethical bearings of the theory, and propounded precisely the same view that he elaborates in his latest essay on "Evolutionary Teleology"—namely, that the Darwinian doctrine is by no means incompatible with the theistic conception of the origin and government of the world. Indeed, the author rightly considers that one of the chief elements of interest possessed by the essays is that they show "how these increasingly prevalent views and their tendencies are regarded by one who is scientifically, and in his own fashion, a Darwinian, philosophically a convinced theist, and religiously an acceptor of the 'creed commonly called the Nicene,' as the exponent of the Christian faith."

Instructive as it is, however, to see how a Christian believer reconciles his faith with modern science, this is by no means the only feature which renders the collection valuable. Very few writers possess such skill as Professor Gray in interpreting science to the multitude, and his exposition of the *rationale* of the Darwinian theory and his recensus of the cardinal facts and observations upon which it is based are quite as satisfactory as any we have seen, and much more intelligible than most. There is no book from which the non-scientific reader can obtain a clearer or more precise idea of the real scope and meaning of

the theory of natural selection, of the vast range of phenomena which it explains and of the residue with which it appears to conflict, of the extent to which it must modify our conception of the Divine government of the world, and of the point at which those who have given it a materialistic twist have departed from the solid facts of science and entered the realm of speculation. Moreover, there are few books dealing exclusively with scientific topics which furnish easier or more agreeable reading.

THE PILOT AND HIS WIFE. A Norse Love Story. By Jonas Lie. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This is distinctly and emphatically a work of genius. It differs as widely as possible from the minute social photographs of Thackeray or the elaborate "studies" of George Eliot, and it is totally destitute of humor; but within the somewhat narrow limits to which the author confines himself, apparently from choice, he works with the hand of a master. The story is as simple and unpretentious as it could well be, and its general course is revealed in the opening chapter, which is given out of its chronological order; yet there is no falling off in interest from beginning to end, and it culminates fittingly in a striking though perfectly natural *dénouement*. Without being a "psychological novel," in the hackneyed sense of that phrase, "The Pilot and his Wife" is valuable rather as a study of character than as a narrative of incidents or as a picture of society. Enough details are given of the modes of life, manners, and habits of the remote Norwegian fisher-folk to secure an adequate local coloring, and these details have a quaint and curious charm; but it is on the characters and relations of Salve and Elizabeth that the chief interest is concentrated, and these are delineated with genuine poetic insight and dramatic force. The stages by which the subtle form of jealousy that afflicts Salve like a moral gangrene gradually eats out nearly all that is good in his perilously-balanced nature, is depicted with a truly wonderful delicacy and precision; and Elizabeth, the sweet-tempered and patiently enduring but morally brave wife and mother, is a creation whom any poet might be proud to claim.

We are sorry to be compelled to close our notice by saying that in the medium of Mrs. Ole Bull's translation the merits of the story are seen as through a glass, darkly. The translation is neither graceful nor vigorous, nor even correct—the niceties of either tongue being apparently about equally unfamiliar to

Mrs. Bull. It is to be hoped that a more satisfactory version will speedily be made, and also that translations of Lie's other works will ere long be given to the public.

THE ECHO CLUB AND OTHER LITERARY DIVERSIONS. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

Were it not that it would seem ill-natured we should be inclined to say that Mr. Bayard Taylor exhibits his powers to better advantage when parodying the manner of other poets than when singing in his own proper voice. Nearly all the imitations in this little volume are exceedingly clever, and it is difficult to say in what respect (except as being avowed imitations) some of them are inferior to the originals that have suggested them. The burlesques of Bret Harte, John Hay, and Joaquin Miller, for instance, are quite as eccentric in subject, as humorous in conception, and as quaint and pointed in expression as any of the *bona fide* productions of those poets; and the travesties of Swinburne, Keats, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Browning have the true twang and flavor. It should be said, too, that in every case the imitation is an attempt to reproduce the general modes of thought and methods of treatment of an author, and not a mere paraphrase of particular poems. Parody at its best can exhibit but the mechanism and external vesture of poetry, and can never rise to the dignity of poetry itself; but Mr. Taylor may certainly claim to have attained exceptional excellence in a species of literary gymnastics which requires keen perception of delicate distinctions, great versatility of thought, and remarkable skill in the art of versification.

The verses are embedded in a sort of quadrilateral dialogue, in which the qualities and characteristics of the various authors selected for imitation are expounded and discussed. These comments exhibit wide reading and some critical acumen; but Mr. Taylor could hardly be more fearful of "wounding the susceptibilities of others" if he were a Brooklynite and a lawyer.

HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. Revised Edition. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

As Dr. Draper has given no indication of the extent and character of his revision of his work, they could only be discovered by careful comparison of the present with the original edition; and as we have not had time to do this we will content ourselves with saying in general terms that in its new, cheaper, and more convenient form (two volumes, twelve-

mo) the work should secure a still wider circle of readers. "The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," though unquestionably open to criticism on many grounds, has fully entitled itself to rank among those works which stimulate and influence even if they do not guide the thought of the generation in which they are produced. During the fifteen years that have elapsed since its first publication, it has not only secured an almost unprecedented popularity among English-speaking peoples, but, as the author remarks with justifiable complacency, has been translated into every civilized language of Europe. We doubt if the author's conclusions, or even his main thesis, will ever be accepted as the basis of a true philosophy of history; but we feel no hesitation in saying that we know of no book better adapted to arouse that ardent curiosity which is the essential element of all intellectual progress.

The present edition is issued in two portable and conveniently-sized volumes, handsomely printed from new type, and though inexpensive, sufficiently tasteful in appearance for any library shelf.

GIANNETTO. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Leisure Hour Series. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

"Giannetto" is the story of an Italian fisher-boy who, dumb from his birth and passionately rebellious against the infliction, after a narrow escape from destruction by a storm at sea suddenly recovered his voice by what his fellow townsmen, and he himself, apparently, believed to have been a compact with the Evil One. He subsequently became a great singer; but, as with Mephistopheles of the legend, his success or the conditions of it poisoned the fountains of his nature, and transformed him into a morose, bitter, reckless, and unbelieving man. At the last, when the fate of a madman or a suicide seemed impending over him, he was saved by the untiring self-devotion of a priest, who from the very first had given himself with the ardor of a devotee to this one purpose.

It will be seen from our summary that the story is rather melodramatic, and not without a tinge of the quasi-supernatural; but it is told with remarkable skill and power, with real insight into character, and with an unflinching command of the springs of pathos and of sympathy. The pictures of Italian scenery and of certain aspects of Italian life are extremely vivid and pleasing; and we may say that "Giannetto" only misses being a first-rate novel by being constructed on too confined a scale and with too slight a range of interest.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. MURRAY promises a new book by Mr. Darwin, "The Results of Cross and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom."

THE French Academy has selected as the subject for the competition for the prize of Eloquence in 1878, a "Eulogy on Buffon," and for that of Poetry, a "Eulogy on André Chénier."

THE following is a complete list of the Oriental scholars who have promised to contribute to the "Sacred Books of the East," edited by Prof. Max Müller: Dr. Bühler, Mr. Burnell, Prof. Cowell, Prof. Eggeling, Dr. Jolly, Prof. Kielhorn, Dr. Legge, Prof. Pischel, Rajendralal Mitra, Prof. Thibaut, Mr. West.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE will print, in his new volume of his life of his grandfather, which is to appear in October, a map of North America, showing the partition of that Continent between England, Spain, and the United States, proposed by France in 1782, and rejected by the United States.

A SOMBRE anniversary is this year to be celebrated by Antwerp—that of the plundering of the city by the Spanish soldiery, November 4, 1576. The Council have offered a prize of 1000 francs for the best history of this event, to be written in Flemish, and in a manner which may interest and attract the people.

SWEDEN has just lost her cherished poet and historian, G. H. Meilin. His career began in 1829, with his youthful essay "The Flower of Kinnekulle." His historical works exceed thirty in number. Of these (most of which have been translated into various European languages) the best known are the "History of the Scandinavian Countries" and "The Wars and Revolutions of Our Own Days." Mellin died at Schonen.

THE *Athenæum* has much pleasure in learning that the copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679, formerly belonging to Charles Lamb, and which was sold the other day at the sale of Colonel Cunningham's books, has been secured for the British Museum. It is the identical copy which was used by Lamb in making his selections for the "Specimens of Early English Dramatic Poets," with markings of the extracts and MS. corrections in his handwriting.

LAST month, says the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, an exhibition of Schiller's relics was opened in a room in the Johanneum at Hamburg. Various articles belonging to Schiller and his nearest relations, family portraits,

water-color drawings by his sister Christophine, etc., are among the objects shown. There are twenty-three autograph letters of Schiller's: the first, dated September 1, 1782, a petition to the Duke of Württemberg and Teck; the last, a letter addressed by the poet to his sister Louise, and dated March 27, 1803. In it he complains of his failing health.

THE Russian Government recoils from no measure for rendering the language of Great Russia universal throughout the empire. Russian has been forced recently upon the Germans of the Baltic provinces and upon the Poles, and now the turn of the Little Russians, or Ruthenians, has come. An Ukase, published recently, prohibits the publication or importation of books printed in the dialect of Little Russia, songs in the native dialect must no longer be published with music, and theatrical performances or lectures in it are interdicted. An exception is made in favor of historical documents, but this also only subject to restrictions as regards spelling and type. This Ukase has naturally given much offence to the fourteen millions of Little Russians.

ON the cover of his last volume, "Après l'Exil," which has just been published, M. Victor Hugo announces the issue of "La Légende des Siècles, nouvelle série," in two vols., and "L'Art d'être Grand-Père," in one vol. Among the other works which are to follow, we may mention "Le Théâtre en Liberté," an historical drama, "Torquemada," another drama, "Les Jumeaux," which is the history of the Man with the Iron Mask; a modern drama, entitled "Mangeront-ils ?"; a comedy, "La Grand' Mère," and a poem, "La Fin de Satan." M. Victor Hugo will probably complete a second part of "Quatre-vingt-treize." He said last winter, "Should I never write another word, twelve volumes of my unpublished works could still be issued from the press."

AN attempt some time ago was made, says the *Globe*, by a few gentlemen to start an illustrated newspaper for the Chinese, who, it appears, are very partial to foreign illustrations. The idea was certainly a good one, as it would tend to give the Celestials some idea of the manners and customs of foreigners. The natives of China, leaving out the inhabitants of the Treaty Ports, know very little about foreigners; and such a paper, if brought out at a moderate price, would do much good. The scheme has met with universal approval and sympathy from every one connected with the far East, as such a paper might, in course of time, spread its circulation throughout not only the Chinese Empire, but the Cochinchina.

Chinese States, Japan, and probably the Corea, which has at last been opened out to the world through the energy and diplomacy of Japan.

HOWEVER interesting a Greek *Aldine* may be in the eyes of a *bibliophile*, scholars will be glad to learn that there is a prospect of their being enabled to read the ancient expositors of Aristotle in a form more adapted to the requirements of modern philology. It is reported that the Berlin Academy has undertaken the publication of a complete series of these commentators, from Alexander downwards; and that a committee of superintendence has been already appointed, consisting of Bonitz, Mommsen, Zeller, and Vahlen. Each work will be entrusted to a separate editor; to secure uniformity, however, the whole series will be under the general editorship of Dr. Adolf Torstrick, of Bremen, the well-known editor of the "*De Anima*." Dr. Torstrick is himself preparing an edition of *Simplicius* on the "*Physics*" for the series.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A FIREPROOF DRESS.—The faculty of remaining in the water for a greater or less period of time, which has been enjoyed by mankind ever since the existence of the element itself, seems likely to be extended to fire, in the event of a fire-proof dress, the invention of a Swedish officer, Captain Ahlstrom, and which has come triumphant out of every trial, proving ultimately successful. At a recent experiment in Silsbia, four heaps, consisting of logs of wood, were arranged in the form of a square, well covered with shavings and saturated with petroleum. They were then set light to, and speedily became a mass of flames. Into this fiery furnace, the glowing heat of which kept the spectators at a respectful distance, stepped Capt. Ahlstrom, clad in his fire-proof dress. He moved freely about in the restricted space—some four feet square, formed by the heaps, leaning from time to time quite unconcernedly against the blazing piles, and, finally taking his seat upon one of the heaps, glowing with intense heat, he reclined there with as much nonchalance as though it had been a sofa. He remained thirty minutes in the flames without suffering in the smallest degree from the heat. Next day an experiment was made in the Hohenzollern mine, with the view of seeing whether the apparatus would avail in the event of an explosion of firedamp or any analogous accident. The principal of the gymnasium, who volunteered to test it personally, descended into a space which had

been shut off from the rest of the mine and filled with gas, and remained there for twenty minutes without experiencing the slightest inconvenience from the poisonous atmosphere. Captain Ahlstrom has sold his invention to Prussia for 50,000 marks.

VOICES OF ANIMALS.—An interesting work which lately appeared at Freiburg, by Prof. Landois, on the "*Voices of Animals*," affords additional evidence of the universality of vocal sounds among the lower forms of animals, including the Mollusca. The author considers it as beyond all question that ants possess a vocal speech, inappreciable by human ears, by which they are enabled to exercise those higher mental faculties to which they owe the development of the advanced social organization which they exhibit in their communities. Professor Landois' work is illustrated by numerous microscopical and other drawings of his own, and forms an interesting addition to our natural history literature.

ACTION OF COD-LIVER OIL IN DISEASE.—Buchheim finds that cod-liver oil has an acid reaction, and contains, in addition to the fatty glycerides, free fatty acids—oleic, stearic, and palmitic—the quantities of which vary in the different kinds of oil, but amount in the clear variety to about five per cent; and no biliary matters are present in the oil. Its value, according to Buchheim, depends on the presence of the free fatty acids, since the absorption of fats is preceded, to a certain extent at least, by their disintegration into glycerine and fatty acids; and as the latter are introduced in cod-liver oil in their free condition, and thus easily unite with the alkalies of the intestinal juices to form soluble and easily absorbed soaps and combinations, a part of the digestive work is spared, which is of importance for weak persons with deficient power of producing the gastric juices.

GOVERNMENTAL ASSISTANCE TO SCIENCE.—Twenty-seven years ago, when Lord John Russell was Prime Minister, he wrote a letter to the President of the Royal Society to the following effect: "The government are continually appealed to for assistance in carrying on scientific inquiries and mechanical inventions. We are not qualified to judge of the merits of the schemes thus presented. Would the Royal Society undertake to distribute a thousand pounds, if voted by parliament, among applicants who might be considered deserving of assistance?" The Royal Society undertook the offered trust; and thus originated the Government Grant Fund, which, voted annually by the House of Commons, and administered by a numerous Committee

of the Society with habitual painstaking, has aided in the increase of "natural knowledge," in tedious and difficult investigations, and in bringing the results before the world. Reports of the expenditure, with particulars of the sums allotted, are published in the parliamentary blue-books, and in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society. These Reports make it clear that the Society use no part of the money for their own purposes, nor in payment of salaries; but that all is spent in the advancement of science. There was one year in which they declined to receive the one thousand pounds, the applications for aid having been too few and unimportant. To this annual grant it is now proposed to add four thousand pounds a year during five years, in pursuance of the recommendations of the recent Science Commission, in order to fulfil what some people regard as a duty that government owes to science. It will also be a more or less instructive experiment on the "endowment of research" question. Five years will suffice to show whether there are anywhere in the realm mute inglorious Herschels, or Daltons, or Faradays, who by a touch of gold are to be stimulated into scientific activity. It is arranged that the government are not to hand over the four thousand pounds, but are to make allotments therefrom under the advice of the Royal Society.

THE NATIONALITY OF COPERNICUS.—The *Schlesische Presse* gives an account of some recent researches made by the Bolognese historian, Carlo Malagola, with reference to the nationality of Copernicus. He has come upon the almost complete series of the "Acts" of the *Natio Germanica* of the University of Bologna. It seems that the name of "Nicolas Kopernikus" was first inscribed in the Bologna registers in the autumn of 1496, as a student of the canon law, belonging to the "German Nation" in the University, to which also his uncle, Watzelröde, had belonged, who was a student at the same University from 1470 to 1473. In 1498 his brother, Andreas, came to Bologna, also for the purpose of studying the *jus canonicum*. Two years later, both brothers went to Rome, leaving Bologna without taking any degree. Nicholas Copernicus did not become Doctor until 1507, after his second return from Italy. The stay of Copernicus in Padua, and the inscription of his name in the *Album Polonorum*, says Malagola, are a mere tale, of which not a word is true. He has discovered the names of the teachers of the astronomer. He studied mathematics under Scipione del Ferro, the Greek language under Uscio Cadro, and Astronomy under Domenico Maria Novara.

EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.—A valuable relic of Egyptian sculpture has been found on the banks of the Nile, near the ruins of the Temple of Karnac. A sandstone chest has been unearthed containing a green basalt figure of a hippopotamus, beautifully carved and polished, and standing about 3 feet high. Hieroglyphic writings on the chest show the carving to belong to the period of Psammetic I., and to be contemporary with the green basalt heifer in the Boulac Museum at Cairo, hitherto considered the finest carving extant. The hippopotamus, however, is a more delicate and perfect specimen.

WRITING ON GLASS WITH INK.—A useful invention has been communicated to the Société Industrielle du Nord by a M. Terguem, the object being to write permanently on glass with common ink. The surface to be written on is heated over glass with a spirit lamp until vapor of water ceases to condense upon it, when it is covered with a transparent varnish of alcohol, mastic, and sandaric, dissolved by heating in a stoppered flask. When the varnish hardens, the glass will take ink for writing or sketching, and it is then varnished with any ordinary transparent non-alcoholic varnish. The use of such an invention in obviating the necessity for paper labels is obvious, and it is suggested that for ordinary magic-lantern slides the invention would be readily applicable. Whether it might be made subservient to the decoration of glass with artistic designs remains to be seen, but most likely it will be found of use in this way.

GASES CONTAINED IN METEORITES.—Prof. Wright, of Yale College, has continued his investigations on the gases given off by meteorites at low pressures and moderately high temperatures, with reference to the connexion between meteors and comets. He has now examined a number of meteorites, both of the iron and stony class, and finds this marked distinction between them, namely—that the stony meteorites give off a much larger volume of gas at low temperatures, and that it is chiefly composed of carbon dioxide, there being only a trace of carbon monoxide; while in the iron meteorites the carbonic dioxide given off is less than 20 per cent, and, with a single exception, much less than the volume of carbon monoxide. The quantity of hydrogen given off is at the same time very much greater than in the case of the stony meteorites, for which it is very small at a temperature below red heat, though it increases greatly in amount as the temperature rises. Prof. Wright concludes that the evolution of such volumes of carbonic dioxide

may be taken as a characteristic of the stony meteorites, and that its relation to the theory of comets and their trains is of great significance.

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.—Dr. Woillez, physician to the Lariboisière Hospital, has invented an improved method of producing artificial respiration. The apparatus consists of a zinc or iron cylinder, large enough to admit the body of an adult; it is permanently closed at one end, while a diaphragm fits into the other around the patient's neck, in such a manner as to prevent the ingress of air. A patient being placed in the cylinder and the diaphragm filled, a small but powerful bellows "aspres" the air, and the patient's chest expands, the normal movements of the chest taking place as in the natural condition. By means of a pane of glass and a rod, all the movements are easily recorded. From experiments made by Dr. Woillez, he finds that from 12 to 14 litres of air can be introduced every minute into the respiratory organs, so that the new spirophor should be in the hands of the Royal Humane Society and others engaged in restoring the drowned, or those in danger of death from asphyxia.

DIRECT PROOF OF EVOLUTION.—A correspondent of *Nature*, taking for his text Mr. Huxley's suggestion that "the sole direct and irrefragable evidence of the method whereby living things have become what they are is to be sought among fossil remains," shows that important work in that direction has been lately done by three Continental scientists. M. Paul, of the Austrian Geological Survey, in conjunction with Dr. Neumayer of Vienna, a distinguished palæontologist, have recently discovered most interesting proofs of the origin of new forms by descent in a large accumulation of lake and lagoon deposits of the latest tertiary, which extends over a great portion of the Hungarian plain. The beds are about 2000 feet in thickness, and the upper fresh-water series, by far the thickest portion, contains a number of well-marked zones of molluscan life. The existing genus *Paludina* is in great profusion, and about forty forms have been distinguished which clearly illustrate the mode of derivation of the newer from the older types. Intermediate links between forms so differentiated as to have been placed in different genera by competent naturalists have been found, and these differing forms have been thus traced to a common ancestry. Uniformity of physical conditions during an immense period renders these vast lake deposits very favorable for such investigations; but Dr. E. Mojsisovics has also, observes *Iron*, in a recent monograph shown

very clearly the relations of the molluscan forms of the Alpine trias to their ancestral types in the mesozoic and palæozoic strata. This is a comparatively new department of observation, but from the interest now taken in the question of evolution it will doubtless be more and more worked out.

THE WAVES AS A MOTIVE POWER.—MR. B. Tower, who some time since described his method to an English audience, does not appear to have gone on in furtherance of his discovery. His machine consists in principle of a weight supported on a spring, so that it can oscillate on the spring through a considerable range in a vertical line. The scale of the spring, and consequently the natural period of oscillation of the weight, can be varied at will. When it is so adjusted that it synchronizes with the waves, the oscillations become very violent, and a large amount of power can be obtained from them. In practice, the springs consist of highly compressed air pressing on the rims of hydropneumatic cylinders, and the arrangement is such that the vessel containing the compressed air forms the moving weight. At the meeting referred to Mr. Tower exhibited a design of a machine for working an auxiliary propeller of a sailing ship of 1800 tons displacement. The moving weight in this case is 200 tons, and he showed by calculation that it would give about 30 horse-power in the long swell met with in the tropical calms, 260 horse-power in average ocean waves, and more than 600 horse-power in a heavy head sea. The space occupied by the machine compares favorably with a steam-engine of the same power. He also exhibited a model of the machine, which recently, in a moderate sea, had yielded power at the rate of 1½ horse-power per ton of moving weight.

VARIETIES.

THE COLOR AND FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.—The chemical transformation in the bodies of living plants, by which the most manifold and brilliant colors are produced, are almost entirely unknown to us. We see a flower pass through the entire scale of red, from the softest pink to the darkest purple-brown; but can give no explanation whatever of the mysterious process. We know, for instance, that the light of the sun greatly influences the color of living plants, and experience has taught us, that in most cases, its total exclusion is equivalent to the absence of every color; in other words, that it produces white leaves and blossoms. However, this rule is by no means without exception, as many roots, the roots of

alcanna, for instance, although buried in the soil and completely secluded from the rays of the sun, possess a strong and vivid color. We can explain neither the rule nor the exception; on the contrary, we know that, as far as lifeless matter is concerned, mineral or vegetable colors are weakened, and gradually destroyed, rather than enhanced, by the action of the light. Our ignorance in this respect restricts our influence upon the coloration of flowers and blossoms to a very modest and merely empirical one. A mere chance has led to the discovery that the infusion of sulphates of iron into the soil darkens the hue of certain plants which contain a considerable quantity of tannin; and the gardeners have profited by this discovery for the culture of the hortensia. But these examples are rare; and as yet, we must renounce all claim to the control and influence of the natural course of things in this field. We may be able to change the color of a plant or flower, by transferring it into another soil, but we are never sure of the result, and can not give any scientific explanation of it. The fragrance of a flower is likewise produced by chemical action, which hitherto has escaped our closest investigations; we see the result; we see that a flower, like the bee which transforms pollen into honey and wax, fabricates volatile oils out of air, water, and light; but the chemical process itself is a complete mystery to us. We only know that the slowness or rapidity of the evaporation of these oils, is the cause of the stronger or weaker odor of the flower. The mode of their formation is a good example of the unlimited variability and manifold variety of vegetation's chemical powers. Many plants do not limit themselves to the formation of a certain volatile oil in their blossom or flowers, but produce, at the same time, various kinds of oils in their different parts. The orange tree, for instance, produces volatile oils in the leaves, flowers, and the rind of its fruit. A close investigation convinces us that these differ, not only in their smell and taste, but also in their weight, density, and other physical and chemical qualities; that, in short, they are different and independent substances which can not be mistaken for each other. The same plant must therefore possess three different organisms, by which it generates three entirely different substances out of the same ingredients. What chemical laboratory, be it ever so well furnished, and skilfully managed, can boast of results in any respect so wonderful? And when will the time come when we may surprise even these mysteries of nature's slow and patient, but mighty working, perceive their results, explain their causes, and—if possible, by our own appliances—repeat and re-

new the wonders of the Creation?—*Professor August Vogel in the International Review.*

A POLYNESIAN FAIRY TALE.—In Rarotonga, at the pretty village of Aorangi, is the small fountain of Vaitipi. On the night after full moon, a woman and a man of dazzling white complexion rose up out of the crystal water. When the inhabitants of this world were supposed to be asleep, they came up from the shades to steal taro, plantains, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. All these good things they took back to nether-world to devour raw. Little did the fairies think that they had been seen by mortals, and that a plan was being devised to catch them. A large scoop-net of strong cinet was made for this purpose, and constant watch set at the fountain by night. On the first appearance of the new moon they again came up, and as usual went off to pillage the plantations. The great net was now carefully outspread at the bottom of the fountain, and then they gave chase to the fair beings from spirit-world. The fairy girl was the first to reach the fountain, and dived down. She was at once caught in the net, and carried off in triumph. But in replacing the net after the struggle, a small space remained uncovered; through this tiny aperture the male fairy contrived to escape. The lovely captive became the cherished wife of the chief Ati, who now carefully filled up the fountain with great stones lest his fairy spouse should return to nether-world. They lived very happily together. She was known all over Rarotonga as the "peerless one (Tapairu) of Ati." She got reconciled to the ways of mortals, and grew content with her novel position. In the course of time she became pregnant, and when the period of her delivery had come, she said to her husband, "Perform on me the Cæsarean operation, and then bury my dead body. But cherish tenderly our child." Ati refused to accede to this proposition, but allowed Nature to take her course, so that the fairy became the *living* mother of a fair boy. When at length the child had become strong, the mother one day wept bitterly in the presence of her husband. She told him that it was grief at the destruction of all mothers in the shades upon the birth of the first-born. Would he consent to her return thither in order that so cruel a custom should be put an end to! Ati should accompany her. This was agreed upon, and accordingly the great stones were dragged up from the bottom of the fountain. All kinds of vegetable gums were now collected, and the fairy carefully besmeared the entire person of Ati, so as to facilitate his descent to the lower world. Holding firmly the hand of her human husband, the fairy dived to the bottom of the

fountain, and nearly reached the entrance to the invisible world. But Ati was so dreadfully exhausted, that out of pity for him she returned. Five times was this process repeated—in vain! The fair one from spirit-land wept because her husband was not permitted to accompany her; for only the spirits of the dead and immortals can enter. Sorrowfully embracing each other, the "peerless one" said, "I alone will go to spirit-world to teach what I have learned from you." At this she again dived down into the clear waters, and was never again seen on earth. Ati went sorrowfully back to his old habitation; and thenceforth their boy was called "Ati-ve'e"—*Ati the forsaken*, in memory of his lost fairy mother. He was surpassingly fair, like his mother from spirit-land; but strangely enough, his descendants are dark, like ordinary mortals. It is to this lovely fairy woman the old song of the Ati clan alludes:—

She has descended again to spirit-world!
Men praised the divine being first seen by Ati at the fountain,
But his heart is now filled with grief.

Hence the origin of the common name "Ta-pairu"—*peerless one*, in memory of their fairy ancestress.—*Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*.

CHINESE FUNERAL NOTICES.—On the death of a parent, it is customary in China, at any rate with persons above a certain rank in the social scale, to forward to all friends and acquaintances, however slight, a formal notification of the fact, written in mourning ink, and on mourning paper of portentous dimensions. On the present occasion this document (in which, be it observed, the family name of the parties, Shên, is omitted) ran as follows:—"Be it known that the unfilial Pao-chên, who, on account of his manifold and grievous crimes, was worthy of sudden death has not died, and that, instead, the calamity has fallen upon his worthy father, upon whom the reigning Emperor of the Ta-Ching (lit. great, pure) dynasty has conferred the first order of rank in the Civil Service, and that in the Imperial Body Guard, and the governorship of the province of Kiangse. In the twelfth year of the reign, styled Tao-Kuang, at the competition of the literati, he gained the rank of Chih-jên (that is, M.A.) The writer's father, Tan-lin, fell sick on the ninth day of this moon, and lingered in great pain until the twelfth, when he passed away. He was born about two or three in the morning of the ninth moon, of the fifty-second year of the reign styled Chien-Lung, and was therefore somewhat over eighty-four years old. Immediately he expired the family went into

mourning, and now, alas! have sorrowfully to communicate with you. We have chosen the 18th, 19th, and 20th for the return presentation of this card [that is, will then receive visits of condolence.] No funeral presents can be received. The writer and his brother are kneeling with forehead in the dust, weeping tears of blood. The sons of the writer and his brother, nine in number, are kneeling with downcast faces, weeping tears of blood. The relatives and descendants, to the number of nine, are on their knees (before the coffin), beating their heads upon the ground. [From] the residence of the writer, named the Ancient Grotto of the Fairies."—*Chamber's Journal*.

THE GERMAN GENIUS.—A German's capacity of boring and of being bored is inexhaustible. In the higher grade of the imagination they are encumbered with facts and observations and commonplaces. Their works are tedious beyond measure. In their poetry there is, for the most part, no irradiation—no fire to fuse and transmute it from substance to spirit. "The German genius," says Matthew Arnold, in his admirable paper on the study of Celtic literature, "has steadiness with honesty," while the English has "energy with honesty." But steadiness and honesty are qualities which, admirable as they are in life and in certain forms of literature, have little relation to the imagination, save in a very exalted sense. The poetic imagination takes slight heed of honesty. It has a higher office. It fuses while it uses, and in its glow of all things

"suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

It is often absolutely dishonest to real fact, and only true to ideal feeling. Fuel becomes flame in its enthusiastic embrace. What steadiness or honesty in their common-sense is there in such lines as these?

"Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn:
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

Literally this is absurd; ideally it is exquisite. There is no bane to poetry like commonplace, however true, however honest. But such graces as these are never snatched by the German muse, and she wears us with platitudes and propositions. Even Goethe is so determined to be accurate to the fact, that in writing his *Alexis and Dora* he stopped to consider whether *Alexis*, when he takes leave of *Dora*, ought to put down or take up his bundle; so at least *Eckermann* reports from Goethe's own lips. This is purely German in its literalness.—*Blackwood*.

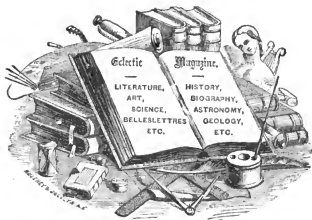


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THE TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

BY D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

I HAVE chosen as the subject of the present article the territorial expansion of Russia, because there seems to be at present a tendency to resuscitate the old legend about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian Bear which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring unfortunate Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey—so runs the legend—she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese Empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her Western frontier. Already one well-known continental publicist has declared that Russia is the great sphinx of modern times, and that Europe must guess her riddle or consent to be devoured. The riddle, if I read the allegory aright, is her expansive power, and it must be confessed that at first sight this power

seems truly marvellous, not to say alarming. For a thousand years she has gone on steadily and irresistibly widening her borders. An insignificant tribe or collection of tribes which once occupied a small territory near the sources of the Dnieper and Western Dwina, has gradually grown into a great nation, with a territory of more than 370,000 geographical square miles, stretching from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the Caspian. And the process of expansion is still going on with unabated rapidity. Truly there is here a riddle deserving to be solved. What is the secret of this expansive power? Is it a mere barbarous lust of territorial aggrandisement, or is it some more reasonable motive? And what is the nature of the process? Is annexation of territory followed by

assimilation, or do the new acquisitions retain their old character? Is the Empire in its present extent a homogeneous whole, or a conglomeration of heterogeneous units held together by the outward bond of administration? These and similar questions ought to have for us at the present moment more than a purely theoretical interest. If we could discover the nature and causes of Russia's territorial expansion we might determine how far annexation strengthens or weakens her, and form some plausible conjectures as to how, when, and where the process of expansion is to stop.

By glancing at the history of Russia from the economic point of view we can at once detect two prominent causes of expansion. These are the result, not of any ethnological peculiarity, but simply of the fact that the Russo-Slavonians have always been an agricultural people, employing merely the primitive methods of husbandry. All such people have a strong tendency to widen their borders, and for a good reason. The natural increase of population demands an increased production of grain, whilst the primitive methods of cultivation rapidly exhaust the soil and diminish its productivity. Thus the ordinary course of life increases the demand for grain, and at the same time diminishes the supply. With regard to this stage of economic development the modest assertion of Maithus, that the supply of food does not increase so rapidly as the population, falls far short of the truth. The population increases whilst the supply of food decreases, not only relatively but absolutely.

When a people reaches this point in its economic development, it must necessarily adopt one of two expedients: either it must prevent the increase of population, or it must increase the production of food. The former of these two alternatives may be effected in a variety of ways. A large number of the young infants may be exposed, or a despotic ruler may occasionally order a massacre of the innocents, or the surplus population may emigrate to foreign lands, as was done by the Scandinavians in the ninth century, and as is done by ourselves at the present day. The latter alternative may be effected either by extending the area of cultivation

or by improving the system of agriculture.

Amidst all these various expedients the Russo-Slavonians had no difficulty in choosing. Indeed, it may be said that their geographical position relieved them from the necessity of deliberately making a choice. To the eastward they had a boundless expanse of thinly-populated virgin land, and accordingly they easily extended the area of cultivation. This was at once the most natural and the wisest course, for of all the possible devices for preserving the equilibrium between population and food-production, increasing the area of cultivation is the easiest and most effective. High farming is a thing to be proud of when there is a scarcity of land, but it would be absurd to attempt it when there happens to be in the vicinity abundance of virgin soil. It is only when further extension is impossible that intensive culture is adopted.

The process of expansion thus produced by purely economic causes was accelerated by political influences. The oppression and exactions of the authorities made many move eastwards. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this oppression reached its climax. The increase in the numbers of officials, the augmentation of the taxes, the merciless exactions of the Voyerods and their subordinates, the transformation of the free peasants into serfs, the ecclesiastical reforms and consequent persecutions of the Old Ritualists, the frequent conscriptions and violent reforms of Peter the Great—these and similar burdens made thousands flee and seek a refuge in the free territory where there were no proprietors, no Voyerods, and no tax-gatherers. But the State, with its army of officials and tax-gatherers, followed close on the heels of the fugitives, and those who wished to preserve their liberty had to advance still further. Notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to retain the population in the localities actually occupied, the wave of colonisation moved steadily onwards.

For this kind of colonisation the Russian peasant is by nature peculiarly well adapted. Peace-loving, good-natured, long-suffering, having always at hand the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and possessing a power of self-

adaptation which we headlong, stiff-necked Britons know nothing of, he easily makes friends with any foreign population among whom his lot is cast. He has none of that consciousness of personal and national superiority which so often transforms law-respecting, liberty-loving Englishmen into cruel tyrants when they come in contact with men of a weaker race or a lower degree of civilisation. Nor has he any of that inconsiderate proselytising zeal which makes pagans so often fail to recognise in British Christianity the religion of love. Each nation, he thinks, has received from God its peculiar faith, and all men should believe and act according to the faith in which they have been born. When he goes to settle among a foreign people, even when his future neighbors have the reputation of being inhospitable and unfriendly to strangers, he takes with him neither revolver nor bowie-knife. He has no intention of injuring others, and does not see why others should do him any bodily harm. In his diminutive, loosely-constructed four-wheeled cart, drawn by an uncouth, shaggy pony as hardy as its master, he will start on a journey of several hundred miles, with nothing but his hatchet, his iron kettle, his light wooden plough, and a stock of simple provisions sufficient to sustain life till the first crop is raised.

The vast territory which lay open to the Russian colonist consisted of two contiguous regions separated from each other by no mountain or river, but differing widely from each other in many respects. The northern region, comprising all the northern part of Eastern Europe and of Asia even unto Kamtchatka, may be roughly described as a land of forests, intersected by many rivers, and containing numerous lakes and marshes. The southern region, stretching away into Central Asia, is, for the most part, what Russians call a steppe, and Americans term a prairie—a flat country scantily supplied with water, and scantily covered by vegetation. The whole of this great territory was formerly occupied by what ethnologists loosely call the Turanian family of mankind—the forest region being thinly inhabited by Finnish tribes, who lived by hunting and agriculture, and the steppe being held by Tartar or

Turkish tribes, who led a pastoral or nomadic life.

Each of these two regions presented peculiar inducements and peculiar obstacles to colonisation. In the forests agriculture was for the first settlers a very laborious operation. The *modus operandi* may still be studied by observation at the present day. In spring, when the leaves begin to appear on the trees, a band of peasants proceed with their hatchets to the spot fixed on for a clearing. First the large trees are attacked, and when these have been laid low, the young ones are felled likewise. Each tree is allowed to remain as it falls, and when all have been felled, the hardy woodsmen return to their homes, and think no more about the clearing for several months. In the autumn they return to the spot in order to strip the fallen trees of their branches, to pick out what is fit for building purposes, and to pile up the remainder in heaps after taking what is required for firewood. The logs to be used for building are dragged away as soon as the first fall of snow has made a good slippery road, and the remainder is built up into enormous piles, standing close to each other. In the following spring these are stirred up with long poles and ignited. First flames appear at various points, and then, with the aid of the dry grass and underwood, rapidly spread towards each other till they join and form a gigantic bonfire, such as is never seen in a civilised country. If the fire does its work properly, it covers the cleared space with a layer of ashes, and when these ashes have been slightly mixed with the underlying soil, the seed is sown, and then covered by means of a primitive harrow composed of the branch of a pine-tree. In the autumn the sowers who have thus cast their bread upon the ashes may expect their reward. In ordinary years barley or rye will probably produce at least six or seven fold, and it is quite possible, if the season be favorable, that as much as twenty-five or thirty fold may be produced. Unfortunately this artificial fertility is very short-lived. It may be exhausted in two or three years if the natural soil be poor and stony, and even where the soil is comparatively good, not more than seven or eight tolerable harvests will be obtained. On the whole, therefore, this primitive

system of agriculture does not give a very high remuneration for the labor expended.

Much simpler and less laborious is the system of agriculture practised on the Steppe. Here the squatter had no trees to fell, no clearing to make. Nature had cleared the land for him and supplied him with a rich black soil of marvellous fertility, which centuries of cultivation has now only in part exhausted. All he had to do was to scratch the land and throw in the seed, and he might confidently look forward to a magnificent harvest. Why then, it may be asked, did the Russian peasant often choose the northern forests, where the soil was poor and could not be used without a considerable expenditure of labor in felling the trees, when he had, at an equal distance from his home, rich fertile land already prepared for him by nature? For this apparent inconsistency there was a good and valid reason. The Russian peasants had not, even in those good old times, any passionate love of labor for its own sake, nor were they by any means insensible to the facilities and advantages of the Steppe system of agriculture. Had they regarded the subject from the purely agricultural point of view, every one of them would have preferred the southern Steppe to the northern forest. In reality certain collateral circumstances had to be considered, and therein lies the explanation of the phenomenon. The colonist had to take into consideration the Fauna as well as the Flora of the two regions. At the head of the Fauna in the northern forests stood the peace-loving, laborious Finnish tribes, little disposed to molest settlers who did not make themselves obnoxiously aggressive; on the Steppe lived the predatory nomadic hordes, ever ready to attack, plunder, and carry off as slaves the peaceful, agricultural population. These facts, as well as the agricultural conditions, were perfectly well known to the Russian peasant, and he naturally took them into consideration in determining where he should settle. Fearless and fatalistic as he is, he could not entirely close his eyes to the dangers of the Steppe, and many chose rather to encounter the hard work of the forest region.

Though the colonisation of the north-

ern forest was not effected without bloodshed, its general character was pacific, and it accordingly received little attention from the contemporary chroniclers. The colonisation of the Steppe, on the contrary, forms one of the bloodiest pages of European history. From the earliest times the great plains to the north of the Black Sea and the Caspian were held by various nomadic hordes, and a continual border warfare was carried on between them and the sedentary agricultural population. "This people," says a contemporary Byzantine writer, "have no fixed place of abode, they seek to conquer all lands and colonise none. They are flying people, and therefore cannot be caught. As they have neither towns nor villages they must be hunted like wild beasts. They can be fitly compared only to Griffins, which beneficent nature has banished to uninhabited regions." Their raids are thus described by an old Russian chronicler: "They burn the villages, the farmyards and the churches. The land is turned by them into a desert, and the overgrown fields become the lair of wild beasts. Many people are led away into slavery; others are tortured and killed or die from hunger and thirst. Sad, weary, stiff from cold, with faces wan from woe, barefoot or naked, and torn by the thistles, the Russian prisoners trudge along through an unknown country, and weeping say to one another: 'I am from such a town, and I from such a village.'" And in harmony with the monastic chroniclers we hear the nameless Slavonic Osian wailing for the fallen sons of Rus: "In the Russian land is rarely heard the voice of the husbandman, but often the cry of the vultures, fighting with each other over the bodies of slain, and the ravens scream as they fly to the spoil."

For centuries this struggle of agricultural colonisation with nomadic barbarism went on with varying success. At one time the agriculturists advance steadily; at another they are driven back and the whole of Russia becomes an Uss or tributary state of the Mongol Emperors; then the movement forward recommences, and finally the nomads are expelled or pacified. This final result has been only very recently attained. At the middle of the last century thousands of Russians were still

sold annually in the slave markets of the Crimea, and the practice went on till the Crimea was annexed to the Russian Empire by Catherine II. Even then the kidnapping did not entirely cease. Indeed it was still practised in our own day by the Khan of Khiva and other potentates who had succeeded in maintaining their independence. These two different kinds of colonisation naturally produced different kinds of colonists. In the north the colonists were all agriculturists or traders; in the south, besides the agriculturists and traders, was formed a peculiar hybrid class of men, half colonists and half soldiers, known under the name of Cossacks.

I have been so often asked what a Cossack is, that I consider it well to take this opportunity of explaining. In old times, when the struggle above mentioned was still going on, it was necessary to keep always a large number of light irregular troops on the southern frontier in order to protect the sedentary population against the raids of the nomadic Tartars. These troops were recruited sometimes in the usual way and sometimes by sending to the frontier the inmates of the jails, and the name Cossack was commonly applied to them. But these were not the Cossacks best known to history and romance. The genuine "free Cossacks" lived beyond the frontier and possessed a certain military organisation, which enabled them not only to defend themselves against the Tartars but even to make raids on Tartar territory, and repay in some measure the barbarities which the Tartars committed in Russia. Each one of the rivers flowing southwards—the Dnieper, the Don, the Volga, the Yaik or Ural—was held by a band of these free Cossacks, and no one, whether Russian or Tartar, was allowed to pass through their territory without their permission. Officially they were Russians, professed champions of Orthodoxy, and loyal subjects of the Tsar, but in reality they were something different. Though they were Russian by origin, language, and sympathy, the habit of kidnapping Tartar women introduced a certain mixture of Tartar blood. Though professed champions of Orthodoxy, they troubled themselves very little with religion and did not submit to the ecclesiastical authorities. Their po-

litical status cannot be easily defined. Though they professed allegiance and devotion to the Tsar, they did not think it necessary to obey him, except in so far as his orders suited their own convenience. And the Tsar, it must be confessed, acted towards them in a similar fashion. When the Tsar found it convenient, he called them his faithful subjects; and when complaints were made to him about their raids into Turkish territory, he declared that they were run-aways and brigands, and that the Sultan might punish them as he thought fit. At the same time, however, even when they were declared to be brigands, they regularly received ammunition and supplies from Moscow, as is amply proved by recently published documents.

The most celebrated of these strange military communities were the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Cossacks of the Don, which differed considerably from each other in their organization. The former had a fortified camp on an island in the Dnieper, and here a large number of them led a purely military life, somewhat after the manner of the military orders in the time of the Crusades. Each *kurén*, or company, had a common table and common sleeping-apartment, and women were strictly excluded from the fortified inclosure. The latter—those of the Don—had no permanent camp of this kind, and assembled merely as circumstances demanded. But the two communities had much in common. Both were organized on democratic principles, and chose their officers by popular election. Both were ever ready to make a raid on Turkish territory with or without a pretext. Both sent forth occasionally fleets of small boats which swept the Black Sea, devastated the coasts, and sometimes took towns by storm, precisely as the Normans did in western Europe during the ninth century.

These various Cossack communities had not all the same fate. The Cossacks of the Dnieper were forcibly disbanded by Catherine II., and in part transferred to the north bank of the Kubán, where for several generations, under the name of Black Sea Cossacks, they guarded the frontier and kept up an incessant border warfare with the turbulent tribes of the Caucasus. The Cos-

sacks of the Volga disappeared without leaving a trace. Those of the Don and the Ural were gradually transformed into irregular troops, and they still fulfil this function at the present day. The final results of the colonisation in the northern and southern regions have been as different as the modes in which it was effected. In the north, the Russians have to a great extent assimilated and absorbed the native population; in the south, on the contrary, the native population has been simply held in subjection or driven out. The explanation of this interesting fact may perhaps throw some light on certain dark historical problems.

The chief obstacles to the amalgamation of two contiguous races living under the same government are partly economic and partly intellectual; in other words, the obstacles lie partly in the mode of life, and partly in the fundamental, hereditary intellectual conceptions or religious beliefs and observances. In the northern region the Russian colonist found a population in the same stage of economic development as themselves. The Finnish tribes were already agriculturists, and possessed a superabundance of land. They had therefore no reasonable motive for opposing the mode of colonisation, and the colonists could settle amongst them almost unperceived. Thus the first step towards amalgamation was effected.

In the south, on the contrary, the native races were still pastoral nomads, that is to say, they were in a lower stage of economic development than the colonists, and the natural consequence of this was a war of extermination between the two races, such as that which has been going on for generations in America between the Red-skins and white settlers. Nomadic tribes have always a strong tendency to attack a neighboring sedentary population. Their love of booty urges them to make raids, especially if they have at their back a convenient market for the sale of slaves. Besides this, the simple instinct of self-defence compels them to resist the advance of the settlers, for extension of the area of agriculture means a diminution of the pasturage and of the flocks. There is a curious illustration of this in the history of the Don Cossacks. When they lived

by sheep-farming and pillage they prohibited agriculture under pain of death. The prohibition is commonly explained by a supposed desire to preserve the warlike spirit of the community, but this explanation seems to me much too ingenious to be true. The reason, in my opinion, was simply this: the man who ploughed up a bit of land infringed thereby on his neighbors' rights of pasturage.

The struggle between an agricultural and pastoral race may be long and bloody, but the final result is never doubtful. The agriculturists are, for reasons which I may at some future time explain, invariably the victors in the long run. The nomads must gradually retreat, and when further retreat becomes impossible they must change their mode of life under pain of extermination. All this has been fully illustrated in the history of Russian colonisation. The nomadic tribes have been forced to emigrate, or have been driven to the outlying corners of the empire. And even there they are not left in peace. The area of agriculture is steadily and surely widening, and soon there will be no longer land enough to allow of purely pastoral life. In some of the tribes I have myself witnessed the first attempts at tilling the soil.

Even if these Tartar tribes had been agriculturists they would not have amalgamated with the ever-advancing Russian colonists, for there was another and equally serious obstacle to amalgamation: the Russians were Christians and the Tartars were Mahometans. Any one who has lived on friendly terms with Mahometans, must have noticed that they are utterly inaccessible to the influence of Christianity. They are proud of their Mahometanism, and look down upon Christians as Polytheists. "We have," they say, "but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. You too believe in God, and you had a great prophet in Christ, whom we also respect, but you deified your prophet, and you added a third God, we know not whence. You say that your prophet is the equal of Allah. Far from us be such blasphemy!" The truth is that Mahometanism is, like Christianity itself, a monotheistic religion possessing a doctrinal theology and an organized priesthood.

Any religion which possesses these requisites is pretty certain to withstand the proselytising tendencies of other faiths. This may perhaps be best illustrated by explaining how the Finnish tribes, who did not possess a religion of this kind, were imperceptibly Christianized.

The old Finnish religions, if we may judge of them by the fragments which still exist, had, like the people themselves, a thoroughly practical, prosaic character. The theology consisted not of abstract dogmas logically co-ordinated and subordinated, but of simple prescriptions for insuring material well-being. At the present day, in the districts which have not yet been Russified, the prayers are merely plain, unadorned requests for a good harvest, plenty of cattle, and the like. Some of the worshippers—at least, among the Tcheremiss—have, since falling under Russian domination, acquired the habit of adding a petition for money to pay their taxes. The ceremonies usually employed are for the most part magical rites, which are supposed to avert the influence of malicious spirits. The Tchuvash use, besides these, certain ceremonies for the purpose of freeing themselves from the unwelcome visits of their departed relatives, and here the practical, common-sense character of the people comes out in a striking way. Instead of indulging in mystic rites, they simply place near the graves a plentiful supply of food, and pious souls believe that this is eaten during the night, not by the village dogs, but by the famished spirits. This is, be it parenthetically remarked, a more humane way of laying ghosts than the habit of erecting tombstones—a custom which, perhaps, had originally the same intention.

Such a religion presented no obstacle to the gradual reception of Christianity—especially the Christianity of the Greek Orthodox Church. If Yumala and the other good deities did not send plentiful harvests, it was surely prudent to ask the additional help of the Madonna or "the Russian God." If the ordinary magic rites and incantations did not suffice for warding off the pernicious influence of evil spirits, why not adopt the custom of making the sign of the cross, which the Russians use effectually in moments of danger? Even formal admission into the

Church by the Sacrament of baptism did not awaken any resistance or fanaticism in their simple minds—at least during the summer months. The religious significance of the ceremony entirely escaped them, and they must have had great difficulty in explaining to themselves why the Russian authorities should reward them with a shirt and a rouble for simply submitting to be bathed. Many of them, however, did not trouble themselves with such abstruse questions, and presented themselves a second and a third time in view of the promised reward. Sometimes the missionary work was undertaken by men imbued with the true missionary spirit, and in these cases an attempt was made to convey a certain amount of religious instruction; but more frequently it was entrusted to ecclesiastical officials or officers of rural police, who merely counted the number of the converts.

This simple-minded, religious eclecticism produced the most singular mixtures of Christianity and Paganism. At the harvest festival Tchuvash peasants have been known to pray first to their old deities and afterwards to the "Russian God" and "the God Nicholas"—Nicholas, the miracle-worker, being the favorite saint of the Russian peasantry. Sometimes the Yomzy—half-magicians, half-priests—recommend their believers to try the effect of a prayer to the Christian deities, in which case the invocation may be couched in some such familiar terms as the following: "Look here, O Nicholas-God. Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If so, don't listen to him. I have done him no ill and wish him none. He himself is a worthless boaster and a babbler, and does not really honor you, but merely plays the hypocrite. I, on the contrary, honor you, and, behold, I place a taper before you." Occasionally the mixture of the two religions is of a still more wonderful kind. I know of one case, for instance, where a Tcheremiss, in consequence of a serious illness, sacrificed a young foal to Our Lady of Kazan!

These few facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, will be sufficient to show how Greek Orthodoxy glided gradually into the Finnish tribes without producing any intellectual revolution in the

minds of the converts. And Greek Orthodoxy, it must be remembered, is in this matter equivalent to Russian nationality. Community of religion leads naturally to intermarriage, and intermarriage to the complete blending of the two nationalities. In very many villages in the northern half of Russia, it is impossible to say whether the inhabitants are Finnish or Slavonic. This process of Russification could not take place among the Mahometans, who have a doctrinal religion and a regularly organized priesthood. Even those Mahometans who are agriculturists and settled in villages, have remained unaffected by Russian influence. I know villages where one-half of the population is Christian and the other half is Mahometan, and in all of them the two races have remained perfectly separate. It must not be supposed, however, that they live at enmity with each other. Though they live apart, each race preserving scrupulously its own faith and customs, they are inspired with no aggressive fanaticism, and co-operate in all communal matters as if no difference of race or religion existed between them. Sometimes they elect as village-elder a Christian, sometimes a Mahometan, and the village assembly never thinks of raising religious questions. I know of one instance in the Province of Samara, where the Mahometan peasants voluntarily assisted their Christian fellow-villagers in transporting wood for repairing the parish church. Thus, we see, under a tolerably good administration Mahometan Tartars and Christian Slavs can live peaceably together in the same village community.

I have hitherto represented this eastward expansion of Russia as a purely spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. This is a true but at the same time an imperfect representation of the phenomenon. Though the initiative unquestionably came from the people, urged on by economic wants, the Government played an important part in the movement. In early times, when Russia was merely a conglomeration of independent principalities, the princes were all under a moral and political obligation to protect their subjects, and when the Grand Princes of Moscow in

the fifteenth century united the numerous principalities under their own sceptre and proclaimed themselves Tsars, this obligation devolved upon them. In the north the obligation was easily fulfilled. A few military stations, separated at great distances from each other, sufficed to maintain order, and even those after a certain time ceased to be necessary. In the south, on the contrary, the task was one of great difficulty. There the agricultural population had to be protected along a frontier of enormous length, lying open at all points to the incursions of nomadic tribes. It was not enough to keep up a military cordon to prevent the raids of small marauding parties. The nomads often came in enormous hordes which could be successfully resisted only by large armies. And sometimes the whole military strength of the country was insufficient to resist the invaders. Again and again during the thirteenth and fourteenth century Tartar hordes swept over the country, burning the towns and villages—Kief and Moscow among the number—and spreading devastation wherever they appeared. For more than two centuries the whole country formed part of the Mongol Empire, and had to pay a heavy yearly tribute to the Khan. Under these circumstances the Government could not remain inactive. It had not only to protect its subjects, but also to maintain its political independence; and those objects could only be attained by constantly pushing forward the frontier.

At the present time our public seem unable to understand why the Russian frontier should be continually moved forward, and habitually attribute the fact to Russia's insatiable desire for territorial aggrandisement. They appear to imagine that the Tsar might any morning say to his minister, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and that all difficulties would be thereby satisfactorily solved. This view is not likely to be held by any one who has lived near a frontier such as that which Russia formerly possessed in Europe, and still possesses in Central Asia. To protect effectually such a frontier without interfering in any way with those who live immediately beyond it, one of two expedients must be adopted: either a great wall must be built, or military colonies must be planted at

short distances apart, and military patrols constantly kept up between them. The former of these expedients, though adapted with some success by the Romans in Britain, and by the Chinese on their north-western frontier, is of course not to be thought of. The latter, which was adopted by Russia against the Circassians and other marauding tribes of the Caucasus, is scarcely more feasible. This military line, stretching from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian, was comparatively short, and ran through a well-watered and extremely fertile country; and yet it demanded an enormous expenditure of men and money and was only very partially effectual. In spite of all precautions, bands of marauders broke through the lines and too often returned unpunished and laden with booty. After many years of experience the Russians found that the only way of preventing these incursions was to settle the marauding tribes in villages over which a strict supervision could be exercised. If this system of military colonies thus proved enormously expensive and very ineffectual in the country to the north of the Caucasus, we can easily imagine how difficult it would be to realise it fully in Central Asia, where the frontier is incomparably longer and in many parts utterly unfit for agricultural colonisation. Nomadic tribes can be made to keep peace only when they know that they may be attacked and punished on their own territory, and that there is no asylum to which they can flee.

From all this it is evident that the idea of a neutral zone between the Russian and British frontiers in Asia is an absurdity, fit only to amuse diplomatists, and unworthy of being entertained by practical statesmen, unless indeed it were possible to find a broad uninhabited zone which would serve the same purpose as the Great Wall of China. If it be habitable, it will inevitably become an asylum for all the robbers and lawless spirits within a radius of many hundred miles, and no civilised power can reasonably be expected to accept such neighbors. If such a zone had been established, Russia might justly have spoken to England in this fashion: "I object to have at my door this refuge for rascality.

Either you must preserve order amongst the inmates, or allow me to do so."

"Where then," asks the alarmed Russophobist, "is Russian aggression to stop? Must we allow her to push her frontier forward to our own, and thus expose ourselves to all those conflicts which inevitably arise between nations that possess contiguous territory?" To this I reply, that Russia must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a Government which is able and willing to keep order within its borders, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbors. As none of the petty states of Central Asia seems capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends upon ourselves. If we do not wish her to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. As to the complications which inevitably arise between contiguous nations, I think they are fewer and less dangerous than those which arise between nations separated by a small state incapable of making its neutrality respected, and kept alive simply by the mutual jealousy of its neighbors. Germany does not periodically go to war with Holland or Russia, though separated from them by a mere artificial frontier; and France has never been prevented from going to war with Austria, though separated from her by a broad intervening territory. The old theory that the great powers may be prevented from going to war by interposing small independent states between them, is long since exploded; and even if it were true, it would be inapplicable in the case under consideration, for there is nothing worthy to be called a state between Russian territory and British India.

In consequence of the active part which the Government has thus taken in the extension of the territory, it has frequently happened that the process of political expansion got greatly ahead of the colonisation. After the Turkish wars and consequent annexations in the time of Catherine II., a great part of southern Russia was almost uninhabited, and the deficiency of population had to be corrected by organized emigration. The

Russian diplomatic agents in Western Europe were ordered to use all possible efforts to induce artisans and peasants to emigrate to Russia, and special agents were sent to various countries for the same purpose. Thousands accepted the invitation, and were for the most part settled on the territory which had formerly been the pasture-ground of the nomadic hordes. This policy was adopted by succeeding sovereigns, and has been continued in an intermittent fashion down to the present time. The emigrants thus collected, together with the other inhabitants, now form an ethnographical conglomeration such as is to be found nowhere else in the Old World. The official statistics of New Russia alone—that is to say the Provinces of Ekaterinoslaff, Tauride, Kherson and Bessarabia, enumerate the following nationalities:—Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Servians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Germans, Swedes, Swiss, French, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Mordva, Jews, and Gypsies. The religions are almost equally numerous. The statistics speak of Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Gregorians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, Menonites. Separatists, Pietists, Karaïm Jews, Talmudists, Mahometans, and numerous purely Russian sects such as the Molokani and the Skoptsi. America herself could scarcely show a more motley list in her statistics of population; it must, however, be admitted, that the above enumeration does not convey a correct idea of the actual population. The great body of the population is Russian and Orthodox, whilst many of the nationalities are represented only by a small number of souls. Of the colonists of foreign nationality, by far the most numerous and prosperous are the German Menonites, and by far the least prosperous are the Jews. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a Menonite and a Jewish colony. In the former we find large, well-built houses, well-stocked gardens, fine strong horses, fat cattle, agricultural implements adapted to the local conditions, and there is in general an air of prosperity, comfort, and contentment; in the latter we are too often reminded of the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. The other colonists

must be placed between these two extremes. The ordinary Germans and the Bulgarians approach the former type, whilst the Tartar-speaking Greeks approach more nearly to the latter.

As Scandinavia was formerly called *officina gentium*—a foundry in which new nations were cast—so we may call Southern Russia a crucible in which the fragments of old nations are being melted down so as to form a new and composite whole. The melting, however, proceeds slowly. If I may judge from my own observation I should say that national peculiarities are not obliterated so rapidly in Russia as in America or in British colonies. In America, for instance, I have often seen Germans who had been but a short time in the country, trying hard to be more American than the natives, but among the German colonists in Russia I have never witnessed anything of the kind. Though their fathers and grandfathers may have been born in the country, they look down on the Russian peasants, fear the officials, preserve jealously their own language, rarely or never speak Russian well, and intermarry among themselves. The Russian influence acts more rapidly, however, on the Slavonic colonists—Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins—who profess the Greek Orthodox faith, learn more easily the Russian language, have no consciousness of belonging to a *Culturvolk*, and in general possess a nature much more pliable than the Teutonic.

In the Asiatic part of Russia, where the frontier has always been pushed forward more easily and more rapidly than in Europe, there are still at the present day vast territories almost entirely uninhabited. Some of these are by the nature of their soil and climate unfitted for agriculture in its primitive forms, and could not be made available without the expenditure of enormous sums for irrigation; others are well adapted for agriculture and are already being colonised. On the whole, the Russians have in this part of the empire much more land than they can possibly utilise, and the possession of it must for a long time to come be a serious burden on the national exchequer.

If we turn now from the East to the West we shall find that the expansion in this direction was of an entirely different

kind. The country lying to the west of the early Russo-Slavonian settlements had a poor soil and a comparatively dense population, and consequently held out no inducements to emigration. Besides this, it was inhabited by warlike agricultural races, who not only were capable of defending their own territory, but were strongly disposed to make encroachments on their eastern neighbors.

Russian expansion to the westward was, therefore, not at all a spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. The annexed provinces are still inhabited by foreign races, and still by no means socially Russianized. Poland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces, and Finland are Russian merely in the political sense of the term, and their annexation was effected by diplomacy based on military force. It must, however, be admitted that if national self-preservation forms a valid plea for aggressive conquest, Russian expansion in this direction has a certain historical justification.

No sooner had Russia freed herself in the fifteenth century from the Tartar yoke than her political independence, and even her national existence, were threatened from the west. Her western neighbors were, like herself, animated by that national tendency to expansion which I have above described, and for a time it seemed doubtful who should ultimately possess that vast level tract of country which is now known as the Russian Empire. The two chief competitors in the sixteenth century were the Tsars of Muscovy on the one hand, and the Kings of Poland and Lithuania on the other. For some time the latter seemed to have the better chance. In close relations with Western Europe, they had been able to adopt many of the improvements which had been recently made in the art of war, and with the help of the free Cossacks of the South they succeeded in overrunning the country. But when they attempted to accomplish their purpose in a too hasty and reckless fashion, they raised a storm of popular fanaticism which ultimately drove them out. Still the country was in a very pre-

carious position, and its more intelligent rulers perceived plainly that, in order to carry on the struggle successfully, they must import something of that Western civilisation which gave such an advantage to their opponents. This was, however, no easy matter, for they had no direct easy channel of communication with the West. In the year 1553 an English navigator, whilst seeking for a short route to China and India, had accidentally discovered the port of Arkangel on the White Sea, and since that time the Tsars had kept up an intermittent diplomatic and commercial intercourse with England. But this route was at all times tedious and dangerous, and during a great part of the year it was completely closed. All attempts to import "cunning foreign artificers" by way of the Baltic were frustrated by the Livonian order who at that time held the East coast, and who considered, like certain people on the coast of Africa at the present day, that the barbarous natives of the interior ought not to be supplied with arms and ammunition. Under these circumstances, the possession of the Baltic coast naturally became a prime object of Russian ambition.

For the possession of this prize there were other two competitors, Poland and Sweden. Russia was inferior to these rivals in the art of war, but she had one immense advantage over them. Whilst they were torn and weakened by political factions, she possessed a strong, stable government, and could easily concentrate her efforts for a definite purpose. All that she needed was an army on the European model. Peter the Great created such an army and won the prize. After this the political disintegration of Poland proceeded still more rapidly, and when that unhappy country was broken in pieces Russia naturally took for herself the lion's share of the spoil.

The following table shows the rapid expansion of Russia from the time when Ivan III. united the independent principalities and threw off the Tartar yoke, down to the accession of Peter the Great, in 1682 :—

In 1505 the Tsardom of Muscovy contained about 37,000 square miles				
" 1533	"	"	"	47,000
" 1584	"	"	"	125,000
" 1598	"	"	"	157,000
" 1676	"	"	"	257,000
" 1682	"	"	"	265,000

Of these 265,000 square miles about 80,000 were in Europe, and about 185,000 in Asia. Peter the Great, though famous as a conqueror, did not annex nearly so much territory as many of his predecessors and successors. At his

death, in 1725, the empire contained, in round numbers, 82,000 square miles in Europe, and 193,000 in Asia. The following table shows the further expansion :—

				In Europe and the Caucasus.	In Asia.
In 1725 the Russian Empire contained about				82,000 sq. miles	193,000 sq. miles
"	1770	"	"	84,000	210,000
"	1800	"	"	95,000	210,000
"	1825	"	"	105,000	210,000
"	1855	"	"	106,663	245,000
"	1867	"	"	106,951	248,470

In this table is not included the territory in the north-west of America—containing about 24,210 square miles—which was annexed to Russia in 1799, and ceded to the United States in 1867. Regarding the amount of territory acquired by Russia in Central Asia since 1867, I do not at present possess any statistical data.

When once Russia has laid hold of territory she does not readily relax her grasp. She has, however, since the death of Peter the Great, on four occasions ceded territory which she had formerly annexed. In 1729 she ceded Mazanderan and Asterabad to Persia; in 1735 she ceded to the same power that part of the Caucasus which lies to the south of Terek; in 1856, by the treaty of Paris, she gave up the mouths of the Danube and part of Bessarabia; and in 1867 she sold to the United States her American possessions.

So much for the past. Let us now consider the probable future expansion—a subject that has a peculiar interest at the present time. It will be well to begin with the simpler, and proceed gradually to the more difficult, parts of the problem.

Towards the west and the north Russia has neither the ability nor the desire to push forward her actual frontiers. Towards the north expansion is physically impossible until new habitable lands in the Polar regions be discovered, and westward expansion is almost as unlikely. By the conquest of Finland in 1809, Russia obtained what may be called her natural frontier on the north-west, and it is scarcely conceivable that she should desire to annex any part of northern Scandinavia. In the direction of German conquest is neither desirable nor

possible. Russia cannot desire to have a disaffected German population on her western frontier, and if she did desire it, she could not realise her wish, for Germany is strong enough to defend her own territory.

Towards the east and south-east the problem is by no means so simple. The recent sale of the American territory may be taken as a conclusive proof that Russia has wisely determined to remain on this side of Behring's Straits; and though she may covet certain islands of the Japanese group, there is little chance of her obtaining them. She has, it is true, recently annexed Sagalien—or more properly Sakhalin—which lies near the Amoor territory, and formerly belonged to Japan; but this acquisition, except for the purpose of a penal settlement, is a burden rather than an advantage, and any further advance in this direction can be easily stopped. Encroachments on the Chinese Empire could not be so easily prevented. How and when they will be made, must depend to a great extent on the Chinese Government. Russia already possesses near the Chinese frontier far more territory than she can possibly utilise for many years to come, and, therefore, she has no inducement to annex new land in this region, provided the Chinese prevent their subjects from committing depredations. It may happen, however, that China will be unable to fulfil her police duties towards her neighbors, and in that case it is not at all unlikely that Russia may find annexation less expensive than the maintenance of a strong military cordon. When land is required for agricultural colonisation, the tendency to encroach is always, *ceteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio to the density of population, for where the

inhabitants are scarce, the land is more plentiful and less exhausted by cultivation. Where, on the contrary, land is not required for cultivation, as on the Chinese frontier, the temptation to annex new territory is always directly proportionate to the density of population. An uninhabited territory not required for colonisation is simply a burden, for it necessitates expenditure and gives no revenue; whereas a territory with a tolerably dense population furnishes new tax-payers and new markets for the national industry, and thereby compensates, or more than compensates, for the expenses of administration. If the vague accounts of the inordinate density of population in China be correct, Russia has less reason to restrain her expansive tendency in that direction.

With regard to the new markets for the national industry, it may be well to insert here a few words. Russia aspires to become, not only the greatest of military powers, but also a great industrial and commercial nation, and she firmly believes that by means of her great natural resources and the enterprising character of her people, she will succeed in realising this aspiration. Herein lies a permanent source of enmity towards England. England is at the present time like a great manufacturer who has outstripped his rivals, and has awakened in the breasts of many of them a considerable amount of jealousy and hatred. By means of her ruthless "politique d'exploitation," it is said, she has become the great blood-sucker of all less advanced nations. Fearing no competition, we preach the invidious principles of free trade, and deluge foreign countries with our manufactures to such an extent that native industries are inevitably overwhelmed, unless saved by the beneficent power of protective tariffs. In short, foreign nations in general—and some of our own colonies in the number—have adopted, in no friendly spirit, the theory quaintly expressed by the old poet, Waller:—

"Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap where others sow!"

In no country are these ideas more frequently expressed than in Russia. As

revolutionary politicians when in opposition systematically attack all restrictions on the liberty of the press, and systematically adopt these restrictions for their own benefit as soon as they come into power, so the Russians habitually assail with impassioned rhetoric our commercial and industrial supremacy, and at the same time habitually seek to emulate it. The means they employ, however, are different from ours. Knowing that free competition and "the ridiculous principles of free trade" would inevitably lead to defeat in the struggle, they raise, wherever their dominion extends, a strong barrier of protective tariffs. In this way they protect their newly-adopted subjects from the heartless "exploitation" of England, and consign them to the tender mercies of the manufacturers of Moscow and St. Petersburg. By a mysterious logical process, which foreigners—and also, it must be added, many intelligent Russians—are unable to understand, it is satisfactorily proved that the economic influence of Moscow, which sells dear, is infinitely less baneful and burdensome for the native populations than that of Manchester, which sells cheap!

Whatever we may think of this logical process, it is quite certain that Russia will not abolish her protective tariff, and therefore we must take into consideration her zeal to support commercial interests, in endeavoring to estimate her expansive tendencies. As her industry is still insufficient to supply her actual wants, she will certainly not, for the present at least, annex new territory for the simple purpose of obtaining new markets; but even at present, whenever she happens to have other reasons for widening her borders, the idea of acquiring new markets may act as a subsidiary incentive. We saw lately an instance of this in the Khiva expedition. If the Khan had conscientiously fulfilled his international obligations, the expedition would not have been undertaken; but when the expedition was successful, certain clauses in the convention showed that Russia was not unmindful of her commercial interests. Wherever the Russian frontier advances, the possible area of British commerce will be diminished, and the advance of the frontier in the direction of India depends, as I have already ex-

plained, on ourselves. Sooner or later the Russian custom-houses, with their protective tariffs, will be within gun-shot of our sentries.

Proceeding westward from Afghanistan, we come to a district where Russian aggression is perhaps more imminent than is commonly supposed: I mean the northern provinces of Persia. Russia already holds undisputed sway on the Caspian, and might easily appropriate any part of the territory near the coast. As I am not aware, however, that she has at present any particular reason for extending her dominion in this direction, we may at once pass to the region towards which the eyes of Europe are at this moment directed.

The aggressive tendencies of the Russians in the direction of Constantinople are nearly as old as the Russian nationality, and much older than the Russian Empire. The Russo-Slavonians, who held the valley of the Dnieper from the ninth to the thirteenth century, were one of those numerous border tribes which the decrepit Byzantine Empire attempted to ward off by diplomacy and rich gifts, and by giving daughters of the Imperial family as brides to the troublesome chiefs, on condition of accepting Christianity. Vladimir, Prince of Kiev, accepted Christianity in this way, and his subjects followed his example. Russia thus became ecclesiastically a part of the Byzantine Patriarchate, and the people learned to regard Tsargrad—as the Imperial city is still called by the peasantry—with peculiar veneration.

In the fifteenth century, the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, whilst Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars. The Grand Prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek Orthodox Church, and in some sort successor to the Byzantine Tsars. To strengthen this claim, he married a member of the old Imperial family, and his grandson went a step further in the same direction by assuming the title of Tsar and inventing a fable about Rurik, the founder of the Russian dynasty, being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus.

All this would seem to a lawyer a very shadowy title, and it must be added that

none of the Russian monarchs—except perhaps Catherine II., who formed the fantastic project of resuscitating the Byzantine Empire, and caused one of her grandsons to learn modern Greek in view of the high destiny that awaited him—ever seriously thought of claiming the imaginary heritage; but the idea that the Tsar may some day take Tsargrad and drive out the infidel usurper, has become deeply rooted in the minds of the common people. As soon as disturbances break out in the East, the Russian peasantry begin to think that perhaps the time has come when a crusade will be undertaken for the recovery of the Holy City on the Bosphorus, and for the liberation of their brethren in the faith who now groan under Turkish bondage. I do not at all mean to imply that such a crusade is desired. The Russian peasant's desires are generally confined to the sphere of his material interests, and he strongly dislikes all war, unless he hopes thereby to acquire new fertile land, because it takes him away from his peaceful occupations. Still, if he found that a crusade was undertaken and that he could not easily avoid the conscription, it would be easy to awaken in him a certain amount of enthusiasm. As to the bands of Russian volunteers of which we at present hear so much, I venture to predict that, if they ever acquire an objective existence, they will contain very few peasants. The conceptions, sympathies, and aspirations of the educated classes are of a different kind and derived from a different source.

After the fall of the first Napoleonic Empire, a violent popular reaction took place all over Europe in favor of national independence and republican institutions; and the discoveries of comparative philologists, together with other influences, suggested to political theorists certain grand confederations of peoples founded on ethnological distinctions. All the existing political units would, it was thought, group themselves into three categories, the Romanic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic; and the principle of political federation, whilst satisfying the demands of ethnology, would leave to the individual nations a sufficient amount of local autonomy. I have already made too large demands on the reader's patience to enter here on a description of

the development of these ideas and of their influence in Russia. Suffice it to say that they supplied to the Russian educated classes new motives for sympathy with the Slavonic populations of Turkey and Austria, already bound to them by community of religion.

We must bear these facts in mind, if we would understand the present state of public opinion in Russia. Englishmen are too prone to suppose that Russian sympathy with the Slavs is merely a thinly disguised desire to gain possession of Constantinople. This supposition is not only uncharitable but unjust. The recent accounts of Turkish atrocities have awakened in Russia, as amongst ourselves, genuine feelings of indignation against the oppressors, and sympathy with the oppressed; and in Russia these reports have fallen on much more inflammable material. Russians know much better than we do the oppressive character of ordinary Turkish misrule, and they have at the same time religious and political sympathies with the Slavs, which we do not possess and can with difficulty comprehend. The acquisition of Constantinople is generally regarded by Russians as simply a possible contingency of the distant future, and this possibility has little or nothing to do with the present excited state of public opinion.

Still it must be admitted that this excitement, whatever be the real cause of it, actually exists, and may produce armed intervention, which might possibly lead to annexation of territory. But the policy of the Government depends entirely on the Tsar's personal decision. Now what is his personal decision likely to be? As a Russian surrounded by Russians, he naturally sympathises with the Slavs, and as Tsar he must desire to retain their sympathy and good-will; but all we know about his personal character militates against the supposition that he will endeavor to take the matter into his own hands and cut the difficulty with the sword. Of a naturally pacific disposition, he is free from all military ambi-

tion. His phlegmatic temperament, and his strong, sober common sense, render him impervious to the seductive suggestions of Pan Slavists and other political dreamers. Even if his ambition were much greater than it is, it would be amply satisfied by the important part which he has already played in the history of his country. In the course of a few years he emancipated forty millions of serfs, reformed the imperial administration, created a new system of local self-government, covered the country with a vast network of railways, replaced the old rotten judicial organization by new courts with public procedure, and effected many other valuable reforms. These great enterprises have been on the whole successful, but there has been enough of failure to dispel many youthful illusions, and to teach the important lesson that a Tsar, though he may be autocratic, is not omnipotent even within the limits of his own empire.

As to distant future possibilities it would be hazardous to speculate. Very many Russians firmly believe that the natural and irresistible course of events will sooner or later transform the Black Sea into a Russian lake, and perhaps some future Tsar may attempt to realise at once what is supposed to be the will of Fate. For the present, however—though Russia would very much like to hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and would certainly not allow any strong power to take possession of this outlet to the Mediterranean—there is, I believe, no desire either in the people or in the Government to accelerate by war the so-called natural course of events. Alexander II. has already done much in the interests of peace, and shows no signs of changing his policy. Perhaps Great Britain would play more effectually her part of peacemaker, if her statesmen would, without relaxing their vigilance, think a little less about petty diplomatic triumphs, and show a little more confidence in the pacific intentions of the Tsar.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WHEN THE SEA WAS YOUNG.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WE are best able to realise the fact that our earth is a globe-shaped orb, one among many such orbs peopling space, when we contemplate the wide expanse of ocean. Although the teachings of astronomy place the real figure of our earth beyond all possibility of question, it is nevertheless not readily rendered sensible to observation. Whatever science may teach us, we usually see the earth as a generally level surface arched over by a dome of sky, which, whether clear or veiled by clouds, deceives us as to the earth's true extent and figure. Not only is this apparent shape of the sky deceptive, suggesting a somewhat flattened dome rather than the visible half of a space which, if regarded as bounded at all, should appear as bounded by a perfectly spherical surface, but the sky, seeming to spring from the visible terrestrial horizon, appears to have an arch of very limited extent. Under ordinary conditions we unconsciously regard the portion of the sky which lies next to the visible horizon as some five or six miles from us at the utmost,* while the part overhead seems not more than two or three miles from us. Where the air is exceptionally clear the extent of the sky-vault appears somewhat greater; but ordinarily some such conception as we have indicated is suggested respecting the size and shape of the dome which the heavens appear to form over

our heads. And accordingly, when we try to realise the idea that the earth is a globe, we unconsciously picture it as a globe enclosed within the sky-vault, which we conceive as extended below the horizon so as entirely to surround the earth. According to this conception the earth would have a diameter of no more than some thirteen or fourteen miles; and reason at once rejects this conception as altogether inadequate. But where there is a wide expanse of ocean, whether partially limited or not by land-scenery, the real extent of the terrestrial globe is suggested, though not actually indicated. The mind recognises, from the appearances presented to the eye, that the ocean has a curved surface of enormous extent; while the arch of the sky is recognised as manifestly not springing from the visible horizon, itself thrown much further away (if the eye is well raised above the sea-level) than when an ordinary land-surface limits the range of view. When the air is very clear, so that objects many miles beyond the water-horizon can be distinctly seen, the sense of the real vastness of the terrestrial globe is still more strongly impressed on the mind, especially if the objects so seen are such that their actual distance and position can be recognised. For instance, a portion of elevated land-surface seen beyond the sea-horizon does not so strongly suggest real remoteness as a ship "hull down," unless there should happen to be land nearly at the distance of the sea-horizon, so that by the greater distinctness of such nearer land the remoteness of other land seen above the horizon-line is indicated.*

But apart from the effect produced, as it were instinctively, by the actual appearance of the ocean, another effect is produced on the mind by the consid-

* That the mind does not, in its unconscious action, attribute a very great distance to the horizon, is shown by the strange illusion produced during balloon ascents. As the balloon rises the horizon seems to rise up all around the aeronaut, so that the visible portion of the earth beneath him seems to assume the shape of a vast basin. If the mind assigned its true distance to the circle where land and sky seemed to meet, this illusion would not occur; for there can of course be no doubt that the apparent rising of the horizon all round the rising balloon is due to the idea present in the aeronaut's mind that, while he rises perceptibly from the earth, the circle forming the visible land-horizon ought perceptibly to sink, which it would do if it were as near as it had been unconsciously assumed to be.

* For the same reason an ocean scene at night is seldom so suggestive of the earth's real nature, as a daylight view of the ocean; for the curvature of the ocean-surface cannot be clearly recognised at night, nor usually can any objects far beyond the sea-horizon be perceived at all, still less their true distance appreciated.

eration of the ocean's real nature. Of all terrestrial features the ocean is the one which best deserves to be regarded as cosmical. Rather, perhaps, it should be said that the division of a planet's surface into land and water is the characteristic most readily to be recognised when the planet is viewed from some other celestial orb; so that when we contemplate our ocean we are regarding a feature of the earth as a planet—one, too, whereof others besides the inhabitants of the earth may be cognisant. The thought that we may thus be sharing our impressions of the earth's condition with beings of some other world—that, in however diverse a degree, inhabitants of Venus, or of Mercury, or perhaps even of Mars, may be able to note that very feature which we are considering—brings forcibly before the mind the fact, otherwise so hard to realise, that this earth of ours is a globe travelling like the other planets round the sun, rotating on its axis as we see the other planets rotating; and that, in fine, of all those orbs which astronomy presents to us as distributed and moving so variously through space, the earth is that one which we are able to examine under the most favorable conditions. So that an astronomer at such times comes to recognise an astronomical and cosmical, rather than a merely terrestrial, interest in the contemplation of our earth. He finds his science brought into close connection with terrestrial researches, since these afford the only means available for examining one among the orbs which form the subject of his study. And although his observations may serve to render him very doubtful whether among all the orbs in space there is a single one which very closely resembles the earth, yet he finds reason also to believe that in general respects the earth's past and future condition illustrates well the significance of phenomena presented by orbs now very unlike her. So that the astronomer finds a new interest in contemplating the earth as one among the bodies to which his science relates. It is not merely with regard to space, but with regard to time also, that her aspect, thus viewed, becomes suggestive. This globe, to which we are bound by the chains of a universal force, is not only

among the unnumbered and all-various globes scattered throughout infinite space, but we perceive in her the traces of processes carrying back our thoughts over unnumbered æons in the past, the germs of effects belonging to periods as immense in the remote future.

In this respect the study of the ocean is especially suggestive. For of all things terrestrial the ocean is at once the most ancient and the one which will endure longest. Mountains and hills have from time immemorial been taken as emblems of the long-lasting. The Bible speaks of "the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills;" compares "the precious things brought forth by the sun and moon" with "the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills;" and, as a supreme type of the Almighty's power, Habakkuk says: "God stood and measured the earth; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow." But, in reality, the mountains are young compared with the ocean,* while for ages after our present mountains have disappeared the same

* It is related in the life of John Herschel that when he was still a boy he asked his father, the great astronomer, William Herschel, what he thought was the oldest of all things. "The father replied, after the Socratic method, by putting another question: 'And what do you yourself suppose is the oldest of all things?' The boy was not successful in his answers; whereon the old astronomer took up a small stone from the garden-walk: 'There, my child, there is the oldest of all the things that I certainly know.'" The biographer from whom we have quoted says that we can trace in that grasp and grouping of many things in one, implied in the stone as the oldest of things, as forming one of the main features which characterized the habit of the younger Herschel's philosophy. But in truth the stone speaks to the thoughtful mind of something far older than itself—not, indeed, older in respect of mere existence as matter (for all matter is eternal; and in this sense the bud that flowered yesterday is no less ancient than the substance of the time-worn hill, or the waters of the everlasting ocean), but older in the sense wherein that which fashions is older than the thing fashioned. For the stone upon the garden-walk at Slough had either been rounded by the waves of ocean, or had been shaped by the running waters of brook or river formed by rains, the proceeds of evaporation from ocean's surface. Nay, even passing to still earlier periods of the stone's history—leaving, that is, the consideration of

ocean whose waves beat now upon our shores will lave the shores of continents as yet unformed.

But even those periods of the ocean's history which are thus brought before our thoughts—the vast ages during which the land-surface of the globe has been constantly changing, rising and sinking alternately according to the varying pressures exerted by the earth's interior forces, and the ages yet to come, during which like changes will take place—are as nothing compared with the duration of three stages of the ocean's history, one of which we now purpose to consider. The ocean's entire existence under its present aspect is one of these stages; of the others, one preceded and the other will follow the present stage at intervals of probably many hundred millions of years; while the waters comprising the ocean presented during the first stage, and will present during the coming, or third stage, an appearance utterly unlike that of the ocean in the present era of its existence.

It is now admitted by almost all students of science that the earth, and the solar system of which she is a member, reached their present condition by processes of development. The exact nature of those processes may be matter of doubt and uncertainty, just as the exact nature of the process of development by which animal types have reached their present condition may be doubtful. But exactly as biologists hold by almost universal consent the general doctrine of development, though they differ as to the exact course along which such development proceeded, so every astronomer of repute believes in the evolution of the solar system by natural processes, though different ideas may be entertained as to the exact history, either of the solar system as a whole, or of its various members, during long past æons of ages. Whatever theory of evolution we adopt, however or in whatever way we combine the various theories which have been advanced, one fact in the past history of our earth stands out with unmistakable distinctness. The whole frame of the

its formation as a stone to consider the formation of its substance—its substance was gathered at the bottom of the sea, when the ocean was already more aged than the oldest mountains now existing.

globe on which we live, and move, and have our being, was once glowing with intense heat. Whether we consider the earth's frame with the geologist, or study with the astronomer the nature of the planets' movements and the evidence so afforded respecting prior conditions of the solar system, we are alike forced to this conclusion. At a very remote period the whole substance of the earth must have been molten with intensity of heat; at a still more remote period the whole of that substance must have been gaseous with a heat still more intense; and these stages of the earth's history, remote though they were, and continuing so long that, according to our modes of measuring time, they were practically everlasting, were yet but two among a series of eras whose real number, no doubt, was to all intents and purposes *infinite*.

Now when we go back to even the nearer of those two eras we find that we must conceive of our ocean during that era as utterly unlike the seas which now encompass the earth. Its substance was the same, or nearly so, but its condition must have been altogether different. No water could for a moment rest upon the intensely hot surface of a globe raging with heat exceeding that of a smelting furnace. There could not have been during that era oceans of liquid water, though all the water of our present oceans surrounded the earth then as now. The water must at that time have existed in the form of mixed vapor and cloud; that is, it must have been spread through the air partly as pure aqueous vapor and partly in those aggregations of minute liquid globules and vesicles of water forming visible cloud-masses. There must also at that time, as now, have been various kinds of cloud-forms—an outside layer consisting of the light feathery cirrus clouds, below that a layer of the cumulus or "woolpack" clouds, and below that again a deep layer of the densest nimbus or rain-clouds, from which perfect sheets of rain must at all times have been falling; not, however, to reach the glowing surface of the earth, but to be vaporised in their fall, and in the form of vapor to pass upwards again. We say that all this *must* have been; because, in point of fact, however doubtful we may feel as to many

details of the earth's condition in the remote era we are considering, there can be no doubt whatever as to the general facts indicated above. We have only to inquire what would happen at the present day if the earth's whole frame were to be gradually heated until at last the surface glowed with a heat equal to that of white-hot iron, to perceive that, whatever other changes might take place, the ocean certainly would be entirely evaporated—boiled off, so to speak. But the water thus added to the earth's atmospheric envelope in the form of vapor could not possibly remain *wholly* in that form. At a great distance from the glowing earth the aqueous vapor would find a cooler region, and higher still would be exposed to the actual cold of space. Hence there would follow inevitably the formation of clouds of the various orders, *cirrus*, *cumulus*, and *nimbus*, not probably in absolutely distinct layers, but the *cirrus* commingled with the *cumulus*, the *cumulus* with the *nimbus*, and the whole series of cloud-layers affected by the most violent disturbances, partly from the continual rushing upwards of freshly-formed vapor, partly from the continual rarefactions and condensations of the air under the varying conditions to which it would be subjected through the continual changes of the watery envelope. For at every change from the form of pure aqueous vapor to the cloud-form, an enormous amount of heat would be developed, while corresponding quantities of heat would be withdrawn in vaporising other masses of watery matter. The depth of the atmospheric region throughout which these stupendous processes were continually in progress must far have exceeded the depth of the cloud-regions of our own atmosphere. For the same heat which prevented the water from resting on the earth's surface must have prevented the heavier rain-clouds from approaching within many miles of that surface without being turned into pure aqueous vapor. Again, not only would the layer of rain-clouds, thus raised many miles above the earth's surface, be also many miles in depth, but the heat prevailing throughout the layer would in turn prevent a layer of cumulus clouds from being formed, except at a great height, above the rain-cloud layer. In like

manner the cirrus or snow-cloud layer would be raised high above the layer of the cumulus clouds. And each of these layers, besides being separated from the next below by a deep intermediate space of commingled cloud-forms, would also be of great thickness. Hence we may fairly assume that the extreme range of the lightest and highest clouds in that era of the earth's history must have been many miles from the earth's surface, even if the atmosphere then contained no greater amount of matter (other than its watery constituents) than at present. But we have reason for believing that, besides the oxygen and nitrogen now present in the air, there must have been at that remote era enormous quantities of carbonic, chloric, and sulphurous gases besides an excess of oxygen; and all these, with the aqueous vapor (alone far exceeding the entire present atmosphere of the earth), expanded by a tremendous heat. This heavily-loaded atmosphere must therefore have extended much farther, we may even say *many times* farther, from the earth than her present aerial envelope. It is not at all unlikely that the outermost part of the cloud-envelope was then several hundred miles from the earth's surface, itself raised, through the expansive effects of heat, many miles above the level it was to assume when cooled. In attempting, indeed, to conceive the effects produced by that tremendous heat with which, most certainly, the whole frame of our earth was once instinct, we are far more likely to fall short of the reality than to exceed it, partly because the physical processes concerned are so far beyond our ordinary experience, but much more because they operated on so inconceivably vast a scale.

While it cannot but be regarded as certain (that is, as not less assured than the theory of cosmical development itself) that during a very remote and long-lasting period the water now forming our seas surrounded the earth in the form of mixed vapor and cloud, yet this consequence of the development theory, however certain, is so remarkable that one would wish to see it confirmed, if possible, by some evidence derived from actually existent worlds. Now as the various orbs peopling the universe occupy all regions of space, so they must

present all the various phases through which each orb has to pass with the progress of time. It would be absurd to suppose, for instance, that every star (that is, every sun) peopling space is passing through exactly the same period of sun-life as our own sun, no less absurd to suppose that every planet is passing through the same period of planet-life, or each moon through the same period of moon-life. But it is in reality seen to be as absurd, when once we open our eyes to the real meaning of the astronomy of our day, to suppose that among the millions of millions of bodies which exist even in that mere corner of space which is measured by the range of our most powerful telescopes, there are not illustrations of *every* stage of the existence of worlds in space, from the first known to us, the vaporous, to the sun-like, and thence through all the forms of world-life down to the stage of absolute refrigeration or planetary death. Some among these varieties must exist within the solar system, and therefore admit of being telescopically examined, unless we suppose that by some amazing accident all the members of the solar system are passing through the same exact stage of world-life. But this, though it is the theory commonly accepted (because of a species of mental indolence which makes the most uniform theory appear of easiest acceptance), is in reality the most glaringly improbable, or rather the most utterly impossible theory it ever entered the heart of man to conceive. It is as though one who knew that a number of ships, unequal in size and power, had set out at different times from various ports on long sea-journeys, should assume, as the most probable opinion respecting their position at any time selected at random, that they were riding all abreast upon the long crest of some great ocean roller.

But regarding the planets of the solar system as presumably in various stages of world-life, according to what law may we expect to find them ranged in point of age? May we take the outermost as the oldest, and the innermost as the youngest? According to the development theory conceived by Laplace, we might do so; though even then the various ages assigned to the several planets would only be arranged in the order of

their actual antiquity, not with reference to the youth, maturity, and decadence of planetary life. A planet younger than another in years might be older in development; just as an animal twenty years old might be aged, while another thirty years old might scarcely have reached maturity. Moreover, it begins to be recognised that Laplace's theory of the formation of our solar system from without inwards does not present the whole truth, even if it presents the most characteristic feature of the system's process of development. Other processes have been at work, and even still continue to be at work, which may have helped to complete the fashioning of interior planets while outer planets still remained unfinished. Indeed, it is more than suspected that Jupiter may still be growing, and that Saturn may not even have assumed his final planetary form.* But undoubtedly the most important consideration is the first mentioned. Among planets so unequal in size and mass as those of the solar system it cannot be but that the duration of planet-life and of its several periods must differ very largely. If all the planets, then, had been fashioned simultaneously, they would now have reached very different stages of progression. Not only so, but even enormous differences in the epochs of planetary formation would probably be more than cancelled by these varieties in the rates of growth and development.

Shall we, then, take quantity of matter as the main guide for determining the relative duration of planetary life and of its various stages? Experiment will readily show whether and to what degree such a guide might be trusted. It is manifest that the chief question to be determined is the relative rate of planetary cooling through the various stages, from the time when a planet is a mere mass of vapor, down to the time when its whole substance is entirely refrigerated. Suppose, then, we take two globes of iron, one two inches and the other one inch in diameter, and, heating them both to a red heat in the same fire, set them

* Something of this sort is hinted at by Laplace himself, when he says of Saturn's rings that they seem to him to be "des preuves toujours subsistantes de l'extension primitive de l'atmosphère de Saturne, et de ses retraites successives."

aside to cool. From the result we can form an opinion whether the larger or smaller of two similar and similarly heated orbs will cool the more quickly, or whether size has little or no influence on the rate of cooling. The result of the experiment leaves us no room for doubt on this point. Long after the smaller globe has ceased to glow the larger still shows its ruddy lustre, while a still longer interval separates the time when the smaller globe can be handled from the time when the larger has cooled down to the same extent. We infer, then, that size, or rather quantity of matter, most importantly affects a body's rate of cooling. Indeed, a little consideration shows that this might have been expected. For a body can only part with its heat from its surface. Now the surface of the larger globe in our experiment is four times as great as that of the smaller, and therefore the larger gives out moment by moment four times as much heat as the smaller, when both are at the same temperature; but the larger has eight times as much matter in it as the smaller, and therefore eight times as much heat to part with, both starting from the same temperature. Naturally, therefore, since the larger, with eight times as much heat to give out, expends that supply only four times as fast, the heat supply of the larger lasts longest. We should expect the supply to last about twice as long; and, but for some minor considerations which affect the practical carrying out of the experiment, that would be the relative duration of the heat-emission from the two globes. Only of course it does not follow that the test by touch would correspond with the law here indicated, for the surface of a metal globe may be cool enough for handling while the interior is still exceedingly hot.

It is, indeed, the consideration last indicated which prevents the careful student of science from accepting as demonstrated certain conclusions which have been somewhat confidently advanced respecting the time required by our own earth for cooling down to its present condition. The experiments of Bischof, for example, upon basalt have been quoted as showing that our globe would require 350 millions of years to cool down from $2,000^{\circ}$ to 200° Centigrade, and the

process has been referred to as if it were long since completed, so that that period certainly might be reckoned as belonging to the earth's past; yet an enormous portion of the earth's globe may still possess a degree of heat between those limits, and possibly nearer to the higher limit than to the lower.

Yet while it is in our opinion an altogether hopeless task to attempt to deduce absolute time-measures, either experimentally for the determination of our earth's antiquity, or theoretically for the comparison of other planets' development with hers, we can nevertheless very confidently infer that some planets must be far less advanced than the earth towards planetary maturity, and that others must have passed beyond such maturity to extreme old age, if not to decrepitude or even to planetary death. When we consider, for instance, that the quantity of matter in Jupiter exceeds three hundred-fold that in our earth's globe, we cannot doubt that the stages of Jupiter's existence as a planet must exceed the corresponding stages of the earth's existence many times in duration. We cannot argue, indeed, directly as follows, as some have done: Since Jupiter contains three hundred times as much matter as the earth, the globe experiment described above shows that Jupiter would take nearly seven times as long as the earth in completing any given stage of planetary cooling, for if one globe contains three hundred times as much matter as another it will exceed this other nearly seven times in diameter. Nor can we proceed to argue that, since Bischof's experiments indicate 350 millions of years for one stage of the earth's cooling, Jupiter would require more than 2,350 millions of years for that stage, and so must be at least 2,000 millions of years behind the earth in development, from the consideration of that stage alone, and probably some 10,000 millions of years behind the earth altogether, in such sort that some 10,000 millions of years hence Jupiter will be in the same stage of planetary existence that our earth is now passing through. The definiteness of such statements as these makes them more attractive to many than more general statements, but they cannot be relied upon. All that can be safely alleged—and manifestly so much

can be safely alleged—is that planets like Jupiter and Saturn, exceeding the earth enormously in quantity of matter, must have required far longer periods of time for the various stages of planetary development, and must consequently be as yet far less advanced towards planetary maturity. It follows, equally of course, that bodies like Mars, Mercury, and the Moon, as well as the moons of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, being so much less than the earth in mass, must require much less time for the various stages of their development, and may be regarded as having probably long since passed the era corresponding to that through which our earth is now passing.* It would be, therefore, to Saturn and Jupiter that the telescopicist would turn for indications of the existence of ocean-waters in the state wherein our own ocean must once have existed. Instead of holding the opinion, commonly expressed in our books of astronomy, that, unless very strong evidence is presented to the contrary, other planets ought to be regarded as probably like our earth, we ought (at least if we accept, as every astronomer does, the doctrine of cosmical evolution) to expect to find Jupiter and Saturn in some far earlier stage of planetary existence, and only on the strength of absolutely overwhelming evidence to admit the possibility that they may resemble the earth. Seeing, however, that every particle of evidence yet obtained respecting those planets favors the belief that they are in that early stage of development in which we should expect to find them, while many parts of the telescopic evidence are

such as cannot possibly be interpreted on any other theory, it would seem to be only by an amazing effort of scientific conservatism that the old view, originally incredible and opposed by all the telescopic evidence, is retained in our books of astronomy, as though it had been the subject of some such demonstration as Kepler gave of the laws which bear his name, or Newton of the laws of gravity.

Without entering here at length into the evidence relating to the age of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, or rather to their present stage of development, we shall consider how their appearance corresponds with that which the earth must be supposed to have presented when the waters now forming her oceans enveloped her in the form of commingled vaporous and cloudy masses.

We have seen that at that remote epoch the earth must not only have been completely cloud-enwrapped, but that the outermost of her cloud-layers must have been raised hundreds of miles from her real surface. Measured, then, by an observer on some other planet, her apparent dimensions would then have been far greater than at present, for her outermost cloud-layer would be measured, not her true body. Thus judged, then, to have a much greater volume than she really has, she would be regarded (supposing her total mass to have been determined, as it might readily have been, from the motions of her moon) as having a mean density much less than that of her actual globe. How much less we do not know, because we cannot determine the extent to which her own frame would be expanded, her atmosphere swollen, and the various cloud-layers floating in it thrust away, so to speak, from her intensely heated surface. But it may well be believed that her apparent diameter would be so increased that (her volume being increased necessarily in a much greater degree) her estimated density would be much less than her present density. Now this precisely corresponds with what we find in the case of Saturn and Jupiter, each of these planets having a very small density compared with the earth's, though the tremendous attractive power residing in their enormous globes would, if unresisted, lead to a high degree of compression and therefore to great density. The evi-

* Only it is to be noted that the smaller the orbs considered the smaller the periods of their existence, and the less, therefore, the probability that differences so arising would cancel differences in the actual epoch of first formation. For instance, suppose that the above reasoning about Jupiter could be relied upon in points of detail as well as in its general sense. Then we see that a difference of no less than 2,000 millions of years comes in as affecting one stage only of the history of that planet and of our own earth; but if instead of comparing our earth with Jupiter, containing three hundred times more matter, we compared her with an orb which she exceeded in the same degree, we should find that the smaller orb would require about 75 millions of years for the stage which lasted 350 millions of years in the earth's case—a difference of only 275 instead of 2,000 millions of years.

dence afforded by the spectroscope renders it highly improbable that these planets are formed of other substances than those forming the earth, or of the same substances in very different proportions. We know that the attractive energy of these planets' masses must act out yonder precisely as the energy of our earth's mass acts throughout *her* frame. Experiments assure us that no cavities can possibly exist in the interior of a planet, so that Brewster's ingenious attempt to account for the small density of Saturn and Jupiter, by supposing these planets to be but hollow shells, fails altogether to remove the difficulty. There remains, then, only the supposition that these planets' attractive energies are in some way resisted, and the natural effect of those energies, extreme compression, prevented. And we find just the required explanation in the theory (to which we had been already led on *à priori* grounds) that these planets are still young and therefore intensely hot, the waters one day to form them being thus raised into their atmospheres, enveloping the planets in enormously deep and complex layers of mingled cloud and vapor, the planets' real globes lying far within these cloud-envelopes, and being also themselves greatly expanded by the tremendous heat with which their substance is instinct. Not only is this the only available explanation of the small density of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, but it is a manifestly sufficient explanation.

It is next to be noticed that certain very striking phenomena would result from the great depth of the earth's vapor laden and cloud-laden atmosphere, disturbed not only by tremendous hurricanes moving horizontally, but also by vertical movements of great energy and velocity. Conceive the descent of vast sheets of water towards some intensely-heated portion of the earth's surface, and the effect of their rapid conversion into vapor. The mass of vapor thus formed, being much lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, would rise just as heated air from a chimney rises in the surrounding cooler and therefore heavier air; only with much greater rapidity, because the vapor of water is far lighter than heated air, and the atmosphere of the remote period we are considering was far

denser than our present air. The mass of vapor would rush upwards to an enormous height in a very short time, and, coming from a region relatively near the centre of the earth to a region farther away, it would be affected by the difference in the rate of rotational movement at these different levels. For instance, at the present surface of the equator the movement due to rotation has a velocity of rather more than a thousand miles an hour, while at a height of a hundred miles above the surface the air is carried round with a velocity twenty-five miles greater per hour. If, then, a body or a mass of vapor were shot upwards from the equator to a height of a hundred miles, it would, while at that height, lag behind the surrounding parts of the air, and, in fact, would travel backwards at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

If the matter propelled upwards were vaporous, and when at the higher level became condensed into cloud, a trail of clouds would be formed along a latitude-parallel, and, as observed from some other planet, the earth would appear to be girt round by a whitish band parallel to the equator. The deeper the envelope of mixed vapor and cloud, the more readily would such bands form; and remembering the tremendous energy of the causes at work, the whole frame of the earth glowing with intensest heat, and keeping the whole mass of water now forming our oceans in the form of mixed cloud and vapor, we cannot doubt that well-marked belts must almost at all times have existed in the earth's cloud-envelope. The earth, then, would have appeared as a *belted planet*, resembling the planet Jupiter (or Saturn without his rings), but on a miniature scale. It is, indeed, common enough to find the belted aspect of Jupiter and Saturn compared with the probable present aspect of the earth, because of the existence of a zone of calms near the equator, bounded on the north and south by the trade-wind zones, and these in their turn by the zones of the counter-trades. But there is not the slightest reason for supposing that these so-called zones could be recognised by an observer viewing the earth from without. Still less reason is there for supposing that they would, even if recognisable, resemble in the remotest degree the well-defined

bands surrounding the globes of Saturn and Jupiter. Such as they are, too, they would be found obeying the influence of the sun as the ruler of the day and also of the seasons; they would be also limited to sea-covered regions; and, in fine, they would correspond much more nearly with the appearances presented by the planet Mars (where occasionally for a few hours portions of bands, not complete zones, are seen across the Martian seas) than with anything shown on the discs of Jupiter and Saturn. What we see on these giant planets corresponds closely, however, with what we should expect to find in the case of planets whose vapor-laden and cloud-laden atmospheres are so deep as to form a considerable portion of the disc seen and measured by astronomers. For the belts of these giant planets show no dependence whatever upon the progress of day and night, or of the long years of Saturn and Jupiter, but behave in all respects as if generated by forces residing in the planets themselves; their well-defined shapes also corresponding exactly with what we should expect from the mode of formation indicated above.

But, returning to the earth, it is manifest that cloud-belts formed in the way we have described would not be permanent. Sometimes they might continue for several weeks, sometimes perhaps even for months; but frequently they would be formed in a few hours, and last but for a few days, or not even, perhaps, for an entire day. So that the belts of the planet earth, viewed in those times from some remote world, would present changes of appearances, sometimes occurring slowly, sometimes rapidly. Now this precisely corresponds with what is observed in the case of the belted planets Jupiter and Saturn. Sometimes the belts remain, though undergoing constant changes of form, for weeks or months together, while sometimes they vanish very soon after their formation.

Again, it is clear that other changes than the formation or dissipation of cloud-belts would affect the deep cloud-laden atmosphere of the planet. Hurricanes and tornadoes would rage from time to time, and sometimes for long periods together, in an atmosphere where processes of evaporation and condensation, with all the rapid variations of tem-

perature occasioned by them, were continually taking place on a scale compared with which that of the most tremendous tropical storm on the earth in our time is utterly insignificant. The effects of such hurricanes and whirling storms would be visible from without through the displacement of the great cloud-masses forming the belts. Sometimes cyclonic storms would produce great circular openings in the cloud-belts, through which the darker depths below would be brought into view. These openings would be visible from without as dark spots on the lighter background of the belts. At other times the uprush of columns of heated vapor, condensing as soon as it reached the higher regions of the planet's atmosphere, would cause the appearance (to an observer outside the earth) of rounded masses of cloud, which, because of their strong reflective power, would seem like spots of white upon the background even of a light belt, and show still more markedly if they appeared above one of the dusky bands corresponding to lower cloud-levels. And besides changes due to great disturbances and rapid movements in the cloud-envelopes, the changes resulting from evaporation and condensation proceeding quietly over extensive portions of these cloud-regions, would be discernible from without. The observer would see dark spaces rapidly forming, where some higher cloud-mass which had been reflecting the sun's light brightly, evaporated, and so allowed part of a lower cloud-layer to be seen. Where the reverse process took place, large masses of transparent aqueous vapor rapidly condensing into cloud, the formation of bright spots would be observed. How closely all this corresponds with what now takes place in the deep vapor-laden atmosphere of Jupiter, will appear from the following account by South of the appearance and rapid disappearance of an enormous dark spot on one of the belts of Jupiter: "On June 3, 1839, I saw with my large achromatic, immediately below the lowest [edge] of the principal belt of Jupiter, a spot larger than I had seen before; it was of a dark color, but certainly not absolutely black. I estimated it at a fourth of the planet's 'longer' diameter. I showed it to some gen-

tlemen who were present; its enormous extent was such that, on my wishing to have a portrait of it, one of the gentlemen, who was a good draughtsman, kindly undertook to draw me one; whilst I, on the other hand, extremely desirous that its actual magnitude should not rest on estimation, proposed, on account of the scandalous unsteadiness of the large instrument, to measure it with "a telescope five feet in length. "Having obtained for my companion the necessary drawing instruments, I went to work, he preparing himself to commence his. On my looking, however, into the telescope of five feet, I was astonished to find that the large dark spot, except at its eastern and western extremities, had become much whiter than any of the other parts of the planet, and "in thirty-four minutes from the first observation, "these miserable scraps" (that is, the two extremities of the original spot) "were the only remains of a spot which, but a few minutes before, had extended over at least 22,000 miles." Again, Webb, in his singularly useful little treatise, *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, thus describes certain small whitish spots seen for a time on the planet's dusky belts. Recently, "minute white roundish specks about the size of satellites" have been seen "on the dark southern belts. Dawes first saw them in 1849; Lassell in 1850, with his Newtonian reflector, two feet in aperture. Dawes has since given several striking drawings of them," and they have been seen with a nine-inch telescope by Sir W. K. Murray, in Scotland. "They are evidently not permanent. Common telescopes have no chance with them, or with similar traces which Lassell has detected (1858) on the bright belts." But, indeed, many pages might be occupied with the account of appearances on Jupiter's belts, indicating the progress of changes such as could not be looked for except in the case of a planet enveloped by an exceedingly deep atmosphere laden with enormous masses of cloud and vapor. In the case of Saturn such appearances are less often and less clearly recognised, doubtless because the planet lies so much farther away. For it should be remembered, in comparing the accounts which observers give of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, that these

orbs are studied under very different conditions, a telescope nearly twenty times as powerful being required to show Saturn as to show Jupiter with equal distinctness.

One circumstance seems to us to merit attention here, of which, so far as we know, no explanation has ever yet been attempted. There is sometimes to be observed along the belts of Jupiter, and in particular along the great equatorial belt, a certain regularity of marking giving to the belt affected by it somewhat of the appearance of a ring marked with a series of regular elliptical mouldings; or, to use Webb's description, the belts throw out dusky loops or festoons, "whose elliptical interiors, arranged lengthwise, and sometimes with great regularity, have the aspect of a girdle of luminous egg-shaped clouds surrounding the globe." "These oval forms," he proceeds, "which were very conspicuous in the equatorial zone (as the interval between the belts may be called) in 1869-70, and of which the vestiges still remain (in 1872-73), have been seen in other regions of the planet, and are probably of frequent recurrence. It is by no means easy to assign a reason for this prevalent configuration, which sometimes shows itself in a solitary ellipse, seen by Gledhill and Mayer in 1869-70." Several considerations suggest themselves when we study these peculiarities thoughtfully. First, the enormous size of these oval cloud-masses indicates that they are formed in a very deep atmosphere—they have a length and breadth often of nine or ten thousand miles, and sometimes (as in the case of the great solitary oval seen by Mayer and Gledhill) the extreme length of an oval cannot, after every allowance for possible exaggeration in the drawing, be computed at less than 30,000 miles. The regularity of their shape indicates that they are due to the operation of some cause at work below, and whose action, extending all around some central region, leads to a regular form, having, like the oval, a centre of symmetry. But the enormous size of the ovals indicates that the centre of disturbance must lie very deep down. One cannot, indeed, fairly estimate its probable depth at less than thousands of miles. Now, if we ascribe each of the oval clouds, seen when a belt

looks like a girdle of egg-shaped mouldings, to a region below the cloud-stratum, we should have to suppose a girdle of such regions; in other words, that the real surface of the planet was not only zoned by such regions of disturbance, but the zone divided regularly up into equidistant regions of disturbance alternating with regions of calm. This theory is not only improbable in itself, but, since we have seen that the existence of belts of cloud arises from the lagging of cloud-masses thrown up from lower depths, we perceive that there is no reason for supposing the real surface of Jupiter to be divided zone-wise, still less for supposing the zones to be at any time divided regularly along their length. The cloud-masses lying along different parts of a zone come thus to be regarded as owing their position, not to the position of the region of Jupiter's real surface immediately underlying them, but to the *time* when the vapors forming them were carried upwards from the neighborhood of the true surface. A regular series of oval cloud-masses, then, would be explained simply as a series which had been formed over one and the same part of Jupiter's true surface, but at successive equal intervals of time, the causes leading to the upthrowing of the vapor being alternately active and quiescent. Now, we know that such uniform, or nearly uniform, alternation of activity and rest is a phenomenon frequently to be observed in terrestrial phenomena, and very readily to be explained. For the energetic action of any particular process in nature will bring about, by its very energy, the action of the reverse process, which, again, will bring the former into work, the two alternating with gradual diminution of intensity, just as a pendulum swung in one direction is by that very motion caused to swing in the opposite direction, then back again, until gradually the alternate motion is brought to an end.*

* We see an interesting astronomical illustration of such alternate action in the formation of successive envelopes around the head of a comet. These are generally seen to be arranged with great uniformity, envelope within envelope, separated by well-marked interspaces of transparent matter; and they rise gradually from the nucleus, the outer envelopes disappearing, and new envelopes forming within. Now, the formation of the

So that this explanation of the occasional regular disposition of enormous oval cloud-masses in a zone girdling the whole frame of Jupiter, while corresponding well with conclusions to which we had been already led, is far simpler and better in accordance with observed phenomena than the idea of a series of equi-distant centres of disturbance round a zone of Jupiter's real surface. It should be added, as in our opinion placing the real nature and method of formation of Jupiter's belts beyond a peradventure, that the cloud-surface in different latitudes of the planet's globe turns round at different rates, the equatorial portion moving fastest. This, of course, could not be the case if we saw anywhere the real surface of the planet, or even if the depth of its atmosphere were small in proportion to the planet's apparent diameter.

Next we may note yet another remarkable feature which the earth must have presented to observers on other worlds during the first stage of our ocean's history. With an atmosphere so deep as she then had, in which many layers of cloud were floating at various depths, it could not but happen that from time to time such changes would take place, either by the rapid appearance or by the rapid disappearance of extensive cloud-masses at high levels, that her shape would seem to be distorted. Indeed, this is only supposing that from time to time high cloud-layers formed or vanished in a part of the earth's atmosphere chancing at the moment to form a portion of the *outline* of her visible disc, instead of forming part of a belt in the mid portions of the disc. Accordingly, to an observer viewing the earth from without, her shape would not always appear perfectly circular, or rather of that

visible envelope implies a process of one kind (possibly condensation), while the transparent space between indicates a process of the reverse kind (possibly evaporation); so that the regular arrangement of envelopes and spaces shows that there must be an alternation of these processes at nearly uniform intervals. And though the forces causing either process are, so far as we can perceive, at work all the time, we can quite readily understand how first one, then the other, prevails, each by its very prevalence for a while bringing about conditions favorable to the prevalence of the other.

figure almost circular, but very slightly elliptical, which in those remote times, as now, must have corresponded to the proportions of her real globe. Cloud-layers floating very high in the earth's extensive atmosphere would cause, her disc to bulge out slightly but perceptibly, if they chanced to be so placed as to form the outline of that disc, while regions where for a while the higher layers were wanting would (under the same circumstances) appear slightly depressed below the mean outline of the disc. It might very well happen that these irregularities would usually be too minute to be detected; that effect called irradiation, which slightly expands the apparent outline of every bright object seen on a dark background, would go far to hide such peculiarities. Yet sometimes they would be too marked, probably, to escape notice, supposing only the observer's station were well placed for the observation of the earth; as, for instance, if at that remote time there were creatures living on the moon, and able to examine the earth from that convenient distance. Especially when it chanced that raised portions of the earth's outline lay between two depressed portions, or a depressed portion between two raised portions, the observer would have a good opportunity of recognising the irregularity so resulting. He would perceive in one case that the outline had two somewhat flattened parts with a sort of corner between them, while in the second case there would be flattening between two corners. Of course, in neither case would the corners or the flattened parts be well marked; they would, in fact, only be just discernible by the most scrutinising observation. It might, however, have happened at times that whole zones of cloud-layers would lie higher than usual, while adjacent to them were zones where only the lower cloud-layers were formed for the time being. During such periods the whole disc would appear out of shape, at least to very keen vision.

Now, precisely such peculiarities have been recognised in the case of Jupiter and Saturn, the two planets which, as already seen, we should expect from *a priori* considerations to be in the cloud-enveloped condition, and whose exceedingly small mean densities compel us

either to believe that they are so, or else to adopt the conclusion that they are framed of materials quite different from those constituting our own earth. For that careful observer Schröter, the contemporary, and in some orders of observation the rival of Sir W. Herschel, notes that at times he could not but suspect that the outline of Jupiter was imperfectly rounded, being in places slightly flattened.* In the case of Saturn, not only have occasional local irregularities been noticed, but the planet has sometimes been observed to be for a time quite markedly out of shape, bulging out in the regions corresponding to the earth's temperate zones, and compressed (relatively) in the equatorial and polar regions. It would be easy to dismiss such observations as due to optical illusion if they had been made by mere amateurs. But Schröter was no amateur telescopicist; few ever surpassed him in skill, and none in zeal and patience. The peculiarity in Saturn's figure, again, was first observed by Sir W. Herschel when at the height of his fame as a telescopicist; and it has since been observed by such astronomers as Sir J. Herschel, Airy, the Bonds of Harvard (than whom no better observers ever lived), Coolidge, and many others, while the practised and certainly not imaginative workers at Greenwich Observatory have recorded,

* It may, indeed, be noticed as remarkable that such a peculiarity, if it exists, has not been more commonly observed; but in reality it would be very readily overlooked and might even be altogether imperceptible with many telescopes superior to Schröter's. It was but a few years ago that certain irregularities of the moon's surface, so extensive as to modify her outline when they chanced to be so placed as to form part of it, were detected by Mr. Cooper Key, though the moon must quite often have been observed at times when the peculiarity should have been noticed; and he detected the peculiarity by a process corresponding in fact to the spooling of his telescope, at least temporarily. It was a silvered-glass reflector; and he removed the silvering so that the glass itself reflected the rays, but much less perfectly, of course, than the polished silver. He thus had a much fainter image of the moon, and, the effects of irradiation being removed, the flattening at the edge of the disc could be recognised. It is so great, when the moon is in one particular position, as to give two flat edges which would form sides of a twelve-sided polygon if the rest of the disc's outline were similarly shaped.

in the account of their year's work, that "this year Saturn has from time to time assumed the square-shouldered aspect." It is impossible to reject such testimony, though beyond all question the *normal* condition of Saturn is not the "square-shouldered," as some have supposed. It is certain, from multiplied observations and measurements, that Saturn usually presents the figure of a perfect ellipse, flattened like the earth at the poles, but in far greater degree. It is equally certain, therefore, that the square-shouldered aspect is but an occasional peculiarity. It is explained quite simply and naturally when we regard Saturn's real globe as deep embosomed within his cloud-laden atmosphere—a view of the planet (we again and again repeat) which *à priori* considerations, as well as his exceedingly small apparent density, absolutely force upon us. On the other hand, those who reject as utterly incredible, or at least sensational, the belief that the giant planets are passing through a stage of planetary existence through which our earth has certainly passed, insisting on regarding all the planets as in the same stage of their existence notwithstanding the enormous *à priori* probabilities against such a supposition, are not only compelled at the very outset to adopt the opinion that Saturn and Jupiter must be formed of materials altogether unlike those constitut-

ing our earth—a view much more opposed to their theory of general resemblance than the one we have here indicated—but when observations such as those we have been describing are brought under their notice they are compelled either to reject them as optical illusions (an explanation which will account for anything), or else to adopt the conclusion that disturbances have taken place in the solid framework of a planet compared with which the most tremendous earthquakes would be the merest child's play. Thus their very preference of observation to theory, and of the ordinary to the sensational, forces them in this case either to reject multiplied observations as mere illusions, or to adopt a theory of planet disturbance which is not sensational merely, but utterly extravagant and incredible.

But in that remote period which we are considering, the waters of ocean, existing as mighty cloud-masses and borne aloft by the earth's deep atmosphere, must have caused the earth to present yet other peculiarities of appearance to observers, if such existed, who may have viewed her from the then young but now decrepit planets Mercury and Luna. Some of these we shall describe in the second part of this essay, and then briefly consider the evidence afforded by the present condition of the ocean respecting its past history—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

THE gift of genius is, in many ways, the best and most happy gift bestowed on man. Yet its possessors in general have not been happy. Something too much of expectation, a hope too highly placed, a conception of pleasure beyond anything that is to be obtained in this dim world, may be the cause; or perhaps the unconscious exaggeration in their eyes, the glorifying and elevating influence which embellishes the earth wherever they move, have even a practical effect, bewildering their steps, and betraying them into devious ways. It is hard to estimate the advantages of a mere commonplace footing on solid ground, when that ground is wrapped in all the glorious sheen of the ideal, glow-

ing with light and color unseen to common eyes. The practical genius of the great soldier, the great administrator, has no such dangerous weakness connected with it. It is the poet alone, or at least above all others, who arrays the world in garments brought out of heaven, and who, in consequence, gets most often bewildered in the darkling ways upon which no such reflection can be got to gleam, and which are not dreamed of in his philosophy. And, strangely enough, his own errors and weaknesses, from which he is no way guarded by his supreme endowment, do not suffice to warn him that the charm is not real which it is his faculty to throw around him. He may be fickle and changeable himself,

but the lovely truth which, being of all things the loveliest, is in his eyes to glorify the world, is what he looks for with childlike certainty; and he is deceived. He may be cold-hearted, self-regarding; but love always more beautiful than selfishness is what he demands from others: and he fails in finding it, even as other men do who have no such expectation or certainty. Poetry is no creed of morality, no source of elevated personal sentiment for its possessor. Yet as it is his office for the good of humanity to add beauty to everything he sees, and to see all the loveliness of which earth is capable, and to persuade other men of its reality, so he is himself the first and most easily deceived. Some few there are, strongly fashioned and of robust character, calm men of wholesome condition like Wordsworth, like Goethe—perhaps, for all we know, like Shakespeare himself—who have sufficient breadth of constitution to bear and to accept the shock. But the greater number are of less vigorous frame, and feel to their hearts the fading of the finer tints their imagination creates, even when themselves endowed with no portion of that celestial clothing—a paradox which is as wonderful as any of the other paradoxes which surround mankind.

It is this, perhaps, which justifies the popular idea of the poet, as one of the unfortunates of the earth, subject to more painful downfalls, more dismal disappointments than other men, and also unhappily prone to go further astray than other men, when beguiled, as we permit it to be said, by the light from heaven—though we are all well aware that light from heaven never yet led human nature astray, and that it is not Genius that is to blame, but the mortal companion to whom it is committed, whom it makes glorious, but cannot preserve from sin or sorrow. And there could be no fitter illustration of this theory than the sad and pitiful figure which such a man of genius as Alfred de Musset presents to the world, to which the vagaries and offences of great writers are so much more open than the peccadilloes of ordinary men. France has no other man so gifted in his generation—at least none with whom we may justly compare him: for

Victor Hugo still lives, and cannot enter into direct competition with the fame of a completed work: and the energy, the fire, the passion of his poetry raise him above the level of the mild Lamartine, to whom sentiment only, not passion, was possible. We might almost say that (leaving his dramatic works aside) he is the only French lyrical poet, except Beranger, who has been able to seize upon the attention of an audience wider than that of his countrymen. To many a reader who has felt in all other cases the bondage of the French rhythm, with its rigid, artificial laws, to be an oppression and tedium insupportable, De Musset has been the one singer whose natural command of melodious and varied expression has made the national form of art endurable. He has triumphed over those rigors and monotonies by the force of genuine life in him, not always lofty, but yet real—by the passion, by the vitality, the quiver and thrill of feeling which moves himself in every pulse, more than and before it moves his audience. His power is not, like the gay and delightful genius of Beranger, capable of throwing itself abroad upon the world, and lighting up the whole face of the country with expression and meaning. The France, the *sicile* of De Musset is within himself. What he is able to expound in verse is not the fresh and varied episodes of the national life, the loves and sorrows of his race, but only that struggle between passion and reason in his own bosom, that perpetual and conflicting ferment of wishes and thoughts—the one eager, wild, and irrestrainable, the other melancholy, fastidious, and unbelieving—of which he is always conscious, which scarcely intermits for a moment, which brings disgust close upon the heels of pleasure, and mingles the sentiment, which in his vocabulary is entitled love, with sudden loathings still more passionate than itself. It is this which gives intensity and reality to his work, but in the very charm of the production makes the image of the man more deplorable, more unhappy, forcing it down in the scale of being even by the energy of the *elan* which inspires the poetry. The verse soars aloft, indignant, pensive, passionate, despairing; but the earth from which it has taken its

spring is not the broad standing-ground of humanity, but that poor clod close to the edge of a precipice which it spurns to destruction as it darts upward, and which, alas! is its author. Other men no doubt have been as wretched, as deceived in life, as worn by passion, as bitterly betrayed by love; but none have so opened the quivering bosom, and shown with such *abandon* how entirely justifiable was the betrayal, and how inevitable the anguish; the misery of moral failure is in every line of the picture; and the cruel sketches made by other hands are but shadows of the more bitter and more damning portrait drawn by himself. Too weak in good to resist a single temptation, to quench a single impulse—too weak in evil to suppress one quick rising of disgust, or shut up within himself one word of those aimless self-reproaches and accusations of his fate and his fellow-sinners, which mingle with the very tumult of enjoyment, no moralist could furnish a more miserable fable of the evils of vice than does the unhappy poet who knew no existence but that of "pleasure," so called in a pitiful mockery too bitter for legitimate satire. Had he been a little better or a little worse—less enslaved by the grosser passions, or more contented with the coarse satisfaction they are capable of producing—he would have been a less miserable man; but the special curse of De Musset's nature seems to have been, that in combination with the discontent, which of itself is divine, he had an ignorance of and incapacity for better things, which took all noble use and meaning out of that discontent: thus he lost all the advantages (such as they may be) of dissipation, as well as those of goodness; lost even the poor credit of a libertine—too good for that, too bad for anything better—and suffered at once the penalties of vice and those of virtue. An existence less satisfactory, more melancholy to behold, more hopeless to endure, could not be. He has been called the Byron of France, and there are without doubt many traces of the influence of Byron in his works; but poor De Musset had none of the splendor or prestige of the English patrician, whose position gave a certain lacquer to his character, and whose nature was less com-

punctious, less troubled with conscience and the ideal, and (strange though it seems to say so) in consequence even of this insensibility, less contemptible to the crowd.

Alfred de Musset was born at Paris in November 1810—just as the glory of the great Napoleon approached its climax and its fall. His father was a Government *employé*, and at the same time a literary man of some reputation, and the sons (the eldest of whom, M. Paul de Musset, is also known in literature) were educated with the usual advantages "in the College Henri IV.," where Alfred "fit de brillantes études." The description he himself gives, however, of the condition of mind of the youths who issued from these Parisian colleges, is, though perhaps exaggerated, very well worth attention, especially from those readers who are interested in the internal history of France, as well as the noisy outside record of all her revolutions and changes. Nothing could be more unlike the ways of thinking of De Musset and his wildly irregular companions than the opinions and ideas of the late Count de Montalembert and the party which, with and under his leadership, fought so desperately for religious education. De Musset was no partisan of the priests, no supporter of religious influence. He was of the sect of those who believe nothing—indifferent, if not even hostile, to Christianity itself; but the testimony he bears to the strange and horrible condition of the young minds which came forth from these seminaries of everything but faith and virtue, is more trenchant than that which any opponent could have ventured to give. He begins the revolting and painful story which he calls 'Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle' by an account of France at the moment he himself woke to consciousness of what was going on around him. The strange internal turmoil concealed by a stagnant surface of peace, which existed under the Bourbons, especially in the minds of the new generation born amid the clamor of Napoleon's wars, "between two battles," and who, with their heads full of conquest and victory, suddenly found the whole world change around them, has seldom been more gloomily described.

"Alors s'assit sur un monde en ruine, une jeunesse soucieuse," he says, with sombre vehemence.

"The life which appeared before these youths was made up of three elements: behind them was a past entirely destroyed, but still throbbing under its ruins amid all the fossil remains of ages of absolutism; before them the dawn trembling on the horizon, the first gleams of the future; and between them two worlds—something like the ocean which separates an old continent from the young America, a vague and fluent waste, a gloomy sea full of shipwrecks, traversed from time to time by some white distant sail, or by some vessel breathing forth a heavy flood of smoke: in one word, the present age which separated the past from the future, which was neither the one nor the other, which resembled both at the same time, and in which no one could tell, at any step he made, whether what he trod on was a springing seed or a fragment of ruin. Such was the chaos through which a path had to be chosen. Such was the world which lay before this race full of boldness and of strength, sons of the Empire and grandsons of the Revolution. . . . An inexpressible confusion of pain began to ferment in all their young hearts. Condemned to repose by the sovereigns of the world, given up to evil guidance, to idleness and weariness, these youths saw the foaming waves against which they had prepared themselves, retiring before them. All those oiled gladiators felt at the bottom of their hearts the misery of the disappointment. The rich among them became libertines; those of mediocre means gave themselves up to a profession, and resigned themselves wholly to the sword or to the gown; the poorest threw themselves into a cold enthusiasm, into big words, into the fearful whirlpool of aimless action. As human weakness seeks association, and men herd together by nature, politics were soon mixed up with this. They fought with the royal guards on the steps of the legislative assembly, they rushed to the theatre to see Talma in a wig that made him resemble Cæsar, or they thronged to the funeral of a Liberal deputy. But of the members of these two opposite parties, there was not one who, on retiring within himself, did not feel bitterly the emptiness of his existence and the poverty of his powers.

"Who would dare to tell what passed then in the schools? Men doubted everything, but boys denied everything. The poets sang songs of despair, but boys came out of the schools with serene looks, with fresh and shining faces, but blasphemy to their mouth. Besides, as French character, always gay and open, ruled everything, their heads, indeed, got easily full of ideas which were English or German; but their hearts, too light to struggle and suffer, faded like plucked flowers. Thus the principle of death overshadowed every thing from the heart to the feelings. Instead of having the enthusiasm of wickedness, all that we had was a relinquishment of goodness; instead of despair, insensibility. Children of fifteen, seated carelessly under the

shade of blossomed shrubs, held for pastime discussions which would have thrilled with horror the ancient thickets of Versailles. The host, the communion of Christ, that eternal symbol of heavenly love, was used as a wafer to seal letters; children tore asunder the bread of God. Happy are those who escaped from these times! Happy those who passed over these depths with their eyes fixed on heaven! Such existed, no doubt, and pitied us.

"It is unhappily true that there is in blasphemy a great outburst of strength, which eases the overflowing heart. When the atheist, drawing out his watch, gave God a quarter of an hour to strike him with a thunderbolt, there can be no doubt that he promised himself a quarter of an hour of atrocious enjoyment. It was a paroxysm of despair, a momentous appeal to all the heavenly powers; it was the convulsive struggle of a poor and miserable creature under the foot which crushed it; it was a great cry of misery. And, who knows? in the eyes of Him who sees everything it was perhaps a prayer. Thus youth found an employment for its creative force in the sentiments of despair. To mock at glory, at religion, at love, at everything, is a great consolation for those who have nothing better to do. They make a jest of themselves, and prove themselves right, at the same time that they teach themselves a lesson. And then it is sweet to believe one's self unfortunate when one is only vacant and bored with everything. And debauchery, the first consequence of these principles of death, is a terrible instrument of enervation. So that the rich said, 'There is nothing true but wealth; everything else is a dream; let us enjoy and die.' And those of modest fortune said, 'There is nothing true but forgetfulness; all the rest is a dream; let us forget and die.' And the poor said, 'There is nothing true but misery; all the rest is a dream; let us blaspheme and die.'"

This is the beginning which the young Frenchman early in the century claims to have had, without any self-deceit as to its debasement, perhaps rather with an exaggeration of all its miserable qualities. The picture, however, is general, and we have no details of the particular growth of the young Alfred, till we find him emerge into perhaps the most brilliant portion of contemporary society, the little world in which young men of letters hold the chief place, forming at once such an audience for each other as is the easiest way to fame—pushing each other to the front of public notice, not only by mutual admiration, but by quarrels, scandals, and the introduction of full-length portraits, and scarcely veiled individual histories, into the literature they were making. Through this influence, and another more tragical to which

we shall hereafter refer, we have sketch after sketch of the young poet, who seems to have made his start in the world with all those qualities which attract the admiration of youth—a light heart and lively disposition, and a love of pleasure not yet degenerated into anything lower than the habitual standard. He was a “jeune blondin, un élégant, portant touffe de cheveux d’un côté, chapeau sur l’oreille de l’autre, taille de guêpe, l’air fat, haut sur talons, dédaigneux des petites gens comme nous,” according to one description. “His beauty, his youth,” says a graver account—“his excellent manners, his almost too studied dress, made him remarkable; and much noticed, especially by women; but he had other and more unusual advantages. Of that ardent and vivacious generation which put so much passion in everything as to make a literary quarrel into a war as hot and prolonged as that of Troy, he was the one most happily endowed. He had received from nature an amiable and easy character, which after-troubles changed.” Here, however, is another sketch, more detailed and sentimental, made by the skillful hand of a Parisian *précieuse*, one of the women of letters who were unfortunately mixed up with his unhappy fate. There is something both melancholy and laughable in the picture, in which the ancient *mode* flourishes as well as the ball-room hero in all his bloom of light-hearted youth:—

“He was of middle height and slight figure, dressed with extreme and almost elaborate care in a green coat with metal buttons, a brown silk waistcoat crossed by a gold chain, and two onyx buttons which fastened the cambric folds of his shirt-front. His narrow black satin cravat encircled his throat like a jet necklace, and brought out the fine tone of his complexion; his white gloves showed by an irreproachable fit the delicacy of his hands; but it was the arrangement of his beautiful fair hair that was specially remarkable. Following the example of Lord Byron, he had succeeded in giving an air of noble grace to that natural crown of his inspired brow: numerous curls waved upon his temples, and descended in clusters towards his neck, and I was much struck, as the rapid circle of the waltz brought him repeatedly under the light, by the different shades of color in his hair. The rings which caressed his forehead were of pale gold, those behind were amber, and those which covered the higher part of the head sank gradually from light to dark. This peculiarity he retained till his death. Con-

trary to most fair men, whose whiskers are generally red, his were chestnut, and his eyes almost black, which gave vigor and fire to his countenance. His nose was perfectly Greek in form; and his mouth, then fresh and smiling, showed white teeth. All these attractions were enhanced by an air of aristocratic distinction, which gave additional light to his eyes, and elevated the ideal crown of his brow.”

This curious mixture of the Minerva Press and the books of fashion, will make the reader smile; but yet there was a day, no doubt, when green coats with metal buttons might be the garb of aristocratic distinction; and the *jeune blondin* with his *touffe* of curls, his smiling eyes, his hair in shades of gold, turning in the rapid circles of the waltz upon the verge of that bottomless pit, which was so soon to swallow him up, with all his boyish beauty and undeveloped genius,—how sad, even with those ludicrous touches of sentiment, is this first and almost last sight of him, so trifling, so joyous, so near destruction! Believing nothing, taught nothing except the vulgarst creed of the profligate, tuning his young voice to miserable echoes of older dissipation, and knowing no finer hero than the Byronic Don Juan, a type so far debased and fallen, even from the splendid sinner of Molière,—what sight could be more melancholy than that of this beautiful youth of twenty-three, to whom earth and heaven contained nothing but the vice which is called pleasure—the miserable passion which masks itself with the name of love? The evil, however, was not De Musset's alone, but that of his age and country. The reader will remember that Lamartine, too, knows scarcely any subject for poetry (except the rural landscape, the exquisite home-scenes in which he is a man as well as a poet) but this everlasting monotone of passion, mawkish in his milder treatment; and De Musset, with a much more ardent nature and impassioned style, was the lineal descendant of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. The genial Branger, who escapes the weakness, was incapable by nature of any monotone whatsoever, and he had the wholesome outer world besides to keep his genius sweet; another proof, if any were necessary, that the mass of mankind is never so corrupt as the *élite*, either of society or literature, can be. The poet

of the people, with all his homely Gallic force and frankness, is infinitely purer than the fine Lamartine, the elegant De Musset—a fact which is worth consideration in passing. But what kind of moral sense could be expected from a young poet in the full whirl of Paris, or from the audience which he addressed, when a serious critic like M. Sainte-Beuve calmly discusses and approves their choice of lawless intrigue instead of lawful love, as an equally worthy subject of song and story? "If the love called virtuous, the love of marriage and order, seemed to him unfavorable to the framework of his romance; if he preferred the love which is free of all sacred engagements,—the conclusion was still satisfactory and noble, still worthy to be proposed in our day, not only without scandal but even with fruit," says this grave literary judge whose opinion has carried so much weight for the last half-century. When an acknowledged authority formulates such opinions, what can be looked for from an inexperienced writer, whose misfortune it was to have fallen upon such evil times? His predecessors at least had the tradition of something better—a kind of faith, a kind of loyal principle to which they were born, or if not even so much as that, at least they believed in fighting, in war, and conquest of something more substantial than hearts. But even that manly inspiration had failed, as well as all higher enthusiasms. There was neither breadth in the horizon nor purity in the atmosphere—neither light enough to make a worthy pathway clear, nor air enough to fill the lungs with one full and wholesome breath. Nothing but lukewarm breezes, stale perfumes, and *amour*, or rather *amours* in the plural, a depth more miserable still.

De Musset was not strong enough to resist this current; indeed it would not appear that he had the slightest inclination to do so. No individual impulse towards purity and virtue was in the young Parisian, so early launched upon all the excitements of a *jeunesse orageuse*. He was trained to dissipation as other young men are trained to sobriety, and his inclinations went with his training. His first boyish publication, brought out when he was but eighteen, contains little but tales of intrigue after the worst Byronic model—Byron diluted with Lamar-

tine, the most sickly compound possible. But after this, the most singular change appears all at once in the young poet—a change unperceived or unappreciated by his contemporaries, but as remarkable now to the thoughtful reader as any symptom of mental convulsion could be. In the midst of those old complacent echoes of cynicism and vice, which all his audience were ready to applaud to the echo, and in which the foolish boy—like an infant taught to blaspheme, rolling big oaths out of its rosy mouth in delighted incomprehension—was ready to out-do all competitors,—there suddenly rang out a deeper note—a tragic tone, undreamed of before by either singer or hearers. If here and there some one who listened was startled by it, or if he himself was aware of the new thing he was doing, who can tell? But certainly the Sainte-Beuves remained calmly unaware, not perceiving that between the brilliant verses of "Namouna," and the tragic, almost prophetic solemnity of "Rolla," there lay a gulf wide enough to appal the observer. What produced this sudden outburst of new perception, new meaning, enlightenment so tragic and terrible, we have no way of knowing. It comes without warning, and dies away—its appearance and disappearance equally remarkable, though the latter may perhaps be interpreted by the fact that De Musset's personal history and misfortunes surged uppermost soon after this gloomy yet splendid revelation; and quenched in him the new-born insight. But what fierce disgust, kindled in a moment and wrought to a climax of tragic vehemence, what loathing of the vileness hitherto so lightly treated, what a sudden sense of something nobler that might be, is in this curious, sudden, temporary inspiration!

The strange crude drama called "La Coupe et les Lèvres" gives the first sombre sign of the rising feeling. But it is in the poem called "Rolla" that the poet bursts upon us in all the passion of this new and strange strength. Few efforts of genius so startling, so hideous, so beautiful, have ever been made. Another world seems suddenly to have revealed itself in which the cynic has no longer a place, but where some stern despairing angel, himself fallen yet pitiful, above the shrinkings of human feeling,

ventures to combine the most hostile elements, and make a desperate sally in favor of innocence and purity from the very stronghold, and with the very arms, of vice. We may almost take it for granted that De Musset does not consciously intend half the meaning that really exists in this wonderful production. The words seem overbold: yet the fact can scarcely be doubted that Genius does often make an only half-conscious instrument of its possessor, and that, like the Hebrew prophet, the poet often strikes a higher note than he wots of, and in pursuing his own voluntary motive, opens a wider sequence than he knows. It would seem to be only a stronger representation than usual of that hideous travesty of love which is the leading principle of debauch, at which De Musset aims; but the most tragic suggestions of life made worthless, of needless and unprofitable destruction, of ruin, debasement, and despair, open up around the central idea. The poem is so woven through and through with the images of impurity and the agitations of vice, and the chief situation is so revolting, that it is almost impossible to quote from it, or to describe it. The very story is untellable. It is a description of the last night of the hero, who has sentenced himself to suicide at the end of a three years' debauch, and who, the emblem, as the poet intends, of his generation, chooses to pass the last moments of his existence in a *mauvais lieu*—an idea which would strike the greater number, even of the depraved, with terror, and which therefore has a fascination alike for the hero and the writer of the poem:—

"De tous les débauchés de la ville du monde,
Où la libertinage est au meilleur marché,
De la plus vieille en vice et de la plus fé-
conde,
Je veux dire Paris—le plus grand débauché
Était Jacques Rolla—"

This is, naturally, his claim to be renowned. He has been brought up without occupation, the only child of a foolish father, who leaves him at nineteen his own master, without means enough to insure a life such as he has hitherto lived, and "ni talent ni métier" to support himself. Rolla divides his money into three portions, determining that each should serve for a year of debauch-

ery, and that, all being ended, he should die. The end at last arrives, the money is gone, and the young man, in the full bloom of his youth, prepares for the predetermined close, but reserves a crowning indulgence for the last night of his life. Searching in his sombre imagination for the most painful combination to be found, the poet brings this emblem of youthful bravado and despair to the chamber of a creature still innocent and pure, though born and trained for the worst of purposes, externally the most delicate and exquisite flower of humanity, and still in the calm of childhood, unawakened either to shame or guilty knowledge. The description of this unconscious creature, wrapt in profound and childlike slumber, would be one of the most beautiful examples of French poetry could it be detached from its surroundings; but it is these surroundings which give it its sinister and terrible power. The contrast of the vile circumstances around with that calm, that youth, that human flower, to which still all kinds of lovely blossomings are possible, though the deepest pollution is close at hand, surround the scene with tragic and sombre shadows,—to be heightened and deepened by the entrance of the other life, breathing nothing but vigor and vitality, but with death close at hand, and ruin reigning in heart and soul. We turn with a shudder from the appalling picture, which no manipulation could make fit to be regarded by innocent eyes, but which yet is, we think, the most powerful, as it certainly is the most tragical, of all De Musset's productions. Nowhere has he struck so high yet so deep a note, and shown so profound a perception of that last sting and poignant climax of debasement, the possibility of moral salvation, the sense of what might have been. We will venture to quote the beginning of this poem, which is almost all we dare attempt to put into decorous English—English, alas! in which the fire and passion of the original are sadly lost.

O Christ, I am not one of those who pray,
Trembling in thy mute temples—those who
beat
Their hands upon their breasts, and take
their way
To Calvary to kiss thy bleeding feet.
I stand erect thy holy courts among,
Where in the sacred gloom the faithful bow,

Moved by the murmurous breeze of sacred song,
 As reeds before the wind make reverence low.
 Thy holy words, O Christ, unmoved I hear,
 Born all too late into a world that dies.
 The age that knows no hope can know no fear;
 Our comets have unpeopled the great skies;
 And sightless Chance through sombre shadows leads
 The worlds from all illusion freed at last,
 While flinging down thy once-throned angels,
 treads
 O'er its own wrecks, the spirit of the past.
 The nails of Golgotha scarce hold thee more.
 From off thy grave divine the soil is torn.
 Dead is thy glory, Christ! the cross that bore
 Thy heavy weight to dust and ashes worn.

Yet be it still permitted to the son
 Most unbelieving of a faithless time,
 To kiss that dust, O Christ, and weep upon
 The Earth that once lived by thy death sublime.
 Who now, my God, will bring her life again,
 Once by thy purest blood made young? who may,
 Jesus, do that thou didst, or with what pain
 Bring youth to us, old men born yesterday?
 We are as old as when thy coming made
 New hope; have lost more and expecting found
 As much to look for; Lazarus is laid
 A second time within the mournful ground
 Which is man's tomb. Where is the Saviour then
 To open graves? and old St. Paul though clad
 In rags divine, upon whose lips all men
 Hung breathless? where the Supper? and the sad
 Dark world of catacombs? Upon what feet
 May drop the perfumes of the Magdalene?
 What brow for aureole of fire is meet?
 Where vibrates in the air a voice serene
 Yet more than human? Which of us will be
 The God we have need of in our misery?
 Earth is as old, as desperate, and her head
 As palsied as when John stood on the sands
 And roused her from her stupor nearly dead,
 With holy words that rang through many lands,
 And woke a tribe as of a world new-born.
 Now are we back to evil times, the days
 Of Claudius or Tiberius: living morn
 Rises no more, all dead by all the ways.
 Salurn is near the end of his fell meal,
 And human Hope, weary of endless strain,
 Her bosom scarred by nursing, learns to steal
 Repose from sterile calm, an end of pain.

By the side of this very powerful and passionate poem, M. Sainte-Beuve calmly places as a companion-picture the glittering *vers* of 'Namouna,' a philosophical sketch of a stale Don Juan made into a Turk, with all the movement and adventure left out; so little, at least for

the moment, did the calm contemporary understand that wild and solemn discord which trembles through the music and gives it soul and meaning. And unfortunately this deeper note, though it still echoes here and there in an undertone, found no such lasting place in De Musset's poetry as 'Rolla' promised. The poet was caught away out of the broader regions of genius into that painful absorption in the accidents of his own life which so often kills poetry for the moment to enrich it after with many experiences. Unhappily, the experiences in this case were not of an ennobling kind.

For it was about this time that Alfred de Musset made the acquaintance of a woman of genius, perhaps superior to his own, and of infinitely stronger character and constitution, which colored all the rest of his life, and broke his heart, and probably shortened his days. It is not here that it is becoming to speak of Madame Georges Sand. So great a writer should not be regarded without the aid of extenuating circumstances in one detached episode which happened to be one of the worst actions of her life. She met this young poet, still fresh and gay, a *beau valseur*, a favorite of fortune and of the *salons*, when she herself was in the full bloom of her beauty and of her fame. He, too, had all the attractions that romance demands. Unhappily there was no possibility between them of that legitimate romance which ends in marriage; nor would this seem to have been considered even desirable on one side or the other. They met, rushed into intimacy, and after a short interval went away together into Italy, whither she was bound. The story of their intercourse, and its sudden and prompt termination, has a little literature of its own. It has been told three times over: at first hand, by Madame Sand herself in 'Elle et Lui;' by M. Paul de Musset in the answering tale of 'Lui et Elle;' and by Madame Louise Colet in a third publication called 'Lui.' The two later books are supposed to give the poet's own account of this fatal love, which is supposed on all sides to have been his ruin—given in one case to his brother on his deathbed, and (we are again to understand) intrusted to the other writer in the confidence of a new attachment, which was broken by his death. When

we say that these books are all in the form of *novels*, each telling the story of this intrigue in detail, with differing sets of false names and slightly-altered circumstances, it will be immediately evident at what cost of good taste and decorum the record must have been made. But good taste is a trifle in comparison with the deeper horrors of the life thus revealed. Not that it is a record of wild orgies or insolent pleasure, which we find recorded and repeated in these volumes. It is not their depravity that strikes the reader, for in that strange moral atmosphere no stigma seems to attach even to the most unauthorised and lawless ties; and the heroine of 'Elie et Lui' is as ready to call heaven to witness the purity of her motives, and as secure in her own religious certainty of uprightness, as if she had all the Decalogue on her side. But the wretched tedium of this life of supposed passion and rapture, the petty quarrels, altercations, makings up, the narrow and contracted scene, the one monotonous unvaried *motif*, convey nothing but a sense of nausea and weariness insupportable to the spectator. In comparison with this romantic union, above the limits of law or purity, of two poets, in which the innocent imagination is disposed to expect some appearance at least of those transports of excitement and delight which give compensation for all the external penalties of wrong-doing, the flattest commonplace existence becomes interesting; and the honest prosaic pair who spend their tranquil evenings together, after the labors of the office and the housekeeping, become idyllic in natural force and tenderness, after a volume or two of the hectic but ineffably dull loves of Laurent and Therese. Literature so unprofitable, so opposed to all true feeling, so revolting to the moral consciousness, half atones for its unwholesome character by the mortal dullness of the record, which bears a lesson more striking perhaps than that of the most tragic pains and penalties. The object of Madame Sand is to show that the young lover to whom *elle se donnait* (which is the accepted formula) with the most exalted motives, to do him good and purify his life and being, wore out all patience by his peevish and childish jealousies, making life impossible, and affording her complete justification for

casting him off as she did, at a very early period. The other books written on the subject are full of an elaborate attempt to prove Madame Sand to have been wrong, and to show the deep injury which she inflicted upon her lover. This extraordinary controversy is noticed in all the periodicals of the time, discussed with seriousness even by such writers as Sainte-Beuve, who himself was somehow mixed up in the business, and finds a place in the classic literature of the century—wonderful result of that fictitious elevation of the literary class to the front of French society, which is as little real as among ourselves, yet which gives them the power of throwing up a mass of personal gossip, rubbish of the most unsavory description, to the surface, and playing the wildest pranks before high heaven, to the debasement of their own gifts, and shame of the country which they are supposed to represent! It is needless to say that this greatly-important question, whether Madame Sand ought or ought not to have retained Alfred de Musset as her lover, is not only indifferent but disgusting to us, and revolts every instinct of feeling, as well as the moral sense, which is ignored in the controversy, none of the disputants on one side or the other appearing conscious of the fact that the *liaison* itself is beyond the range of legitimate discussion. It must be added, however, that if such a discussion could ever be permitted or pardoned, the fullest justification of Madame Sand's inexcusable volume is to be found in the 'Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle,' the most important prose work of De Musset, in which the unhappy poet gives us the full detail of a similar episode, and makes himself out to be more miserable, more jealous, more fantastic in aggravation, more persistent in ill-humor, and altogether more insupportable, than even Madame Sand had depicted him. His advocates have a vain task before this proof of the accusations against him, notwithstanding that these accusations and his own confession form one of the most deplorable and revolting chapters of modern literary history. It is bad enough at all times to lift the veil from private life. What ought the penalty to be when the scene revealed is one of shame?

Let us say, however, in passing—for there are, it is to be supposed, depraved imaginations to which the garbage of such a production as the 'Confession' is more agreeable than better fare—that notwithstanding an occasional gleam of genius, the prose works of De Musset are entirely unworthy of his reputation. There is nothing in them of the refined grace of his 'Proverbs,' nor of the profound feeling which sometimes reaches a tragic depth in the higher efforts of his poetry. All the dignity of true genius, the balance which intellectual power must confer more or less, steadying the most uneven march, and giving a certain force and weight to the most fantastic imagination, is lost in the maunderings of a weak self-analysis, or in the flippant 'Contes,' which recall to us the *élegant* of the ball-room, with his *air fat* and his *taille de guêpe*, rather than any more dignified figure. The mournful poet, he who even in his youth could be caught by the stern prophet-inspiration which almost justifies the horrors of 'Rolla'—the graceful dramatist, full of airy and delightful fancy, yet not without a capability of heroic perception—are lost in the white-gloved exquisite of the green coat and metal buttons, at this distance the most laughable kind of finery which fashion ever invented, the literary dandy, to whose social reputation a certain amount of intrigue, vice, sentiment, and cynicism were necessary. It is one of the drawbacks of literary coteries that everything is applauded which comes from a popular favorite, and often the least worthy has from some accidental cause the greatest praise. But time ought to set this right, if nothing else, and in the majority of cases does so. It is, however, a deplorable fashion of recent times to see or pretend a charm in the unwholesome dissection of sentimental or sensual feeling, which still imposes upon many inexperienced minds, and turns the natural disgust of impurity into an evidence of low intellectual appreciation. This altogether false taste keeps many productions of French fiction in artificial life. But it is the greatest wrong that posterity can do to such an erring, feeble, unfortunate man of genius as De Musset, to remember against him the miserable productions of his worst moments—work prompted half

by vicious inclination and half by fashion, feverish vanity, and the irritation of personal offence. Let those who love the flavor of vice content themselves with 'Rolla,' in which there is still a tragic element of genius to justify the poet; but let all the foul rubbish of those 'Confessions' be swept away from the grave, over which no ghouls and vampires should be permitted to prowl.

It is certain, however, that though the story of this episode in De Musset's life is in every way miserable, and though the light it throws upon the existence of his class is so lowering and painful, yet it formed the turning-point in his career. The link was fatal, but the love was real. In strange contradiction of the ordinary rule, the woman passed upon her way, careless, treating as a mere chapter in her many-sided history that moment which colored the whole existence of her companion; but to the *jeune blondin*, the *beau valseur*, the effect was very different. His youth, his gaiety, his *insouciance*, were all over. Life was no longer at his feet, a universe of hope and pleasure, as even in his most cynical moods it had hitherto been. Broken and crushed he came back from Italy where his unkind love had forsaken him, stung to the heart with a thousand wounds. If his attachment carried him away from the higher strain of poetry, upon which at one moment he seemed about to enter, his disappointment brought him back with a rush of new energy to the natural work which still held some balm for his suffering. Happy, he had but played with his powers, often, with the perversity of youth, doing his best or worst to fritter away the untried strength of which he himself had no just conception; but in his wretchedness, in his desolation, the poor young poet instinctively turned to that sublime means of relief, and poured out his suffering heart, not in miserable display of his circumstances to the world, but in those outbursts of profound feeling, which are for mankind, which answer for all sorrows, and speak the infinite disappointments, mortifications, pangs of the heart, that occur in all lives. Here at least he has for ever the better of the question. The woman whom he loved held him up to the ridicule of the world, but he, magnanimous, made no reprisals; and the blow, if it

broke his heart, made his fame. The 'Nuits,' which are almost his finest lyrics, the 'Letter to Lamartine,' almost all his 'Comedies' and 'Proverbs' came in a rush of inspiration after this crisis. While his friends chattered over his disasters with sneers and with sympathy equally hard to bear, the sufferer sought for himself that noblest anodyne which lies in work. They say he had recourse to coarser anodynes as well, poor soul! but at least he was too noble to return evil for evil. A rising flood of power, a more assured knowledge of his own strength and exercise of his gift, mark the period of this bitter disenchantment, which is a better issue than could have been hoped from such an episode. Here is the most detailed description he has left of his sufferings. It is contained in the 'Letter to Lamartine,' one of his finest poems.

Lamartine, who of us, or of our strain,
Knows not by heart that song, to lovers dear,
Which by thy lake, one evening, to our ear
Was sighed forth soft? We read, and read
again,

A thousand times, and re-read without cease.

Alas! of lying loves the long regret,
The ruins of the past in every lot,
Long-lasting trace of passing light soon set,
Can that man be called man that knows them
not?

Whoever loves long time must bear the scar
Concealed in every heart, reopening sure
A dear and secret torture carried far,
And as the blow is deep, less wished the
cure.

Singer of suffering, how then shall I say
That of thy glorious sickness I too die?
And that like thee, under this light of day,
Clasped in my arms sweet life and hope once
lay—

A dream, even like thy dream, and soon to
fly—

How, one fair evening when the breeze was
balm,

Lulled by beloved voice with heavenly strain,
Like thee I slumbered in the happy calm,
And felt swift time stop short. And how
again

Tell of another evening, when, forsook
And lonely on the earth, devoured like thee
By memories, and the wonder how to brook
Suffering so long ere death should set me
free,

I stood amazed at my own misery.
Ah! all the anguish of that moment dread
Dare I make my lament, and tell thee all?
After thee, in thy presence, lift my head,
And put in words a woe unspeakable?

When the worn laborer turning home at
night,

Finds his poor field all ravaged by the storm,
He thinks it first some dream of fearful form
That cheats his eyes; nor can he trust the
sight.

All dark the heavens and burnt the earth
appears,

He searches round him, trembling with
strange fears.

Where is the wife at the half-opened door?

He sees a heap of ashes on the moor.

And by-and-by from out the hollows creep
The half-naked babes, who tell their tale and
weep.

How their poor mother fell before their eyes,
And perished 'neath the thatch with fearful
cries,

Though all both far and near is silent now.

The miserable man listens, and, slow

To understand, at last his ruin sees,

Desolate, takes his children to his knees.

Nothing remains to him except to hold

His hand for charity, save hunger cold
To-night, and death to-morrow. From his
breast

Oppressed there hursts no sob; towards the
west,

Turning his weary eyes, he slits apart;
And while the promise of his harvest flies

In whirlwinds of dark smoke towards the
skies,

Misery intoxicates his failing heart.

So when by faithless love forsook, my heart
For the first time great anguish learned to
know,

Transfixed at once by swift and sudden dart,

Alone I sat in that dark night of woe—

Not by a lake, with limpid waves unstained,

Not upon tranquil slope of flowery ground,

My weeping eyes on the void distance
strained,

My stifled sobs no answering echo found.

'Twas in a winding street, grey and obscure,

Of that abyss called Paris; to my ear

Came outcries of that railing crowd, secure

No voice of the unfortunate to hear.

On the dark pavement lanterns of pale light

Threw forth a doubtful day more sad than
night.

It was in spring, the time of Carnival;

A noisy joy rang echoing everywhere;

Masked drunkards, meeting in the gutter,
call

An ill word here, a loud-mouthed chorus
there.

Sometimes a group, heaped in an open car,

Showed for a moment 'neath the rainy skies,

Then in the town's mad folly, lost afar

With flare of torch, and shout of impure cries.

In the mean taverns, foul with stains of wine,

Lurked old men, women, children; and the
while

Priestesses of the night, through shade and
shine,

Inquiet moved about like spectres vile.

Just God, to weep alone 'mid such a crowd!

Oh my sole love, what had I done to you,

That you could leave me, you so late who
vowed

You were my life, and in God's presence
true?

Oh didst thou know, thou cold and cruel heart,
That 'mid the dimness of that shameful night,
Gazing as at a star in heaven apart,
I watched outside the glimmer of thy light?
No, no; not thou. I saw no ghost of thee,
No shadow at the window, drawing near
To look perchance if the night skies were clear,
Or in that tomb to search some trace of me!

'Twas there, Lamartine, in that gloom profound,
In the dim street, seated upon a stone,
My hands upon my heart, pressing my wound,

Which bled with love unquenchable—alone—
'Twas there that night of horror and of ill,
'Mid the mad transports of the foolish crowd,
I seemed to see my youth pass, crying loud,
"Thou, who weepst now, like them have laughed thy fill."

Then by the wall, 'gainst which I struck my head,

Where twice the thought of self-given death was mine;

'Twas there, believ'st thou, poet chaste and great,

That I bethought me of thy songs divine!

Oh thou, Elvire's true lover, learned in love,
Know'st thou how lovers part, and how is said

That word farewell; and how the hand can move

To write it; the heart sign it; and lips made
To be united by a kiss fore God—

This is the poet's answer, full of a desolation too noble for the subject, to all the lengthened romances made about him. The poem ends in a still more lofty strain, recounting the lessons taught by "les anges de douleur," who had converted him by means of his sufferings to a better faith. Here, notwithstanding the beauty of the poetry, the critic cannot but pause with a whimsical sense of incongruity. For the angels of sorrow whose sublime lessons console a man for the loss of a mistress, are they those pure angels whom we wot of in other griefs? Poor De Musset! he is too much in earnest, too desperately wounded, and holding with too anxious vehemence to any consolation, to be aware of the incongruity; and besides, it was for him no soiled and vulgar connection, one of a dozen, an idea which in its mere statement sickens every sober fancy, but a tie entirely in accordance with the ideas of his class, revolting as it seems. To him "les anges de douleur" were not out of place. One of them at least, some quick impatient spirit, intolerant of mawkish

despairs, must have stood by to prick and goad the unfortunate into something better—into finer work if not a higher life.

The dramas upon which a great part of his reputation depends belong almost entirely to this period of suffering and labor. With the exception of a pretty trifle, too much applauded by his contemporaries, called, '*À quoi révent les jeunes filles*,' and of the tragic sketch called '*La Coupe et les Lèvres*,' already referred to, all his best dramatic works were produced in the eventful years, traversed by so many joys and agonies, between 1833 and 1840. We may leave without notice the somewhat heavy '*Louison*' and '*Carmosine*,' and some of the slighter sketches; the '*Caprice*,' though it became a favorite of the public; the bit of drawing-room romance called, '*Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*,' the '*Nuit Venetienne*,' and one or two others. But the remaining comedies are at once so graceful and full of life, and on French soil so original and independent in conception, that they are equally interesting to the critic and to the reader, to whom this '*Spectacle dans un fauteuil*' will, we promise, afford a pleasure more refined and varied than most spectacles produce. The most admirable are those which were written during the very crisis of his personal grief. "*Jours de travail, seul jours où j'ai vécu!*" he cries with a melancholy enthusiasm, and entering his *vieux cabinet d'étude* exclaims, "*Dieu soit loué, nous allons donc chanter!*" with all the fervor of a man who has found a refuge from his troubles. The ease and lightness of touch, the refined and animated dialogue, the tone of perfectly good society and manners, without exaggeration or extravagance, are apt at the first glance to conceal from the reader the real depth and dramatic power of these works. M. Sainte-Beuve, with characteristic boldness, places them by the side of '*As you Like it*,' which he says has become, in the hands of De Musset, "the fine and fertile stem of a group of dramatic proverbs, in which observation and folly, smiles and melancholy, imagination and humor are happily combined; we have here," adds the critic, "a lovable crowd of young French sisters to *Rosalind*." This praise, how-

ever, is one which the English reader will scarcely allow. Rosalind, that sweetest and brightest creation of poetic fancy, in all the delightful variety of her nature—so brave, so tender, so smiling, so gay, the most delicious mockery on her lips, yet passion in her heart—what touch of any other poet ever brought such a creation out of the airy heavens to captivate our hearts? She is genius itself, in all its manifold sweetness; and even the most poetic of ordinary women—the Desdemonas, the Juliets, the Mirandas—pale before this unique impersonation. We cannot promise the reader that he will find anything like her among the Ceciles, the Mariannes, the Barberines of De Musset. He has but two feminine types—the *ingenue*, whose simplicity opens into sweet and frank womanliness in the pretty combinations of 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' or her so fatally foolish in pretended wisdom, who gets hopelessly entangled in the gloomier web of 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour'; or else the charming *grand dame* of society, the Madame de L  ry of the 'Caprice,' the Marquise of 'Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou ferm  e.' These are far from the rank of Rosalind, but still they are charming and fresh, and quite unlike the ordinary heroines of French drama—the impassioned courtesans, the sphinxes and unfaithful wives whom Fashion has taken into favor, condoning all their offences. And as in his choice of character and situations De Musset has struck out for himself an independent path, so has he also done in plot and subject. He is a daring rebel against those primary laws of the drama which require regular construction and a definite end. Those broken lights of life, those episodes that come to nothing, those breakings off so common in actual existence, which may be worked out in sentimental fiction, but are generally supposed quite unsuitable to the stage, are his favorite inspirations. He seems to take a pleasure in demonstrating, exactly by that manner of art which is most opposed to such treatment, the fantastic irregularity of human affairs, the gleams of capricious meaning, the suggestions which are so often more interesting, more moving, than anything which is fully carried out. For example, what can exceed the daring which

could throw into dramatic form, or present on the stage, the strange, wild scintillation of fancy called 'Fantasio'—fantastic a thousand times, a mere sport of the imagination, a nothing leading to nothing; yet full of wayward power, and that half-sad, half-mad play with the mystery of life which has so great an attraction for those who can understand it? Which of us would venture to cross the poet in his caprice, his pensive jest over the depths of human uncertainty, the laugh and the sigh of his strange sport among the stranger chances, dangers, and deliverances of life? but of all places in the world to set them forth, what so strange as the stage? There is nothing in the story; a wild gallant in debt and poverty, the reckless yet thoughtful dare-devil, shrinking from nothing, with a little of Don Juan in him, and a little of Hamlet, at once the quaintest of moralists and the most disorderly of men, whose appearance, wherever we find it, is always attractive, takes upon him in sheer caprice the livery of the king's jester who is dead, and by a foolish trick so manages to enrage the pedant prince who is to marry the king's daughter, that the match is broken off, the princess delivered, but the country plunged into war,—it being of the very essence of the poet's melancholy sport to show how a nothing, a folly, may wake the gravest results for good or evil. "Si je pouvais seulement sortir de mon peau pendant une heure ou deux," says this fantastic dreamer:—

"If I could only be that man who is passing: the man who is passing is delightful. Look what fine satin breeches! what flowers on his waistcoat! The ornaments at his watch beat against his paunch in opposition to the tails of his coat which fly about his calves. I am sure that man has in his head a thousand ideas absolutely unknown to me;—his being is individual to himself. Alas! all the conversation of men is alike; the ideas they exchange are almost always the same; but in the interior of these isolated machines what secret folds, what compartments unknown! Each of them carries about a world in himself, a world unknown, which is born and dies in silence. What solitudes are those human hearts!"

By-and-by his eye is caught by the landscape:—

"What a failure that sunset is! Nature is ridiculous this evening. Look at that valley, at the four or five absurd clouds that climb

that mountain. I drew landscapes just like that on my schoolbook when I was twelve years old."

Thus he wanders on, turning a hundred fantastic corners, perpetually finding a new way into the unforeseen. If he were sure there was a hell, he would blow out his brains for the mere pleasure of curiosity to see what it was like. A line of a song comes into his head, and gives him a longing to fall in love with some one. "With whom, for instance?" says his half-contemptuous, half-interested friend.

"With whom? I have no notion, some plump young maid like the women of Mieris, something as soft as the west wind, as pale as the rays of the moon, something pensive like those little maids of the inn in Flemish pictures, who hold the stirrup of the traveler in his large boots, sitting straight as a reed upon his white horse. How pretty the scene is! A young woman on the step of her door, fire-light in the background, supper ready, the children asleep, all the tranquillity of peaceful, contemplative life in the corner of an old canvas; and the man still breathless though so upright in his saddle, who has ridden twenty leagues, but has thirty still to do: a draught of wine and adieu: the night is dark before him, the weather threatening, the forest dangerous: the good woman follows him with her eyes for a moment, then lets fall, as she goes back to her fireside, a 'God protect him'—that sublime aim of the poor!"

Could anything be more perfect than this description of the picture which we should scarcely look twice at in a gallery, so common is the subject, but which is painted over again for us by a touch, with all the tender subdued feeling, the wistful suggestions of the scene? 'Fantasio,' as we have said, is a nothing, the slightest of sketches, not noticed even by the critics; but full of those semitones of meaning, those fleeting shades of feeling, as rapid as the shadows on the hills, and that pensive sport of the spectator with mysterious life, which are among the most subtle charms of art. More or less, this favorite strain of fancy is in everything De Musset does, even when his dramatic work is more formal and *selon les règles*. The sudden chances which tantalise men, the failures of happiness with which we are all familiar—not brought about by any tragic accident or misfortune, but by the perversity of human hearts, the caprices of fancy—are the subjects which he most loves. "Je ne vous aime pas:

c'était Coelio qui vous aimait," says the man on whom, and not on her true lover, the heroine throws away her heart; such are the words with which one of these delicate dramas concludes, and this is the kind of impotent and broken no-ending which suits the poet's temper and philosophy. The trifle it is that keeps these wasted lives from happiness—nothing but the misdirection of a glance, the mistake of an hour, a freak of liking, a fantastic impulse!

'On ne badine pas avec l'amour' is perhaps the most striking of the 'Proverbes,' and it is manageable upon the stage, which is not the case with all. It is not long, indeed, since the English public had the advantage of seeing Madlle. Favart, an artist fully capable of giving expression to the delicate changes of the poet's fancy, in the rôle of Camille, the heroine of this most interesting study. The story is nothing but caprice all through, lightly begun, but rising in intensity till it comes to a high climax of tragic suggestion. Camille, the heroine, comes back from her convent, her head full of whims and girlish fancies. She will, yet she will not; or rather she will not, yet in her heart intends at the moment she pleases to extend her gracious hand to Perdican, her cousin, to whom she has been betrothed in her cradle, and who, on his side, has nothing in his heart but youthful ardor and love, impatient and surprised at her caprice. "Je ne veux pas me marier," says the girl. "I came only to receive my mother's portion; to-morrow I return to the convent."

Perdican. You are frank, at least. Give me your hand, and let us be good friends.

Camille. I am not fond of hand-clasping.

Per. Give me your hand, Camille, I beg. What do you fear from me? You will not consent to marry me? Well, let us say no more of it. Is that a reason why we should hate each other? Are we not brother and sister? When your mother settled in her will that we should be married, she intended that our friendship should be eternal—that was what she desired. Why then should we marry? Your hand is in mine; and in order to be thus united, what need have we of a priest?

Cam. I am very happy to find that you receive my refusal so indifferently.

When, however, he has left her, she writes to him making an appointment, and meeting him, is as affectionate as

she has hitherto been cold, to the great surprise of her young lover, whom this strange girl immediately proceeds to interrogate, in a tone as strange, about his *vie de garçon*, unfit as that may be for discussion. "How often," she asks, "may a good man be in love?"

Per. Do you wish me to write a litany, or is it you who will say your catechism?

Cam. I want to know, to make certain, whether I should become a nun or not. If I were to marry you, ought you not to answer all my questions frankly, and show me your whole heart? I esteem you much, and believe you, both by nature and education, superior to most other men. . . . Answer then my first question. Ought I to stay in the convent?

Per. No.

Cam. I would do better to marry you?

Per. Yes.

Cam. If the curé of your parish breathed upon a glass of water, and told you it was wine, would you drink it as wine?

Per. No.

Cam. If the curé of your parish breathed upon you, and told me that you would love me all your life, would I be right if I believed him?

Per. You are full of pride, Camille—take care of yourself. You at eighteen, you do not believe in love!

Cam. And do you believe in it, you who speak? You kneel before me there with knees that have worn the carpets of your mistresses, and you no longer recollect their names. You have wept tears of joy and tears of despair, but you know that the water in the fountain is much more constant than your tears, and will be there always to bathe your eyes. You carry out your part as a young man, and you laugh at deserted women. You do not believe that any one can die of love; you who have loved yet live. When I asked you if you had loved, you answered me like a traveller whom one asks if he has been in Italy or in Germany: Yes, I have been there, —then he starts for Switzerland or any other place. Is your love, then, a piece of money, which can be passed from hand to hand till you die? No, it is not even a piece of money, for the smallest golden coin is worth more than you, and keeps its effigy whatever the hands may be through which it goes.

When the indignant girl has had her say, touching the wound more boldly than we care to do, the lover turns and replies, with an equally indignant outburst against the nuns who have taught her to look for nothing but treachery.

Per. Adieu, Camille! return to your convent; and when you hear again those hideous tales with which they have poisoned your mind, answer this as I tell you. All men are liars, inconstant, false, babblers, hypocrites, proud or mean, contemptible, and sensual.

All women are perfidious, artificial, vain, curious, depraved; the world is nothing but a bottomless pit in which unclean creatures rear and writhe among the mud. But there is one thing holy and sublime in this miserable world—it is the union of two of those beings so frightful and so uncomplete.

Thus the duel goes on. Sometimes it is the one who grows tender, sometimes the other; and love grows with all those provocations and mutual insults. It grows at the same time by the innocent means of a poor little village-girl, Rosette, the heroine's foster-sister, whom Perdican takes up, half to revenge himself and pique Camille, half to console his wounded pride and heart; and over whom the pair maintain their quarrel, growing more and more impassioned, till affairs come to a crisis. After a violent passage of arms, in which Perdican, after pledging himself to Rosette, declares his love for Camille, she draws a curtain suddenly, and shows him his poor victim, who has fainted at hearing this. "Tu m'aimes, entends-tu?" cries Camille; "mais tu épouseras cette fille ou tu n'es qu'un lâche!" "Oui, je l'épouserai!" cries the desperate lover. This scene is no sooner over than Camille, wild with what she has done, bids the old Baron, the father of Perdican, assert his authority and forbid the marriage which she herself had enforced upon her lover on pain of his honor. The last scene brings all this fooling, this youthful wilfulness and caprice, to the most tragic conclusion. Camille has taken refuge in an oratory, and, prostrated at the foot of the altar, is uttering her misery in broken exclamations, when Perdican enters. "Fools that we are; we love each other!" he cries; and the two have rushed into each other's arms, when a piercing cry is heard behind the altar. The lovers fall apart. There is a pause of horror which neither of them has the courage to break. Paralysed with fear they stand and listen.

Cam. It is my foster-sister's voice.

Per. How came she there? I left her on the stairs. She must have followed me, though I did not see her.

Cam. Let us go into the gallery; the cry came from there.

Per. I feel I know not what. My hands seem to be covered with blood.

Cam. The poor child has watched us. She has fainted again. Come, come to her. Ah! all this is too cruel.

Per. No; I cannot go. A mortal cold numbs me. Go, Camille, and bring her to herself. (*Camille goes out.*) My God, let me not be a murderer! Thou knowest everything. We have been mad; we have played with life and death; but our hearts are pure. Kill not Rosette, just God! I will take care of her. I will make up for my fault. She is young, she may be happy still. Do not punish us, my God! Thou mayst still bless Thy children. Camille! What is it?

Cam. She is dead. Adieu, Perdican!

Thus abruptly ends the drama. They have not meant to be cruel; they have been *enfants insensés*, thoughtless, absorbed in the excitement of their own spiritual duel, no evil intention in their minds, careless only of everything but that question between themselves which filled earth and heaven; and this is what has come of it. What remorse and misery, what a final note of despair, separation for ever, is in the three or four words which tell the climax! A ghost never to be exorcised has raised itself between these two, a horror of murder and mutual guilt. Adieu, Perdican! No thought of questioning that final judgment is in them. The story begins all smiling, and ends with a double despair more tragic than death.

Nowhere else, except in the tragic essay of 'Rolla,' has De Musset touched so high a chord. The play is far from being faultless; and we cannot say that the mixture of fun and buffoonery, though evidently an attempt to follow Shakespearian models and relieve the more serious strain of the story, is at all a successful one. Maltre Blazius and Maltre Bridaine could scarcely be anything but tedious on the stage. Perhaps even a new Dogberry would have difficulty in holding his place in a modern sentimental comedy, at all events if drawn by any less hand than that of Shakespeare himself; but it is not for an English critic to be too hard upon an essay evidently dictated by reverence for the example of our great poet. It does not, however, answer in French. But nothing could be more delicate, more subtle, and by times more powerful, than the struggle between the two lovers; or rather, indeed, between love itself and all those fanciful disquiets, impatiences, quick risings of pride, jealousy, and offence, all visionary, and put in with the lightest, firmest outline—which threaten its very existence. All, or al-

most all, might have happened in the soberest household; and yet how dramatic, how tragic, is the tale! An art more exquisite could not be imagined; it is the quintessence of refined fancy and observation, added to a knowledge of those unsuspected depths which lie beneath the smoothest, simple surface of inexperience and ignorance, which is rarer still. Only absolute youth and ignorance could have played such pranks innocently, and nothing but genius could have preserved that flavor of virginal folly even through the hardihood of many of Camille's speeches, and showed the innocence of the lovers' guilt so clearly even in the tragic end.

Of a lighter and happier kind, but full of the same grace and delicate perception—the best adapted of all, perhaps, for the stage—is the happy comedy of 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' which has, to be sure, a *motif* of at least a semi-objectionable character, but no more so than almost all the works of the last century, even the most virtuous, which still hold their place on the stage. The most ambitious effort De Musset has made, however, is in 'Lorenzaccio,' a play, as its name indicates, founded on the story of that unfortunate inheritor of the great name of the Medici. The feebleness of an incoherent plot, and the purely literary, not dramatic, character of the work, are its great disadvantages. Mr. Tennyson has been betrayed into similar faults in his latest production. 'Lorenzaccio,' like 'Queen Mary,' contains several characters elaborately sketched out, as if intended for an important rôle, who drop here and there, and are seen no more—a curious fault of construction, which looks more like the lapsed memory of inexperience than the error of a well-trained workman. But the figure of Lorenzo himself is full of interest. Had the conception been fully carried out, French poetry might have been enriched with a new heroic type worthy to stand on something of the same footing as Hamlet and Faust; but the lines are faint in many places, the outline imperfectly kept; and dropping from the fatigued hand of his creator, the patriot-debauchee falls by times into the villainess he feigns, and loses his power. A Medici, himself in the line of sovereignty, yet a Florentine with all that love of

civic liberty and the old republic which was as the breath of Florence; revolted by the tyranny, debauchery, and cruelty of his own race; and suddenly seized in the purity of his studious youth by that frenzy of public virtue which suggests tyrannicide as the one panacea for all social evils,—Lorenzo feigns, not madness like Hamlet, but wickedness, which was more in accordance with the models of his time, and so plunges himself into the sea of corruption round him, that he becomes an object of popular horror, stigmatised everywhere, in the contemptuous force of a language so full of resource, as Lorenzaccio, the vile and base Lorenzo. There are fine indications of the strange moral problem which the poet thus set before himself for treatment, and of the manner in which he intended to carry it out. But either the giant's armor which he thus essayed to put on was too heavy for De Musset, or he delayed the effort too long, till darkness and decay had begun to invade his faculties. Work so weighty, a conception so full of gloom, and requiring such a strain of continuous effort, was probably beyond his powers. The fantastic element in it tempted him beyond his limits; but he was too closely bound to the facts of history to make the subject really congenial; and he had not the *longue haleine* necessary to sustain such a flight. It is, however, at least a heroic failure, if nothing more.

With those indications of his higher work ends all that can be said of the poet. He lived twenty years or more after the episode which changed the current of his life, but never got the better of his incurable wound. References to his misfortune, more or less vague, come in again and again through all his poetry, like that thrill and break which we sometimes hear in a voice.

Here is a little snatch of graceful and pensive song, introduced with one of the faint Shakespearian echoes in which he delighted, into the gayest scene of one of his liveliest comedies—'Barberine'—in which the note of suffering sounds muffled yet sweet:—

"Beau chevalier, qui partez pour la guerre
Qu'allez vous faire
Si loin d'ici?
Voyez-vous pas que la nuit est profonde
Et que le monde
N'est que souci?"

Vous que croyez qu'une amour délaissée
De la pensée
S'enfuit ainsi
Hélas! hélas! chercheur de renommée
Votre fumée
S'envole aussi."

We have quoted from the 'Letter to Lamartine' the story of his heart-break at its beginning; and we cannot do better now than conclude with some extracts from the fine poem called 'Souvenir,' written in the forest of Fontainebleau, when De Musset revisited that familiar place after an interval of years. "O Dante!" he cries, "why hast thou said that there exists no greater pang than to remember past happiness in misery? Must we forget the light as soon as night comes? Is it from thee, great soul of immortal sadness, that such a thought has come?"—

"Non! par ce pur flambeau dont la splendeur m'éclaire
Ce blasphème vanté ne vient pas de ton cœur;
Un souvenir heureux est peut être sur terre
Plus vrai que le bonheur."

"Qu'est-ce donc, juste Dieu, que la pensée humaine,
Et qui pourra jamais aimer la vérité
S'il n'est joie ou douleur si juste et si certaine,
Dont quelqu'un n'ait douté?"

Comment vivez-vous, donc, étranges créatures?
Vous riez, vous chantez, vous marchez à grands pas,
Le ciel et sa beauté, le monde et ses souillures
Ne vous dérangent pas.

Mais lorsque par hasard le destin vous ramène
Vers quelque monument d'un amour oublié,
Ce caillou vous arrête et cela vous fait peine
Qu'il vous heurte le pié.

Et vous criez alors que la vie est un songe;
Vous vous tordez les bras comme en vous réveillant
Et vous trouvez fâcheux qu'un si joyeux mensonge,
Ne dure qu'un instant.

Malheureux! cet instant où voire âme engourdie
A secoué les fers qu'elle traîne ici-bas,
Ce fugitif instant fut toute votre vie,
Ne le regrettez pas!"

After this eloquent apostrophe, the poet narrates how he has seen again the object of his fatal and unhappy love.

" J'ai vu ma senle amie, à jamais la plus
chère
Devenue elle-même un sépulcre blanchi,
Un tombe vivante où flotait la poussière
De noire mort chéri.

Oui, jeune et belle encore, plus belle osait
on dire

Je l'ai vue, et ses yeux brillaient comme
autrefois

Ses lèvres s'entrouvraient et c'était un sou-
rire

Et c'était une voix.

Mais non plus cette voix, non plus ce doux
langage,

Ces regards adorés dans les miens confon-
dus,

Mon cœur encore plein d'elle errait sur son
visage,

Et ne la trouvait plus.

Et pourtant j'aurais pu marcher alors vers
elle

Entourer de mes bras ce sein vide et glacé,
Et j'aurais pu crier, 'Qu'as-tu fait, infidèle,

Qu'as tu fait du passé?'

Mais non : il me semblait qu'une femme in-
connue

Avait pris par hasard cette voix et ces yeux,
Et je laissai passer cette froide statue,

En regardant les cieux."

Thus the anguish was calmed, but the wound never healed. And whatever may be said of this attachment, which was never a spotless and lofty passion to be acknowledged in the sight of heaven, it was at least, in its soiled and short-lived splendor, the best thing that earth contained for Alfred de Musset. He lived and died in illustration of one of the dearest tenets of poetry, the immortality and all-conquering power of love. It would be dealing hard measure to one

so unfortunate were we to estimate the quiverings of his heart as maudlin weaknesses, or to accuse him of showing an unmanly inability to contend against pain ; for it must be remembered that all his best works were produced under the immediate sting and pressure of that goad of suffering which has inspired so many efforts. It was not without a struggle that he sank into the abyss of failure and moral ruin. There are some who by strength of nature, and many who by callousness of soul, can bear up against such shocks, and issue but little worse from the moral conflict ; but De Musset was not of either class. He perished in that battle where, as many of us know, the best can do little more than hold their own ; but he perished fighting in his fashion, singing still, though his voice was choked in his throat, and the music died out in cries and quivering chords as the darkness and the demons gained ground. Kindness itself is cruel, and Pity wounds as deeply as scorn does, over such a victim ; but posterity has a great charity for the unhappy. To his own generation he was always the beloved poet of their youth, and of all youth ; and France has produced no lovelier lyrics, and few finer studies of mystic and mournful life, than those which this deceived and betrayed Romeo, this unhappy lover, poured forth out of his anguish, taking such tribute and ransom from Fate, before it killed him, as only genius can.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ON TURKISH WAYS AND TURKISH WOMEN.

FIVE years of my life—from 1867 to 1872—spent in a hareem in Constantinople gave me unusual opportunities for making notes on what I saw about me, and I hope some extracts from my papers on various aspects of family and social life, superstitions, &c. may not prove uninteresting at the present time.

The hareem comprised some two hundred women, distributed amongst three households under three wives, five or six slave mothers having apartments in the houses of one or other of the wives, and being virtually under their supervision. The rest of the women were in various grades of servitude, if we except five or

six old ladies, dependants, who did duty as duennas. There are distinct grades even amongst slaves. Those belonging to the Pacha have the pre-eminence ; next come those of the first, second, and third wives ; those attached to the persons of the children, according to the ages of the latter ; those of the slave mothers, and then slaves of slaves. These last are usually colored women—Abyssinians, Nubians—and we even had one Hottentot.

The head slaves in any special department are called *calphas*. They always receive a large share of respect and trust ; and after a certain number o

years of servitude some suitable husband is found for them, a house, slaves, and monthly allowance being provided. It thus becomes the interest of the calphas to please their master or mistress, with a view to especial favor in the matter of an ultimate provision. This sometimes leads to injustice on the part of the calphas towards the slaves whom they have to train and overlook, as they have frequent temptations to throw the blame of their own shortcomings on these younger girls. I saw many instances of this.

The mistress is careful to observe a certain consideration towards the calphas and towards the slaves of others. Thus, she would carefully abstain from asking of the *hasmajee* (tire-woman) a duty belonging to the *chibouqujee* (pipe-bearer). Nor would she ask for her slippers from the slave of a visitor staying in her house. In the same way the daughter would not expect services as a right from the slaves of her father or mother, although she might ask them as a favor if none of her own attendants were within sight. I have known the Khanum Effendi unwilling to trouble her daughter's slaves for a cup of water, although thirsty and it was hot summer weather. It will thus be seen that there is a certain amount of etiquette in the harem, and I soon found that in the matter of decorum the observances were very strict. The Pacha could not walk across his own harem without the attendance of a eunuch (a hulking African, full of his own importance in his capacity of guard to the sanctity of the women), preceding his master as *his* master for the time being, crying out at each step, "Desstur! desstur! Pacha Effendi ghelior!" ("Keep to customs! The Pacha is coming!") At which all those women who were not the actual property of the Pacha, being bought with his money and fed with his bread—all the slaves of his wives or daughters, or those of the slave mothers or of visitors—would run and hide themselves behind curtains or in wardrobes, or in side rooms; but you would see them peeping out with wondering faces as the household god passed along—perhaps to visit the apartment of one of his sick children. Strictly speaking, the harem is that part of the house given up to the undisturbed occupancy of the women. If one of the

Pacha's own twenty or thirty slaves chanced to be in any of the apartments he had to cross in thus traversing the harem, her duty would be to stand still with folded hands till he was out of sight, as it would be considered bad manners on her part to continue in his presence any occupation in which she was engaged, though her lord and master would generally walk straight on, without so much as honoring her with a nod. The Pacha actually owns but one room within the harem, and this he enters by a door communicating with the *saldamlık*, or men's apartments. None but his own slaves have the privilege of waiting on him here; no others approach even the corridor leading to it.

The moral and social aspects of harem life, more especially as they affect family life, require to be regarded frankly and fairly if we are to get anything like a just view of them. It must, in the first place, be remembered that what we are accustomed to call "harem life" (revolted as it is to our conception of the purity of family life) is an institution which belonged to the polity of the Jews, and is as old as the time of Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar,—Jacob, Leah, and Rachel. Many unthinkingly set down polygamy to the religious institutions of the Mohammedans, but in so doing they pass over the fact that the latter clearly derived their religious and social institutions from the Jews. The old Israelitish law recognised the son of the bondwoman as well as the son of the free-woman, although not in the same degree. Of the twelve patriarchs four were sons of slave mothers, and these shared with their brethren the honor of being the progenitors of the great Israelitish nation. Their descendants continued the customs permitted to their ancestors and attached no blame to them. According to Turkish law the children of slave mothers are legitimate, and on the father's death have a proportionate share in his fortune with the children of the wives. The slave mothers occupy in the harem a recognised and respected position, which is, however, always subordinate to that of the wives, in whose presence they stand with folded hands. The rank of a slave mother depends on the sex of her child. Her title is *Oommool-Bey* (mother of a boy) or *Oommool-*

Khanum (mother of a daughter). In the case of the Imperial household, as the Sultan is of too exalted a rank ever to condescend to the ceremony of the *nikah*, or giving of marriage pledges, he has no wives, but his chief favorites are called *kaden* (lady), and take precedence as first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh lady. It is a great mistake to suppose a sultana to be the *wife* of a sultan; such a person does not exist. *Sultana* is a title belonging to an Imperial princess in right of her birth. The mothers of the Sultan's children are thus virtually *all* slave mothers. *Validé Soultan* is the distinctive title used in speaking of the mother of the Padishah, or Sultan, but it applies also to the mothers of the Sultanas.

There are in reality four words—*validé*, *commool*, *nina*, and *ana*—expressing "mother;" and the shades of difference in meaning show how decidedly a Turkish woman's grade in society is derived from her motherhood. *Ana* is applied even to animals, but *nina* is the ordinary appellation, and used by a child to its own parent. Great veneration is shown the *Sood-Nina* (milk-mother), or foster-mother. *Buyuk Khanum Nina* (great lady mother), *Ortanji Khanum Nina* (middle lady mother), *Kitchuck Khanum Nina* (little lady mother), are the respectful titles given by a child in speaking of its father's first, second, or third wife; and *Khanum Nina* (lady mother) usually when addressing the mother directly.

The wives of a Pacha, as I said, have separate suites of apartments, or live in houses communicating with each other, and exchange ceremonious visits, perhaps, two or three times a week, when they recline on the same divan, call each other *kadesh* (sister), and between the whiffs of their chibouques retail the incidents of the visits they have paid and received. On rare occasions the *whole* family meet, and more than once I was present at such a family *r union*. It was one of the most curious scenes I have ever witnessed. There was a dinner given, the ceremony about which consisted in the waiting being performed by the slaves of the highest rank—in fact, by the slave mothers, who stood behind the chairs of the Pacha, his wives, and children, both sons and daughters. We were not seated on the low circular divan

in ordinary Turkish fashion, but at a long table furnished *alla franca* (the Turkish expression for European customs). Silver knives and forks were to be used by all the guests, by the Pacha's express wish. He was evidently preparing a little fun for the whole party, as the duennas, being accustomed to eat only with their fingers, could not manage the knife and fork. One old lady bungled through the courses holding the knife in her left hand and the fork in her right; another abandoned it altogether, amidst much merriment. There was every luxury of silver, glass, and European appliances, and our rather large party almost filled the pretty dining-room, the furniture of which was of carved oak, huge cupboards also of carved oak nearly covering the walls, so that one might almost have fancied oneself in some English country house in the time of the Commonwealth instead of in a mere wooden kiosk at Tchamlidja, a village above Scutari.

But to describe the scene of the dinner more minutely: The Pacha sat at the head of his table full of good spirits, and making *bons-mots* in French and in Turkish, and dispensing his wit in equal measure to his wives, children, and guests. The eldest son, a young man of about eighteen (the son of the second wife), who had been educated in Europe, sat at the bottom of the table, and kept up the ball of conversation with thoughtless gaiety. It was quite an innovation on Turkish custom that a young man of his age should be admitted to the harem, but it was permitted in this instance with a sort of good-humored bravado, in order to be the more *alla franca*.

On the Pacha's right sat his third wife, an honor accorded to her ostensibly because it was known that she was even then dying of cancer, but in reality yielded her, as we knew, because her own gracious, calm dignity had won unbounded influence over the Pacha, whose brow would cloud now and then as the unwelcome thought of her critical state would force itself on him. Next to this poor lady was seated the favorite daughter, the only child of the first wife, to whose establishment I was especially attached as governess for French and *demoiselle d'honneur*. This young princess was possessed of great beauty, grace, and

high natural endowments, and had been taught English from the time she was three years of age. My place had been reserved by her side. Then came the daughter of Ortanji Khanum Effendi, a very fair, plump young girl of about sixteen, a French lady, her governess, being placed next to her. An Italian lady sat next, and then two younger daughters of the Pacha, while on the left of the young prince at the bottom of the table were placed two old duennas, seventy or eighty years of age, with coffee-colored skins, over which they had thought it incumbent to fling a veil of white muslin *en négligé* in presence of the Pacha.

On his left sat the Buyuk Khanum Effendi, a stout, fine Circassian lady, with a somewhat haughty expression, tempered just now by great amiability. By her side sat the second wife, a very slight, mischievous, and clever-looking *petite personne*, proud in the consciousness of being the mother of a grown-up son and daughter. Then followed five sons of different ages, four being the children of slave mothers, and the youngest, about four years old, the darling child of the poor princess who was so soon to die and leave him. One or two other places were filled by adopted children.

But the feature in the scene which was most striking, and affected me very painfully, was the sight of the Oommool-Bays and the Oommool-Khanums acting as waitresses behind our chairs. It seemed so out of place that the mothers should serve whilst their children (counted of higher rank than themselves) sat at table, and were waited on by one or other of them. The rich dresses and ornaments worn by these mothers did not lessen the impression I received. They waited gracefully, cheerfully, and with the utmost attention, but by hiding their hands in their long sleeves whenever they had an unoccupied moment they acknowledged their position of servitude.

The Buyuk Oommool-Khanum, the mother of the Pacha's third daughter (herself a fine-grown, tall girl), was a portly person of imposing height and carriage, very fresh-colored, with frank blue eyes and a kind, sensible face. She stood behind the Pacha's chair. The Buyuk Oommool-Bey, tall, pale, and fat, black-haired, with narrow, almond-shaped, almost closed, black-blue eyes—

accounted a great beauty—stood behind the chair of the eldest son. The third slave mother was of somewhat masculine appearance, angular, with high cheek bones, and very thin, dark, and sallow. All these three women were no longer quite young, and wore their hair cropped short to the ears—a fashion followed by most of the calphas and those slaves who were not dancers. Another Oommool-Bey was a very lovely young woman of about three-and-twenty. She had dark languorous brown eyes, wonderfully long hair, thick lashes, a rich, dark complexion, with a bloom like a cherry on her oval, *piquante* face, and being dressed in cherry-color, her appearance was altogether most winning and attractive. The Kitchuck Oommool-Bey was exceedingly ordinary-looking, redeemed only by remarkable turquoise-blue eyes; and the Kitchuck Oommool-Khanum, likewise of ordinary appearance, but very amiable, completed the number of those who waited immediately behind us, if I add the Pacha's head calpha, a young woman of eight-and-twenty, having a careworn, hard, domineering, cynical expression.

A second relay of waitresses stood behind the Oommool-Bays and Oommool-Khanums to fetch and carry what was required. One most noticeable figure amongst all the others was that of a little, aged, bent woman, brown as a berry, whose piercing, restless, dark eyes were everywhere, and whose odd red turban could not take away from the regular beauty of her small features, handsome at near seventy. This was Ayesha Khanum, the *kiahia*, or stewardess of the harem, in whose control were all household and money matters. She moved here and there like a tiny bird hopping from bough to bough, making a privileged joke now and then in response to the acknowledged jester of the house (for in all the large Turkish houses, as was the case in our own old Saxon times, a jester is admitted and welcomed, even if not a retainer living in the house). This jester was an extraordinary woman, who in charity might be supposed to be insane, from the wild stories she recounted in a high, shouting voice, as she sat on the floor, her back propped against the wall, her knees cuddled up to her chin by her long brown, bony

arms, and over these her gipsy-like, brazen face, staring eyes, hooked nose, rabbit-like teeth, and lank, thin, coarse black hair. At every lull in our conversation this woman struck in with some anecdote of the Stamboul bazaars, or some witty Turkish proverb, or half-fable of Nasr-ed Din Effendi, the famous Khodja or teacher, who takes with the Turks the place of our Æsop. Her sayings had all some point in them, with a view to obtain presents of money, clothing, or some nice dish from the dinner, and in this last she succeeded by quoting the Khodja's Fable No. 17, which relates how the teacher, finding himself one day in a town where everybody seemed making merry, eating and drinking, was invited to partake of the good cheer. Now, as it was a time of famine, the Khodja continued to eat and drink without troubling himself where the good things came from. When he had finished he asked the reason of the abundance. "Are you so ignorant," was the reply, "that to-day is the fête of Bairam, and that every one has had cooked at home all that he could lay his hands upon, so that each has contributed to the show of provisions? That is why the cheer appears to be superabundant." "Would to Heaven," replied the Khodja, "that every day was Bairam!" The moral that every one should always be ready to give of his plenty to those who want was willingly acknowledged, and a large plate of *tehirless-yemek* handed to her where she sat. I will particularize this one dish, it being a delicacy. It is composed of pounded walnuts and bread-crumbs in equal quantities, which, mixed together, form the dressing around the dish, which is itself stewed fowl, highly flavored with pepper, spices, and red chillies, served with an abundance of gravy.

The every-day life of the slave mothers is monotonous in the extreme. They have no special duties like the calphas; their children are not much with them, because, whilst they are young, even the girls leave the hareein, and are given over to the care of men attendants, called *lollaks*, who take them out walking or driving, and are very gentle and kind to them. The mothers are thus left to the dreary loneliness of their own apartments, and pass their time in visit-

ing one another, playing backgammon, or looking listlessly from the windows. They think themselves very fortunate when any Jewish or Armenian pedlar is permitted to bring her wares into their rooms. This is the opportunity they have of spending their monthly allowance, which perhaps amounts to something like 15*l*. It is true the monotony is relieved by the usual promenade on the Friday (their Sunday). It is those of the lower and middle classes who habitually go to mosque, veiled. Ladies of higher rank are supposed to be punctilious in observing the hours of prayer, five times daily, in their own houses. I believe all the Sultanas (the sisters and half-sisters of the present Sultan, Murad V.) are particular in performing these duties.

The life of the wives of Pachas is much less monotonous, as they are constantly receiving and paying visits. They do, indeed, in their hours of ennui, invite the Oommool-Beys and Oommool-Khanums to come and help to amuse them by chatting and playing backgammon. Even at the present day it is not usual to find a Turkish lady of middle age able to read and write her own language, unless she has been trained to become a *kiatib*, or secretary, and one such woman at least is necessary in every household to keep accounts and carry on correspondence with relatives at a distance. The Khanum Effendis I have spoken of learned to read after they were thirty years of age, incited to this mental exertion by knowing that their children were acquiring foreign languages—French and Arabic—whilst the young princess my pupil not only spoke but wrote Turkish, Arabic, and some Persian, English and French fairly well, and understood something of Italian and German.

The calphas have, as I said, each her special occupation, which in a great degree prevents ennui. They are but one grade removed, be it remembered, from the Oommool-Beys and Oommool-Khanums, and some of them are even those who have had the misfortune to return to their grade of calpha on the early death of a child. Such a position does not usually long continue, as a marriage is arranged to obviate the anomalous status they would otherwise occupy. The

calphas who are the slaves of a Pacha are as much at the mercy of his wives as Hagar was at the mercy of Sarai when Abram acknowledged her absolute right in the words, "Behold, thy maid is in thy hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee." Hagar could at least, when Sarai dealt hardly with her, flee from the face of her mistress; but then Hagar dwelt in a tent, with the wide wilderness around, into which she might escape. With Turkish slaves the conditions are different; they are, in point of fact, prisoners in houses from which voluntary egress is for them a matter of impossibility, for the windows, although open, are secured by a *kaffes*, or trellis-work wooden blind, firmly nailed down, except where the window is at some height above the waters of the Bosphorus, and the curtained doors are closely guarded by eunuchs. They live, too, in a crowded town, with an organized police constantly on the watch; and if a slave endeavored to get free she would be traced immediately, and brought back to undergo severe lashings, disgrace, degradation, and contumely. A slave, indeed, represents so much money's worth, and a runaway slave is virtually stealing *herself* from her master's or mistress's possessions; and therefore *theft* is an inherent part of her offence. There can be no doubt that, where slavery is looked upon as an acknowledged or permitted institution the owner is *not* wrong in looking upon the evasion of the slave as robbery. Slaves form a sort of live stock, liable to stray in an inconvenient way; and, inasmuch as they are more responsible than cattle, they may well be punished more severely for the wrong use they make of their intelligence to the disadvantage of their master. I suppose we English, as a nation, have long recognised the justice of this reasoning. I well remember discussing this subject rather hotly with an ex-member of Parliament in a pleasant walk at the Sweet Waters of Asia, where the bright *feridjees* and smiling faces of the women gave an impression that they could have no causes for fear or sorrow. What right had England to take up the cause of the slaves of Turkey by interfering in the domestic concerns of a friendly Power, it was protested, especially when they all looked so happy? Alas! I might as well have talked to the

softly-blowing winds; and I ended with a despairing sigh, thinking of cases of oppression even then going on under my eyes. As a point of fact a girl's life and that of her child are at the mercy of the wife. But should a calpha become a mother, by that fact she is at once raised to the position of an Oommool-Bey or Oommool-Khanum, as the case may be. She then has her own set of apartments, with one or two slaves to wait on her and her infant. The wife may possibly, from vexation, ignore the mother; but she shows, or at least feigns, an interest in the child, which is daily carried to her divan to be caressed. Babies are much to be pitied, since they are tightly swathed from head to foot, the arms and legs being secured in a perfectly straight position, and I saw one bound on a narrow board covered with flannel, so that the infant resembled a strangled mummy, with a very brown and red face showing from its cere-cloths.

When the child is eight days old both it and its mother have that day to undergo the visits and rejoicings of friends, and to listen to the screeching music without which no *fête* can take place. On this occasion the wives must at least make their appearance; their visit, however short, implying congratulation, is a sign of good-will so far as the child is concerned.

Those slaves who belong to a mistress and not to a master are in a position infinitely superior to that of those of whom I have just spoken, because they are not exposed to the effects of jealousy. They live in a certain retirement even in the house, are mostly young girls, and after their morning's work is over are taught music and singing by some old Armenian, going to class in a room set apart in the hareem for the purpose. They wear an over-gown, or *yeldema*, of white calico, made perfectly plain, reaching to the feet, and not drawn in at the waist; a piece of muslin is thrown over the head and tied under the chin, not arranged with care, as is a *yashmak*. An under-eunuch is on duty as guard during the lesson, and when it is finished carefully conducts the tottering old man off the premises, crying as he goes, "Desstur! desstur!" at which needless ceremony many of the girls laugh, and even the eunuchs themselves cannot al-

ways refrain from smiling, in spite of the great importance they attach to their office. The pupils are expected to show the utmost docility, and to manifest the greatest respect towards their teachers, notwithstanding that they may be Greeks, Syrians, or Armenians. One day some twelve young girls who had been accustomed to a Turkish professor, on learning that they were to have an Armenian teacher in future, determined amongst themselves that they would not be made to kiss his hand on his entering and leaving the room. This became a great offence, and was complained of to the head eunuchs and to the mistress, who ordered them to receive a sound beating with the *knout* on the next day. The castigation never took place, but it would unfailingly have done so but for my intervention and somewhat strong defiance of the chief eunuch. It must not be supposed that the punishment was designed with the intention of bringing the girls to a just estimate of a nationality they are quite ready to under-rate. Far from that. The girls had been insubordinate to authority, and they must be thoroughly reduced to obedience. The moral side of the subject was not neglected by me, and the slaves who had offended were doubly careful to salute their master respectfully, and to show their gratitude for the pardon accorded to them by a most willing alacrity in serving the Khanum Effendi in future. These girls, for the most part, were quick to feel gratitude and remember kindnesses. A calpha who had broken a piece of porcelain came to me one Sunday just as I was starting for church. "Janem!" (my soul), she said coaxingly, "if you could only stay to piece it together now, it might save me a beating when I go to show it to Ayesha Khanum." So I cheerfully stayed and gave up my morning to the good work, for which I was rewarded by succeeding in the object I had in view, and I saw that the slave approved my code of religious duty, and did not think it *bosh lakerde*—a Turkish phrase meaning "empty speech." The slave girls shield one another where they can, and will faithfully stand by a friend in illness, even when it entails much heavy nursing. And so many die of consumption in the course of a year! One sick bed will

bring out many traits of kindly sympathy. Nevertheless, all the attention a slave gets is bestowed by her companions as they chance to have leisure or thought for her. It is nobody's stated business to bring her her *pairiz yemek* (strict diet), to wait on her, and observe the doctor's instructions; unless, indeed, in some special case which comes under the supervision of the mistress of the house. One tiny slave, a child of about six or seven, named Rosina, a gentle, quiet little body, fell ill. Her illness was severe, and took the form of typhoid fever. For many days she was carefully and affectionately tended by many of the elder girls in an airy upper room overlooking the garden. Even the young Khanums would go in occasionally, until, from fear of infection, the *hakim* prohibited their visits. But Rosina grew worse and worse, and was given over. At this juncture she was removed to a lower room on the stone basement, for the convenience of removing the body as soon as possible after death. It was very dreadful to me that the poor child should be left to die. A strong impulse to try and save her came over me. "Give her to me, Khanum," I said, "and let me see what I can do."

"But the *hakim* says she must die," was objected again and again, till I gained my point.

I lost no time in making it known that the dying child belonged to me for the time being, and hurried down to the basement room. An old, tender-hearted, helpless, and very ignorant *nina* was alone watching in the room, rocking herself to and fro, telling her beads and muttering prayers. Rosina lay white and stiff, the poor brown parched lips, half-closed eyes, and labored breathing betokening how ill she was. I moistened her lips, and finding she could swallow, gave her a little *vin de quinquina* mixed with water. Then I let her sleep, and allowed no one to talk near her, or disturb her by the practice of any of the various musical instruments—'Ood or Kanon—that were twanging in various rooms on this story. Only very slowly the child grew gradually stronger, and then came the difficult part of my nursing. She said she did not want to live; she had suffered too much. Allah was not good. She would not take medicine

nor eat to get well. To hear her say that was an immense pain to me, for I had been getting very, very fond of her. Soothing kindness, promises that she would yet run about and enjoy many years of bright, happy life, had no effect for many days, so there was no choice from the first but to conquer her by force and make her take remedies and food. At last Rosina was on her feet again, strangely taller, thinner, and with very wild eyes, and long, uncut hair. The child seemed to have undergone a transformation in the course of a month or so. She was no longer shy and timid, but wild in the extreme; as her strength came back she seemed to delight in spending it heedlessly. Now she would be on the mountain amongst the grapes, taking as many as she would; then in the stables, fondling the horses; anon in the large, fine sea-bathing house, calling to the pet sturgeon to rise for bread-crumbs. We never knew where Rosina was, and many are the moments of anxiety her heedlessness caused me. She knew that she had a hold over me, and was merciless. To others she professed that she owed me a grudge never to be forgiven for having saved her life; but I knew by numberless signs that it was not so. Sometimes, when I least expected her presence, she would pounce out on me from some hiding-place with a present of freshly-gathered flowers or fruits, which she had been to the mountain to fetch; or, in the midst of some scene of ceremony, she would clasp me with uplifted arms and cling to me affectionately. Rosina had become a privileged person, and although she was looked upon as a little mad, she always had her own way. She became, in fact, the tyrant of her small circle. It was Rosina who was consulted first on the Friday whether the drive should be to the Sweet Waters of Asia or to the promenade at Tchamlidja. Fâtema Khanum, a young lady of the family, of about Rosina's age, very quick, boyish, and determined, would always vote against Rosina, so that there were two parties, with two leaders, amongst the children.

"Beys, I am going to Tchamlidja," Fâtema would announce, shaking out her pink silk skirt under its embroidered

muslin tunic, and throwing a sidelong glance of superiority at Rosina.

"And, Beys, I am going to Gueuk Sou" (the Sweet Waters), Rosina would announce, with still greater emphasis, "and if you like you can come in the little carriage with me."

"Yes, Rosina, you shall go where you like," broke in one of the more impetuous and generous-hearted of the Beys, "and I and my lollah will take care of you."

"And we will go with you too," broke in two of the other Beys; whereupon there followed much clamor from Fâtema and her adherents, all in childish, good-humored rivalry. On this occasion the forces divided, but a special carriage was ordered out for Rosina, who went to Gueuk Sou, as she had intended.

In presence of the Khanum Effendi, Rosina was, perhaps, the only slave who was really free and independent. Her figure comes up before me as I write—lithe, meagre, high-shouldered, restless, ever shifting in its movements; her face, long and oval, framed in by quantities of lank, tawny-brown hair; her hazel eyes, half-serious, half-mischievous, glancing merrily from side to side. They tell me she is now still much as I knew her—a little wild in her ways, and undisciplined—but as Rosina joined the French class it is supposed that she is a somewhat learned personage in her little sphere.

I have here described the lives of the women of different grades in the harem of a great Pacha. In the Imperial palaces belonging to the late Sultan Abdul Aziz the seclusion was much more strict, and the monotony of their existence much greater. No chance visit from a European lady could be permitted; no Jewess with her pedlar's wares went beyond the outer court; a promenade to the Sweet Waters was an exceptional liberty granted occasionally to the chief *kadens* and their suites. The most frequent "news" for them would be the advent of a batch of some three or four new slaves as a present to the Sultan's harem, sent as a complimentary gift to his Majesty by his mother or sister, or others, at the recurrence of some religious festival or birthday rejoicing. The Imperial hareems sometimes become

overstocked through these gratuitous offerings, and then those who have already ceased to please yield their handsome apartments and jewels to their successors, and are married off to some *khatib* or *yus-bache* (captain of a hundred), whose pay for the future serves to support both himself and the wife whom he cannot refuse without losing his livelihood.

In trying to study the inner lives of the slave girls with whom I came into contact I was struck by the constant repression of all outward feeling in the presence of the mistress. They could assume so guarded an aspect—could exercise such control over the facial muscles, especially over the expression of the pupil of the eye—that it was at times impossible to read what might be passing in their minds—a safeguard against misunderstanding which circumstances seemed to justify in certain cases. Once out of the range of the mistress's eye, surrounded only by those she can trust, the slave casts off the habitually assumed indifference of manner, and gives free play to her natural style, mode of speech, and characteristic gestures. Thus the same individual was continually coming under my observation at different hours of the day in diverse phases of temper and behavior, and sometimes she who had appeared, in the presence of the Khanum Effendi, to be most fussy and careful about trifles, would, when off duty, laugh the loudest and give herself up to gossip and merry-making, utterly disregarding the duties she ought to have been attending to when the younger slaves (who were under her orders and really anxious about their especial functions being duly performed) would timidly press her for directions.

As to the tone which prevails in the harem, etiquette seems in a great measure to regulate that; but in point of fact a quiet, sedate demeanor, absence of hurry, *restfulness*, form rather a part of their moral obligations, for the body must be maintained in a state of quietude that the mind may be in perfect equilibrium. A well-instructed, "orthodox" Mussulman woman admits to herself all this and more; she recognises the reason of her seclusion within the sheltering walls of the harem to be due to a tender solicitude that she may be

shielded from the effects of disturbing influences in the world without, and may follow the bent which one masculine mind only imposes on her. There is a Mohammedan home in Turkey in which I have seen this feeling touchingly exemplified. The master of the house, Ahmed Wefik Effendi, is known to all the first classes of European society in Constantinople, not only as a "good old 'Turkish' gentleman" of most urbane manners, hospitable disposition, and thorough uprightness of character, but as a man of learning, of sterling knowledge, and of devotion to books, of which he possesses in his home, on the European bank of the Bosphorus at Roumeli Hisar, a whole libraryful, comprising the choicest volumes in Turkish, Persian, Arabic, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese—all of which languages he understands and can, I believe, converse in. I am not sure if he also understands Hindustani, but I have an idea that he knows something of it. Ahmed Wefik Effendi presents the anomaly of a thorough bookworm who is most genial, courteous, and pleasant to the many European visitors who come to disturb the quiet of his chosen retreat, and who count it a great privilege to obtain an introduction to him. The Effendi is certainly a man of sound judgment, much exact knowledge, and great probity, and yet is, in most things, as I said, a thorough Turk of the old school, with prejudices and likings and dislikings to boot. *A propos* of Turkish abuses, I remember a story which was told me of the Effendi's way of cutting the Gordian knot of oppression and misrule. When he was governor in a vilayet or province (whichever it might be), a poor man had complained to him that he was unable, after many applications, to obtain the liquidation of a debt due to him from a rich Pacha of the neighborhood. The Effendi undertook to settle the matter. He invited the Pacha to breakfast, which was served with much punctilious respect, and the guest was entertained with an unflinching flow of conversation and anecdote. When the time came for the Pacha to take leave, he ordered his slaves to have the carriage brought round. But before the attendants could withdraw the Effendi spoke. "Pacha, I am

afraid you cannot have your carriage on this occasion," he said, as politely as ever; "it is not at your disposal." "How!" exclaimed the astonished Pacha; "have not my dogs of servants awaited my pleasure?" "Pacha Effendi," replied the governor, "it is not that your servants are in fault, but that I ordered your carriage and horses to be sold by public auction, to pay a little bill you have owed for some time; for, as you would not attend to it, the matter came to me for decision. I am sorry you will have to walk home."

Years after this happened, and when the Effendi had long retired into private life, a wholesome remembrance of his courage in the instance I have cited was preserved amongst the Pachas of Stamboul, and was perhaps one reason why so few posts of importance were committed to him. I know he was once in an office connected with the regulation of the Customs department, where the abuses had become so flagrant that even the Turks themselves complained of the deficit in the revenue always observable under the head of "Customs duties." The work of attempting reforms here must have been enough to drive an honest man wild, since bribes are willingly accepted by the lower officials, the worst of whom, I must say, are Greeks and Armenians of the most mercenary and grasping type of those who hold office only to enrich themselves, and in this emulate and surpass the system of speculation which has so subtly interwoven itself into the very nerves and sinews of the Turkish body politic, which has now become a centre of corruption, whose offensiveness has been permitted to steal from the healthful well-being of friendly nations. For there can be no question that speculation maintains its character as such, whether it be practised by a Custom House underling who passes out chargeable goods free of duty for the sake of the small fee he can put into his own pocket, or whether it be practised by a Government on the verge of bankruptcy that renews foreign loans on obligations which it knows it can never take up, or negotiates at prices which are ruinous to its creditors, while fabulous sums are drafted off to the private expenses of the Imperial household or of Pachas in high employ. We are sorry,

of course, for the friends who have lost money and comforts, and a provision for the future of their children, by their Turkish bonds; but I doubt if we shall ever be stirred up to raise our voice to warn them against the risk (I will not say the want of wisdom) of embarking capital in the support of a nation where it is seen to have the faculty of melting out of sight by the very heat of the pursuit after it, however coolly and indifferently that pursuit may appear to be carried on.

The habit of giving and receiving bribes in the Customs department has many evils; not only does it absorb an appreciable item of the revenue, but it *forces* wrong-doing on the Frank tradesmen of Pera, several of whom have complained to me at different times of the impossibility of getting goods ordered for a certain season by the time they were demanded by purchasers without using the unfailing lever of *baksheesh* in order to save their goods and their credit with their customers.

But to return to the Effendi. He was not long maintained in his position as reformer of the Customs administration, but afterwards was made Minister of Public Instruction for a time, but not for many months. Probably he was too advanced for his co-religionists, since he believes in the theory that the earth moves round the sun, whilst the faithful devoutly believe that the sun moves round the earth. I have heard he had some elementary geographical primers printed for use in the Government schools with demonstrations of the disputed theory—a right understanding of which has done so much in other nations of Europe to make men perceive that many an apparent truth is not an actual one.

But I must not further digress to speak of the mixed industrial school and the drawing-classes for women which Ahmed Wefik Effendi sought to encourage. My paper deals rather with the aspects of family life amongst the Turks; and I would now give a sketch of the Turkish household to which I alluded in another page as worthy of the name of home. It is, indeed, one of the comparatively few Turkish houses in which a home can be said to exist. The family consisted of the Effendi, his one wife, his

aged mother, three or four daughters, and as many sons. There is a perfect *entente cordiale* between the members of this household. The father and mother consult each other in all matters concerning their children's welfare, as to whom they may or may not visit, how often they may have a treat away from home, and so on. I find they lean decidedly to uninterrupted home influence as far as may be. The daughters are bright, cheerful, happy girls, and seem to acquiesce most good-humoredly, and without a shade of regret, in the home rules made for them by their parents. They take great pride in helping intelligently in household matters. They spin fine gauze fabrics, choosing their own colors and making their own striped patterns; they embroider open-work flowers in satin-stitch in colored silks on handkerchiefs and waistbands, and make a quantity of the fashionable and pretty Armenian trimming called *oiyah*, which resembles strings of tiny flowers, all made with a single needle; they also ornament with minute discs of gold or plated metal those long dinner-towels (*soffra bés*) which the *soffradjee*, or head-waitress, carries over her left arm when she appears within the apartment thus mutely to announce that it is time to wash hands before partaking of the meal which is waiting. The Effendi's daughters do not disdain to do plain needlework. Besides other occupations, they learn to read and write Turkish and French, and paint flowers and landscapes in water-colors. This last is a great innovation on Turkish habits, as any representation of natural objects is usually held by Mussulmans to be a breach of the Second Commandment, and is the reason why the fine arts are almost wholly neglected amongst them. I cannot speak positively of all the acquirements of these young Turkish ladies, but I believe they have a knowledge of the poetry of their own country, and they have, no doubt, like most ladies of their rank, cultivated their musical taste to some degree, so that they can play the 'Ood, Kanoon, and Tar (the lute, dulcimer, and tambourine), the instruments to be found in most houses where there is any pretension to cultivation. I must not forget to say that these young ladies are very clever confectioners, and are never ashamed to

say that they made this or that dish of sweets. *Helwâ*, a dish which resembles, when it is properly made, semi-opaque spun glass in short broken pieces, and is very luscious to the taste, is one of their favorite offerings to strangers; *mahalah-lee*, a sort of stiff ground-rice pudding, delicately flavored, and served cold, is another. But, indeed, their ingenuity and willingness it would seem impossible to tire out when employed in the duties of hospitality.

The family I have here described is not unique in its characteristics or mode of life. It may be taken as the true type of what a Turkish family, living in simplicity and according to the rules of their religion, really is. They are certainly more cultivated than others of their class; but I have it on their own authority that there are many families on the banks of the Bosphorus and in Stamboul of their own standing, and reckoned amongst their friends, who follow the same simple pursuits in their everyday life, and are as free from intrigue or moral taint as we could wish them to be.

The two causes which seem to me to destroy all hope of moral improvement for the ordinary and uncultivated Turks are the isolation of the sexes and the utter subjection of the women. Whilst the children, both boys and girls, in their earliest years are allowed to escape from the influence of the women to the care of men only, from whose unrestrained conversation they are sure to pick up ideas which (to deal with the matter only negatively) are not refining; whilst girls from ten to sixteen are forbidden the society of men, to which they have been hitherto almost totally left, and are thrown back on idle hours, given up to dreaming from the *kaffés*-covered windows; whilst young men employ *gucur-jees* to go and "look at" a girl for them before engaging her as a wife (as lightly and in the same spirit as a man would say to his friend in England, "Just look at that horse for me"); whilst they have no thought of trying to win a companion and helpmeet by the persuasion of their own moral worth—so long Turkey must suffer from moral degradation, the mass of her men remaining brutes, whilst her women are ignorant, vain, conceited puppets, served by that miserable class

the slaves, who keep alive jealousy and cruelty in the women and sensuality and extravagance in the men.

Turkish women have assured me that the Koran itself never imposed seclusion on women. If Turkey is to be regenerated, boys and girls must receive a mixed education and real moral training *together*; and their influence on each other must be turned to good account, to teach them to estimate the worth of each other's society, so that the evils of Eastern seclusion may be gradually rooted out. These evils are certainly not imposed by the laws of the Koran, and some of the best men amongst the

Turks would gladly see them done away with. Mussulmans will have to throw aside many customs which have arisen from their traditions alone before they can readily understand the value of our Western home life, with its simplicity, its moral restrictions, and yet free choice of action. Whatever gloss they take on of our European civilisation will only increase their moral corruption till they understand that we have for our women, as individuals, principles of action which are safer guards than veils, barred windows, and sentinelled doors.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE WRECK OF THE STRATHMORE.

I.—LETTER FROM MRS. WORDSWORTH,
THE LADY WHO SURVIVED THE WRECK.

THE CHILDERS, Feb. 18, 1876.

DEAREST F—, I daresay you never expected to see my handwriting again; but I suppose I must be the veritable bad halfpenny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship Childers of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way, and if the sickness stopped, I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything; and when we got to the line, "low fever" set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain M'Donald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would land me on the "Twelve Apostles,"—little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words were to come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to New Zealand to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness. On the 30th of June, the very night before we "struck," I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had gen-

erally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, being more fatigued than usual, I slept soundly, till bump! bump! bump! I was knocked violently backwards and forwards in my berth. I thought, "surely that is a curious motion;" but, determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavored to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crunching and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, "Oh! surely there is something wrong."

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr. Henderson came to our cabin. Mr. Henderson never spoke; but Charlie said in very quiet tones, "Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have not time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can." They left us; we never spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing-gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr. Henderson again appeared. I took your brother's arm, and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, bethinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the

saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him, and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the captain from the poop call aloud in an agonised tone, "Now then, come!" But whilst I had been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets, and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arm in arm, and followed by Miss Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavoring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard "Sails's)" voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the women," I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat; remember wherever we go if there is not room for you there is not for me." He replied, "No, mother, we will live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain M'Donald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and, like myself, preparing for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs. Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port lifeboat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said "Yes"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it, I know not how. Charlie, and a sailor named Jack Wilson, pulled me up into the boat by the hands. The moment I was lifted from the quarter-deck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh Tom! we did not think it would end this way."

In the meantime the sailors were doing

everything to have the boat ready, on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly settling down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged. I said good-bye to my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life, so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted, "Saved! saved! by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship!" It was pitch-dark, in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waists in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders; and so, surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labor, and great caution, we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but with little success. Indeed, had she not been a splendid lifeboat we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor Spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold whilst he pulled an oar, and I think that £155 which was in a pocketbook that he had saved, must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. Breakers ahead! and Land, ho! was the cry all night. Once, in the grey of

the morning, we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr. Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing-place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold, and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." "Nonsense," he said; and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it, in which I sat, and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr. Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking-hot skins of two albatrosses, and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was! Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr. Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backwards and forwards to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, &c.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark, and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed on the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers, and then, Oh the agony I suffered in my limbs! Mr. Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none,—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr. Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rig-

ging of the wreck. The noble captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gypsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it till the word to save himself was given; but the captain never lived to give it. There was a very interesting newly-married couple called Mr. and Mrs. Riddle. Mrs. Riddle had waited for him for eight years, and the poor man was frantic at the prospect of losing his young wife. A Mrs. Mobile, another young married woman, behaved with great heroism at the wreck. At all times a merry laughing creature, and kind to every one, she tried hard to save the lives of some of the children, but without success. She was heard to ask, "Is there no hope?" "None." Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she said, "I will die with you."

To return to the island. Next day Walter Smith, the sailmaker, and Mike O'Reardan, an A.B., brought me a suit of manly garments—Mike giving me the shirt from his back. Trousers, my flannel petticoat, and a "monkey-jacket" completed my outfit; but either the trousers were curiously made or else I was, for we did not get on well together. I kept them though, and they were most useful to Charlie afterwards.

I will now only give you a few incidents of our island life, as Charlie is writing a full account, which you will receive with this letter. I was very near death several times; had it not been for Charlie's constant care and tenderness I should really have gone—it was such a long time of suffering and endurance. The eggs saved my life twice, and there was a little of the famous "Redheart rum" put away for the use of the sick by Mr. Peters, which did me incalculable good. I felt I could not last long. One morning, the 21st January, I awoke quite cheerful and bright, saying, "Charlie, I've seen the ship" (we never dreamt of any but the one that was to take us off). In the afternoon, as Charlie went out of our own little "shanty," he shouted, "Sail, ho!" and immediately ran towards the flag-staff. I sank on my knees at the entrance, and wept tears of

joy. Soon I saw the ship turn towards our island, and then I began to prepare. Charlie came back to give me one or two articles of his apparel, that I might look somewhat more respectable, for my wardrobe was reduced to a flannel shirt and petticoat much the worse for wear, and (what I considered very grand) the polonaise you bought me—everything as well as myself black, greasy, and smelling horribly fishy, though we did not notice it at that time. What moments of delight were these! We first hurried to one side of the island, then to another, scrambling over rocks, holes, and slime—no easy matter. At last we arrived at our old landing-place. I could get down to a certain part of the rock in safety, but from there I had to be lowered into the boat in a "bowline." To the uninitiated this bowline looks a very carelessly-made knot, but it is strong notwithstanding.

When I was hanging above the sea, I heard "Sails" shout out, "Don't scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped; and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in mid-air, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Captain Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was a whaler named *The Young Phoenix*, Captain Gifford. Charlie, Mr. Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Captain Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped, and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Captain Gifford insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Captain Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down-stairs and met by an "angel," as she seemed to me, with such a fair tender face—a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing, I was so ill and weak. She

washed, clothed, and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for His mercy. Next day the sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything whilst we were on board, she was so delighted. She had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so homesick, poor thing!—having been at sea a considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board bound for the Mauritius, though the captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been very successful already. Curiously enough, not long before, he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship hove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping; but the second mate, Mr. Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the *Sierra Morena*. I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr. Peters, who had all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," José, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck; and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped when I was told not to stir till we learned more particulars. In the meantime I saw the captain's wife busily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take; but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper, and various other articles, including a waterproof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes! She is a full head

taller than I, yet her feet are smaller, and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does all work on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signalled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were without exception exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs. Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Captain Gifford at the very last said, if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However, we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford leaning over the side with a kerchief round her head and a tender half-sad look in her eyes, recalled to my mind the sweet face of my vision on the island.* All honor to the American flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs. Gifford are pure Americans; and if I am able in other years when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a very fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet, and I playing. The Young Phoenix will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs. Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton; my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white and like a dead person's, my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful stoop. For the first three months on the island I could not walk a yard without assistance, even through the shanty. It was all rock and slippery stones, and the least wind blew me down. When I got a little better, Charlie would take me out

a few yards and I returned myself. If no one was about to give me a help, I generally crawled on my hands and knees. Afterwards, when we got to our own little hole on the other side of the island, I got rather stronger, and was able and proud to go to the spring for water, escaping with only two or three falls. You never saw such an unpromising place. On my way to the well I passed through crowds of penguins without fear. I think they were surprised at my appearance.

But to return to the Childers (the ship we are now in): she belongs to Liverpool, and is commanded by Captain M'Phee, who is very kind to me. The living is good; plenty of nice vegetables, delightful bread, and eatables of all kinds, and lots of preserved fruits and jams. If you have any nice home-made, I can tell you they will suffer in comparison. Since the first day, I have never been sick, and have an enormous appetite. The consequence is, I am getting fast like myself, and my bones are quite getting covered. I had no idea they were so small. Captain M'Phee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of—a fancy blue shirt for a bodice, and his own white linen coats for jackets. My constitution is entirely changed. Before, I was always sea-sick, which is not the case now; and when I crossed the line before, I never perspired—the result being that I felt the heat exceedingly; but now I am in a constant bath, and so have neither red face nor suffering. Charlie looks and is well and firm now. From the effects of the exposure and bad feeding on the island, his hair had got quite flaxen, which didn't suit him at all; but now it has nearly recovered its original color. One day on the island, when food was scarce and hunting hard, he was quite worn out and burst into tears. Poor fellow! I felt that more than anything that happened to me. He has shown himself a grand fellow, cool and steady in danger, with all his wits about him. Such tender care he took of me too, never making a fuss about what he did! You would have thought he had been the only one shipwrecked before. All the others were extravagant and wasteful with clothes, string, &c. He got many out of a difficulty by supplying a little of the

* See Mr. Wordsworth's Narrative.

latter commodity, and at the last he was the only one with a lashing for carrying his birds. He won the respect of all, especially the sailors, with whom he was a great favorite. In the evenings, when the day's work was done, I would amuse Charlie by telling him all the little stories I could remember about his own, your, and even my childhood, which took back our minds to home, and never failed to interest, however often repeated.

Some of the men were great favorites of mine. Walter Smith, or "Sails," as we always called him, was a gem in his way. He would knock down his enemy one minute, and the next risk his life for him, and when he had a friendship it was to the death; he was always so generous and kind—so were they all. The three apprentices were very fine lads. Frank Carmichael seemed a little delicate, but Ned Preston and Harold Turner were more robust, and capital hunters. On Christmas-day Harold brought me three eggs out of five that he had buried for himself when the eggs were plentiful. I shall not forget such a generous action. There are many other little anecdotes I might tell, but it would make my letter too long; however, there is one I must not forget. John Evans, A.B., or "Old Jack" as we called him, one day when food was very scarce, brought me a small duck roasted, which he had been lucky enough to kill and get cooked. Though starving himself, he freely gave me this delicacy, and insisted on my taking it. It requires a person to be under similar circumstances in order to appreciate such self-sacrifices as I have mentioned. As for Mr. Peters, I think him the *beau ideal* of an officer. On the island he did not belie the good opinion that the poor captain had of him. He never spared himself in any work. In danger he was cool-headed, and nothing seemed to turn him away from doing what he thought was right. I am afraid you must think me very confused in my head, judging from my letter. First I am on the island; then on board the whaler or Childers, and then back to the island again; but I have written this letter from day to day, and put down just whatever ideas came uppermost. So to go back again to the Childers. The crew here are all blacks, some rather

handsome. They are a very merry lot, and, when work is done, fond of a little music or dancing. We have had very squally weather. The ship has to go where there is wind, which makes my heart beat—in fact I shall be more or less terrified till I get on solid ground again in Old England. We hope we will not be very long before we reach Rangoon. It would be rather awkward landing in a strange place without a *sou* in our pockets, but I suppose somebody will have pity on us till we get money. Oh, I am thoroughly sick of the sea! No more going to the seaside in summer. I am bringing home quite a valuable book of receipts which the steward has very kindly given me—quite Yankee notions, and very good ones too. I mean to be no end of a cook when I get home. I have studied the theory on that desolate island in our grim solitude. At present everything is "I wonder" to us. I wonder what you and Richard are doing where you are, and what everybody is thinking about us. I felt so sorely for you not knowing what had become of us. I am thankful I was not at home, the suspense would have driven me crazy. I hope dear old friends are all well both in England and Scotland. I shall not write more than this one letter, so please send it to my sisters, and all our relations and friends who may be interested.

After such a long ramble, fancy us being landed at Burmah, of all places! With the exception of two rings and the rosary Mrs. Dycer gave me, I have not a relic of my past life. Even when I thought I was going to the bottom, I regretted our lovely picture of your dear father (a life-size painting of my husband when a boy, with his favorite pony—the figure by Sir Henry Raeburn, and the animal by Howe). However, we have ourselves, and it has been Almighty God's will that we should lose the rest. Once I had a delightful dream of your kitchen at Bebbington, full of lovely clean clothes airing before the fire. It was quite a treat to me, squalid, ragged, and cold as I was. I only slept about three nights in the week—my bed was so hard and uncomfortable. It is almost worth being shipwrecked to experience so much kindness. Captain M'Phee is very kind. His family live in Liverpool, and

his wife often goes with him. I would not like to be a sailor's wife. I was always afraid of building castles in the air about seeing you again. I scarcely dared think of you. Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I were wondering whether any masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day. By the by, you had better write to his mother, and tell her he is safe, and behaved like a man at the wreck. Her address is

———. I shall have so much to hear when I get home—all good news, I trust. I would like to forget all the hardships and disagreeables of the last seven months; but I trust I shall never forget all Almighty God has done for us,—our life and preservation on the island was all a miracle. Fancy living all that time on a barren rock, with a little rank grass on it, not even brushwood! The men knew I had a daughter, but I had never said what like you were. Mike dreamt of you, and to my amazement gave me an exact description of you—hair a shade lighter than mine—even to your rapid walk and short steps. I hope the ship we come home in will go to Liverpool. Love to my sister, brothers, and all kind friends. Oh how I weary to be at home again! We are such queer-looking figures here, with as few clothes as we can possibly do with, lazy and weary—the sea is such a dreary, monotonous life. I can't think how any one can choose it. Charlie is quite satiated with his experiences of it. If it were not for home-sickness, I think I would like to have a peep at Indian life. To-day it is nearly a calm, what little breeze there is being in the wrong direction. We sighted Sumatra two days ago. My life here is this: Get up at seven, bath, &c.; breakfast at eight; and then, after having worked everything there was to work, and read everything there was to read, a little writing is all I can do. I expect this erratic mode of writing will account for some of the rambling. Dinner at twelve; sleep an hour; then after that the heat is simply intolerable. Tea at five; go on deck to see the sun go down. Walk and sit on deck till nine or so. A glass of *eau sucrée*, and go to bed. Ah! it is tiresome. Bed, indeed! Our ideas of bed are usually associated with thoughts of rest; but on the Strathmore we had fleas, on the

whaler cockroaches, in this ship we have a pleasing variety of rats. The fleas and rats I don't mind; so much so, that the rats run all over me at night in a friendly way. I merely give them a slight shake and weak shoo! I will never recover my figure, my back is so bent and weak; the salt bathing is doing it *some* good. How I wish I was steaming away to England! I expect you will all be very much astonished when you get our telegram. Unless anything very exciting happens, I will not write any more till we are sailing up the Irawaddy.

When people are dead a great many virtues are generally found out about them unknown before. I trust ours will be remembered now, even though we are unromantically in life. Ill though I was, I felt I *couldn't* die on that desolate island. But I must not abuse it. I daresay we were healthier there than we should have been on a more favored island. We are now in the Andaman Sea. It is as calm as a lake—scarcely a breath of wind. How lovely the sunsets are! and the moon and stars, how dazzling and brilliant! Lightning playing about all night. People at home have no idea of lightning or rain; here it comes in sheets, not drops. I am in great pain with rheumatism all down my spine and right side, and such dreadful throbbing at my heart. I can hardly breathe.

24th March.—Arrived at Rangoon; people most kind. Just going to post. With love from both.—Your affectionate mother,

FRANCES WORDSWORTH.

II.—MR. WORDSWORTH'S NARRATIVE.

(6 months, 22 days, on a Barren Rock.)

ON her voyage from London to Otago, N. Z., the Strathmore of Dundee, Captain McDonald, struck on one of the rocks of the "Twelve Apostles" which are comprised in the Crozet group—a very dangerous set of islands, and not much known about them—July 1st, 1875. There had been no sun taken for several days back, the weather being overcast. The captain expected to see the land, but, I believe, from the southward, instead of which he went to the northward. A little bad steering on the part of the man at the wheel would have

cleared us. The weather was fine, except for the fog and the ship was "shortened down" to her maintop-gallant sail, in order not to pass out of sight of the land before daylight. The accident happened at 3.45 A.M., being quite dark and thick. The man on the lookout reported breakers ahead, and seeing the rocks looming through the mist on the starboard side, shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-starboard; but the mate, seeing land on the port bow, ordered the man to port his helm, but all to no purpose. We were right into a bight of a lot of rocks, with breakers all round us; and the unfortunate Strathmore first grated, and then gave three bumps, staving in her bottom. The water rushing into the lower hold, burst open the 'tween-decks; her bows jammed themselves in between two rocks; whilst the after-end of the ship was lower, and was soon swept by seas, tearing up the poop, and completely gutting that end of the ship. The captain thought at first that she might clear herself, and told the man at the wheel not to leave his post—which he did not, bravely standing there waiting for the word to save himself, though the seas were now washing over the poop; and one taking him, with the wheel broken to pieces in his hand, swept him overboard.

I shall now go back a little, and give an account of our own actions—those of my mother and myself. My mother had been very sea-sick the whole voyage, as well as being ill with a sort of low fever which had hung about her since we had been in the tropics; but the night before the catastrophe, feeling better, we had all of us—*i.e.*, the saloon passengers—been playing cards in the saloon. The captain, either that night or a day or two before, had playfully told my mother that if she did not get better soon, he would land her on the "Twelve Apostles." He little thought how soon his words were to come true. We were in bed, of course, when the ship struck. The first bump awoke me; the second told me something was wrong, and I jumped out of bed, for I had guessed the truth. Telling Mr. Keith to light the lamp, I ran to my mother's cabin, and told her and Miss Henderson to dress quickly. I then returned to my

own cabin and dressed myself, putting on my warmest clothes and a new pair of Wellington boots. I unlocked my box, and took out of it a little safe, in which was £155 in Bank of England notes, enclosed in a sort of leather pocket-book, and which I put in the breast-pocket of my coat; also a revolver and a sheath-knife, which afterwards turned out to be invaluable. The latter I put in my belt. The only thing I forgot was a cap; otherwise I was fully equipped for anything that might turn up.

My mother and I then went up on deck, followed by Miss Henderson and her brother. Some of the men were trying to get the port quarter-boat out, and I went to help; but my mother said she would not get into the first boat, as she thought this boat would have all the women packed into it, and very likely I should be separated from her. These quarter-boats could never have been used before, for they were jammed between the bluff of the lifeboat and the mizzen rigging; and what made matters worse was, that the quarter-boats had to be got out first, for there were only three davits for the two boats (the lifeboat and quarter-boats) on each side; but as neither of these quarter-boats could be swung out, the two lifeboats were rendered useless. Seeing that the quarter-boats could not be launched I walked right aft to secure a life-buoy, but she began to "poop"—that is, take seas over aft—and thinking it even too serious a case for life-buoys, for at that time her stern seemed to be sinking, I thought the only chance of safety lay in getting into the lifeboat, cutting the girdles, and trusting to Providence that when the ship went down, as I then supposed her to be doing, the lifeboat would float off clear of the wreck. The lifeboats were placed upon "skids" or beams from side to side of the ship, and about eight or nine feet above the main deck. My mother managed to get into the port lifeboat from the bridge, and not a moment too soon; for Miss Henderson, I think it was, was washed away from her brother and hurled with a scream down to the main deck from the poop and drowned: she was but a few paces behind us. About twenty more were in the boat we were in, waiting our chance, there being a hope of getting off by the

merest accident, but we thought our last moment had come. A huge sea swept over the ship, taking everything and every one with it that was not in the rigging or well forward; and lifting up our boat—not dashing it down on the main deck, as might have been expected, but lifting us off the skids—it washed us clean over the starboard side, knocking down on its way a strong rail, the “standard compass,” &c., and reached the sea in safety, though a little “stove in.” The wonder was the sea did not take us down into the main deck, for the waves were running almost in a straight line from aft, forward. The boat, when it reached the sea, was still foul of the main brace, and as we thought the ship was going down every moment, we made strenuous efforts to get clear. We spent a miserable time of it till daylight, dodging about in the darkness and fog, trying to keep clear of the rocks, breakers, and large quantities of sea-weed, and yet keep near land. Half of us were engaged in baling, we being up to our middle almost in water; but we might have saved ourselves the trouble, for the water neither decreased nor increased, the air-tight tanks keeping her afloat. The rest that were able pulled at the oars.

It was this night I lost my £155. I had taken my coat off to pull an oar, and it was then I think I lost it; for most likely it dropped out of my pocket and was baled overboard during the night, for I never saw it again, and the list of the numbers of the notes I had left on board. At last morning came, but with it fog, and we were very nearly losing land altogether. We had just made up our minds to run off before the wind and give all our energies to baling out the boat, when the fog lifted, and we saw the big rocks looming out; so we put on a spurt and got close inshore, and looked out for a landing-place, which was not easily found, the rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea. We had not been long pulling when we sighted the gig, with Mr. Peters, our second mate, in it. We gave him a hearty cheer, and he towed us to the only landing-place on the island, which was a ledge on the face of the perpendicular rock, and to reach which a man had to watch his chance when the swell took

the boat up, catch hold of parts of the rock, and haul himself up a height of about twelve feet from the sea. We all then that were not going back to the wreck got on shore, pulling ourselves up by the “painter” of the boat. My mother was hoisted up in a “bowline,” a knot she now firmly believes in. We sat huddled together on a ledge of rock, wet, cold, hungry, and miserable. Some lit a fire, and others got birds—sea-fowl, young albatross, &c.—which were on the island, and cooked them; and to us starving creatures they tasted well. In the meantime, the gig and dingy which the others had launched from the wreck made trips to and from the ship to take the survivors off, though we did not manage them all that day, but were two days picking the half-frozen wretches from the rigging or yards, they having to drop from the yards into the water, as the boat could not get near on account of the heavy sea. When every one was got from the wreck, the boats made excursions to the site of the wreck—it having gone down in deep water the night after the last of the survivors had been taken off—and picked up what they could. As far as I remember, the following were what we got: some Keiller’s confection-tins, which we afterwards used for cooking in; some cases of spirits and a cask of port; some bottles of pickles, a few blankets, spoons, and forks, two kegs of gunpowder, two paravols, a small cleaver, a bucket or two, one tin of preserved meat, some wood, and a few odds and ends thrown off the fore-castle-head. With the help of these riches, we managed nearly seven months. It came on to blow hard the same night. We lost our boats, as there was no means of hauling them on shore anywhere; and though some might think the boats could have been saved by people keeping in them, yet how could any of us manage to keep them safe, broken up and leaky as the boats were, even if we had gone to the lee side of the island, and kept pulling in shore against a terrible gale for two or three days, exhausted for want of food, wet, and most likely frozen? It could not have been kept up for two hours. We saw the boats afterwards on the other side of the island still attached to each other by their painters, but smashed and

bottom up, they having been driven by the gale through a tunnel that ran underneath the island, and caught for a time in some sea-weed a mile or so off the land; and we had the mortification to see them drift out to sea without the possibility of saving them.

The first night ashore was dreadful; we lay exposed on the rocks, huddled together for warmth, the rain pouring down and chilling us to the marrow. We got the covers off the gig and dingey, and made a sort of tent, which came down during the night and made matters worse. My mother, in consideration of her sex, had some planks to lie upon, but she was wofully crushed, and her legs nearly broken, by people crowding in under the canvas. Though greatly fatigued, few of us slept, and during the night a man named Mellor died, from fright and exhaustion. For the next night or two my mother and myself, with one or two others, slept in a sort of open cave or rather overhanging ledge of rock, a little higher up than we were before; and though the frost lay on our blankets, and the icicles over our heads, yet it was pleasant to what the other place had been. We stayed there about a couple of nights, until another shanty, by no means water-tight, had been built. About 30 odd of us crammed in here, lying in tiers on and between each other's legs; and it was not for months after that this horrid crowding was remedied by building other shanties.

From the Strathmore 40 were drowned and 49 got ashore, my mother being the only woman saved, and Walter Walker, son of one of our cabin passengers, the only child. My mother and Walter got what was supposed to be the best corner of this delightful place. From the damp and frost many of us had sore and frost-bitten feet, and one poor fellow called Stanbury was so bad that lockjaw set in. Before he died his feet were in a horrible state of corruption, and the odor from them and from the other bad feet was most offensive. After death we buried his body as soon as we could, digging the grave with sticks.

When we had explored the island we found it to be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, and a good part of that was rock and stones, the rest being covered with a long, coarse grass. There was no firewood on the

island, but we had lots of splendid water. At this time the food we lived upon was young and old albatross; the young ones gave more eating than the old, being large, heavy birds, with a beautiful white down upon them about three inches long. They sat in nests built in the grass about a foot from the ground, one young one in each nest. Another bird that we lived upon was what we called "mollyhawk," but which we afterwards found out to be "stink-pots," a carrion bird. They were large, heavily-built birds, with fierce, strong beaks. I remember getting a bite from one that hurt through a pair of Wellington boots, trousers, and drawers. They seemed to stay on the island all night, and we caught them by chasing them into rough ground, or into gullies, where they could not easily get on the wing, and killed them with wooden clubs. They would face you when brought to bay; the albatross seldom did. We used to see these stinkpots feeding on floating substances in the water, very likely the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates, but that did not deter us from eating them, even half cooked as they sometimes were; the very thought of that food now almost sickens me. I am sure that nothing in the shape of herbs that grew on the island was poisonous, but our favorite vegetable was a sort of moss with a long, spreading root. On a cold morning you might have seen us scraping the snow off the ground, and tearing up the root with our benumbed fingers, often too hungry to take the whole of the soil off the root, eating everything ravenously, dirt and all. The birds were boiled in confectionery-tins, after being skinned and cut up, and as long as the pickles lasted they were minced and put into the water the meat had been boiled in, which made a very tolerable soup. Being winter time we had not long days, but about 15 hours' darkness, which we spent lying in our hovel, forgetting our miseries in sleep if possible; for though we had the most vivid dreams of home, &c., and things to eat, yet there was always a feeling in the background which dispelled a good deal the pleasure of the dream—at least that was my case; but still I looked forward to my dreams.

About a dozen of the men built a shanty a little higher up than ours, and

a sailor called "Black Jack" ruled it—and a capital ruler he made, too. When my mother came on shore first, she was wet through, and nearly starved with cold; but she soon got a rig-out of a semi-masculine description. One of the sailors took the shirt off his back and gave her it: she put on also a pair of trousers and drawers, a pair of stockings and an overcoat, and various odds and ends, all the contributions of the sailors; a handkerchief, an old straw mattress, and a coverlet completed her appointments, together with a flannel petticoat picked up, which afterwards did good service as a door in our little shanty that we afterwards lived in for some months. The coarse, rank flesh which was our continual food soon disagreed with her, and she got very ill with a sort of low fever, and a dreadful bowel complaint, which reduced her to a perfect skeleton, and made her so weak that I had to turn her in the night when a change of position was needed. Although my mother was very subject to rheumatism, yet while on the island, exposed to wet and cold, she never was troubled with it. Our clothes, such as they were, were seldom quite dry; and to say that our sleeping-places were damp, would be a mild expression; we often lay in downright slush, composed of wet grass and dirt, with the rain coming down on our faces. My mother, it is true, had a mattress, but that was sodden and rotten with the moisture, and, from its clammy and wet feeling, was most disagreeable to touch. That we were impervious to cold, was due to the ammonia in the guano. Most of us suffered a good deal from diarrhœa and dysentery, and the wine and spirits we saved were invaluable. We had used them very economically, a small salt-cellar full of wine or spirits-and-water being served out every night till finished, except a bottle of rum and one of wine, which were buried for the use of the sick. Mr. Walker's child, Watty, suffered dreadfully: he was a lively little child, and talked on board the ship, but nothing but moans and whimpering could now be got out of him, and his little body was covered a good deal with sores; he seemed to have shrivelled up—his knees drawn up to his chin, his bony shoulders up to his ears, and about the size and weight of a

lean turkey. Besides the dread of being compelled to stop long on the island, our fuel was nearly finished, and we were contemplating the prospect of eating the meat raw. I ate two small birds raw, and a piece of another, by way of accustoming myself to it; but ugh! it was bad. If it had come to our being obliged to eat the meat raw, I had arranged a dish for my mother of minced liver, heart, and "greens" (the moss that I have mentioned), seasoned with gunpowder as a substitute for salt; of that article we had none, and were obliged to put salt water in our soup to give it a taste. Afterwards when we cooked in stones, and had lots of burning material, some of us used to make salt; but it took such a time for the salt water to evaporate, and so small were the results that ensued, that none of us kept this up regularly. I think I was the first to make salt on the island. Another dish I often got ready for my mother, when she could not eat the flesh, was the brains taken out of the birds' heads and fried. That was considered one of our delicacies; and was also one of the inventions of my culinary genius.

At last the firewood was finished, except a few sticks, which were used for killing our birds. Efforts had been made to keep up a fire with a kind of turf found on the island, but it would merely smoulder slowly, and that only when there was a strong draught; when luckily somebody threw a skin on this kind of fire, and to the delight of everybody it burnt pretty well. So here was this difficulty bridged over, and we should not want fire as long as we could get birds; then to save matches, of which we had only half a boxful of Bryant and May's safeties, we scraped the fat off the skins, melted it down into oil, made a sort of lamp out of a piece of tin, and a wick out of the cotton padding in coats, &c., and burnt it whenever the fire was put out. Though the lamp sometimes went out, the upper shanty would most likely have a light, so we got it rekindled without reducing the stock of our precious matches. An ordinary housewife would be rather puzzled to keep up a fire with bird-skins—it requires experience.

We had been about a month on the island when the mollyhawks commenced

to lay, and there was great rivalry between the two shanties to get the eggs, one striving to steal a march on the other by getting up before daylight, which was very cold work, having to grope our way in the dim light of the moon or breaking daylight over the frozen ground, with mere apologies for shoes, generally struggling against a high wind, for it was nearly always blowing a gale in that bleak quarter of the world, with snow, hail, and rain to make it worse, and our inner man very indifferently replenished; but the eggs were good and saved my mother's life, for at that time a few mouthfuls of the soup we made was all that she could take of the former food. There was never a time when she was at her worst, but that something turned up just in time to save her.

Aug. 31st, every one was startled by the cry of Sail ho! and immediately we were in the highest state of excitement and hope; but it was a great deal too far off for them to see us, or we to signal them. Poor Mr. Henderson, who had been ill and low-spirited since we landed, got worse. I daresay the raised hopes that had so suddenly come and gone with the ship, were too much for him in his enfeebled state, and he died Sept. 2d. His body was mere skin and bone. He had been ill with a never-ceasing diarrhoea which nothing could stop. On account of the severe frost and bad weather we could not bury him for two or three days. His limbs up to the last were quite supple, and that was the case with all those who died after having been any time on the island. We seldom could clean ourselves; the dirt was too fast on us to allow of water alone taking it off, and the weather was so bitterly cold that we could only dabble a very little in it. But we had a mode of cleaning our faces a little by means of bird's skin, rubbing ourselves with the greasy side first, thereby softening the dirt, and afterwards rubbing that off with the feathery side. Our clothes were black with smoke and very filthy, and we were crawling with vermin, which we could not get rid of. There was little of the birds that we did not find a use for; even the entrails were roasted and eaten, and the large guts we stuffed with chopped-up meat, and tried to imagine them sausages; but there was no such thing

as anything with a taste on the island, except the soup when plenty of salt water was put in it.

We got very hard up for anything to eat at one time; one day there were only one or two mollyhawks for our last meal, and Black Jack's tent had had nothing to eat all day. We were very weak and low-spirited. I felt as if all the moisture in my joints was dried up, and I fancied I could almost hear them creak as I dragged myself along. It was with a heavy heart I went out to hunt, and instead of climbing up the hills, I went down by the side of the island, where I remembered to have seen a large quantity of nests, built of mud, smooth and round, about a foot from the ground, looking at a distance like the turrets of a small castle. Down the rocks I went, and saw, to my great delight, a quantity of beautiful white birds. We named them the "Freemasons," but we afterwards discovered their real name was mollyhawk. I killed about fourteen of these, as they let me come quite close to them, when I knocked them down with a club. They even flopped down among my feet. I carried about half of my prize down to the tent, and great was every one's delight and astonishment at the increase of our larder. Many of the others went out, and killed about a hundred in all. Such a feast of tails we had then! That appendage was cut off close to the back, the long feathers pulled out, and being burnt for a time in the fire, was considered a great delicacy, and one of the perquisites of the hunter. About this time, seven or eight who had been engaged building a shanty for themselves removed to it, thereby leaving us a little more room. Our larder being always supplied with the new birds, we began to look about us more, and shanty No. 4 was started; also another great and *real* delicacy came in about this time—viz., the "mutton-birds." We found the young, but never, I think, the old ones, who seemed most mysterious birds. Their nests were under the ground, and to find them we had to stamp about till we discovered a hollow place, our feet very often going right through the surface into their nests, when we had only to put in our hand and pull out our treasure. They had a delightful flavor, and were covered with beautiful fat.

We also had whale-birds, divers,* and what we called "the whistlers," from the noise they made. All these smaller birds lived in burrows underground, something after the manner of the mutton-bird. The whale-bird laid, I think, two eggs of a delicate pale color: the little diver's egg was noted for its size compared to its own bulk. We were visited also in great numbers by a ferocious brown hawk; they were most audacious birds, and if their nests were interfered with, they attacked with vehemence the trespassers. The underground residents, whale-birds and divers especially, were wofully preyed upon by these hawks; the latter would stand patiently for hours near their burrows, like keen terrier dogs watching a rat-hole, ready to pounce upon the unwary who ventured from their fortresses.

The weather was now getting rather less severe, but we could only recollect three fine days all the time we were there, and we always had to pay dearly for them. Another shanty was being built, and I was promised a very small old one for my mother and myself, which a third-class passenger had previously built, and had kindly offered us. On a cold, stormy day, September 13, a vessel, a full-rigged ship, under reefed topsails, as far as we could make out, came between Hoggs Island and ours, then, running close along our island, kept away to the east. I was in what was called the Skinning Cave, and saw the ship and gave the alarm first. Away went some of us, as hard as we could run, with blankets and counterpanes to the flagstaff, our black figures showing well against the snow-covered hill, so that I believe they could not have helped seeing us. The blanket-flag was up in a very short time, and the ship, when she had got past the end of the island, came into the wind, I believe, for previously she had been running with the wind aft, and we all thought that she had seen us, and was going to stay for us till finer weather came to take us off, when a squall of snow came on and hid her from view. She had gone off a little in the

squall, but some of the men said she was still "hove to." She had not increased her distance much, but eventually she took to her heels. Of course it was a great disappointment, but we expected when in port she would report us, and hope kept us up for about a couple of months. But no; we never heard anything more of her. Now I am sure she saw us, and to desert us thus was abominable. She was near enough to let us see her topmast and top-gallant and rigging; and when we could see all that, how could she not see our black figures and a large blanket and counterpane flying against a clear sky? Except during the squall the air was beautifully clear, and they must have had glasses, which we had not. Mr. Peters has the date of this ship's appearance and I should like to find out her name.

About the end of September the penguins first made their appearance. They are a most remarkable set of birds, if we may call them so; for they have no wings, but just flippers, and their coats look more like fur than feathers; in fact I think them not unlike seals. It was very amusing to watch them making their nests: one would go to a little distance and pick up in its bill, with great ado, a small stone, and carry it with immense dignity to its mate, when they carefully arranged it in some mysterious way, shaking their heads and gobbling over it; then turned up their faces towards the sky and waved their flippers, as if asking a blessing on their labor or making incantations. A few stones thus got together constituted their nests: a single blade of grass or two I have seen treated in the same manner; but I never heard of them or saw them build in the grass, but always on stony places, often great heights above the sea.

The tracks that the penguins made through the grass wound up round the edges of cliffs; they were narrow and stony, and had the appearance of having been worn down to their present condition, through the soil and grass, by the tread of countless penguins seeking every year their favorite resorts, which must have been their choice for ages. Some of these paths in places were very steep; and really, to look at the rocks they managed to climb up, you would think they would require a ladder.

* Some of these names may have been applied to wrong birds, but they were what we believed them to be; if we knew nothing at all of a bird, we invented a name.

They made great fuss over their courting, and woe betide any unfortunate hen who dared to be frivolous, leaving its own nest to go a short walk; for no sooner was it noticed, than all the neighbors raised a cry of anger and horror, and prepared to give the delinquent an unmerciful pecking as it wended its way through the thick ranks of its comrades. If it returned to its lord and master, the tune was immediately changed from discordant howls and croaks to a more musical tone of thanksgiving and rejoicing. I have seen in books of natural history that penguins lay only one egg; now our penguins laid three. The first was the smallest, and of a light-green color; the others whiter and larger, especially the last one. They all had strong rough shells, which, when the eggs were nearly hatched, had been worn by constant friction on the stones smooth and thin, easy for the young ones to break through. The position of the bird when "sitting" is upright, or very nearly so. The yolk of these eggs boiled hard before the white, the latter looking like arrowroot when quite boiled, and also tasting not unlike it; but our palates were perhaps not to be depended upon after living so long on coarse fishy food. I noticed that the penguins always turned their backs to a squall, whilst the other birds—albatross, &c.—always faced it. Being always amongst the penguins, their habits were of great interest to us, and their noises my mother used to fancy resembled nearly all the sounds of the farmyard. A lot of them cawing at a distance seemed like the lowing of a cow; there was the cackling of ducks, the hissing of geese, the gobbling of turkeys, and even the noise of a donkey braying, to be distinguished amongst the babel of tongues.

When the penguins had been sitting some weeks on their eggs, a visible decrease in their numbers was noticed, and we thought at first that they were leaving us entirely; but the hens were left on the island, looking very lean and careworn, whilst the cocks went to sea. This was the first time we had seen any of the regular householders leave their homes, even for food, since their arrival on the island; and whilst on shore they were never seen to eat anything. However, I think in a week or so the cocks

came back, and very fat, there being about an inch thick of fat on their skins, which was very precious to us. Most of them, too, had their paunches full of a sort of food which did not look unlike a linseed-meal poultice; this was for their young, which were either hatched, or very nearly so. The hens, when relieved by the cocks, then left for their holiday; but I do not think that they stayed so long away nor came back fat like their mates. After that, there was a constant traffic of penguins going down and returning from the sea.

The long lines of travelling penguins, meeting each other on their narrow tracks to the sea, seemed to be very particular about keeping their own side of the street. The homeward-bound ones, with their full paunches, laboriously climbing up the steep paths, and their funny little short legs, white bosoms, and black, extended flippers, looked like fat old gentlemen in white waistcoats; and one could almost fancy that you could hear them puffing and blowing with their hard work.

Whether the penguins who had been out at sea always came back to their old mates, who had been left behind or not, I would be afraid to say. Yet I think sometimes they did; but their numbers were so great, and they were so much alike, it would be impossible to decide.

We used to see great flocks of young penguins congregated together under the care apparently only of one couple. These young ones were very tender eating, but, except when very young, of rather a rank flavor.

The penguins are plucky creatures; and I have even seen a weak, soft-looking youngster stand up manfully for itself against a fierce hawk.

The albatross were very majestic and graceful in their movements. We used to see them, when pairing, bending and bowing to each other like courtiers in the olden time dancing a minuet; but their voices were not quite equal to their appearance, sounding like a bad imitation of a donkey braying. At one time, when they were sitting on their eggs, we had, I daresay, about a couple of hundreds or more of the beautiful creatures scattered over the grassy parts of our island. They lay but one egg, and it is scarcely so large as you might expect

from the size of the bird: it is white, with pinkish spots on the broad end.

I had almost forgotten to mention the real owners of the soil: the only unwebbed-footed birds on the island, and constant residents, were what we called "little white thieves," "white pigeons," or "white crows." They possessed many of the qualities of our jackdaw, being very inquisitive and mischievous, hardy, and not to be daunted by trifles. Their build was stronger and more compact than that of a pigeon, but they were about the same size. I do not think they were powerful flyers. Their feet and beak were black, the latter having a sort of wart on it about the nostril, larger in the male than in the female; whilst their plumage was pure white. Their eggs were dark and speckled. These little "thieves," when the penguins were on the island, never ceased watching them and their eggs. They would sit on a stone which gave them a commanding position over the multitude beneath, and wait for a chance of stealing an egg, and they had a very knowing way of bending down and putting their head on one side to see under the penguin's tail. When a chance of robbing presented itself, they descended from their elevated position, fearlessly hopping amongst the crowded penguins, evading adroitly the pecks aimed at them, stuck their beak into the egg, and, if they had not time to enjoy it there, would open their beak whilst inserted therein, and lifting it in this way, would fly to their holes in the banks or rocks and demolish their cleverly-earned meal at their leisure. One of our men tells a story of one of these "white thieves," who, tired of an unprofitable vigil, had the audacity to come quietly up behind a penguin sitting on its egg and impertinently peck its tail (a great insult); and when the penguin got up to resent the injury, the little rascal dabbed its beak into the egg and carried it off. *Apropos* of their hardihood, an American sailor relates the following anecdote; but I daresay it requires to be swallowed *cum grano salis*. He had killed one of the birds, as he thought, and had sat down to pluck it warm; he had done so all but the wings, and had taken out his knife to cut the latter off, when away the bird fluttered minus the body-feathers. Their chirrup sounded

like "Quick, quick!" which seemed to be their motto.

Some more of the men left the lower shanty, and my mother and I got installed in our new abode. It was high up on the hill at the other side, on one of these stony places frequented by the penguins. We had to force our way through a dense cloud of these to reach our hole, which we called Penguin Cottage. The height inside was about four feet in the highest place, length rather less than four feet, and a sort of shelf on the rock which we used as a bed-place about three feet wide and five in length. The bottom of this bed we called the "well," for the damp was so great that our coverlet would get as wet as if dipped in muddy water; consequently we kept our legs curled up, which took away from the width. When both were in the shanty, one often retired to bed to make more room, we were so crushed; besides, one side not being water-tight was too wet to sit down near, and we had to crouch under the rock to keep out of the rain. The wall was about four feet wide, built of sods; but not having a spade, tearing up these sods with our hands made them very uneven, and gave lots of channels for rain to find its way through. In the wall of our little shanty there was a whale-bird's nest. They were very quiet; but before rain they cooed and moaned in the most plaintive and musical tones, and after that you never had to wait long for wet weather. Of course I plastered up these places with mud as well as I could, but to little purpose. Our cave was made by building a turf wall against a slanting piece of rough rock. We managed to have a fire as there were lots of penguins, though we were not very good at keeping it alight till we got accustomed to it. The way we managed was this: At night before the fire was quite out, I put in a piece of dry turf, which kept a spark in, or got red-hot through, and lasted, if a good piece, till morning. I then put dry grass or shavings from the mattress and blew it till it caught, or helped it with gunpowder, then hung strips of fat skin over the flame, thereby making a good fire. The fire once lit I put on the stone pot and prepared breakfast. A list of our furniture and effects might be interesting: a very small mat-

tress of dirty shavings, a counterpane, a tablespoon (plated), a teaspoon (real), a fork, two bottles (great treasures), a small piece of tin made into a frying-pan, about six inches long and one in depth; a stone lamp, two stone frying-pans, in which we cooked all our meat; a fireplace, two or three umbrella-wires, which were used for pokers, or bars to rest the tin pan on. The most valuable articles in the cabin were my club and knife: the latter was simply invaluable—no money would have bought it; without it I could not have kept up an independent shanty, and upon it and my club depended every necessary of life. Another useful article was a needle made from the wire of an umbrella. The thread we used was unravelled worsted. I also had my revolver, and some precious rags I could make "touch" of, with the help of gunpowder. I had quantities of oil got from the fat of the penguins put in the large gut of the other sea-birds, also in what we called "pigs"—that is, the skin of a penguin without a cut in it, dried and made a bag of. They were also used for carrying water.

When we first went to our own shanty I generally went down to one of the other shanties for boiled meat and soup; but I afterwards gave this up, and depended entirely upon myself. This was the usual daily routine, from which the reader will be able to form some idea of the life we led: I got up about seven o'clock and took the ashes out of the fireplace, lit the fire, and swept out the house with a bird's wing. When the stone pot got heated, I put in the grease, and if we had eggs, we fried them in it, or cooked the meat in it. It generally took about a couple of hours to cook the breakfast, as we could do so little at a time: my mother looked after it sometimes. After breakfast I often went down to the gully and had a wash—with eggs when plentiful, often using a dozen of them; and when they could not be spared, I cut a penguin's throat over a piece of rag, scrubbing myself with the blood, and then washing it off with water: it was not such a good plan as the eggs, but was better than nothing. My wash over, I would get birds for our evening meal, either young penguins or nollyhawks, and then set to work skinning and cutting them up. After

that I generally killed and skinned about fifty old penguins, and stored up the skins for winter fuel. Thirty fat skins were about as much as a man in our reduced state could carry easily. I packed them in stacks about four feet high. The old-kept skins burnt well, though they smelt strongly, and were full of maggots; but we were very glad to have them. I had stored about 700 or 800, which would have lasted us some time, as we only burnt about five or six in our small fire during the day. I was always glad to get my skinning over, as I had got so sick of it; and dreadful-looking figures we must sometimes have been—our hands and clothes covered with blood, and our faces often spotted with it. The evening meal was generally cooked by my mother, of which I ate some, leaving a little for the morning, then got in water for the night, put the turf on the fire, and retired to bed, or rock rather. I generally slept well, except when I dreamt of skinning penguins. My mother also slept pretty well, considering the discomfort, &c. On Sunday I never did any skinning, but washed myself in the gully in the morning. We always had a supply of food ready for the Sunday. I then paid visits to some of the other shanties, and got all the news, such as a new yarn; and dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner. Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget for a time our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we woke we invariably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our existence on that miserable island. Many were the prophecies that were made about when we should get off. At first we anxiously paid attention to them; but when one or two turned out wrong, no one took much account of them.

A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion

and dark eyes, with a kerchief tied over the head under the chin. It smiled kindly to her and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island; but the curious thing is that Captain Gifford's young wife, a most gentle, kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying "good-bye" to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin.

Other two ships passed us, but they either did not see us, or took no notice. One of them nearly ran ashore herself, as the weather was thick; but it cleared in time for them to see the land, though it was a narrow escape. Whilst the penguins were laying we had plenty of eggs, not only for the time, but for long afterwards, as I "pitted" about a thousand of them for future use. Even my mother has eaten seven at a meal, fried, roasted, or raw, beaten up with a little fresh water, which made a most refreshing drink. The eggs did every one a great deal of good, and we all felt satisfied and had not the longing desire for other food. Those who had been haggard and miserable got quite plump and fresh—some of them ate about thirty at a meal; and we saw each other with clean faces, for we used the eggs as soap; whilst a most remarkable thing was, that every one had fair skins and light hair, dark faces and hair being quite changed—black hair turning brown or red, and fairer people quite flaxen. As for myself, my complexion was pink and white like a girl's, with white eyebrows, yellow hair and moustache. My mother did not change much, but she was a mere skeleton and very feeble. The old quartermaster, "Daddy" or "Nimrod" as he was called, died October 20th. The eggs came too late for him, poor old fellow! but he gave himself up from the first. He always said most of us would get off, but not himself, and that our greatest chance of getting off was after Christmas, which also came true. Of course, people would only come near these dreadful rocks of their own accord in fine weather, which we expected about Christmas time.

Christmas-day was very cold, though midsummer, with snow-squalls—in fact, at home you would have called it sea-

sonable weather. Poor little Watty died on Christmas-day at twelve o'clock noon, and was buried next morning. You could almost have blown him away, he was so thin and wasted. He was between three and four years old, I think, and looked like an old man of seventy. He would only take a drop of soup, and that from one of the quartermasters called Bill Vyning, an American. His shoulders were up to his ears, and his knees up to his chin, being drawn up that shape by the cold. He was buried near Henderson, and was happily the last of the unfortunate few whom it was our sad task to bury on that bleak, lonely island. Poor fellows! Though their graves lie far from all sounds of human toil, and only the dash of the waves or the sea-bird's cry is heard above their last resting-place; though no stone stands to bear the record of their virtues, and no affectionate hand marks the spot with the humble tribute of flowers—still they will not be forgotten. In some quiet hour their comrades' thoughts will turn to those lonely graves, far in the midst of the restless ocean, and surely their hearts will soften with some thought of pity or regret when they recall the existence there so miserably closed.

We were very much afraid of our engine-driver, John Nicoll, or "Steam," a nice cheery fellow, who was very delicate, and spitting blood in quantities. He was to have got the bottle of wine that was buried, but it was stolen—a great sin, for they knew it was for the sick. There was still a little rum left which did him good. (*N.B.* Get Henry White of London's "Redheart rum" if you want anything good in that line; it is medicinally better than brandy.) We were all getting very anxious to be off; another winter on the island would, I fear, have left very few to tell the tale, though we were storing skins to burn, and oil also, in case of such a dire necessity. There would have been little to eat. The young albatross were on the island when we landed in July; and just before we left, the old birds returned and built their nests and laid their eggs, so we presumed we had seen the round of the sea-birds. We never took any albatross-eggs, as we looked forward to depending on the young for food later on.

The seals we used to hear barking like dogs at a distant hamlet; it sounded so pleasant, for we could imagine ourselves near some village; indeed, our imaginations and dreams formed almost our only pleasures. We never could get near these seals, as they frequented places unapproachable to us. One day a huge beast, described as having a head like a bear and the body about ten feet long, was seen to attempt a landing, but, on second thoughts, it dived into the depths again. I suppose it was a sea-lion. I have seen several of what appeared to me large seals swimming about, but perhaps they were all sea-lions. We never knew what fish inhabited these waters, for it was impossible, on account of the quantities of seaweed and the constant swell of the sea dashing against the rocks, to keep anything that we could make for a line clear enough for fishing; and what made it worse was the height any likely place was from the water.

We used to see parts of fish in the big gut of the albatross when they had their young to feed. I remember once killing an albatross and, as was often the case just before dying, it vomited up the contents of its bag, and amongst the mess was an eel quite perfect, and having the appearance of being cooked. I took it up and ate it, and it tasted quite like stewed eel. I daresay that was the only fish eaten on the island.

A good look-out was kept, and all who could were engaged building a turf tower upon which we were to plant a small staff, but we were rescued before it was completed. All the eggs were done, and my mother was getting exceedingly weak, for she could not eat the bird-flesh without it making her very sick, and it was only now and then she could manage to take a little; she said herself she could not last another fortnight; but relief was close at hand. On the 21st January 1876, the happiest day we shall ever know on earth, the gallant little bark *Young Phoenix*, American whaler, Captain Gifford, took my mother and myself and several others off that night, and the rest the next day. There was not much wind, and the day was fine. I thought I would give myself a holiday from skinning, so I had just got a "pig" full of young penguin's legs, and had hung them on a string on the roof to dry

and smoke a little, and was backing out of the shanty, when, just visible, I saw a ship. I yelled out, *Sail ho!* and ran to see if the look-out had seen it from the flag-staff. They had seen her a short time before, and the flags and everything were up; fires were lit also on different parts of the hill so that they might see the smoke, and blankets were about in every position that looked eligible. Of course we were all very much excited, hope and fear alternately predominating. I had gone to the flag-staff, and was running back to tell my mother not to be too sanguine, as the ship had not as yet altered her course, when a cheer made me look out to sea. There—delightful sight!—she had seen us, and was steering close in to the island. Some of us cried with joy. I packed up all our valuables—my club, revolver, knife, fork, and two spoons—and prepared everything for embarking. When the ship came closer, she ran up the American ensign, and lowered two boats. They came to the wrong side of the island for embarking; so Walter Smith, the sail-maker, swam out to them, though with considerable risk, for there was a heavy surf, and directed them to the other side, where our old landing-place was. It was now getting late, and Captain Gifford only took my mother, Mr. Peters, "Sails," two invalids, and myself, off in the boat that night. When we got on board we got a warm bath, clean clothes, and tea; and every one was exceedingly kind to us. I don't know how my mother could have managed without Mrs. Gifford's kind assistance. She was comfortably cushioned up on a large sofa in the stern cabin; a nicely done up little place, with pictures, books, and harmonium. She was but a small vessel, and had a crew of 30 hands, so that there was little room to spare, and Mr. Peters and I slept on the floor. Captain Gifford was undecided whether he could take us all or not; however, he made up his mind to manage as well as he could, leave his fishing-grounds—which would be a great loss to him—and take us to the Mauritius or the Cape, unless he could tranship us to English ships. That night we stood off the land till morning. The day was lovely, and we steered for the island again, and took off the rest, Mr. Peters

writing a short account of the wreck, and the names of the drowned, on paper, which was enclosed in a bottle, sealed up, and buried at the top of one of the graves. Each grave, as well, had a wooden cross placed at the head of it.

Everybody, as they came on board, had a good wash in hot water, and clean clothes, boots, &c., all good new suits: we had every kindness shown us. We steered for the north; and on the 26th January a Liverpool ship, the Sierra Morena, hove in sight, which the captain signalled, and 24 of us, including Mr. Peters, went in her. She was bound for

Kurachee; and the same afternoon another Liverpool ship, The Childers, Captain M'Phee, took the remaining 20, including my mother and myself. She was bound to Rangoon, in Burmah. We were all very sorry to leave the whaler; and Mrs. Gifford was quite distressed at parting from my mother. Captain Gifford offered to keep my mother on board if she had the least objections to going to Rangoon. We were most kindly and courteously received by Captain M'Phee of The Childers, and my mother is now getting quite fat and strong.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A JAPANESE FAN.

BY MARGARET VELEY.

How time flies! Have we been talking
For an hour?
Have we been so long imprisoned
By the shower
In this old oak-panelled parlor?
Is it noon?
Don't you think the rain is over
Rather soon?

Since the heavy drops surprised us,
And we fled
Here for shelter, while it darkened
Overhead;
Since we leaned against the window,
Saw the flash
Of the lightning, heard the rolling
Thunder crash;
You have looked at all the treasures
Gathered here,
Out of other days, and countries
Far and near;
At those glasses, thin as bubbles,
Opal bright—
At the carved and slender chessmen,
Red and white—
At the long array of china
Cups and plates—
(Do you really understand them?
Names and dates?)
At the tapestry, where dingy
Shepherds stand,
Holding grim and faded damsels
By the hand—
All the while my thoughts were busy
With the fan
Lying here—bamboo and paper,
From Japan.

It is nothing—very common—
Be it so;
Do you wonder why I prize it—
Care to know?
Shall I teach you all the meaning,
The romance
Of the picture you are scorning
With a glance?

From Japan! I let my fancy
Swiftly fly;
Now if we set sail to-morrow,
You and I,
If the waves were liquid silver,
Fair the breeze,
If we reached that wondrous island
O'er the seas,
Should we find that every woman
Was so white,
And had slender upward eyebrows
Black as night?
Should we then perhaps discover
Why, out there,
People spread a mat to rest on
In mid-air?

Here's a lady, small of feature,
Narrow-eyed,
With her hair of ebon straightness
Queerly tied.
In her hand are trailing flowers
Rosy sweet,
And her silken robe is muffled
Round her feet.
She looks backward with a conscious
Kind of grace,

As she steps from off the carpet
 Into space;
 Though she plants her foot on nothing
 Does not fall,
 And in fact appears to heed it
 Not at all.
 See how calmly she confronts us
 Standing there—
 Will you say she is not lovely?
 Do you dare?
 / will not! I honor beauty
 Where I can,
 Here's a woman one might die for!
 ————In Japan.

Read the passion of her lover—
 All his soul
 Hotly poured in this fantastic
 Little scroll.
 See him swear his love, and vengeance,
 Read his fate—
 You don't understand the language?
 I'll translate.

"Long ago," he says, "when summer
 Filled the earth
 With its beauty, with the brightness
 Of its mirth;
 When the leafy boughs were woven
 Far above;
 In the noonday I beheld her—
 Her—my love!
 Oftentimes I met her, often
 Saw her pass,
 With her dusky raiment trailing
 On the grass.
 I would follow, would approach her,
 Dare to speak,
 Till at last the sudden color
 Flushed her cheek.

"Through the sultry heat we lingered
 In the shade;
 And the fan of pictured paper
 That she swayed,
 Seemed to mark the summer's pulses,
 Soft and slow,
 And to thrill me as it wavered
 To and fro.
 For I loved her, loved her, loved her,
 And its beat
 Set my passion to a music
 Strangely sweet.

"Sunset came, and after sunset,
 When the dusk
 Filled the quiet house with shadows;
 And the musk,

From the dim and dewy garden
 Where it grows,
 Mixed its perfume with the jasmine
 And the rose;
 When the western splendor faded,
 And the breeze
 Went its way, with good-night whispers
 Through the trees,
 Leaning out, we watched the dying
 Of the light,
 Till the bats came forth with sudden
 Ghostly flight.
 They were shadows, wheeling, flitting
 Round my joy,
 While she spoke, and while her slender
 Hands would toy
 With her fan, which, as she swayed it,
 Might have been
 Fairy wand, or fitting sceptre
 For a queen.
 When she smiled at me, half pausing
 In her play,
 All the dusk of gathering twilight
 Turned to day!

"Though to talk too much of heaven
 Is not well—
 Though agreeable people never
 Mention hell—
 Yet the woman who betrayed me
 —Whom I kissed—
 In that bygone summer taught me
 Both exist.
 I was ardent, she was always
 Wisely cool,
 So my lady played the traitor,
 I—the fool"—
 Oh, your pardon! But remember
 If you please,
 I'm translating—this is only
 Japanese.

"Japanese?" you say, and eye me
 Half in doubt;
 Let us have the lurking question
 Spoken out.
 /s all this about the lady
 Really said
 In that little square of writing
 Near her head?—
 I will answer, on my honor,
 As I can,
 Every syllable is written
 On the fan.
 Yes—and you could learn the language
 Very soon—
 Shall I teach you on some August
 Afternoon?

You are wearied. There is little
 Left to say;
 For the disappointed hero
 Goes his way,
 And such pain and rapture never
 More will know—
 But he smiles—all this was over
 Long ago.
 I am not a blighted being—
 Scarcely grieve—
 I can laugh, make love, do most things
 But believe!

Yet the old days come back strangely
 As I stand,
 With the fan she swayed so softly
 In my hand.
 I can almost see her, touch her,
 Hear her voice,

Till, afraid of my own madness,
 I rejoice
 That beyond my help or harming
 Is her fate—
 Past the reach of passion—is it
 Love—or hate?

This is tragic! Are you laughing?
 So am I!
 Let us go—the clouds have vanished
 From the sky.
 You'll forget this cursed folly?
 Time it ceased,
 For you do not understand me
 In the least.
 You have smiled and sighed politely,
 Quite at ease,
 —And my story might as well be
 Japanese!

Cornhill Magazine.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY.

PART IV.

WE got under way the day after Coimbra's arrival, and crossing the Lovoi on a fishing-weir bridge, we entered the country of Ussambi.

Ussambi is a sort of debatable ground (like the Scottish marshes of old) between Urua and Uûlnda. The people say that they are properly under the rule of Kasongo, but that they are forced to pay tribute to Mata Yafa also, as his territory is so close, especially on the north-west, that he can easily harry them in case of their opposing his claims. Besides the extortions they are subjected to by these two chiefs, they also suffer from the raids of Msiri (a Mnyamwësi), who has established himself at Katanga by force of arms, and now sends armed parties in all directions in search of slaves and other plunder. The slaves thus obtained, he sends to Unyanyembe and the West Coast, receiving in exchange cloth, guns, and powder. The guns and powder enable him to retain his position, and he is also greatly assisted by large armed caravans from Bihé, commanded by confidential slaves of Portuguese who use his territory as a safe basis from whence to start their numerous slaving expeditions.

These Portuguese are generally accompanied by a few of Msiri's own people, in order that these blackguards may be considered as acting under his orders, and thereby spreading the terror of his name far and wide; besides this advantage, he receives a large proportion of the slaves captured in these raids.

The people of Ussambi, growing wise by experience, are now congregating in large villages, well protected by wide and deep ditches and embankments, and are rapidly sub-dividing into a number of small and independent tribes only bound together by the necessity of defence against the common enemy "the slave trader." The country of Ussambi is one pleasant to the eye and well watered; woods, meadows, streams, and cultivated grounds succeeding each other in agreeable diversity.

Whilst passing through Ussambi I heard that Mata Yafa was only a few miles distant from my camp, being then on his way to Kasongo in order to seek his protection and assistance. In consequence of some unheard-of cruelties he had committed on women, an elder sister, whose rank was nearly equal to his own, had formed a conspiracy, saying, "I also am a woman," and driven

him out of the country. He only just managed to escape with his life, accompanied by a few followers who still remained faithful to him, and when I heard of him he was skulking along through the jungle, afraid to enter any village. What his reception by Kasongo may have been is a momentous question for the peace of Central Africa.

After Ussambi we came into Ulûnda, part of the dominions proper of Mata Yafa, whose own immediate relations and their followers are Warua. Mr. Cooley, in his learned works on Africa, says that Alunda, from Mulûnda, means "wilds," but seems to think that the Pombeiros who crossed from Cassanci to Tété in the early part of the century were mistaken in talking of Arundas (Walûnda, according to correct etymology) as a separate race. I believe that Ulûnda being, in fact, almost entirely covered with forests, and the people being very wild and savage, the country is called Ulûnda or "the wild country," and the people Walunda, or "the wild people."

The chiefs of all the important districts belong to the dominant race of the Warua.

The huts of the Walûnda are smaller than any other permanent habitations I have seen in Africa, and are as a rule scattered about the country in clusters of three or four, situated in the middle of small clearings, each of which just suffices to support the one family who inhabits it.

Whilst passing through Ulûnda we crossed many important affluents of the Lualaba or Congo, and in its western one of our camps was close to Lulua (well known to geographers), whilst the source of the Liambaiyé, or Zambézi, was only ten or twelve miles to the south of us. I was fortunately able to fix the exact position of this camp by a very extensive set of lunars, and it may in future be considered as a crucial position for other travellers to take their departure from.

After Ulûnda we first passed through a country at present considered as neutral ground, but which is rapidly being colonised by the people of Lovalé. Lovalé is a country of considerable extent; the eastern portions are very similar to Ulûnda, but as we proceeded westward

we came upon large plains, which, in the rainy season, are nearly covered with water, and are then well-nigh impassable.

It is from these inundations that the inhabitants derive the greater portion of their wealth. When the waters are out, innumerable fishes, principally siluri (or mud-fish), swarm forth from the rivers and spread themselves all over the country. The inhabitants take advantage of the slight inequalities of level to form small dams by which, when the floods subside, the fishes are confined, and are then easily captured by the natives, who dry them, and barter them with passing caravans and with their neighbors. So eager are the tribes on either side for these fish, that they refuse all other articles of barter from caravans who have passed through these piscatorial districts. I cannot admire their taste, and I fancy that if a Fishmongers' Company existed in Africa, not only a portion, but the whole amount brought for sale would be condemned. In order to gratify this peculiar taste of the people we were to meet on our road, we were obliged to lay in a large stock of this half-rotten fish, and the effluvia arising from it made our camp nearly pestilential.

The place where we halted to buy in our cargo was very near the point at which Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekeletu's to Loanda crossed mine. The chief we met there was the same I saw, and he remembered Livingstone well, owing to the fact of his riding an ox, but I was unable to fix the exact position of the meeting, as since then the chief has shifted the location of his village four or five times.

In Lovalé we had a good many very annoying, though not serious, troubles with the natives. They had innumerable fetishes, and every time any fetish was offended a fine was levied, and as a stranger had no means of finding out what was "fetish" and what was not, these fines were very numerous and vexatious. Certain trees might not be cut down to build a camp, against others no gun might be leant, some paths might not be traversed by a stranger, and so on *ad infinitum*. As nearly every man in Lovalé was armed with a gun, they considered themselves powerful enough to insist on all these bothering regula-

tions. The cowardly bullies from Bihé now showed themselves in their true light, very different from what they appeared to be in Urua. There, strong in the possession of firearms (of which the natives knew nothing), they robbed and maltreated every one; here they cringed and sneaked, and were often robbed in their turn.

After Lovalé we came to Kibokwé, where the country began to get more broken and hilly than any we had seen for a long time. We now began to ascend towards the western edge of the Basins of the Congo and the Zambézi. Here the fish which we had bought in Lovalé were in demand, but I soon exhausted all my stock, and if I had not been able to purchase a little cloth at a most exorbitant price from some people of Bihé, who were out collecting beeswax, we should have starved. The only product of Kibokwé which is exported is beeswax. From the honey the natives make a sort of mead, which was in taste very like the strong Scotch ales. At one village at which we halted the chief offered me some in a china pint mug, which, as I was very thirsty, I emptied at a pull. He held me in great admiration as this potent draught took no effect on my head, and followed me to our two next camps to give me drink before starting in the mornings. He brought a little pot with him, in which he warmed the mead, and as the mornings were then raw and cold this "Doch an dorroch" did not prove at all unacceptable. After Kibokwé we passed out of the basins of the Congo and the Zambézi (the affluents of which are so interlaced with each other that it was almost impossible to determine the actual watershed), and came into that of the Kwanza. After crossing the Kwanza (which here some distance above the falls was a fine navigable stream) we arrived at Komananté, in Bihé, where Kendélé (or Alviz) had his settlement. Although he said he was a civilised man, his establishment was little better than that of the natives, and the pigs shared the houses with him and his friends as freely as if they paid the "rint."

At Komananté I was delayed a week before I could procure a guide from Kendélé, to show me the road to the coast. Kendélé himself remained up in

Bihé, in order to dispose of some of his slaves for beeswax and ivory; the others he retained to sell at the coast.

When I left Komananté, I had first to go to the town of Kagnombé, the chief of Bihé, as my guide would have been afraid to return if it had been known he had guided a white man through Bihé without taking him to see Kagnombé. Kagnombé's town proved to be the largest I had ever seen in Africa, but Kagnombé (or, as he called himself, King Antonio Kagnombé) was a most despicable specimen of a negro. He said he had been to Loanda, but the only result of his travels seemed to be a grafting of the worst European vices on those already engrained in his nature.

The day I left Kagnombé's I arrived at the settlement of Senhor Guilhermé Gonçalves, where I was most kindly and hospitably received, and felt as if I were once more getting into civilisation. Senhor Gonçalves has been settled at Bihé for about thirty-three years, and all his establishment (for a place in the wild) was wonderfully well *monté*. He has planted orange trees, vines, roses, &c., which all grow to perfection. Great hedges of roses, thirty feet high, covered with blossom! Senhor Gonçalves was an old officer of the Portuguese navy, and a very gentlemanlike man, but had become so completely habituated to African life, that, after a short stay in Lisbon, he had felt obliged to return to Bihé, where he had arrived only a few days before I did. The day after, I came to Senhor João Baptista Ferreira's settlement, where I was also most kindly received; but I am sorry to say that he is a man calculated to do an immense deal of harm in Africa. He has travelled far (nearly up to Kasongo's country on one occasion), but being utterly uneducated, and almost solely dependent on the slave-trade for his profits, cannot fail to lower the prestige of the "white man" amongst the natives.

Close to the village of João Baptista is that of Silva Porto, famous for his journey with Syde ibn Habib half across Africa. His place is now in the charge of slaves, who make frequent trips to Katanga for copper, slaves, and ivory, whilst he himself lives in comfort at Benguella.

After one day's halt at João Baptista's, we started for Benguella, but after only

four days' marching, we were delayed by the illness of the wife of our chief native guide, and, after all, had to leave him with her, and to go on with one of his brothers. Besides the natives, I had also a black Portuguese called Manoel, from Dondo, supplied to me by Alviz, who formed a very favorable contrast to that individual, as he endeavored to assist me in every way in his power.

When we were on our road again, we came into the lovely and fertile country of Bailunda, the chief of which I visited in his village, situated on a rocky hill, standing by itself in the middle of a plain. To reach his hut, which was perched on the very summit, I had to pass through no fewer than seven stock-ades; besides this, the path was so steep in places, that we had a regular scramble to get up.

Two or three days after leaving him we got into a very mountainous country, and the rainy season being in full swing, the men began to break down: four or five of them had to be carried, and one poor fellow died. The day after his death, I found that, in bringing up the rear of the caravan, I was about nine hours doing what might easily be done in three under ordinary circumstances, owing to the number of men who were unable to march, and who kept on halting. On my arrival in camp, I therefore made up my mind to throw away everything I could possibly spare, and pressing on to the coast, now one hundred and twenty-six miles distant, with a few of the best men to send back assistance to the others. I accordingly threw away boat, remains of tent bed, everything but a blanket and a shirt of clothes.

The next morning I went on with Manoel and six other men, and after five days' stiff marching across a very rough and mountainous country, arrived at Katombéla, a suburb of Benguélla.

Here I was most warmly welcomed by Monsieur Charles Cauchoux, an ex-lieutenant of the French navy, who rendered me every assistance in his power. The day I got in, scurvy broke out with great violence on me, and by the evening I found I could neither speak nor swal-

low. Cauchoux started off with me in a hammock for Benguélla at two A.M., to place me at once under the care of Dr. Cavacho, in charge of the military hospital there, to whose kind and scientific treatment I in a great measure owe my life. The Portuguese Governor, Major Brito, was most kind, giving lodging and rations to my men, and from him and all the inhabitants of Benguélla I received every sort of hospitality.

After about a fortnight at Benguélla, I was given a passage for myself and followers to Loanda on board the Portuguese mail steamer *Bengo*. When we arrived at Loanda, I landed as quickly as possible, and got up to the consul's before he knew of my arrival. I was not a very prepossessing-looking individual at the time, but when, on his coming out, I said, "Come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland," he caught hold of me by both shoulders, and said, "Cameron, by God!"

Captain Hopkins (the consul) did everything he possibly could for me, and I shall never be able to repay all his kindness to me. The other English at Loanda, Messrs. Newton, Carnegie, and others, received and welcomed me most warmly, and the time I was obliged to stay there till I could get my men started for Zanzibar, passed away far more pleasantly than sojourns on the West Coast usually do.

My most cordial thanks are also due to the Governor-General, Admiral Andradé, and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Mello, of the Portuguese navy. The latter, having served in our own navy for some years, was quite an Englishman in his ideas, and always was considered as one of the English society at Loanda. As soon as my men were despatched, I started for England by the next homeward-bound English steamer, and, after a tedious and uneventful voyage of fifty-four days, arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd of April. I think I may now say good-bye to my readers, and hope that they will get through their "Journey across Africa" with less difficulty than I did.—*Good Words*.

AQUARIA: THEIR PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE.

BY WILLIAM ALFORD LLOYD,

MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE AQUARIUM.

EIGHTY-SIX years ago—in the year 1790—there might have been seen trudging along the streets of Edinburgh an "old blue-coated serving-man," carrying an earthenware pitcher or jar, of three or four gallons capacity. That pitcher contained sea-water for the marine aquarium of Sir John Graham Dalyell, Bart., who thus employed a man, or probably a succession of men, from the time he began aquarium-keeping till he finished at his death in 1851—a period of sixty-one years. The jar was sent to the sea to be filled twice or thrice weekly; but averaging it at five times a fortnight, and allowing four miles for each double journey from Great King Street to the sea and back, that amounted to 39,650 miles from the year 1790 to the year 1850, which was an enormous and perfectly needless expenditure of force, expressed in time and money, even although the results of Sir John's investigations were given to the world in five such important quarto volumes as his "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland," 1847-8; and his "Powers of the Creator displayed in the Creation," 1851-8.

Dalyell's mode of operation, as told to me by his sister Elizabeth, in two letters dated 1860, and printed in the "Zoologist" of Nov. 1873, vol. viii. Second Series, pp. 3757-8, was as follows:—He kept his living marine animals, consisting of the lower kinds below fishes, in a number of glass cylindrical jars, of various sizes and proportions, and with usually one animal in each. The water in these jars he changed every morning, "often twice a day, if he perceived the smallest fragment amongst it, wiping and washing the glasses very clean." He then threw away the water so used, and replenished it from the earthenware jar with the water got from the sea. At one time I should not have termed this aquarium-keeping at all, because of the change of water. (See "Crystal Palace Aquarium Handbook," 1875, p. 7.) But now, having got to think more broadly,

I recognise this, not as a change of water in the sense of its being lost, but merely as a change of position from a house in Edinburgh to the sea, and back again. That is to say, the water he dismissed from his jars went into a gutter in a street, or into a sewer below it, and found its way by gravitation into the ocean again. Or, if it were poured on the ground into which it soaked, it found its way back to the sea by an infinitely more circuitous route. But, had Dalyell been more of a general philosophical thinker as well as a naturalist, he would have saved himself this very great amount of cost and trouble. Had he but reflected on that which was then known, namely, that water—both sea-water and fresh water—is practically indestructible, and that any decaying organic matter, animal or vegetable, or both mixed, can be got rid of, and the water be left pure, then he would have saved his servants their weary walks of more than as far, in their aggregation, as twice round the world, nearly.

In the ocean of course various animals and plants are incessantly dying in large numbers, and their decomposing remains are prevented from permanently poisoning the water in which other animals live and breathe, by the incessant motion to which the sea is subjected, and this motion brings the water into purifying contact with the atmospheric air which everywhere exists. It is this air, or rather the oxygen in it, which the water takes up in greater quantity than the nitrogen, which is another and larger component of the atmosphere, which is the source of purification alluded to, the water being merely a medium or a vehicle for the exhibition of the oxygen. In addition to this, vegetation grows by the action of light, and decomposes the poisonous carbonic acid gas evolved by the breathing of animals, the carbon being used to form the woody substance of the plants, and the residual oxygen being liberated for the use and benefit of the animals.

Thus the ocean, and rivers, and lakes, and all other waters in nature, of varying degrees of freshness and saltness, by motion and vegetation, both originating from the sun, are maintained sufficiently pure and respirable.

These operations were going on almost at Dalyell's door, yet he did not learn to apply them to practice, as he might have done. What he did was this: He fed the animals in his jars on mussel flesh, which is easily diffusible in water, and which quickly makes it milky; and this, with the absence of growing vegetation, and the breathing and other emanations of the animals, soon caused the water to become offensive in appearance and in smell. So he threw it away. But the very act of pouring it, and the motion of it as it trickled onwards to the sea, purified it, because such an act was an unconscious imitation of what nature does. Had Sir John but thought of the merely vehicular character of water, and of its incapability of being decomposed save by a very slow and expensive process, he would at once have seen that the minutely disseminated mussel flesh and its juices in the water made that water unfit to support life, only temporarily. It was not the water itself that was not fit; it was only something in the water that was wrong, and if that something were removed the water would be left as good as ever. If, therefore, instead of sending it back into the sea by a long road, and then going to the immense pains to dip it back again, he had poured it into a large receptacle in his own house, such receptacle or reservoir being many times larger than the aggregate contents of all his glass jars, he would have found that in a short time he would have possessed a source of supply for the jars quite as good as the ocean provided. Had he, in addition, placed his reservoir in a cool cellar, and had a pipe connecting it with the study to which Miss Dalyell has incidentally alluded, with a funnel at the upper end of the pipe, in which was placed a piece of straining-cloth or a small hair-sieve, to arrest the coarser pieces of decaying organisms, and if he had poured the water he had used into this funnel, the arrangement would have been still better. Yet better would it have been had he possessed another pipe

leading upwards from the reservoir, through which he could pump up the sea-water as he wanted it. Best of all would have been some form of incessantly working machinery, by means of which the water would be always coming up day and night from this large and cool reservoir into the experimental glasses, for then they would have been constantly kept at an even temperature and in a state of constant aeration. This would have done away with the necessity of the everlasting wiping and washing of the glasses; and, they being thus left alone, and in a certain amount of daylight, vegetation would soon have appeared in them, stimulated by the action of that light, without having been visibly introduced, but present everywhere in the seeds or spores of plants, merely waiting to be developed. Such an arrangement, indeed, would have been precisely that of the best modern aquaria as now made, in which the water is so continually and abundantly aerated by ceaselessly moving machinery, that impurities have no time to accumulate, but are oxygenated and dissipated as quickly as they form. In the Brighton and Havre public aquaria, the old and intermittent system used by Dalyell has been reverted to, and of course with ill results, as the water freshly obtained from the sea is turbid when seen in large masses, and is unhealthy for the animals, only a small number of which therefore can be kept in great bulks of fluid, because it is insufficiently aerated. This will be the case also at the Scarborough aquarium, now being built on the same erroneous principle.

Dalyell, however, was no mechanician or physicist, and he knew nothing of marine botany; so he just did as his neighbors did with their fresh-water gold-fish globes—he changed the sea-water and threw it away as quickly as it became sullied, and this water he obtained at no great cost, he living close to the sea. Or if the cost of time in getting it was considerable in proportion to the work done, *i.e.*, the quantity obtained, it mattered not much to him, as he was a rich man. Yet, had he but known it, the sea-water he thus obtained was less good for the animals he kept than it should have been, inasmuch that it was from the adjoining Firth of Forth, and

of the density of but 1.024, at a temperature of 60° F.; whereas had he kept it for some months, it would have evaporated to the more proper density of 1.027 at 60° F., taking distilled water as being 1.000 at 60° F.

I have given this narration as showing the state of things aquariaally at the end of the last century, and during the first half of the present one, and also as being the mode of operation which the general public, and even the great mass of the higher and better educated classes of society, still believe to be the system necessary to be followed in the maintenance of aquaria.

In the year 1842 the late Dr. N. B. Ward published the first edition of his book, in 8vo, on the growth of plants in closely glazed cases, and this in 1854 was followed by the second edition, in 12mo. In 1853 Dr. N. B. Ward's son, the present Dr. Stephen H. Ward, gave a lecture on this subject at the Royal Institution, which was published as a 12mo. pamphlet in the same year. All three of these are now and have been long out of print, and they bear testimony, indubitably, that N. B. Ward experimented with aquaria about the year 1840, though he did not use the word "Aquaria," which was employed for the first time in print, as far as I know, twice by Mr. P. H. Gosse, in his "Devonshire Coast," post 8vo, 1853, at pages 234 and 441. That is to say, N. B. Ward is the earliest recorded person who *intentionally* arranged together certain animals and plants in water, so that these two sets of organisms should mutually and partly support each other, the plants giving off oxygen and taking up carbon, and the animals taking up oxygen and giving off carbon, thus decomposing and rendering harmless the carbonic acid gas as continually as it was evolved by the animals, and maintaining the water pure. In Dr. S. H. Ward's pamphlet, just named, is a long, circumstantial, and most interesting narrative of how Mrs. Anne Thynne did the same thing precisely with seawater and marine animals and plants. This lady being in London in the year 1846, and having some living corals and sponges, used to send occasionally to the coast for supplies of water for her creatures. But finding that if a quantity of this water were taken up in a jug and let

fall again from its spout in a slender stream, it lost whatever impurity it contained from contact with air in this much comminuted state, she ceased to get more from the sea, and instead got from thence some living seaweed and placed it in the water, which derived additional benefit from this vegetation, just as Dr. N. B. Ward found his fresh water had benefited by the plants he introduced. It is more than probable, however, that in both these instances the really beneficial vegetation was not that which was thus visibly introduced, but was the minute kind which grew parasitically on the plants and upon the inside of the vessels. Yet it must be admitted that this gentleman and this lady are the two first known persons who, keeping a chemical law in view, deliberately and purposely set about attaining means for its fulfilment in an aquarium.

In 1849 the late Mr. Robert Warington, chemist to the Company of Apothecaries, set up in his rooms, in the Hall of that Company, in London, his first aquarium, a fresh-water one, followed, in 1851-2, by his first marine aquarium. These he described in the periodicals of the day, and in a lecture which he also gave at the Royal Institution in an interesting manner, and naturally from a chemist's point of view. At about the same period Mr. P. H. Gosse commenced his earliest marine aquarium, as did Dr. J. S. Bowerbank, Dr. Cotton, and the late Dr. E. Lankester, and the successes attained by these experimenters induced the Zoological Society of London to determine to have a public aquarium in its gardens in Regent's Park. The building for this purpose was erected in the spring and summer of the year 1852. The marine and fresh-water animals were begun to be introduced in the late autumn; the following winter and spring were wisely spent in experimenting on the best modes of operating, and the exhibition was opened on May 21, 1853. After having been noticed in print by the "Athenæum" of some months earlier, it was again commented upon by that journal of May 28, and by the "Illustrated London News," of the same day and year, the latter publication giving views of two tanks. One of the earliest services which this institution conferred on biological literature may be seen in portions of the Nat-

ural History division of the "English Cyclopædia" (an adaptation of the earlier "Penny Cyclopædia"), as the former publication appeared fortnightly, commencing in the spring of 1853; and as it was edited by Dr. E. Lankester, who always took much interest in aquaria, he mentions in the book from time to time that such and such animals named had been kept in this Regent's Park aquarium, to which he gave the needlessly long name of "Aquavivarium." This place was my own much loved and earliest place of Natural History studies, and in August 1853, I, too, arranged a little domestic aquarium of my own—a fresh-water one. Later, in the same year, I set up a small marine one, or rather a series of little aquaria in glass jars, holding from half-a-pint to a pint each. Seldom has a student begun with such very small means as I then possessed, for my sea-water was compounded of salts purchased at a London chemist's shop, and my animals were such little sea-anemones as I could find uninjured on oyster shells thrown into London streets. I was in earnest, however, and the difficulties I was so closely beset with, and they alone, enabled me to gain subsequent success. In the earlier books on aquaria—notably in Mr. Gosse's two volumes, his "Devonshire Coast," and his "Aquarium" (the latter having gone through two editions, 1853 and 1856, besides a recent reprint without the plates, which have been accidentally destroyed)—aquaria are associated in idea with conservatories, especially as to the growth* of plants in each. This notion was very natural. Accordingly the Regent's Park aquarium was made virtually as a conservatory. But it was a diametrically wrong notion, as the first summer proved; and the second summer (1854) showed this still more conclusively; and the third (1855) yet more so, the evil being an accumulating one. It was then remembered, when too late, that marine and fresh-water plants and animals live in seas and rivers, where the temperature is much more restricted in range than that which obtains in the atmosphere.

It was seen that success was to be attained by representing these conditions of nature just named, and that to place such organisms in a glass house, where the rays of a summer's sun heated a

mass of imprisoned air, was to kill the animals and to stimulate the plants to unnatural growth, or rather to cause them and some of the animals to be covered with a parasitic growth of the lower green algæ which obscured them. The errors of this earliest aquarium were strikingly shown by its solitary merit, the latter being its fresh-water division, occupying one side of the building, where the water coursed through the tanks in a constant stream, it being clear and cool, and peopled with an adequate number of healthy animals; while on the other side of the building, and in its centre, were the marine tanks, in which the water was, and still is, turbid and warm, and sparsely inhabited by not healthy creatures.

These good results were, however, obtained by accident and not design. The society possessed already a steam-engine, which pumped up water for the general use of its gardens, and it was a mere matter of course to connect the aquarium with this engine, and allow the water (which *chanced* to be drawn from a pure source) to run through the fish tanks, and then be applied to ordinary purposes, drinking or other, for which its passage through the tanks in no way unfitted it. I reasoned with the society that if the sea-water tanks were similarly treated on some such system as the fresh-water series, a correspondingly good result would be attained; and I pointed out that the same law governed both, because in the centre of the building were some isolated fresh-water tanks having no stream in them, and these were in a similarly ill condition as the marine tanks by their side. In reply, the society answered that a circulatory system did exist in a part of the sea-water series, but that it was almost useless; and I then pointed out that that was because the reservoir into which the sea-water entered after it had run through the show-tanks was too small in relation to the dimensions of the latter, and that the reservoir should be several times greater than the show-tanks. My reasoning was all in vain, however, for the society went on throwing away the sea-water when it was only *temporarily* unfitted for use, and getting at a cost of several hundreds of pounds yearly a weekly supply from the sea, especially when soon afterwards another evil made

its appearance, consisting of a greenish-brown dense opacity permeating the water, and quite hiding from view all it contained. This was caused by excess of light, for I found that darkness removed it and made the water clear again; and this led to Mr. E. Edwards's invention of the dark-chambered tank, a modification of which is now, or should be, employed in all public aquaria where adequate results are aimed at and attained. So, at this early period, 1853-62, though in theory the Zoological Society of London, and everyone else who maintained aquaria, used the same unchanged water especially sea-water, yet most persons sent to the sea, or to dealers, of which I was then one, for occasional new supplies. However, from 1853 to 1855, when I could not possibly get new seawater for my little jars, I merely increased the quantity of water to about eight or ten times as much as those jars collectively held. Thus the aggregate contents of my jars were about six or eight pints; and in a now historical earthenware foot-pan, kept dark in a cool corner at hand, I had five or six gallons more water, containing neither animals nor plants, and when aught occurred to disturb the equilibrium of life in these jars, either from excess of light or heat by standing on a light window-sill, or from excess of food, or from there being too many animals in a small space, instead of throwing away the water thus temporarily rendered unfit to sustain life, I merely restored it to a right condition by pouring the contents of these jars into the foot-pan, which was so large in relation to the dimensions of the jars, that I could immediately dip them up full from it (the foot-pan) without the water being perceptibly the worse for it, especially when I so contrived matters that these transfers were made, not in one day, but on successive days. Thus, in London, far from the sea, which I had never seen, I was, so far, aquarially speaking, as well off as the wealthy Sir John Graham Dalryell, with the ocean almost at his door. Later on, in 1857-8, I set up another marine aquarium, in which the show-tank held 20 gallons, and the reservoir 500 gallons, of water, in which that water, instead of being intermittently circulating, as in my jar and foot-pan ar-

rangement, circulated constantly, day and night, by means of a pump and pipes, in a cool underground London cellar or kitchen, with a uniform temperature of about 60° F. This answered excellently, especially when I increased the water in the reservoir to 1,000 gallons.

In 1860 I arranged in the Paris Acclimation Gardens an aquarium which had been incipiently planned, or rather contemplated, by Mr. D. W. Mitchell, who had died some months before then, and I made the circulation a constant one, and gave as large an underground reservoir as funds would allow, but which was insufficient. In 1862 I went to Hamburg, where, with the aid of the late Mr. A. Lienau, an engineer of great knowledge, who saw the advantage of a large reservoir, I made the aquarium in the Zoological Gardens there, which was opened in 1864; and it was under my management so successful that it called other continental aquaria into existence, but not with so great a success, because of neglect in having the machinery so good, and the reservoirs so large, as they should be. But commercial companies, anxious for money success, and for that only, frequently fail from inattention to proper construction, and especially to hidden constructions which the public never see. In 1870 I returned to England, and, with Mr. C. H. Driver, arranged the Crystal Palace aquarium, with further improvements in machinery, and a still relatively greater reservoir. This, too, has been and is so very successful that I have been called upon to supervise the construction of several other public aquaria in Britain and abroad; and to perpetuate my modes of operation, both in construction and management, I now take pupils, who, when called upon, are ready to undertake the curatorship of aquaria in a scientific manner.

On March 1 last, Mr. W. S. Kent delivered a lecture in the rooms of the Society of Arts, the chief aim of which was to show that not large but (relatively to show-tanks) small reservoirs are necessary, or even no reservoirs at all. This is printed in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" of March 3 last, and my unanswerable reply to it may be seen in the same journal of March 24 last. If it be

urged that small reservoirs may be made to do as makeshifts, because money and space for them cannot be afforded, there is some kind of reason in *that*. But if it be averred to the contrary *as a principle*, then that indicates a singular amount of no knowledge which, if possible, is something more than wonderful. My arguments are founded on the clear and simple obviousness of the fact that a given quantity of dead organic matter diffused through a large quantity of water sullies it less than if it were small, and on the necessity of maintaining an evenly moderate temperature for the reasons already given, avoiding the high and low ranges of the atmosphere; and I show that the easiest manner of attaining this is by having a large reservoir sunk in the earth at a distance giving a known temperature. Thus, referring to the sunk thermometers at the Greenwich Observatory, with a thermometer having its bulb on a level with the scales of the sunk instruments, the lowest (January) mean monthly reading in a named year was 36.4° F., with a mean daily range of 6.9° F.; and under the same circumstances the highest (July) mean monthly

reading was 66.9° F., with a mean daily range of 19.9° F. But from the showing of other thermometers whose bulbs are sunk in the ground to the respective depths of one inch, three feet, twelve feet, and twenty-five feet, the temperatures become strikingly even for the whole year through—so much so, that at twenty-five feet deep the mean monthly reading of January was 52° F., with a mean daily range of only 0.025° F.; and the mean monthly reading of July was 49.0° F., with a mean daily range of but 0.06° F., the highest mean daily range at that depth in any month of the year being 0.07° F. in August.

Supposing that in any part of an English year the temperature of B would be 60° F., and that in summer A would rise to 75° F., that would be much too warm for an aquarium containing British animals. Or it might in winter sink to 30° F. or less, that would be much too cold. But on a sufficient circulation being established between A and B, then their mean temperatures would be expressed by the seven following formulas, varying according to the size of B:—

Formula No. 1.	A 2....B 1 ...	Mean result	70° F.
" " 2.	A 1....B 1	" "	67.5° F.
" " 3.	A 1....B 2	" "	65° F.
" " 4.	A 1....B 3	" "	63.7° F.
" " 5.	A 1....B 4	" "	63° F.
" " 6.	A 1....B 5	" "	62.5° F.
" " 7.	A 1....B 20....	" "	60.7° F.*

Indeed if B were one hundred times as large as A, and were kept at 50° F., then A might be in an atmosphere at 212° F. (the heat of boiling water), and yet its water would be only 52.12° F., and the most delicate English animals would live in it. At Nottingham is an aquarium where the show-tank and reservoir spaces have had to be made as 13 is to 1. From Bünsen's tables in his

"Gasometry," page 288, may be ascertained the amount of atmospheric air which water in open vessels will absorb at given temperatures, the barometer being at 39° ; and I here reproduce his figures, having converted his Centigrade scale into Fahrenheit and Réaumur scale for the benefit of English, German, and Spanish readers.

Bulk of water = 1.

* The water in the Crystal Palace aquarium has a very small range of from 52° F. in very cold, to 61° F. in very hot, weather. In April last (1876) we had, at Sydenham, blue skies, a bright sun, and an oppressive warmth, with 74° F. in the shade, on the 8th of the month. On the 12th, four days after, we had a leaden firmament, and clouds of blinding snow and sleet driven by a bitter north-east wind, with the thermometer at 29° F., giving so great a range as 45° F. within a week. Yet the water in the aquarium had a range of only 1° F. — 54° F. to 53° F.

C.	Temperature.		Air absorbed.
	R.	F.	
10	8	50	0.0195
11	8.8	51.8	0.0192
12	9.6	53.6	0.0188
13	10.4	55.4	0.0185
14	11.2	57.2	0.0182
15	12	59	0.0180
16	12.8	60.8	0.0177
17	13.6	62.6	0.0175
18	14.4	64.4	0.0173
19	15.2	66.8	0.0172
20	16	68	0.0170

And therefore as the more air there is in the water the better it is, hence the value of large and therefore cool reservoirs. Independently of all this, however, the larger the bulk of water, and the more constant and vigorous the circulation and aeration, the less it will be sullied by the animals which live in it. In the Crystal Palace Aquarium we have in the show-tanks 20,000 gallons of sea-water,

and in the reservoir 100,000 gallons, total 120,000 gallons, supplied by Mr. W. Hudson in 1870. Yet in this comparatively small quantity of unchanged fluid we have, from Sept. 1871 to March 31, 1876 (four and a half years), given to the animals in it the following enormous quantity of food without the water being otherwise than always sparklingly clear:—

1. Sandhoppers (<i>Talitrus</i>), in pounds weight.....	12
2. Shrimps (<i>Crangon</i>), in quarts.....	4735
3. Crabs (<i>Carcinus</i>) } in gallons.....	137
" (<i>Cancer</i>), large } " numbers.....	1450
4. Scallops (<i>Pecten</i>) large, in numbers.....	32
5. Oysters (<i>Ostrea</i>) " " ".....	2195
6. Cockles (<i>Cardium</i>), in gallons.....	18
7. Mussels (<i>Mytilus</i>) " " ".....	3544
8. Whelks (<i>Buccinum</i>) } in gallons.....	7
" " " " } " numbers.....	100
9. Fish, chiefly Whiting (<i>Gadus</i>), in pounds weight.....	3159
10. Smelts' roe (<i>Osmerus</i>) " " ".....	14
11. Green seaweed (<i>Ulva</i>), purchased ".....	400
12. " " (<i>Conserva</i>), grown in tanks, quantity unknown.	

And, in addition, we obtain occasional and unrecorded supplies from neighboring fishmongers when the regular supply runs short. Of this animal food, all but the denominations 9 and 10 are kept alive in a series of reserve tanks till the moment of being eaten. Scarcely any uneaten food, and never any excrement, is manually removed; but all which is not consumed by the animals is chemically dissipated, without filtering, by the enormous volumes of air constantly being injected into every tank by Leete Edwards and Norman's machinery, the speed of which is accelerated (*i.e.* the oxygenation is quickened) when the water is slightly turbid from an excess of organic matter. All this I have explained more at length in the "Official Handbook to the Crystal Palace Aquarium," and in "Observations on Public Aquaria," both published at the Crystal Palace. It is this power of oxygenating, or consuming, or burning, at a low temperature, termed by Baron Liebig "cremation,"* which expresses the real work done in an aquarium, and the force necessary to do that work. Even our thick beds of sand and shingle at the bottoms of each tank are so fully charged with air, that one thrust of a stick will release

a pint of it in bubbles. This is a source of purification and health quite unknown till recently. Consequently the floors of our tanks (excepting the sea anemone tanks) are as speckless and as free from the blackness caused by sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen gas, as on the day they were laid down in 1870. If we have an excessive growth of sea-weeds anywhere, we turn in a shoal of grey mullet (*Mugil capito*), who nibble it down close, like sheep in a field of grass. This leads me to say that at present we do not know how to grow the higher marine algae, the red, the brown, or even the green kinds, at will. Sometimes I succeed, but always by chance, not knowing why.

Of the general influence of aquaria on Zoology we have curious evidence in Mr. Gosse's most excellent "Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles," published in two volumes, in 1855-1856, in which the author enumerates 1,785 species, from sponges to fishes, and of which he figures 779 genera, always preferring to draw from living animals whenever possible. Now, as at that period a larger number of aquarium animals had passed through his hands than through those of any other person, he may be presumed to have, up to then, seen more of them alive than anyone else. Yet he enumerates only 201 as having been drawn from life, as he avowedly prefer-

* From the Greek "to remove by burning, or by fire." The words "caustic" and "cautery" have the same derivation.

red doing, and of these but a dozen were fishes, others being, for the most part, small creatures, or those which are easily maintained, and do not need large tanks and elaborate machinery. But, during the twenty years which have elapsed since 1856, I have seen and handled, and had under my care, in England, France, and Germany, about 433 species of British marine animals, of which 112 were fishes. There is for aquaria a

great and important future, both as regards their influence on science, and as pecuniary speculations, if indeed, as I much doubt, there can be any real severing of these two interests. Success, however, must always be the result of a careful study and representation of what nature does, and of a strict avoidance of the recent heresies to which I have in this communication adverted.—*Popular Science Review*.

MORALITY ON A SPANISH WHARF.

AMONG the happiest and most interesting hours I have spent in Spain have been those spent with the Spanish boatmen of Cadiz harbor.

These men form a class of their own; their families intermarry chiefly among themselves; they talk a *patois*, or *dialecto*, of their own; they are bound together by strict rules of honor; they are, for the most part, simple fatalists; they are exceedingly brave; they are full of wit, and their every word abounds with dry humor; and, like most seafaring men, they are very tender-hearted; as a rule, too, their lives, although uninfluenced by the religion of their country, are simple and moral.

What makes one's intercourse with these men so interesting and even instructive is, that most of them have travelled greatly and seen other lands, through shipping as ordinary or A.B. seamen on foreign vessels that leave the harbor short of hands. They have all formed their opinions on the character and customs of the peoples they have visited, these opinions being, in many cases, most original.

Let me first of all attempt to give some idea of the appearance of Cadiz harbor, and the life and employments of those who live by ploughing its waters, for those of my readers who know nothing of—

“Fair Cadiz, rising o’er the dark blue sea,”

as *Childe Harold* has it.

There is no place in the world more cheerful than Cadiz, from the brightness of its blue sea, its sky never flecked by a cloudlet passing, the snowy whiteness of

its houses, the beauty of its squares with all their wealth of tropical trees and flowers. True, Madrid or Sevilla has more *divertissements* of theatre and the like, but the climate of the first is simply abominable, and the heat of the second in summer and its cold in winter simply unbearable. Neither Madrid nor Sevilla can be called truly healthy. But at Cadiz one breathes health at every step; even to an invalid, spirits and appetite never flag at Cadiz; colds and coughs are unheard of; one lives in a perpetual *primavera*, or spring. When the stranger in Cadiz tires of its tropical squares, of its beautiful *paseos*, or sea-walks, of which *Las Delicias* bears off the palm, commanding as it does a wide view of the blue ocean, he need only saunter down the Calle San Francisco, pass through the *Puerta del Mar*, or Sea-gate, on to the wharves, and fish and fruit markets, and he will find himself in a new world.

It is midday, we will say, and a slight *levante*, or east wind, blowing; the sea is bluer than the sky; in front of him, stretching from the edge of the wharf to about half a mile out into the harbor, lie at anchor about four hundred boats, all heaving up and down in the bright sunlight, and all painted of the gayest colors, red, white, yellow, blue, striped; these are the passenger or smallest boats, each of which carries two men as crew, and has a small lateen sail; they are used to take passengers off to the larger vessels lying farther out to sea. When a stiff *levante* is blowing, the noise and motion of this little painted flotilla form a most varied and pleasing spectacle. These little craft are called “*botes*,” and

it is marvellous what an amount of sea they will stand.

The other classes of boats and ships are mostly for trading purposes. The trade of Cadiz is of three kinds.

First, the large French, English, and Portuguese packets which bring passengers and cargo, and depart with full cargoes of lead from the Surra, oranges from the Campo, and wine from the vineyards of Jerez and Port St. Mary.

Then there are the sailing vessels from America and Russia, which come in ballast to load with salt from the salt-fields of San Fernando; this salt is the finest in the known world for salting fish in Norway, Russia, Newfoundland; the salt is nearly always stowed in bulk, and forms a heavy and very dangerous shifting load.

Then, as regards larger vessels of the steamer class, there are ever coming and going the Havana packets, carrying mails, passengers, and cargo to the Havana. It is a picturesque sight sometimes, in crossing the harbor in the grey of early dawn, to see two or three *salucas*, crowded with Cuban volunteers, in their light-blue checked shirts, shouting and hurraing most vociferously; standing out in harbor for the Havana packet. These volunteers are great rascals; they receive as bounty fifty dollars; spend it in debauchery in Cadiz; get invalidated or desert, and come back; and in a few months change their name, get another bounty, and go off to the Havana again!

Next in order to these larger vessels come the *Laoul*, the *Místico*, and *Místico de Galleta*. These are large, heavy craft, built to stand any amount of sea, and two-masted; they are employed in the coasting trade, bringing potatoes from Valencia, wine from Malaga, oranges from Seville, timber from the north of Spain. They vary in tonnage from forty to eighty tons. The *Laoul* has one mast amidships and one in the stern, and carries enormous lateen sails. The *Místico* has two masts amidships, carrying two lateen sails, and a jib.

These boats carry as crew from five to nine men and the *patron*, or captain; the owner has always one-half of the profits of the voyage; and, of the other half, the *patron* has two-thirds, the rest being divided among the sailors.

The trade of Cadiz is fast going down;

the poor boatmen can scarcely pick up a livelihood; nearly all the large trading craft now go up the river to Sevilla.

But still, there they are, these bronzed, clever, reckless sons of the harbor, always suffering from hunger and want of clothing, yet ever contented and warm-hearted.

There is plenty of wit on a Cadiz wharf, plenty of deep pathos, plenty of fatalism, plenty of a strange kind of semi-Christian morality exemplified in the sayings and doings of these men.

Here is the boatman's favorite proverb, one for ever on his lips:

"Well, but do you not consider me your friend?"

"*Carajo*" (i.e. d—n it), "*no: no hay mas amigo que Dios, y un duro en la bolsi-la.*" (There is no friend but God, and a dollar in pocket!)

He has a supreme, nay, the supremest contempt for the rich and the outwardly religious. For himself he wears a charm, blessed by some priest, round his neck; but there all outward religion ends for him.

"Talk about rich men; *caramba*, man; why, they go to church, yes, to please their wives when they are young; but one half of them have very poor relations wanting for a little help, and they won't give it them, and then dare to say their prayers! *Carajo, los ricos, Jesu, que son animales!*" (Curse the rich, what brutes they are!)

These two last sayings are, surely, replete with truth; indeed, is not the last the very echo of the Scriptural definition of "pure religion and undefiled"?

No one must blame the boatman for his constantly having on his lips the word "*Jesu*" (Jesus); it is no more than for an Englishman to say "Good Lord," or "Lord bless me." Strangely enough, no Andalusian man or woman of the lower class will sneeze or hear another sneeze without saying "*Jesu*," and why, they know not; but to omit it, they say, is unlucky. I have fairly laughed outright, having sneezed in company with eight or nine peasants, to hear as many "*Jesus*" uttered, in a tone of absolute alarm.

If you are out in a rough sea with the Cadiz boatman, he has only two phrases to reassure you: *No hace daño and No tenga usted cuidado*—that is, There is no

dangcr, and Do not trouble yourself. If he says this you may feel safe; but if he says "*Una cosa muy fea*" (an ugly look), then be sure there is mischief brewing; when the *Poniente*, or west wind, suddenly rises, it tumbles a fearful sea into the bay; while the east wind, meeting the tide, also raises a nasty, though less dangerous, sea.

The boatman's greeting to a stranger, or on entering a shop or stall to buy or sell, is always "*Alavado se' Dios*" (Praised be God!), to which the correct answer is, "*Por siempre*" (For ever!) A more formal answer is, "*Por siempre alavado y bendito.*"

His speech is interlarded, as is that of every Andalusian, with oaths (which, however, have long since lost all significance and potency) and religious phrases.

He says, *Caramba*, *Carajo*, *Maldito ser*, as oaths; and with them intermingles the words *Bendito Dios* (Blessed be God); *Dios mio, mi alma* (My God, my soul); *Santa Bárbara* (a great patroness among the seamen); *Jesu, Jesu*; and *Santo Cristo*.

The boatman's fare is very simple: at four of morning light he takes his cup of coffee, and *aguardiente*, or, as that spirit is called on Cadiz wharf, *caramanchel*, with a biscuit; at eleven he breakfasts on bread and fruit; at six he sits down in his little painted house outside the Land-gate, with his wife and family, to his savory stew and the little ration of bacon, washed down with red wine, either Catalan or Val de Pefias.

I constantly take my meals with one of the Cadiz boatmen and his sweet wife. This was how my habit began. I said to him once, "My house is always at your disposition," this being the proper form of invitation to a friend, and his naive, touching answer was, "And ray poverty at yours." I need hardly say that after that I have felt happily and easily at home with this simple fellow and his lady, and have been proud to give and receive hospitality.

One of my friends had, I gathered from his conversation, had his wings a little singed, if not absolutely burnt, in the flame of some captivating English beauty—doubtless some buxom taverness in one of the seaports where his vessel touched. This was the conclusion

to which the affair had brought him: "After all, commend me to the Spanish girl. Anyhow, she may not have so much education as an English girl, but she is a more thorough woman; she won't do, as your cold-blooded, calculating Englishwoman will, first win your heart, then weigh your pocket, find it not quite heavy enough, and then alter her mind, or say she has altered it."

"And," added he, "one doesn't want education, but affection and passion, in one's partner. Now, my wife has no education at all but what Nature gave her; the women are naturally sharper, and have more perception than we men. I lend a man a dollar, because he says he will repay it in a week; my wife looks into his face, and says to me, 'You fool, you'll never get it at all.'"

This good man's wife made him take his two boats in her own name; so, when once his boat was seized for having contraband tobacco on board, she went to the Customs, and said, "You cannot seize it, it is my boat; I never gave it for smuggling purposes;" and she recovered her boat!

Wonderfully original and smart is the morality of some of these men, if somewhat mistaken.

I have heard one of them say of the battles with the knife, as compared with an English fight with fists, that the former is more fair, as it equalizes the chances of success; for a small, weak man, with the knife, has the same chance of success with a huge bully.

Also, as regards the unhappy calling of prostitutes, they will say—and I have heard the same sentiment among the English poor—"Well, they do their own good in society. Were it not for them, no honest woman could walk the streets." Without being blind to the faithless character of this last statement, I give it as an instance of original thought and speculation on current affairs.

Once, when in company with my favorite boatman, a well-known woman of bad character passed us in her carriage; he remarked, "Well, she'll tire of lace and jewels at last, and sicken of it all, and then the last thing will be, she'll want to see her poor old mother, who is but a peasant." This was like the famous story of the great Parisian courtesan,

Marie du Plessis, who, dying of vile luxury and *ennui*, when asked what she would like, said only, "To see my mother," a plain, homely Breton peasant.

Yet so, in this world, it usually is; when the riches unjustly acquired, or the position long-coveted and gained at last, are a man's own, Providence denies him the power to enjoy them, and the rich man, from his table of luxury, looks out and truly begrudges the poor man's appetite and enjoyment of his crust of bread and cheese.

But these boatmen, these rude sons of the sea, have very fine feelings. I said once to my favorite, "I wanted to repay a gentleman I had borrowed money of to-day, and my cheque has not come; I fear he will be disappointed."

"Not a bit—pooh!" was the answer. "He knows you, and he can afford to wait. I don't feel for him a bit, but I am sorry for you."

Could any high feeling or perception give utterance to a sentiment more delicate or exceptional?

Here is another saying, illustrative of depth of feeling. We were talking of a poor girl who had been seduced. Said my friend, "I can forgive anything for love, and so, I suppose, can the Almighty."

Here is another instance. "The good fare worse than the bad in Spain; but it's best to be good: you are happier."

Here is yet another. I gave one of these men, who had managed our boat capitally in a rough bit of a sea, some silver, saying, "I wish it were gold." "No matter; I receive it as such," was the noble answer.

Some fine acrimony of feeling is manifested in the following, a sentiment often to be heard in the mouths of these men, "*Dios dice que todos son hermanos; el mundo dice, al contrario, que todos que tienen dinero son hermanos.*" (God says, all men are brothers; the world says, all rich men are brothers.)

On the punishment of death and the tardy administration of Spanish justice, here is a boatman's sentiment: "Let God kill a man; I don't want to kill him. But if I do, let me do it at once. If you lead a man out to execution a year after the commission of his crime, all my sympathy goes with him; I have

forgotten the murdered man, and the prisoner stands in his place now."

Many of their phrases relating to sickness are touching enough. Thus, they will say of a sick and aged member of a family who keeps lingering on, that he is "*Tirando, tirando, tirando,*" or dragging on, an expression denoting extreme weariness alike to the sufferer and his friends; and should one, who can never hope to be strong again, so far recover as to be called better (*mejor*), they will say, "*Mejor, sí; pero una mejoría muy triste:*" i.e., "Better, yes; but a betterness very sad." "All men are sons of God, and we ought to help one another; but the world does not think so."

No duke and duchess in Spain or England could give so royal or refined a welcome as my favorite boatman and his wife used to give to me.

Their little four-roomed ground-floor house lay about a mile and a half from the wealth and glitter of Cadiz; it was outside the Land-gate, in the Quarter of Poor; and a real pleasure it was to leave the hurry-scurry of business and the mock compliments of wealth and fashion, and saunter down, amid the beautiful market gardens that lie outside the Land-gate, with the blue sea shining and shimmering on either side, to join this good, contented, warm-hearted Christian trio (for they had one son living with them) at their simple seven o'clock dinner. The little brown earthenware stewpan, full of garbanzos, ham-fat, French beans, potatoes, all mixed up with red pimento powder and some saffron, and of a rich red color, was always simmering on the little ornelias; the smaller jar, containing little square lumps of fat bacon (the tit-bits of the repast), stood at its side; on the tiny deal table was a cloth, white as snow, if somewhat coarse, and a bottle of red wine.

First of all, the good, kind mistress would fill our soup-plates and her own with the savory stew, with no niggard hand; then, those finished, the husband would administer the little squares of bacon to each, always, however, reserving much the least for his own well-polished plate. The tiny garden, into which our room opened, was full of aromatic herbs, *alrassa*, *sabia*, and the like; and the sweet fresh sea air, as the evening

grew cool, came in laden with their fragrance mixed with its own.

Dinner once over, the mistress—she had been a *cigarrera*, or maker of cigars, at some factory—would twist deftly for our delectation a bundle of paper cigarettes, and enjoy a whiff or two herself, yet no lady at her rich board ever looked so graceful as that simple, homely Spanish woman, with her cigarette between her lips, and her arms upon the snowy cloth.

And as to her husband and son, they were quite perfect—perfect in manners, and in heart and mind; two dearer or better friends it has never been my lot to meet. Now and then, as the shades of evening fell, we used to vary the cigarette with a look at some cheap paper, for my friend could read and write well, for a wonder; and one evening, one simple ditty, of the authorship of which I know nothing, gave great pleasure to all, as the good master read it aloud in his sonorous Spanish utterance.

It is called 'My Lot: the Beggarman,' and the following is an exact translation. One can easily imagine its commending itself to the taste of those who had themselves known the exceeding bitterness and smart of poverty:

i.

"Alas, on the beggar this kind world looks coldly,
Mocking him with good wishes, while begging his bread;
False piety's pity, fierce towns shot down boldly,
Are the blessings that fall on the beggarman's head.

ii.

"His name in the records of glory ne'er liveth;
Against his wan hand wealth and power shut their door;
His fellows no love; his long night no rest giveth,
For e'en woman's embrace is denied to the poor."

iii.

"To beach or to bower see Dives is flying,
When the sun of the summer first scorches the plain;
For drink and for victuals is Lazarus dying,
His heart for them yearning—and yearning in vain!"

iv.

"So squalid, so hopeless, so houseless, so lonely,
'Tis meet from his eyes that the tears be down-rolled;
But what avail tears? They compassion win only
When gracefully dropped in a goblet of gold.

v.

"To tramp the dry streets every morning he starteth,
The tale that they tell him a tale is of woe;
His eye never beameth, his lips no smile parteth;
Were smiles meant for beggars' lips? Lazarus, No!"

vi.

"And yet, there's a hope which the beggar's lot blesseth;
A hope which than one, aye, than two worlds boots more;
A hope which rich man ne'er possessed, or possesseth,
That God will one day be the God of the poor!"

If there was one spot that this good couple loved, it was a little empty bed in one of their tiny rooms. Over that bed hung two oil paintings, both giving marks of a certain amount of real talent. These two were the last works (one was unfinished) of their eldest son, who had been a painter, and died of decline just as he had completed his course.

Marvellous is the strength of affection among members of the same family with the Spanish poor; they will give their all for one another. But a few nights ago I was travelling past a station on the Madrid and Cordova line, when a Spanish father, of the middle class, with his little son, said, "Now we are coming to the town where my eldest son lies."

When we arrived, and stopped a moment at the station, the tears burst from his eyes. He was a hale, strong man of forty, and his whole frame shook with emotion; yet it was, he told me, five years since he had lost his firstborn!

And, in the present case, I never saw that good couple go near their well-beloved son's little empty couch without looking up at his unfinished work with a tear or a sigh.—*Temple Bar.*

ADAM SMITH AS A PERSON.

BY WALTER BAGEHOT.

OF Adam Smith's Political Economy almost an infinite quantity has been said; but very little has been said as to Adam Smith himself. And yet not only was he one of the most curious of human beings, but his books can hardly be understood without having some notion what manner of man he was. There certainly are economical treatises that go straight on, and that might have been written by a calculating machine. But the Wealth of Nations is not one of these. Any one who would explain what is in it, and what is not in it, must apply the "historical method," and state what was the experience of its author and how he worked up that experience. Perhaps, therefore, now that there is a sort of centenary of Adam Smith, it may not be quite amiss to give a slight sketch of him and of his life, and especially of the peculiar points in them that led him to write the book which still in its effects, even more than in its theory, occupies mankind.

The Founder of the science of business was one of the most unbusinesslike of mankind. He was an awkward Scotch professor, apparently choked with books and absorbed in abstractions. He was never engaged in any sort of trade, and would probably never have made sixpence by any if he had been. His absence of mind was amazing. On one occasion, having to sign his name to an official document, he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures. And Lord Brougham preserves other similar traditions. "It is related," he says, "by old people in Edinburgh that while he moved through the Fishmarket in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back, and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broken loose, 'Hech sirs, to see

the like o' him to be aboot. And yet he is weel enough put on' (dressed). It was often so too in society. Once, during a dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a long lecture on some political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative sitting opposite and stopt; but he was heard to go on muttering 'Deil care, Deil care, it's all true.'" And these are only specimens of a crowd of anecdotes.

The wonder that such a man should have composed the Wealth of Nations, which shows so profound a knowledge of the real occupations of mankind, is enhanced by the mode in which it was written. It was not the exclusive product of a lifelong study, such as an absent man might, while in seeming abstraction, be really making of the affairs of the world. On the contrary, it was in the mind of its author only one of many books, or rather a single part of a great book, which he intended to write. A vast scheme floated before him much like the dream of the late Mr. Buckle as to a History of Civilisation, and he spent his life accordingly, in studying the origin and progress of the sciences, the laws, the politics, and all the other aids and forces which have raised man from the savage to the civilised state. The plan of Adam Smith was indeed more comprehensive even than this. He wanted to trace not only the progress of the race, but also of the individual; he wanted to show how each man being born (as he thought) with few faculties, came to attain to many and great faculties. He wanted to answer the question, how did man—race or individual—come to be what he is? These immense dreams are among the commonest phenomena of literary history; and as a rule, the vaster the intention the less the result. The musings of the author are too miscellaneous, his studies too scattered, his attempts too incoherent, for him to think out anything valuable, or to produce anything connected. But in

Adam Smith's case the very contrary is true; he produced an enduring particular result in consequence of a comprehensive and diffused ambition. He discovered the laws of wealth in looking for "the natural progress of opulence" and he investigated the progress of opulence as part of the growth and progress of all things.

The best way to get a distinct notion of Adam Smith's scheme is to look at the other works which he published besides the *Wealth of Nations*. The greatest, and the one which made his original reputation, was the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, in which he builds up the whole moral nature of man out of a single primitive emotion-sympathy, and in which he gives a history of ethical philosophy besides. With this are commonly bound up some Considerations concerning the first Formation of Languages, which discuss how "two savages who had never been taught to speak, but had been bred up remote from the society of man, would naturally begin their converse." Then there is a very curious History of Astronomy, left imperfect; and another fragment on the History of Ancient Physics, which is a kind of sequel to that part of the History of Astronomy which relates to the ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on Ancient Logic and Metaphysics; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, The Imitative Arts, Painting, Poetry, and Music, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming part, his executors tell us, "of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts." And he destroyed before his death the remains of the book, *Lectures on Justice*, "in which," we are told by a student who heard them, "he followed Montesquieu in endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property in producing correspondent alterations in law and government;" or, as he himself announces it at the conclusion of the *Moral Sentiments*, "another discourse" in which he designs "to endeavor to give an account

of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society, not only in what concerns justice, but in what concerns police, revenue, and arms, and whatever else is the subject of law." Scarcely any philosopher has imagined a vaster dream.

Undoubtedly it is a great literary marvel that so huge a scheme, on so many abstract subjects, should have produced anything valuable, still more that it should have produced what has been for a whole century a fundamental book on trade and money—at first sight, the least fit for a secluded man to treat at all, and which, if he did treat of them, would seem more than any other to require from him an absorbed and exclusive attention. A little study of the life of Adam Smith, however, in some degree lessens the wonder; because it shows how in the course of his universal studies he came to meet with this particular train of thought, and how he came to be able to pursue it effectually.

Adam Smith was born early in the first half of the eighteenth century, at Kirkcaldy in Scotland, on the 5th June, 1713. His father died before he was born; but his mother, who is said to have been a woman of unusual energy and ability, lived to be very old, and to see her son at the height of his reputation as a philosopher. He was educated at school in the usual Scotch way, and at the University of Glasgow; and at both he is said, doubtless truly, to have shown an unusual facility of acquisition, and an unusual interest in books and study. As we should also expect, a very strong memory, which he retained till the last, showed itself very early. Nothing, however, is known with precision as to the amount of knowledge he acquired in Scotland, or as to his place among his contemporaries. The examination system, which nowadays in England discriminates both so accurately, has in Scotland never been equally developed, and in Adam Smith's time had never been heard of there at all.

His exceptional training begins at the next stage. There is at the University of Glasgow a certain endowment called the Snell exhibition, after the name of its founder, which enables the students

selected for it to study for some years at the University of Oxford. Of these exhibitioners Adam Smith became one, and as such studied at Oxford for as many as seven years. As might be expected, he gives the worst account of the state of the university at that time. In the sketch of the history of education which forms so odd an episode in the *Wealth of Nations*, he shows perpetually that he thought the system which he had seen at Oxford exceedingly bad, and its government excessively corrupt. "If," he says, "the authority to which a teacher is subject resides in the body corporate of the college or university of which he is himself a member, and in which the greater part of the other members are, like himself, persons who either are or ought to be teachers, they are likely to make a common cause, to be all very indulgent to one another, and every man to consent that his neighbor may neglect his duty, provided he is himself allowed to neglect his own." "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." And he adds, "In England, the public schools are much less corrupted than the universities. In the schools, the youth are taught, or at least may be taught, Greek and Latin. That is everything which the masters pretend to teach, or which it is expected they should teach. In the universities, the youth neither are taught, nor can always find the means of being taught, the sciences which it is the business of these incorporated bodies to teach." And he retained through life a fixed belief that endowments for education tended only to the "ease" of the teacher, and not to the advantage of the learner. But though he says he had the means of learning little at Oxford, he certainly, in fact, learnt much. "Greek," as Sydney Smith says, "never crossed the Tweed in any force;" but Adam Smith incessantly shows a real familiarity with Greek books and a sound accumulation of Greek learning. Very likely his erudition would not bear much comparison with what is now carried away from Balliol. If we compare him with a more recent Snell exhibitioner, Sir William Hamilton, we shall see that Greek teaching has enormously advanced in the time

between them; but, on the other hand, if we compare Adam Smith with Scotch philosophers, or purely Scotch education, say with Reid or Hume, we cannot help seeing that his acquaintance with Greek things belongs, both in quantity and in quality, to an order altogether superior to theirs.

For the vast works which Adam Smith contemplated, a sound knowledge of Greek was, as he must have felt, far more necessary than any other kind of knowledge. The beginnings of nineteenth-century philosophy are to be found there, and the rudiments of many other things. But for the purpose of the great task which he actually performed, Adam Smith learned at Oxford something much more valuable than Greek. He acquired there a kind of knowledge and sympathy with England, in which the other eminent Scotchmen—especially literary Scotchmen—of his time were often very deficient. At that time the recollection of the old rivalry between the two countries had by no means died away; there was still a separate Scotch philosophy and a separate literature; and when it happened, as it perpetually did, that Scotch writers were not thought so much of in England as they thought they ought to be, they were apt to impute their discredit to English prejudice, and to appeal to France and Paris to correct the error. Half Hume's mind, or more than half, was distorted by his hatred of England, and his love of France. He often could not speak of English things with tolerable temper, and he always viewed French ones with extravagant admiration. Whether Adam Smith altogether liked this country may perhaps be doubted—Englishmen then hated Scotchmen so much—but he had no kind of antagonism to her, and quite understood that in most economical respects she was then exceedingly superior to France. And this exceptional sympathy and knowledge we may fairly ascribe to a long and pleasant residence in England. For his great work no qualification was more necessary; the *Wealth of Nations* would have been utterly spoiled if he had tried (as Hume incessantly would have tried) to show that, in industrial respects, England might not be better than France, or at any rate was not so very much better.

The Snell foundation at Oxford has often been an avenue to the English Church, and it seems to have been intended that Adam Smith should use it as such. The only anecdote which remains of his college life may be a clue to his reasons for not doing so. He is said to have been found by his tutor in the act of reading Hume's Philosophical Essays, then lately published, and to have been reproved for it. And it is certain that any one who at all sympathised with Hume's teaching in that book would have felt exceedingly little sympathy with the formularies of the Church of England, even as they were understood in the very Broad Church of that age. At any rate, for some reason or other, Adam Smith disappointed the wishes of his friends, gave up all idea of entering the Church of England, and returned to Scotland without fixed outlook or employment. He resided, we are told, two years with his mother, studying no doubt, but earning nothing, and visibly employed in nothing. In England such a career would probably have ended in his "writing for the booksellers," a fate of which he speaks in the *Wealth of Nations* with contempt. But in Scotland there was a much better opening for philosophers. The Scotch universities had then, as now, several professorships very fairly paid, and very fairly distributed. The educated world in Scotland was probably stronger a century ago than it ever was before or since. The Union with England had removed the aristocracy of birth which overshadowed it before, and commerce had not yet created the aristocracy of wealth which overshadows it now. Philosophical merit had therefore then in Scotland an excellent chance of being far better rewarded than it usually is in the world. There were educated people who cared for philosophy, and these people had prizes to give away. One of those prizes Adam Smith soon obtained. He read lectures, we are told, under the patronage of Lord Kames, an eminent lawyer who wrote books on philosophy, that are still quoted, and who was no doubt deeply interested in Adam Smith's plans of books on the origin and growth of all arts and sciences, as these were the topics which he himself studied and handled. Contrary to what might have been ex-

pected, these lectures were very successful. Though silent and awkward in social life, Adam Smith possessed in considerable perfection the peculiarly Scotch gift of abstract oratory. Even in common conversation, when once moved, he expounded his favorite ideas very admirably. As a teacher in public he did even better; he wrote almost nothing, and though at the beginning of a lecture he often hesitated, we are told, and seemed "not to be sufficiently possessed of the subject," yet in a minute or two he became fluent, and poured out an interesting series of animated arguments. Commonly, indeed, the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings. Adam Smith acquired great reputation as a lecturer, and in consequence obtained two of the best prizes then given to philosophers in Scotland—first the professorship of logic, and then that of moral philosophy, in the University of Glasgow.

The rules, or at any rate the practice, of the Scotch universities, seem at that time to have allowed a professor in either of these chairs, great latitude in the choice of his subject. Adam Smith during his first year lectured on rhetoric and *belles lettres* "instead of on logic," and in the chair of moral philosophy he expounded, besides the theory of duty, a great scheme of social evolution. The beginnings of the *Wealth of Nations* made part of the course, but only as a fragment of the immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or, as we may perhaps put it, not inappropriately, of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman. This course of lectures seems to have been especially successful. So high, we are told, was his reputation as a professor, "that a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to the university merely upon his account. Those branches of science which he taught became fashionable" in the city, "and his opinions were the chief topics of discussion in clubs and literary societies. Even the small peculiarities of his pronunciation and manner of speaking became frequently the objects of imitation." This is the partial

recollection of an attached pupil in distant years;—it may be over-colored a little—but even after a fair abatement it is certainly the record of a great temporary triumph and local success.

That the greater part of the lectures can have been of much intrinsic merit it is not easy now to believe. An historical account "of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions which they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society," would be too great a task for a great scholar of the ripest years and with all the accumulated materials of the present time, and it was altogether beyond the strength of a young man a century ago;—not to say that he combined it with an account of the origin of the moral faculties, a theory of *belles lettres*, and other matters. The delivery of that part of the course which was concerned with wealth and revenue may have been useful to him, because it compelled him to bring his ideas on those subjects into a distinct form. Otherwise, being a bookish man, he might have been too absorbed in bookish matters, and neglected what can only be taught by life for that which is already to be learned from literature. But at the time this was only a minor merit;—the main design of the lectures was only an impossible aim at an unbounded task.

So complex, however, is life, that this Scotch professorship, though in a superficial view wasteful, and likely to exhaust and hurt his mind by the constant efflux of inferior matter, was, nevertheless, on the whole exceedingly useful. It not only induced him to study as a part of his vast scheme the particular phenomena of wealth, but it gave him an excellent opportunity of seeing those phenomena and of learning how to explain them. It was situated at Glasgow, and Glasgow, though a petty place in comparison with its present magnitude, was nevertheless a considerable mercantile place according to the notions of those times. The Union with England had opened to it the trade with our West Indian colonies, as well as with the rest of the English empire, and it had in consequence grown rapidly and made large profits. That its size was small, as we should think now, was to a earner rather an aid than a disadvan-

tage. A small commerce is more easily seen than an immense one; that of Liverpool or London now is so vast that it terrifies more than excites the imagination. And a small commerce, if varied, has almost as much to teach as a large one; the elements are the same though the figures are smaller, and the less the figures the easier are they to combine. An inspection of Liverpool now would not teach much more than an inspection of Glasgow a hundred years ago, and the lessons of modern Liverpool would be much more difficult to learn. But the mere sight of the phenomena of the commerce was but a small part of the advantage to Adam Smith of a residence at Glasgow. The most characteristic and most valuable tenets of Adam Smith are, when examined, by no means of a very abstract and recondite sort. We are, indeed, in this generation not fully able to appreciate the difficulty of arriving at them. We have been bred up upon them; our disposition is more to wonder how any one could help seeing them, than to appreciate the effort of discovering them. Experience shows that many of them—the doctrine of free trade for example—are very uncongenial to the untaught human mind. On political economy the English-speaking race is undoubtedly the best instructed part of mankind; and, nevertheless, in the United States and in every English-speaking colony, protection is the firm creed of the ruling classes, and free trade is but a heresy. We must not fancy that any of the main doctrines of Adam Smith were very easily arrived at by him because they seem very obvious to us. But, on the other hand, although such doctrines as his are too opposed to many interests and to many first impressions to establish themselves easily as a dominant creed, they are quite within the reach and quite congenial to the taste of an intelligent dissenting minority. There was a whole race of mercantile freetraders long before Adam Smith was born; in his time the doctrine was in the air; it was not accepted or established;—on the contrary, it was a tenet against which a respectable parent would probably caution his son;—still it was known as a tempting heresy, and one against which a warning was needed. In Glasgow there were doubtless many

heretics. Probably in consequence of the firm belief in a rigid theology, and of the incessant discussion of its technical tenets, there has long been, and there is still, in the south of Scotland, a strong tendency to abstraction and argument quite unknown in England. Englishmen have been sometimes laughing at it, and sometimes gravely criticising it for several generations: Mr. Buckle wrote half a volume on it: Sydney Smith alleged that he heard a Scotch girl answer in a quadrille, "But, my lord, as to what ye were saying as to love in the *abstr*-tract," and so on. Yet, in spite both of ridicule and argument, the passion for doctrine is still strong in southern Scotland, and it will take many years more to root it out. At Glasgow in Adam Smith's time it had no doubt very great influence; a certain number of hard-headed merchants were believers in free trade and kindred tenets. One of these is still by chance known to us. Dr. Carlyle, whom Mr. Gladstone not unhappily described as a "gentleman clergyman" of the Church of Scotland, tells us of a certain Provost Cochrane, to whom Adam Smith always acknowledged his obligations, and who was the founder and leading member of a club "in which the express design was to inquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate their knowledge on that subject to each other." From this club Adam Smith not only learned much which he would never have found in any book, and also in part perhaps acquired the influential and so to say practical way of explaining things which so much distinguishes the *Wealth of Nations*. Mr. Mill says he learned from his intercourse with East India directors the habit of looking for, and the art of discovering, "the mode of putting a thought which gives it easiest admittance into minds not prepared for it by habit;" and Adam Smith probably gained something of this sort by living with the Glasgow merchants, for no other book written by a learned professor shows anything like the same power of expressing and illustrating arguments in a way likely to influence minds like theirs. And it is mainly by his systematic cultivation of this borderland between theory and practice that Adam

Smith attained his pre-eminent place and influence.

But this usefulness of his Scotch professorship was only in the distant future. It was something for posterity to detect, but it could not have been known at the time. The only pages of his professional work which Adam Smith then gave to the public were his lectures on Moral Philosophy, in what an Englishman would consider its more legitimate sense. These formed the once celebrated *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, which, though we should now think them rather pompous, were then much praised and much read. For a great part, indeed, of Adam Smith's life they constituted his main title to reputation. The *Wealth of Nations* was not published till seventeen years later; he wrote nothing else of any importance in the interval; and it is now curious to find that when the *Wealth of Nations* was published, many good judges thought it not so good as the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and that the author himself was by no means certain that they were not right.

The *Theory of Moral Sentiments* was, indeed, for many years, exceedingly praised. One sect of philosophers praised it, as it seems to me, because they were glad of a celebrated ally, and another because they were glad of a celebrated opponent: the first said, see that "so great an authority as Adam Smith concurs with us;" and the second replied, "but see how very weak his arguments are; if so able an arguer as Adam Smith can say so little for your doctrines, how destitute of argumentative grounds those doctrines must be." Several works in the history of philosophy have had a similar fate. But a mere student of philosophy who cares for no sect, and wants only to know the truth, will nowadays, I think, find little to interest him in this celebrated book. In Adam Smith's mind, as I have said before, it was part of a whole; he wanted to begin with the origin of the faculties of each man, and then build up that man—just as he wished to arrive at the origin of human society, and then build up society. His *Theory of Moral Sentiments* builds them all out of one source, sympathy, and in this way he has obtained praise from friends and enemies. His

friends are the school of "moral sense" thinkers, because he is on their side, and believes in a special moral faculty, which he laboriously constructs from sympathy; his enemies are the Utilitarian school, who believe in no such special faculty, and who set themselves to show that his labor has been in vain, and that no such faculty has been so built up. One party says the book is good to gain authority for the conclusion, and the other to gain credit by refuting its arguments. For unquestionably its arguments *are* very weak, and attractive to refutation. If the intuitive school had had no better grounds than these, the Utilitarians would have vanquished them ages since. There is a fundamental difficulty in founding morals on sympathy; an obvious confusion of two familiar sentiments. We often sympathize where we cannot approve, and approve where we cannot sympathize. The special vice of party spirit is that it effaces the distinction between the two; we sympathize with our party, till we approve its actions. There is a story of a Radical wit in the last century who was standing for Parliament, and his opponent, of course a Tory, objected that he was always *against* the king whether right or wrong, upon which the wit retorted that on his own showing the Tory was exposed to equal objection since he was always *for* the king whether right or wrong. And so it will always be. Even the wisest party men more or less sympathize with the errors of their own side; they would be powerless if they did not so; they would gain no influence if they were not of like passions with those near them. Adam Smith could not help being aware of this obvious objection; he was far too able a reasoner to elaborate a theory without foreseeing what would be said against it. But the way in which he tries to meet the objection only shows that the objection is invincible. He sets up a supplementary theory—a little epicycle—that the sympathy which is to test good morals must be the sympathy of an "impartial spectator." But, then, who is to watch the watchman? Who is to say when the spectator is impartial, and when he is not? If he sympathizes with one side, the other will always say that he is partial. As a moralist, the sup-

posed spectator must warmly approve good actions, and warmly disapprove bad actions; as an impartial person he must never do either the one or the other. He is a fiction of inconsistent halves; if he sympathizes he is not impartial, and if he is impartial he does not sympathize. The radical vice of the theory is shown by its requiring this accessory invention of a being both hot and cold, because the essence of the theory is to identify the passion which loves with the sentiment which approves.

But although we may now believe the Theory of Moral Sentiments to be of inconsiderable philosophical value, and though it would at first sight seem very little likely to contribute to the production of the Wealth of Nations, yet it was, in fact, in a curious way most useful to it. The education of young noblemen has always been a difficulty in the world, and many schemes have been invented to meet it. In Scotland, a hundred years ago, the most fashionable way was to send them to travel in Europe, and to send with them some scholar of repute to look after their morals and to superintend their general education. The guardians of the great border nobleman, the Duke of Buccleugh, were in want of such a tutor to take him such a tour, and it seems to have struck them that Adam Smith was the very person adapted for the purpose. To all appearance an odder selection could hardly have been made. Adam Smith was, as we have seen, the most absent of men, and an awkward Scotch professor, and he was utterly unacquainted with the continent. He had never crossed the English Channel in his life, and if he had been left to himself would probably never have done so. But one of the guardians was Charles Townshend, who had married the young duke's mother. He was not much unlike Mr. Disraeli in character, and had great influence at that time. He read the Theory of Moral Sentiments, and Hume writes to Adam Smith: "Charles Townshend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this I called on him twice with a view of talking with

him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow; for I could not hope that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship. But I missed him. Mr. Townshend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions, so perhaps you need not build much on this sally." Mr. Townshend was, however, this time in earnest, and the offer was made to Adam Smith. In our time there would have been an insuperable difficulty. He was a professor of great repute, they were asking him to give up a life-professorship that yielded a considerable income, and they would have hardly been able to offer him anything equally permanent. But in the eighteenth century there was a way of facilitating such arrangements that we do not now possess. The family of Buccleugh had great political influence, and Charles Townshend, the duke's father-in-law, at times possessed more; and accordingly the guardians of the young duke therefore agreed that they should pay Adam Smith £200 a year till they should get him an equal office of profit under the Crown;—a person apparently more unfit for the public service could not easily have been found; but in that age of sinecures and pensions it was probably never expected that he should perform any service;—an arrangement more characteristic of the old world, and more unlike our present world, could hardly have been made. The friends of the young duke might, not unnaturally, have had some fears about it; but, in fact, for his interests it turned out very well. Long afterwards, when Adam Smith was dead, he wrote:—"In October, 1766, we returned to London, after having spent near three years together without the slightest disagreement or coolness; on my part with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship till the hour of his death; and I shall always remain with the impression of having lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for every private virtue." Very few of Charles Townshend's caprices were as successful. Through life there was about Adam Smith a sort of lumbering

bonhomme which amused and endeared him to those around him.

To Adam Smith the result was even better. If it had not been for this odd consequence of the Theory of Moral Sentiments, he might have passed all his life in Scotland, delivering similar lectures and clothing very questionable theories in rather pompous words. He said in after life that there was no better way of compelling a man to master a science than by setting him to teach it. And this may be true of the definite sciences. But nothing can be conceived worse for a man of inventive originality than to set him to roam over huge subjects like law, morals, politics, and civilisation, particularly at a time when few good data for sound theories on such subjects are at hand for him to use. In such a position the cleverer the man, the worse are likely to be the consequences: the wider his curiosity and the more fertile his mind, the surer he is to pour out a series of gigantic conjectures of little use to himself or to any one. A one-eyed man with a taste for one subject, even at this disadvantage, may produce something good. The limitation of his mind may save him from being destroyed by his position; but a man of large interests will fail utterly. As Adam Smith had peculiarly wide interests, and as he was the very reverse of a one-eyed man, he was in special danger; and the mere removal from his professorship was to him a gain of the first magnitude. It was of cardinal importance to him to be delivered from the production of incessant words and to be brought into contact with facts and the world. And as it turned out, the caprice of Charles Townshend had a singular further felicity. It not only brought him into contact with facts and the world; but with the most suitable sort of facts, and for his purpose the best part of the world.

The greater part of his three years abroad was naturally spent in France. France was then by far the greatest country on the continent. Germany was divided and had not yet risen; Spain had fallen; Italy was of little account. In one respect, indeed, France was relatively greater than even at the time of her greatest elevation, the time of the first Napoleon. The political

power of the first empire was almost unbounded, but it had no intellectual power; under it Paris had ceased to be an important focus of thought and literature. The vehement rule which created the soldiers also stamped out the ideas. But under the mild government of the old régime, Paris was the principal centre of European authorship. The deficiency of the old régime in eminent soldiers and statesmen only added to the eminence of its literary men. Paris was then queen of two worlds, in that of politics by a tradition from the past, and in literature by a force and life vigorously evidenced in the present. France therefore thus attracted the main attention of all travellers who cared for the existing life of the time; Adam Smith and his pupil spent the greater part of their stay abroad there. And as a preparation for writing the *Wealth of Nations* he could nowhere else have been placed so well. Macaulay says that "ancient abuses and new theories" flourished together in France just before the meeting of the States-General in greater vigor than they had been seen combined before or since. And the description is quite as true economically as politically; on all economical matters the France of that time was a sort of museum stocked with the most important errors.

By nature then, as now, France was fitted to be a great agricultural country, a great producer and exporter of corn and wine; but her legislators for several generations had endeavored to counteract the aim of nature, and had tried to make her a manufacturing and an exporting country. Like most persons in those times, they had been prodigiously impressed by the high position which the maritime powers, as they were then called (the comparatively little powers of England and Holland), were able to take in the politics of Europe. They saw that this influence came from wealth, that this wealth was made in trade and manufacture, and therefore they determined that France should not be behind-hand, but should have as much trade and manufacture as possible. Accordingly they imposed prohibitive or deterring duties on the importation of foreign manufactures; they gave bounties to the corresponding home manufactures.

They tried, in opposition to the home-keeping bent of the French character, to found colonies abroad. These colonies were, according to the maxim then everywhere received, to be markets for the trade and nurseries for the commerce of the mother country;—they were mostly forbidden to manufacture for themselves, and were compelled to import all the manufactures and luxuries they required from Europe exclusively in French ships. Meanwhile, at home, agriculture was neglected. There was not even a free passage for goods from one part of the country to another. As Adam Smith himself describes it—

"In France, the different revenue laws which take place in the different provinces require a multitude of revenue-officers to surround, not only the frontiers of the kingdom, but those of almost each particular province, in order either to prevent the importation of certain goods, or to subject it to the payment of certain duties, to the no small interruption of the interior commerce of the country. Some provinces are allowed to compound for the gabelle or salt-tax. Others are exempted from it altogether. Some provinces are exempted from the exclusive sale of tobacco, which the farmers-general enjoy through the greater part of the kingdom. The aids, which correspond to the excise in England, are very different in different provinces. Some provinces are exempted from them, and pay a composition or equivalent. In those in which they take place and are in farm, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. The *Traites*, which correspond to our customs, divide the kingdom into three great parts: first, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1664, which are called the provinces of the five great farms, and under which are comprehended Picardy, Normandy, and the greater part of the interior provinces of the kingdom; secondly, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1667, which are called the provinces reckoned foreign, and under which are comprehended the greater part of the frontier provinces; and, thirdly, those provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, or which, because they are allowed a free commerce with foreign coun-

tries, are in their commerce with the other provinces of France subjected to the same duties as other foreign countries. These are Alsace, the three bishopricks of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the three cities of Dunkirk, Bayonne, and Marseilles. Both in the provinces of the five great farms (called so on account of an ancient division of the duties of customs into five great branches, each of which was originally the subject of a particular farm, though they are now all united into one), and in those which are said to be reckoned foreign, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. There are some such even in the provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, particularly in the city of Marseilles. It is unnecessary to observe how much, both the restraints upon the interior commerce of the country, and the number of the revenue officers must be multiplied, in order to guard the frontiers of those different provinces and districts, which are subject to such different systems of taxation."

And there were numerous attendant errors, such as generally accompany a great protective legislation, but which need not be specified in detail.

In consequence, the people were exceedingly miserable. The system of taxation was often enough by itself to cause great misery. "In the provinces," says Adam Smith, "where the personal *taille* on the farmer is imposed, the farmer is afraid to have a good team of horses or oxen, but endeavors to cultivate with the meanest and most wretched instruments of husbandry that he can." The numerous imposts on the land due from the peasantry to the nobles had the same effect even then—most of the country was practically held in a kind of double ownership; the peasant cultivator had usually, by habit if not by law, a fixed hold upon the soil, but he was subject in the cultivation of it to innumerable exactions of varying kinds, which the lord could change pretty much as he chose. "In France," continues Adam Smith, so oddly contrary to everything which we should say now, "the inferior ranks of the people must suffer patiently the usage which their superiors choose to inflict on them." The country in Europe

where there is now, perhaps, the most of social equality was then the one in which there was, perhaps, the least..

And side by side with this museum of economical errors there was a most vigorous political economy which exposed them. The doctrines of Free Trade had been before several times suggested by isolated thinkers, but by far the most powerful combined school of philosophers who incessantly inculcated them were the French *Economistes*. They delighted in proving that the whole structure of the French laws upon industry was utterly wrong; that prohibitions ought not to be imposed on the import of foreign manufactures; that bounties ought not to be given to native ones; that the exportation of corn ought to be free; that the whole country ought to be a fiscal unit; that there should be no duty between any province; and so on in other cases. No one could state the abstract doctrines on which they rested everything more clearly. "*Àcheter, c'est vendre*," said Quesnay, the founder of the school, "*vendre, c'est acheter*." You cannot better express the doctrine of modern political economy than "trade is barter." "Do not attempt," Quesnay continues, "to fix the price of your products, goods, or services; they will escape your rules. Competition alone can regulate prices with equity; it alone restricts them to a moderation which varies little; it alone attracts with certainty provisions where they are wanted or labors where it is required." "That which we call dearness is the only remedy of dearness; dearness causes plenty." Any quantity of sensible remarks to this effect might be disinterred from these writers. They were not always equally wise.

As the prime maxim of the ruling policy was to encourage commerce and neglect agriculture, this sect set up a doctrine that agriculture was the only source of wealth, and that trade and commerce contributed nothing to it. The labor of artificers and merchants was sterile; that of agriculturists was alone truly productive. The way in which they arrived at this strange idea was, if I understand it, something like this: they took the whole agricultural produce of a country, worth say £5,000,-

000 as it stood in the hands of the farmer, and applied it thus :—

First, as we should say, in repayment of capital spent in wages, &c.	£3,000,000
Secondly, in payment of profit by way of hire of capital say, or as subsistence to himself	500,000
Total outlay	<u>£3,500,000</u>

But that outlay of £3,500,000 has produced a value of £5,000,000; there is therefore an overplus over and above the outlay of £1,500,000; and this overplus, or *produit net* as the *Economistes* call it, goes to the landlord for rent, as we should call it. But no other employment yields any similar *produit net*. A cotton spinner only replaces his own capital, and obtains his profit on it; like the farmer (as they said), he pays the outlay, and he gains a profit or subsistence for himself. But he does no more. There is no extra overplus in farming; no balance, after paying wages and hiring capital; nothing to go to any landlord. In the same way commerce is, according to this system, transfer only—the expense of distribution is paid; the necessary number of capitalists and of laborers are maintained, but that is all; there is nothing beyond the wages, and beyond the profit. In agriculture only is there a third element—a *produit net*.

From this doctrine the *Economistes* drew two inferences, one very agreeable to agriculturists, the other very disagreeable; but both exactly opposite to the practice of their government. First, they said, as agriculture was the exclusive source of all wealth, it was absurd to depress it or neglect it, or to encourage commerce and manufacture in place of it. They had no toleration for the system of finance and commercial legislation which they saw around them, of which the one object was to make France a trading and manufacturing country, when nature meant it to be an agricultural one. Secondly, they inferred that most, if not all, the existing taxes in France were wrong in principle. "If," they argued, "agriculture is the only source of wealth, and if, as we know, wealth only can pay taxes, then all taxes should be imposed on agriculture." They reasoned: "In manufactures there

is only a necessary hire of labor, and a similar hire of capital, at a cost which cannot be diminished; there is in them no available surplus for taxation. If you attempt to impose taxes on them, and if in name you make them pay such taxes, they will charge higher for their necessary work. They will in a round-about way throw the burden of those taxes on agriculture. The *produit net* of the latter is the one real purse of the state; no other pursuit can truly pay anything, for it has no purse. And therefore," they summed up, "all taxes, save a single one on the *produit net*, were absurd. They only attempted to make those pay who could not pay; to extract money from fancied funds, in which there was no money." All the then existing taxes in France, therefore, they proposed to abolish, and to replace them by a single tax on agriculture only.

As this system was so opposed to the practice of the government, one would have expected that it should have been discountenanced, if not persecuted, by the government. But, in fact, it was rather favored by it. Quesnay, the founder of the system, had a place at Court, and was under the special protection of the king's mistress, who was then the king's government. M. de Laverne has quoted a graphic description of him. "Quesnay," writes Marmontel, "well lodged in a small *appartement* in the *entresol* of Madame de Pompadour, only occupied himself from morning till night with political and agricultural economy. He believed that he had reduced the system to calculation, and to axioms of irresistible evidence; and as he was collecting a school, he gave himself the trouble to explain to me his new doctrine, in order to make me one of his proselytes. I applied all my force of comprehension to understand those truths which he told me were self-evident; but I found in them only vagueness and obscurity. To make him believe that I understood that which I really did not understand, was beyond my power; but I listened with patient docility, and left him the hope that in the end he would enlighten me, and make me believe his doctrine. I did more; I applauded his work, which I really thought very useful, for he tried to recommend agriculture in a country

where it was too much disdained, and to turn many excellent understandings towards the study of it. While political storms were forming and dissolving above the *entresol* of Quesnay, he perfected his calculations and his axioms of rural economy, as tranquil and as indifferent to the movements of the Court, as if he had been a hundred leagues off. Below, in the salon of Madame de Pompadour, they deliberated on peace or war—on the choice of generals—on the recall of ministers; while we in the *entresol* were reasoning on agriculture, calculating the *produit net*, or sometimes were dining gaily with Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Helvetius, Turgot, Buffon; and Madame de Pompadour, not being able to induce this troop of philosophers to come down to her *salon*, came herself to see them at table, and to chat with them." An opposition philosophy has rarely been so petted and well treated. Much as the reign of Louis XVI. differed in most respects from that of Louis XV., it was like it in this patronage of the *Economistes*. Turgot was made Minister of Finance, to reform France by applying their doctrines.

The reason of this favor to the *Economistes* from the government was, that on the question in which the government took far the most interest the *Economistes* were on its side. The daily want of the French government was more power; though nominally a despotism, it was feeble in reality. But the *Economistes* were above all things anxious for a very strong government; they held to the maxim, everything *for* the people—nothing *by* them; they had a horror of checks and counterpoises and resistances; they wished to do everything by the *fiat* of the sovereign. They had, in fact, the natural wish of eager speculators, to have an irresistible despotism behind them, and supporting them; and with the simplicity which marks so much of the political speculations of the eighteenth century, but which now seems so childlike, they never seemed to think how they were to get their despot, or how they were to ensure that he should be on their side. The painful experience of a hundred years has taught us that influential despotisms are not easy to make, and that good ones are still less so. But in their own time

nothing could be more advantageous to the *Economistes* than to have an eager zeal for a perfect despotism; in consequence they were patronized by the greatest existing authority, instead of being discountenanced by it.

This account of the *Economistes* may seem to a reader who looks at Adam Smith exclusively by the light of modern political economy to be too long for their relation to him. But he would not have thought so himself. He so well knew how much his mind had been affected by them and by their teaching, that he at one time thought of dedicating the *Wealth of Nations* to Quesnay, their founder; and though he relinquished that intention, he always speaks of him with the gravest respect. If, indeed, we consider what Glasgow is now, still more what it must have been a hundred years ago, we shall comprehend the degree to which this French experience—this sight of a country so managed, and with such a political economy—must have excited the mind of Adam Smith. It was the passage from a world where there was no *spectacle* to one in which there was the best which the world has ever seen, and simultaneously the passage from the most Scotch of ideas to others the most un-Scotch. A feeble head would have been upset in the transit, but Adam Smith kept his.

From France he went home to Scotland, and stayed quietly with his mother at his native town of Kirkcaldy, for a whole ten years. He lived on the annuity from the Duke of Buccleugh, and occupied himself in study only. What he was studying, if we considered the *Wealth of Nations* as a book of political economy only, we might be somewhat puzzled to say. But the contents of that book are, as has been said, most miscellaneous, and in its author's mind it was but a fragment of an immensely larger whole. Much more than ten years' study would have been necessary for the entire book which he contemplated.

At last, in 1776, the *Wealth of Nations* was published, and was, on the whole, well received. Dr. Carlyle, indeed, preserves an impression that, in point of style, it was inferior to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. But all competent readers were agreed as to the great value of the substance. And al-

most everybody will probably now think, in spite of Dr. Carlyle, that the style is very much better than that of the *Moral Sentiments*. There is about the latter a certain showiness and an "air of the professor trying to be fascinating," which are not very agreeable; and, after all, there is a ponderous weight in the words which seems to bear down the rather flimsy matter. But the style of the *Wealth of Nations* is entirely plain and manly. The author had, in the interval, seen at least a little of the living world and of society, and had learnt that the greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be, and that the surest way to spoil an important book is to try to attract the attention of, to "write down" to, a class of readers too low to take a serious interest in the subject. A really great style, indeed, Adam Smith's certainly is not. Lord Mansfield is said to have told Boswell that he did not feel, in reading either Hume or Adam Smith, that he was reading English at all; and it was very natural that it should be so. English was not the mother tongue of either. Adam Smith had, no doubt, spoken somewhat broad Scotch for the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life; probably he never spoke anything that could quite be called English till he went to Oxford. And nothing so much hampers the free use of the pen in any language as the incessant remembrance of a kindred but different one; you are never sure the idioms nature prompts are those of the tongue you would speak, or of the tongue you would reject. Hume and Adam Smith exemplify the difficulty in opposite ways. Hume is always idiomatic, but his idioms are constantly wrong; many of his best passages are, on that account, curiously grating and puzzling; you feel that they are very like what an Englishman would say, but yet that, after all, somehow or other, they are what he never would say;—there is a minute seasoning of imperceptible difference which distracts your attention, and which you are for ever stopping to analyse. Adam Smith's habit was very different. His style is not colloquial in the least. He adheres to the heavy "book" English which he had found in the works of others, and was sure that he could repeat in his own. And in that sort of style he

has eminent merit. No one ever has to read twice in him to gather meaning; no one can bring much valid objection to his way of expressing that meaning; there is even a sort of appropriateness, though often a clumsy sort, in his way of saying it. But the style has no intrinsic happiness; no one would read it for its own sake; the words do not cleave to the meaning, so that you cannot think of them without it, or it without them. This is only given to those who write in the speech of their childhood, and only to the very few of those—the five or six in every generation who have from nature the best grace, who think by inborn feeling in words at once charming and accurate.

Of the *Wealth of Nations* as an economical treatise, I have nothing to say now; but it is not useless to say that it is a very amusing book about old times. As it is dropping out of immediate use from change of times, it is well to observe that this very change brings it a new sort of interest of its own. There are few books in which there may be gathered more curious particulars of the old world. I cull at random almost that "a broad wheel waggon, attended by two men, and drawn by eight horses," then "in about six weeks' time carried and brought trade between London and Edinburgh;"—that in Adam Smith's opinion, if there were such an effectual demand for grain as would require a million tons of shipping to import it, the "navy of England," the mercantile navy of course, would not be sufficient for it;—that "Holland was the great emporium of European goods;" that she was, in proportion to the land and the number of inhabitants, by far the richest country in Europe; that she had the greatest share of the ocean-carrying trade; that her citizens possessed £40,000,000 in the French and English funds;—that in Sheffield no master cutler can have more than one apprentice, by a bye-law of the corporation, and in Norfolk and Norwich no weaver more than two;—that if Adam Smith's eyes served him right, "the common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are in general neither so strong nor so handsome as the same class of people in England, who are fed with wheaten bread, and that they do not look or work as well;"

that, which is odder still, the porters and coalheavers in London, and those unfortunate women who live by prostitution—the strongest men and the most beautiful women, perhaps, in the British dominions—are from the lowest rank of people in Ireland, and fed with the potato; and that £1,000 share in India stock “gave a share not in the plunder, but in the appointment of the plunderers of India;”—that “the expense of the establishment of Massachussetts Bay, before the commencement of the late disturbances,” that is, the American war, “used to be about £18,000 a year, and that of New York, £4,500;” that all the civil establishments in America did not at the same date cost £67,000 a year;—that “in consequence of the monopoly of the American colonial market,” the commerce of England, “instead of running in a great number of small channels, has been taught to run principally in one great channel;”—that “the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, the undoubted right of the crown,” “might be rendered another source of revenue more abundant, perhaps, than all” others from which much addition could be expected;—that Great Britain is, perhaps, since “the world began, the only state which has extended its empire” “without augmenting the area of its resources;”—that, and this is the final sentence of the book, “If any of the provinces of the British empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavor to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances.” A strange passage, considering all that has happened since, and all the provinces which we have since taken. No one can justly estimate the Wealth of Nations who thinks of it as a book of mere political economy, such as Quesnay had then written, or as Ricardo afterwards wrote; it is really both full of the most various kinds of facts and of thoughts often as curious on the most various kinds of subjects.

The effect of the publication of the Wealth of Nations on the fortunes of its

author was very remarkable. It gave the Duke of Buccleugh the power of relieving himself of his annuity, by performing the equivalent clause in the bargain; he obtained for Adam Smith a commissionership of customs for Scotland—an appointment of which we do not know the precise income, but which was clearly, according to the notions of those times, a very good one indeed. A person less fitted to fill it could not indeed easily have been found. Adam Smith had, as we have seen, never been used to pecuniary business of any kind; he had never even taken part in any sort of action out of such business; he was an absent and meditative student. It was indeed during his tenure of this office that, as I have said, he startled a subordinate who asked for his signature, by imitating the signature of the last commissioner, instead of giving his own—of course in pure absence of mind. He was no doubt better acquainted with the theory of taxation than any other man of his time; he could have given a minister in the capital better advice than any one else as to what taxes he should or should not impose. But a commissioner of customs, in a provincial city, has nothing to do with the imposition of taxes, or with giving advice about them. His business simply is to see that those which already exist are regularly collected and methodically transmitted, which involves an infinity of transactions requiring a trained man of detail. But a man of detail Adam Smith certainly was not—at least of detail in business. Nature had probably not well fitted him for it, and his mode of life had completed the result, and utterly unfitted him. The appointment that was given him was one in which the great abilities which he possessed were useless, and in which much smaller ones, which he had not, would have been of extreme value.

But in another respect this appointment has been more blamed than I think is just. However small may be the value of Adam Smith's work at the Custom House, the effect of performing it and the time which it occupied prevented him from writing anything more. And it has been thought that posterity has in consequence suffered much. But I own that I doubt this exceedingly. Adam Smith had no doubt made a vast accu-

mulation of miscellaneous materials for his great design. But these materials were probably of very second-rate value. Neither for the history of law, nor of science, nor art, had the preliminary work been finished, which is necessary before such a mind as Adam Smith's can usefully be applied to them. Before the theorising philosopher must come the accurate historian. To write the history either of law or science or art is enough for the life of any single man: neither have as yet been written with the least approach to completeness. The best of the fragments on these subjects, which we now have, did not exist in Adam Smith's time. There was, therefore, but little use in his thinking or writing at large about them. If he had set down for us some account of his residence in France, and the society which he saw there, posterity would have been most grateful to him. But this he had no idea of doing; and nobody would now much care for a series of elaborate theories, founded upon facts insufficiently collected.

Adam Smith lived for fourteen years after the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, but he wrote nothing, and scarcely studied anything. The duties of his office, though of an easy and routine character, which would probably have enabled a man bred to business to spend much of his time and almost all his mind on other things, were, we are told, enough "to waste his spirits and dissipate his attention." And not unnaturally, for those who have ever been used to give all their days to literary work rarely seem able to do that work when they are even in a slight degree struck and knocked against the world; only those who have scarcely ever known what it is to have unbroken calm are able to accomplish much without that calm. During these years Adam Smith's life passed easily and pleasantly in the Edinburgh society of that time—a very suitable one, for it was one to which professors and lawyers gave the tone, and of which intellectual exertion was the life and being. Adam Smith was it is true no easy talker—was full neither of ready replies nor of prepared replies. He rather liked to listen, but if he talked—and traps it is said were laid to make him do so—he could expound admirably

on the subjects which he knew, and also (which is quite as characteristic of the man as we see him in his works) could run up rapid theories on such data as occurred to him, when, as Dugald Stewart tells us in his dignified dialect, "he gave a loose to his genius upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines."

He died calmly and quietly, leaving directions about his manuscripts and such other literary things, and saying, in a melancholy way, "I meant to have done more." The sort of fame which the *Wealth of Nations* has obtained, and its special influence, did not begin in his lifetime, and he had no notion of it. Nor would he perhaps have quite appreciated it if he had. His mind was full of his great scheme of the origin and history of all cultivation; as happens to so many men, though scarcely ever on so great a scale, aiming at one sort of reputation, he attained another. To use Lord Bacon's perpetual illustration, like Saul, he "went in search of his father's asses, and he found a kingdom."

Adam Smith has been said to belong to the Macaulay type of Scotchmen, and the saying has been thought a paradox, particularly by those who, having misread Macaulay, think him a showy rhetorician, and not having at all read Adam Smith, think of him as a dry and dull political economist. But the saying is true, nevertheless. Macaulay is anything but a mere rhetorical writer—there is a very hard kernel of business in him; and Adam Smith is not dry at all—the objection to him is that he is not enough so, and that the real truth in several parts of his subject cannot be made so interesting as his mode of treatment implies. And there is this fundamental likeness between Macaulay and Adam Smith, that they can both describe practical matters in such a way as to fasten them on the imagination, and not only get what they say read, but get it remembered and make it part of the substance of the reader's mind ever afterwards. Abstract theorists may say that such a style as that of Adam Smith is not suitable to an abstract science; but then Adam Smith has carried political economy far beyond the bounds of those who care for abstract science or who understand exactly what it means. He has popular-

ised it in the only sense in which it can be popularised without being spoiled; that is, he has put certain broad conclusions into the minds of hard-headed men, which are all which they need know, and all which they for the most part will ever care for, and he has put those conclusions there ineradicably. This, too, is what Macaulay does for us in history, at least what he does best; he engraves indelibly the main outlines and the rough common sense of the matter. Other more refining and perhaps in some respects more delicate minds, may add the nicer details and explain those wavering, flickering, inconstant facts of human nature which are either above common sense or below it. Both these great Scotchmen excelled in the "osteology of their subject," a term invented by Dr. Chalmers, a third great Scotchman who excelled in it himself; perhaps, indeed, it is an idiosyncrasy of their race.

Like many other great Scotchmen—Macaulay is one of them—Adam Smith was so much repelled by the dominant Calvinism in which he was born that he never voluntarily wrote of religious subjects, or, as far as we know, spoke of them. Nothing, indeed, can repel a man more from such things than what Macaulay called the "bray of Exeter Hall." What can be worse for people than to hear in their youth arguments, alike clamorous and endless, founded on ignorant interpretations of inconclusive words? As soon as they come to years of discretion all instructed persons cease to take part in such discussions, and often say nothing at all on the great problems of human life and destiny. Sometimes the effect goes farther; those subjected to this training become not only silent but careless. There is nothing like Calvinism for generating indifference. The saying goes that Scotchmen are those who believe most or least; and it is most natural that it should be so, for they have been so hurt and pestered with religious stimulants, that it is natural they should find total abstinence from them both pleasant and healthy. How far this indifference went in Adam Smith's case we do not exactly know, but there is no reason to think it extended to all religion; on the contrary, there are many traces of the complacent op-

timism of the eighteenth century—a doctrine the more agreeable to him because, perhaps, it is the exact opposite of Calvinism—and which was very popular in an easy-going age, though the storms and calamities of a later time dispelled it, and have made it seem to us thin and unreal. The only time when Adam Smith ever came near to theological discussion was by a letter on Hume's death, in which he said that Hume, one of his oldest friends, was the best man he had ever known—perhaps praise which was scarcely meant to be taken too literally, but which naturally caused a great storm. The obvious thing to say about it is that it does not indicate any very lofty moral standard, for there certainly was no sublime excellence in Hume, who, as Carlyle long ago said, "all his life through did not so much morally live as critically investigate." But though the bigots of his time misunderstood him, Adam Smith did not by so saying mean to identify himself with irreligion or even with scepticism.

Adam Smith's life, however, was not like Macaulay's—"a life without a lady." There are vestiges of an early love affair, though but vague ones. Dugald Stewart, an estimable man in his way, but one of the most detestable of biographers, for he seems always thinking much more of his own words than of the facts he has to relate, says: "In the early part of Mr. Smith's life, it is well known to his friends that he was for several years attached to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment." But he does not tell us who she was, and "has not been able to learn" "how far his addresses were favorably received," or, in fact, anything about the matter. It seems, however, that the lady died unmarried, and in that case the unsentimental French novelists say that the gentleman is not often continuously in earnest, for that "a lady cannot be *always* saying No!" But whether such was the case with Adam Smith or not we cannot tell. He was a lonely, bookish man, but that may tell both ways. The books may be opposed to the lady, but the solitude will preserve her remembrance.

If Adam Smith did abandon sentiment and devote himself to study, he has at least the excuse of having succeeded. Scarcely any writer's work has had so

much visible fruit. He has, at least, annexed his name to a great practical movement which is still in progress through the world. Free trade has become in the popular mind almost as much his subject as the war of Troy was Homer's; only curious inquirers think of teachers before the one any more than of poets before the other. If all the speeches made at our Anti-Corn Law League were examined, I doubt if any reference could be found to any preceding writer, though the name of Adam Smith was always on men's lips. And in other countries it is the same. Smithism is a name of reproach with all who hold such doctrines, and of respect with those who believe them; no other name is used equally or comparably by either. So long as the doctrines of protection exist—and they seem likely to do so, as human interests are what they are and human nature is what it is—Adam Smith will always be quoted as the great authority of Anti-Protectionism—as the man who first told the world the truth so that the world could learn and believe it.

And besides this great practical movement Adam Smith started a great theo-

retical one also. On one side his teaching created Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, on another it rendered possible Ricardo and Mr. Mill. He is the founder of that analysis of the "great commerce" which in England we now call political economy, and which, dry, imperfect, and unfinished as it is, will be thought by posterity one of the most valuable and peculiar creations of English thought. As far as accuracy goes Ricardo no doubt began this science, but his whole train of thought was suggested by Adam Smith, and he could not have written without him. So much theory and so much practice have rarely, perhaps never, sprang from a single mind.

Fortunate in many things, Adam Smith was above all things fortunate in his age. Commerce had become far larger, far more striking, far more world-wide than it ever was before, and it needed an effectual explainer. A vigorous Scotchman with the hard-headedness and the abstractions of his country, trained in England and familiar with France, was the species of man best fitted to explain it, and such a man was Adam Smith.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE WIND-HARP.

I SET my wind-harp in the wind,
 And a wind came out of the south,
 Soft, soft, it blew with gentle coo,
 Like words from a maiden's mouth.
 Then like the stir of angels' wings
 It gently touched the trembling strings;
 And O my harp gave back to me
 A wondrous heavenly melody.

I set my wind-harp in the wind,
 And a storm from the north blew loud,
 From the icy north it hurried forth,
 And dark grew sea and cloud.
 It whistled down the mountains' height,
 It smote the quivering chords with might,
 But still my harp gave back to me
 Its tender heavenly melody.

Ah me that such a heart were mine,
 Responsive tuned and true,
 When all was glad, when all was shine,
 Or when storms of sorrow blew.
 That so, 'mid all the fret and strife,
 The jarring undertones of life,
 My life might rise to God, and be
 One long harmonious symphony!

Temple Bar.

A BAZAAR AND A PICNIC IN AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, *June 3rd, 1876.*

DUST and the Bazaar: those are the topics of the month. Perhaps I ought to put the Bazaar first, for it is past and over, to the intense thankfulness of everybody, buyers and sellers included; whereas the dust abides with us for ever, and increases in volume and density and restlessness more and more. It certainly seems to me a severe penalty to pay for these three months of fine and agreeable weather, to have no milk, hardly any butter, very little water, and to be smothered by dust into the bargain. But still here is a little bit of bracing, healthy weather, and far be it from me to depreciate it. We enjoy every moment of it, and congratulate each other upon it, and boast once more to new comers that we possess "the finest climate in the world." This remark died out in the summer, but is again to be heard on all sides, and I am not strong-minded enough to take up lance and casque and tilt against it. Besides which it would really be very pleasant, if only the tanks were not dry, the cows giving but a teacupful of milk a day for want of grass; whilst butter is half-a-crown a pound, and of a rancid cheesiness, trying to the consumer. Still it is bright and sunny and fresh all day,—too hot indeed in the sun, and generally bitterly cold in the evening and night. About once a week, however, we have a burning hot wind, and are obliged still to keep our summer clothes close at hand. The rapidity with which cold succeeds this hot wind is hardly to be believed. Our "season" is just over. It lasts as nearly as possible one week, and all the gaiety and festivity of the year is crowded into it. During this time of revelry I drove down the hill to a garden-party one sunny afternoon, and found a muslin scarf absolutely unbearable, so intensely hot was the air. That was about three o'clock, and by five o'clock I was driving home again in the darkening twilight, dusty as a miller, and shivering in a seal-skin jacket. It is no wonder that everybody has fearful colds and coughs, Kafirs and all, or that croup is both common and

dangerous among the little ones. Still we must never lose sight of the fact that it is the finest climate in the world, and exceptionally favorable—or so they say—to consumptive patients.

I am more thankful than words can express that we live out of the town, though the pretty green slopes around are sere and yellow now, with here and there vast patches of black, where the fires rage night and day among the tall grass. About this season prudent people burn strips around their fences and trees to check any vagrant fire, for there is so little timber that the few gum trees are precious things not to be shrivelled up in an hour by fast travelling flames for want of precautions. The spruits or braaks run low in their beds, the ditches are dry, the wells have only a bucketful of muddy water and a good many frogs in them, and the tanks are failing one after the other. Yet this is only the beginning of winter, and I am told that I don't yet know what dust and drought mean. I begin to think affectionately of those nice heavy thunder showers every evening, and to long to see again the familiar bank of cloud peeping over that high hill to the west, precursor of a deluge. Well, well,—there is no satisfying some people. I am ready to swallow my share of dust as uncomplainingly as may be, but I confess to horrible anxiety as to what we are all to do for milk for the babies presently. Every two or three days I get a polite note from whoever is supplying me with milk, to say they are extremely sorry to state that they shall be obliged to discontinue doing so, as their cows don't give a pint a day amongst them all, and the little which is to be had is naturally enormously dear. F—steadily declines to buy a cow, because he says he knows it will be just like all the rest; but I think if I only had a cow I should contrive to find food somewhere for it. I see those horrid tins of preserved milk drawing nearer and nearer day by day!

It is very wrong to pass over our great Bazaar with so little notice. I daresay

you all in England think that you know something about bazaars, but I assure you you do not : not about such a bazaar as this, at all events. We have been preparing for it, working for it, worrying for it, advertising it, building it—of zinc and calico—decorating it, and generally slaving at it, for a year and more. When I arrived the first words I heard were about the Bazaar. When I tried to get someone to help me with my stall I was laughed at. All the young ladies in the place had been secured months before, as saleswomen. I don't know what I should have done if a very charming lady had not arrived soon after I did. No sooner had she set foot on shore than I rushed at her and snapped her up before any one else knew she had come, for I was quite desperate, and felt it was my only chance. However, luck was on my side, and my fair A.D.C. made up in energy and devotion to the cause for half-a-dozen less enthusiastic assistants. All this time I have never told you what the Bazaar was for, or why we all threw ourselves into it with so much ardor. It was for the Natal Literary Society, which has been in existence some little time, struggling to form the nucleus of a Public Library and Reading-room, giving lectures, and so forth, to provide some sort of elevating and refining influence for the more thoughtful among the Maritzburgians. It has been very uphill work, and there is no doubt that the promoters and supporters deserve a good deal of credit. They had met with the usual fate of such pioneers of progress; they had been overwhelmed with discouraging prophecies of all kinds of disaster, but they can turn the tables now on their tormentors. The building did *not* take fire, nor was it robbed; there were no riots; all the boxes arrived in time; everybody was in the sweetest temper; nobody died for want of fresh air (these were among the most encouraging prognostics); and last, not least, after paying all expenses, 2,000 guineas stand at the Bank to the credit of the Society. I must say I was astonished at the financial result,—but very delighted, too, for it is an excellent undertaking, and one in which I feel the warmest interest. It will be an immense boon to the public, and cannot fail to elevate the tone of

thought and feeling in the town. This sum, large as it is for our slender resources, will only barely build a place suitable for a library and reading-room, and the nucleus of a museum. We want gifts of books, and maps, and prints, and nice things of all kinds; and I only wish any one who reads these lines and could help us in this way, would kindly do so, for it will be a very long time before we can buy such things for ourselves, and yet they are indispensable to the carrying out of the scheme.

Everybody from far and near came to the bazaar and bought liberally. The things provided were selected with a view to the wants of a community which has not a large margin for luxuries, and although they were very pretty, there was a strong element of practical usefulness in everything. It must have been a perfect carnival for the little ones: such blowing of whistles and trumpets, such beating of drums and tossing of gay balls in the air as was to be seen all around. Little girls walked about hugging newly acquired dolls with an air of bewildered maternal happiness, whilst on every side you heard boys comparing notes as to the prices of cricket bats; for your true colonial boy has always a keen sense of the value of money or the merits of carpenter's tools.

A wheelwright gave half a dozen exquisitely finished wheel-barrows to the bazaar, made of the woods of the colony, and useful as well as exceedingly pretty. The price was high, but I shut my economical eyes tight and bought one, to the joy and delight of the boys, big and little. There were heaps of similar things, besides contributions from London and Paris, from Italy and Vienna, from India and Australia; to say nothing of Kafir weapons and wooden utensils, live stock, and vegetables, and flowers. Everybody responded to our entreaties, and helped us most liberally and kindly, and this is the result, with which we are all immensely delighted. Some of our best customers were funny old Dutchmen from far-up country, who had come down to the races and the agricultural show, which were all going on at the same time. They bought recklessly the most astounding things, but wisely made it a condition of purchase that

they should not be required to take away the goods. In fact they hit upon the expedient of presenting to one stall what they bought at another; and one worthy, who looked for all the world as if he had sat for his portrait in dear old Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch-book, brought us at our stall a large wax doll, dressed as a bride, and implored us to accept it, and so rid him of its companionship. An immense glass vase was bestowed on us in a similar fashion later on in the evening, and at last we quite came to hail the sight of those huge beaver hats, with their broad brims and peaked crowns, as an omen of good fortune. But what I most wanted to see all the time were the heroes of the rocket practice. You do not know, perhaps, that delicious and veritable South African story, so I must tell it you; only you ought to see my dear Boers, or emigrant farmers, to appreciate it thoroughly.

A little time ago the dwellers in a certain small settlement, far away on the frontier, took alarm at the threatening attitude of their black neighbors. I need not go into the rights, or rather the wrongs, of the story here, but skip all preliminary details and start fair one fine morning when a "Commando" was about to march. Now a "Commando" means a small expedition armed to the teeth, which sets forth to do as much retaliatory mischief as it can. It had occurred to the chiefs of this warlike force that a rocket apparatus would be a very fine thing, likely to strike awe into savage tribes, and so would a small light cannon. The necessary funds were forthcoming, and some kind friend in England sent them out a beautiful little rocket-tube all complete, and the most knowing and destructive of light field-pieces. They reached their destination in the very nick of time, the eve, in fact, of the departure of this valiant "Commando." It was deemed advisable to make trial of these new weapons before starting, and an order was issued for the "Commando" to assemble a little earlier in the market square, and learn to handle their artillery pieces before marching. Not only did the militia assemble, but all the townsfolk, men, women, and children, and clustered like bees round the rocket-tube, which had been placed near the powder magazine

so as to be handy to the ammunition. The first difficulty consisted in finding anybody who had ever seen a cannon before; as for a rocket-tube that was indeed a new invention. The most careful search only succeeded in producing a Boer, who had, many, many years ago, made a voyage in an old tea-ship which carried a couple of small guns for firing signals, etc. This valiant artillery-man was at once elected commander-in-chief of the rocket-tube and the little cannon, whilst everybody stood by to see some smart practice. The tube was duly hung on its tripod, and the reluctant fellow-passenger of the two old cannon proceeded to load and attempt to fire it. The loading was comparatively easy; but the firing! I only wish I understood the technical terms of rockets, but although they have been minutely explained to me half a dozen times, I don't feel strong enough on the subject to venture to use them. The results were, that some connecting cord or other having been severed, contrary to the proper method generally pursued in letting off a rocket, *half* of the projectile took fire, could not escape from the tube on account of the other half blocking up the passage, and there was an awful internal commotion instead of an explosion. The tripod gyrated rapidly, the whizzing and fizzing became more pronounced every moment; at last with a whisk and a bang out rushed the ill-treated and imprisoned rocket. But there was no clear space for it. It ricocheted among the trees, zig-zagging here and there, opening out a lane for itself with lightning speed among the terrified and flustered crowd. There seemed no end to the progress of that blazing stick—a wild cry arose of "The powder magazine!" but before the stick could reach so far, it "brought up all standing" in a waggon, and made one final leap among the oxen, killing two of them, and breaking the leg of a third.

This was an unfortunate beginning for the new captain, but he excused himself on the ground that, after all, rockets were not guns,—with those he was perfectly familiar, having smoked his pipe often and often on board the tea-ship long ago, with those two cannon full in view. Yet the peaceablest cannon have a nasty trick of running back and tread-

ing on the toes of the bystanders, and to guard against such well-known habits it would be advisable to plant the tail of this little fellow securely in the ground, so that he must per force keep steady. "Volunteers to the front with spades," was the cry, and a good-sized grave was made for the end of the gun, which was then lightly covered up with earth. There was now no fear of loading him, and, instead of one, two charges of powder were carefully rammed home, and two shells put in. There was some hitch also about applying the fuse to this weapon,—fuses not having been known on board the tea-ship,—but at last something was ignited, and out jumped *one* shell right into the middle of the market-square, and buried itself in the ground. But, alas and alas! the cannon now behaved in a wholly unexpected manner. It turned itself deliberately over on its back with its muzzle pointing full among the groups of gaping Dutchmen in its rear; its wheels spun round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and a fearful growling and sputtering could be heard inside it. The recollection of the second shell now obtruded itself vividly on all minds, and caused a curious stampede among the spectators. The fat Dutchmen looked as if they were playing some child's game. One ran behind another putting his hands on his shoulders, but no sooner did any person find himself the first of a file than he shook off the detaining hands of the man behind him, and fled to the rear to hold on to his neighbor. However ludicrous this may have looked, it was still very natural, with the muzzle of a half-loaded cannon pointing full towards you, and one is thankful to know that with such dangerous weapons "around" no serious harm was done. If you could only see the fellow-countrymen of these brave heroes you would appreciate the story better; their wonderful diversity of height, their equally marvellous diversity of breadth, of garb, and equipment. One man will be over six feet high,—a giant in form and build,—mounted on a splendid saddle, fresh from the store, spick and span in all details. His neighbor in the ranks will be five feet nothing, and an absolute circle as to shape; he will have rolled with difficulty on to the back of a gaunt steed, and his horse-furniture will consist

of two old saddle-flaps sewn together with a strip of bullock hide, and with a sheep-skin thrown over all. You may imagine that a regiment thus turned out would look somewhat droll to the eyes of a martinet in such matters, even without the addition of a cannon lying on its back kicking, or a twisting rocket sputtering and fizzing.

June 7th.—Let me see what we have been doing since I last wrote. I have had a Kafir princess to tea with me, and we have killed a snake in the baby's nursery,—that is to say Jack killed the snake. Jack does everything in the house, and is at once the most amiable and the cleverest servant I ever had. Not Zulu Jack. *He* is so deaf, poor boy, he is not of much use, except to clean saucepans and wash up pots and pans. He seems to have no sense of smell either, because I have to keep a strict watch over him that he does not introduce a flavor of kerosene oil into everything, by his partiality for wiping cups and plates with dirty lamp cloths, instead of his own nice clean dusters. But he is very civil and quiet, leisurely in all he does, and a strict Conservative in his notions of work, resenting the least change of employment. No: the other Jack is a tiny little man, also a Zulu, but he speaks English well, and it is his pride and delight to dress as an English "boy,"—that is what he calls it,—even to the wearing of agonizing tight boots on his bare feet. Jack learns all I can teach him of cooking with perfect ease, and gives us capital meals. He is the bravest of the establishment, and is always to the fore in a scrimmage, generally dealing the *coup de grace* in all combats with snakes. In this instance my first thought was to call Jack. I had tried to peep into the nursery one sunny midday, to see if the baby was still asleep, and could not imagine what it was pressing so hard against the door and preventing my opening it. I determined to see,—and lo, round the edge darted the head of a large snake, held well up in air with the forked tongue out! It must have been trying to get out of the room, but I shut the door in its face and called for Jack, arming myself with my riding-whip. Jack came running up instantly, but declined all offers of walking-sticks from the halls,

having no confidence in English sticks, and preferring to trust only to his own light strong staff. Cautiously we opened the door again, but the snake was now drawn up in battle array, coiled in a corner difficult to get at, and with outstretched neck and darting head. Jack advanced boldly and fenced a little with the creature, pretending to strike it, but when he saw a good moment he dealt one shrewd blow which proved enough. Then I suddenly became very courageous, after Jack had cried with a grin of modest pride, "Him dead now, Nkasa'-casa," and hit him several cuts with my whip, just to show my indignation at his having dared to invade the nursery and to drink up a cup of milk left for the baby. Baby woke up, and was delighted with the scrimmage, being extremely anxious to examine the dead snake, now dangling across Jack's stick. We all went about with fear and suspicion after that for some days, as all the rooms open on to the verandah, and the snakes are very fond of finding a warm quiet corner to hybernate in. There is now a strict search instituted into all recesses, into cupboards, behind curtains, and especially into F.'s tall riding-boots, but although several snakes have been seen and killed quite close to the house, I am bound to say this is the only one which has come indoors. Frogs hop in whenever they can, and frighten us out of our lives by jumping out upon us in the dark, as we always think it is a snake and not a frog which startles us. It requires a certain amount of persuasion and remonstrance now to induce any of us to go into a room first in the dark; and there have been many false alarms and needless shrieks caused by the lash of one of G.'s many whips, or even a boot-lace getting trodden upon at dusk.

My Kafir princess listened courteously to a highly dramatic narrative of this snake adventure, as conveyed to her through the medium of Maria. But then she listened courteously to everything, and was altogether as perfect a specimen of a well-bred young lady as you would wish to see anywhere. Dignified and self-possessed, without the slightest self-assumption or consciousness, with the walk of an empress and the smile of a child, such was Mayikali, a young widow about twenty years of age, whose

husband—I can neither spell nor pronounce his name—had been chief of the Patili tribe, whose location is far away to the north-west of us, by Bushman's River, right under the shadow of the great range of the Drakensberg. This tribe came to grief in the late disturbances apropos of Langalibalele, and lost their cattle, and what Mr. Wemmick would call their portable property, in some unexplained way. We evidently consider that it was what the Scotch call "our blaine," for every year there is a grant of money from our colonial exchequer to buy this tribe ploughs and hoes, blankets and mealies, and so forth; but whilst the crops are growing it is rather hard times for them, and their pretty chieftainess occasionally comes down to Maritzburg to represent some particular case of suffering or hardship to their kind friend the Minister for Native Affairs, who is always the man they fly to for help in all their troubles. Poor girl, she is going through an anxious time, keeping the clanship open for her only son, a boy of five years old, whom she proudly speaks of as "Captain Lucas," but whose real name is "Luke."

I was drinking my afternoon tea as usual in the verandah one cold Sunday afternoon lately, when Mayikali paid me this visit; so I had a good view of her as she walked up the drive, attended by her maid of honor (one of whose duties is to remove stones or other obstructions from her lady's path), and closely followed by about a dozen elderly, grave, "ringed" men, who never leave her, and are, as it were, her body-guard. There was something very pretty and pathetic, to anyone knowing how a Kafir woman is despised by her lords and masters, in the devotion and anxious care and respect which these tall warriors and counsellors paid to this gentle-eyed, grave-faced girl. Their pride and delight in my reception of her was the most touching thing in the world. I went to meet her, as she walked at the head of her followers with her graceful carriage and queenly gait. She gave me her hand, smiling charmingly, and I led her up the verandah steps and placed her in a large arm-chair, and two or three gentlemen who chanced to be there raised their hats to her. The delight of her people at all this knew no bounds: their keen

dusky faces glowed with pride, and they raised their right hands in salutation before sitting down on the edge of the verandah, all facing their mistress, and hardly taking their eyes off her for a moment. Maria came to interpret for us, which she did very prettily, smiling sweetly; but the great success of the affair came from the baby, who toddled round the corner, and seeing this brightly draped figure in a big chair, threw up his little hand and cried, "Bayete." It was quite a happy thought, and was rapturously received by the indunas with loud shouts of "Inkose, Inkose!" whilst even the princess looked pleased in her composed manner. I offered some tea, which she took without milk, managing her cup and saucer and even spoon as if she had been used to it all her life, though I confess to a slight feeling of nervousness, remembering the brittle nature of china as compared to calabashes or to Kafir wooden bowls. F—gave each of her retinue a cigar, which they immediately crumpled up and took in the form of snuff with many grateful grunts of satisfaction.

Now there is nothing in the world which palls so soon as compliments, and our conversation being chiefly of this nature began to languish dreadfully. Maria had conveyed to the princess several times my pleasure in receiving her, and my hope that she and her people would get over this difficult time and prosper everlastingly. To this the princess had answered that her heart rejoiced at having had its own way and directed her up the hill which led to my house, and that even after she had descended the path again it would eternally remember the white lady. This was indeed a figure of speech, for by dint of living in the verandah, rushing out after the children, and my generally gipsy habits, Mayikali is not very much browner than I am. All this time the little maid of honor had set shivering close by, munching a large slice of cake, and staring with her big eyes at my English nurse. She now broke the silence by a fearfully distinct inquiry as to whether that other white woman was not a secondary or subsidiary wife? This question set Maria off into such fits of laughter, and covered poor little Narma with so much confusion, that as a diversion I brought for-

ward my gifts to the princess, consisting of a large crystal cross and pair of earrings. The reason I gave her these ornaments was because I heard she had parted with everything of that sort she possessed in the world to relieve the distresses of her people. The cross hung upon a bright riband which I tied round her throat. All her followers sprung to their feet, waved their sticks, and cried, "Hail to the chieftainess!" But, alas! there was a professional beggar attached to the party, who evidently considered the opportunity as too good to be lost, and drew Maria aside, suggesting that as that white lady was evidently enormously rich, and very foolish, it would be as well to mention that the princess had only skins of wild beasts to wear (she had on a petticoat or kilt of lynx-skins and her shoulders were wrapped in a gay, striped blanket, which fell in graceful folds nearly to her feet), and suffered horribly from the cold. He added that there never was such a tiresome girl, for she never *would* ask for anything, and how was she to get it without? Besides which, if she had such a dislike to asking for herself, she surely might speak about things for them,—an old coat now or a hat would be highly acceptable to himself, and so would a little money. But Mayikali turned quite fiercely on him, ordering him to hold his tongue, and demanding if that was the way to receive kindness, to ask for more?

The beggar's remark, however, had the effect of drawing my attention to the princess' scanty garb,—I have said it was a bitterly cold evening,—and to the maid of honor's pronounced and incessant shivering; so nurse and I went to our boxes and had a good hunt, returning with a warm knitted petticoat, a shawl, and two sets of flannel bathing dresses. One was perfectly new, of crimson flannel, trimmed with a profusion of white braid: of course, this was for the princess; and she and her maiden retired to Maria's room and equipped themselves, finding much difficulty however in getting into the bathing suits, and marvelling much at the perplexing fashion in which white women made their clothes. The maid of honor was careful to hang *her* solitary decorations—two small round bits of looking-glass—outside her skeleton suit of blue serge,

and we found her an old woollen table-cover, which she arranged into graceful shawl-folds with one clever twist of her skinny little arm. Just as they turned to leave the room, Maria told me this damsel said, "Now, ma'am, if we only had a little red earth to color our foreheads, and a few brass rings, we should look very nice;" but the princess rejoined, "Whatever you do, don't ask for anything;" which I must say I thought very nice. So I led her back again to her watchful followers, who hailed her improved appearance with loud shouts of delight. She then took her leave, with many simple and graceful protestations of gratitude; but I confess it gave me a pang when she said, with a sigh, "Ah, if all white Inkasa'casa were like you, and kind to us Kafir women!" I could not help thinking how little I had really done, and how much more we might all do. I must mention that, by way of amusing Mayikali, I had shown her some large photographs of the Queen and the Royal Family, explaining to her very carefully who they all were. She looked very attentively at her Majesty's portrait, and then held it up to her followers, who rose of their own accord and saluted it with the royal greeting of "Bayete;" and as Mayikali laid it down again she remarked, pensively, "I am very glad the great white Chieftainess has such a kind face: I should not be at all afraid of going to tell her any of my troubles: I am sure she is a kind and good lady." Mayikali herself admired the Princess of Wales' portrait immensely, and gazed at it for a long time; but, I am sorry to say, her followers persisted in declaring it was *only* a very pretty girl, and reserved all their grunts and shouts of respectful admiration for a portrait of the Duke of Cambridge, in full uniform: "Oh, the great fighting Inkosi! Look at his sword and the feathers in that beautiful hat! How the hearts of his foes must melt away before his terrible and splendid face!" But, indeed, on each portrait they had some shrewd remark to make, tracing family likenesses with great quickness, and asking minute questions about relationships, successions, etc. They took a special interest in hearing about the Prince of Wales going to India, and immediately wished H.R.H.

would come here and shoot buffalo and hartbeeste.

June 15th.—We had such a nice cockney, family picnic ten days ago, on Whit-Monday. F— had been bewailing himself about this holiday beforehand, declaring he should not know what to do with himself, and regretting that holidays had ever been invented, and so on, until I felt that it was absolutely necessary to provide him with some outdoor occupation for the day. There was no anxiety about weather, for it is only too "set fair," all round, and the water shrinks away, and the dust increases upon us day by day. But there was an anxiety about where to go, and how to get to any place. "*Such a bad road,*" was the objection raised to every place I proposed, or else it was voted too far. At last all difficulties were met by a suggestion of spending a "happy day" at the falls of the Lower Umgeni, only a dozen miles away, and getting the loan of the mule waggon. Everything was propitious, even to the materials for a cold dinner being handy, and we bundled in ever so many boys, nurse and myself, and Maria in her brightest cotton frock, and literally beaming with smiles, which every now and then broke out into a joyous, childish laugh of pure delight at nothing at all. *She* came to carry the baby, who loves her better than any one, and who understands Kafir better than English. The great thing was that everybody had the companions they liked: as I have said, baby had his Maria; F— had secured a pleasant friend to ride with him, so as to be independent of the waggon; G— had his two favorite little schoolfellows; and I,—well I had the luncheon basket, and that was quite enough for me to think of. I kept remembering spasmodically divers omissions made in the hurry of packing it up; for like all pleasant parties it was quite *à l'improvu*, and that made me rather anxious. It was really a delicious morning, sunny and yet cool, with everything around looking bright and glowing under the beautiful light. The near hills seemed to fold the little quiet town in soft round curves, melting and blending into each other; whilst the ever rising and more distant outlines showed exquisite indigo shadows, and bold relief of purple and brown. The greenery of

spring and summer is all parched and dried away now, but the red African soil takes in the distance warm hues and tints which make up for the delicate coloring of young grass. Here and there as it glows beneath the sun, and a slow-sailing cloud casts a shadow, it changes from its own rich and indescribable color to the purple of a heather-covered Scotch moor, but whilst one looks the cloud has passed away, the violent tints die out, and it is again a bare, red hill-side which lies before you. A steep hill-side, too, for the poor mules; but they breast it bravely at a jog-trot, with their jangling bells and patient bowed heads, and we are soon at the top, looking down on the clouds of our own dust. The wind, or rather the soft air, for it is hardly a wind, blows straight in our faces as we trot on towards the south-west, and it drives the mass of finely powdered dust raised by the heels of the six mules far behind us, to our great contentment and comfort. The two gentlemen on horseback are fain to keep clear of us and our dust, and to take a short cut whenever they can get off the high road, which in this case, and at this time of year, is really a very good one. Inside the waggon under the high hood it is deliciously cool, but the boys are in such tearing spirits that I don't know what to do with them. Every now and then when we are going up-hill they jump out of the waggon and search the hill-side for a yellow flower, a sort of everlasting, out of the petals of which they extemporise shrill whistles, and when their invention in this line falls short, Maria steps in with a fresh suggestion. They make fearful pipes of reeds, they chirp like the grasshoppers, they all chatter and laugh together like so many magpies. When I am quite at my wits' end I produce buns, and these keep them quiet for full five minutes, but no longer.

At last after two hours' steady up-hill pulling on the part of the mules, we have reached the great plateau, from which the Umgeni takes its second leap, the first being at Howick. There, the sight of the great river rolling wide and swift between its high banks keeps the boys quiet with surprise and delight for a short space, and before they have found their tongues again we have nois-

ily crossed a resounding wooden bridge, and drawn up at the door of an inn. Here, the mules find rest and shelter, as well as their Hottentot drivers, whilst we are only beginning our day's work. As for the boys, their whole souls are absorbed in their fishing-rods,—they grudge the idea of wasting time in eating dinner, and stipulate earnestly that they may be allowed to "eat fast." We find and charter a couple of tall Kafirs to carry the provision baskets; F—and his companion take careful and tender charge each of a bottle of beer; Maria shoulders the baby; I cling to my little tea-pot, nurse seizes a bottle of milk; and away we all go, down the dusty road again, over the bridge (the boys don't want to go a yard further, for they see some Kafirs fishing below), across a burnt-up meadow, through scrub of terrible thorniness, and so on, guided by the rush and roar of the falling water, to our dining-room among the great boulders, beneath the shade of the chief cascade. Unlike Howick, and the one grand concentrated leap of the river there, here it tumbles in a dozen places, over a wide semicircular ledge of basalt. It is no joke to anyone except the boys, who seem to enjoy tumbling about and grazing their elbows and shins, getting over the wet slippery rocks which have to be crossed to get to the place we want. I tremble for the milk and the beer, and the tea-pot, and I slip down repeatedly; but I am under no apprehension about Maria and the baby, for she plants her broad big bare feet firmly on the rocks, and steps over their wet slippery surface with the ease and grace of a stout gazelle. Once, and once only is she in danger, but it is because she is laughing so immoderately at the baby's suggestion, made in lisping Kafir, when he first caught sight of the waterfall, that we should all have a bath there and then. The falls are not in their fullest splendor to-day, for this is the dry season, and even the great Umgeni acknowledges the drain of burning sunshine day after day, and is rather more economical in her display of tumbling water, and iridescent spray. Still it is very beautiful, and in spite of our hunger,—for we are all well-nigh ravenous,—we climb various rocks of vantage to see the fine semicircle of cascades, gleaming white

among tufts of clinging green scrub and bare massive boulders. In the wet season, of course much that we see now of rock and tree is hidden by the greater volume of water, but they add greatly to the sylvan beauty of the fair scene. It is quite cold in the shade, but we have no choice, for where the sun shines invitingly there is not a foot of level rock, and not an inch of soft white sand like the floor of our dining-room. Such an indignant twitter as the birds raised, hardly to be pacified by crumbs and scraps of the rapidly vanishing bread and meat, salad and pudding.

But the days are so short now that we cannot spare ourselves half the time we want, either to eat or rest, or linger and listen to the great monotonous roar of falling water,—so agitating at first, so soothing after a little while. The boys have bolted their dinner, plunged their heads and hands under a tiny tricklet close by, and are off to the shallows beneath the bridge where the river runs wide and low, where geese are cackling on the boulders, fish leaping in the pools, and Kafir lads laughing and splashing on the brink. We leave baby and his nurses in charge of the birds' dinner until the men return for the lightened baskets, and we three "grown-ups" start for a sharp scramble up the face of the cliff, over the bed of a dry water-course, to look at the wonderful expanse of the great river above, coming down from the purple hills on the horizon, sweeping across the vast, almost level plain in a magnificent tranquil curve, wide as an inland lake, until it falls abruptly, falling over the precipice before it. Scarcely a ripple on the calm surface, scarcely a quickening of its steady, tranquil flow, and yet it has gone, dropped clean out of sight, and that monotonous roar is the noise of its fall. I should like to see it in summer, when its stately progress is quickened and its limpid waters stained by the overflow of countless lesser streams into its broad bosom, and when its banks are fringed with tufts of tall white arum lilies—now only green faded leaves, shrunken as close to the water's edge as they can get,—and when this carpet of violets beneath our feet is a sheet of blossom, flecked with gayer flowers all over this great spreading veldt. To-day the wish of my heart, of all our hearts, is for a canoe apiece.

Oh, for the days of fairy thievery, to be able to swoop down upon Mr. Searle's yard and snatch up three perfect little canoes, paddles, sails, waterproof aprons and all, and put them down over there by that clump of lilies and mimosa bushes! What a race we could have for clear eight miles up that shining reach, between banks which are never nearer than sixty or seventy feet to each other, and where the river is as calm as glass, and free from let or hindrance to a canoe for all that distance.

But, alas, there are neither roguish fairies nor stolen canoes to be seen, nothing except one rough and ready fishing-rod and the everlasting mealie-meal worked into a paste for bait. We are too impatient to give it a fair trial, although the fish are leaping all around, for already the sun is travelling fast towards those high western hills, and when once he gets behind the tallest peak darkness will be upon us in five minutes. We should have been much more careful of our minutes even had there not chanced to be an early moon,—already a silver disc in yonder bright blue sky. The homeward path was longer and easier, and led us more circuitously back to the bridge, beneath which I was horrified to find G— and his friends,—their fishing-rods and one small fish on the bank,—disporting themselves in the water with nothing on save their hats. G— is not at all dismayed at my shrill reproaches to him from the high bridge above, but suggests that I should throw him down my pocket-handkerchief for a towel, and promises to dress and come up to the house directly. So I—with the thoughts of my tea in my mind, for we have not been able to have a fire at the falls—hurry up to the inn and have time for a look round before the boys are ready. It is all so odd, such a strange jumble, such a thorough example of the queer upside-down fashion of colonising which reigns here, that we cannot help describing it. A fairly good straggling house, with sufficiently good furniture and plenty of it, and an apparent abundance of good glass and crockery; a sort of bar, also, with substantial array of bottles, and tins of biscuits and preserved meats, and pickles of all sorts and kinds. But what I want you to bear in mind is that all this came from England, and has finally been

brought up here, nearly 70 miles from the coast, at an enormous trouble and expense. There were several young white people about the place, but a white person of that class in Natal is too fine to work, and in five minutes I heard fifty complaints of want of labor and of the idleness of the Kafirs. There was no garden, no poultry-yard, no dairy,—here, with the means of irrigation at their very doors, with the possibility of food for cattle all the year round at the cost of a little personal trouble, there is neither a drop of milk nor an ounce of butter to be had; nor an egg,—“the fowls don’t do so very well.” I should think not, with such accommodation as they had in the way of water and food. For more than twenty years that house has stood there; a generation had grown up round it and in it, and yet it might as well have been built last year for all the signs of a homestead about it. There was a mealie patch somewhere, and a few more of green forage, and that was all. Now in Australia or New Zealand, in a more rigorous climate, under far greater disadvantages, the dwellers in that house would have had farm-yard and grain fields, garden and poultry-yard, about them in five years, and the necessary labor would have been performed by the master and mistress and their sons and daughters. Here they all sit indoors, listless and discontented, grumbling because the Kafirs won’t come and work for them. I can’t make it out, and I confess I long to give all this sort of colonists a good shaking, and take away every single Kafir from them. I am sure they would get on a thousand times better.

The only thing is, it is too late to shake them now,—too late to shake energy and thrift into elderly or already grown-up people. They get on very well as it is, they say, and make money, which is all they care for, having no pride in neatness and order, and setting no value on the good opinions of others. They can sell their beer, and pickles, and tins of meat, and milk at double and treble what they cost, and that is less fatiguing than digging and fencing and churning. So the tea has no milk, nor the bread any butter, when twenty years ago cows were somewhere about five shillings apiece; and we get on as well as we can without it; but I long, up to

the very last, to shake them all round, especially the fat, pallid young people. Fortunately for Her Majesty’s peace, I refrain from this expression of my opinion, and get myself and all my boys into the mule waggon, and so off again, jogging homewards before the sun has dipped behind that great blue hill. Long ere we have gone half-way the daylight has all died away, and the boys find fresh cause for shouts of delight at the fantastic shadows the moon is casting as she glides in and out of her cloud-palaces. It would have been an enchanting drive home, wrapped up to the chin as we all were, except for the dust. What air there was came from behind us, from the same point as it had blown in the morning, but now we carried the dust along with us and were powdered snow-white by it. Every hundred yards or so the drivers put on the brake and whistled to the mules to stop. They did not mind losing sight altogether of the leaders in a dense cloud of dust, nor even of the next pair, but when the wheels were completely blotted out by the thick stirred-up mass of fine dust, then they thought it high time to pause and let it blow past us. But all this stopping made the return journey rather long and tedious, and all the little curly heads were nodding against our shoulders, only rousing up with a flicker of the day’s animation when we came to where a grass fire was sweeping over the veldt and our road crossed a dusty but wide and safe barrier between the sheets of crackling flame. All along the horizon these blazing belts showed brightly against the deep twilight sky, sometimes racing up the hills, again lighting up the valleys with yellow belt and circle of fire and smoke, but everywhere weird and picturesque beyond the power of words to tell. I noticed during that drive what I have so often observed out here before,—the layers of cold air. Sometimes we felt our wraps quite oppressive when we were at the top of a hill or even climbing up it; then, when we were crossing a valley or narrow ravine, we seemed to drive into an ice-cold region where we shivered beneath our furs; and then, again, in five minutes the air in our faces would once more be soft and balmy, crisp indeed and bracing, but many degrees warmer than those narrow Arctic belts here and there.—*Evening Hours.*

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE excited discussion on Spiritualism in the British Association is a remarkable evidence both that there is a yearly increasing number of persons who have really proof, or what they think proof, of the existence of very curious and unexplained phenomena seeming to indicate the action of unseen intelligence, and also that there is something in these phenomena of a troublesome and ambiguous character, often connected with fraud, and still oftener, perhaps, with unconscious self-deception. We are quite sure of one thing,—that the investigation into phenomena of this kind has hardly ever been attempted without disclosing a number of very bewildering conditions, and that the greater number of thorough-going spiritualists are far too easily convinced of the reality of so-called facts, which might just as easily be produced by fraud as by unknown causes. Whether there be not a residuum of real fact which, as Mr. Maske-lyne appeared to admit, in the letter which Professor Barrett received from him and communicated to the British Association on Tuesday, is really beyond explanation by any causes at present admitted by scientific men, is another question. And so far as we are able to judge the matter, we are strongly inclined to believe that there is. Almost all educated men who have looked into the subject have come across phenomena in the circles of their own friends, without going to professional mediums at all, which cannot be explained by the hypothesis of either fraud or self-delusion. Such, perhaps, was the case of the young girl mentioned by Professor Barrett as within his own experience, in whose presence, even when in the open air, raps occurred, capable of answering any question within the child's own knowledge, but no others apparently, and this "when every possible source of deception was removed." And it is only the more probable that this case was genuine, that, according to Professor Barrett, the phenomena, after reaching a maximum, died away gradually, just when curiosity was most aroused. Indeed, nothing is so probable, on the ground of general presumptions, as that the disap-

pointment which the failure to produce these abnormal phenomena when they are most desired produces, has often led to the frauds by which they are unquestionably very often accompanied.

Lord Rayleigh and others described the very curious phenomena,—also described in the *World* of last week,—witnessed in the presence of Dr. Slade, an American gentleman, who is at present in this country, and of whom the present writer may say that the phenomena which occurred in Dr. Slade's room in broad daylight seemed to him wholly inexplicable on any recognised principle of modern science. A crumb of slate-pencil, confined between a common school-slate and the table, writes, or appears to write, long messages on the under-surface of the slate when held down to the table by the sitter's hands, as well as the medium's. The writing is indeed throughout distinctly *heard*, as well as afterwards read. At the same time, it is only fair to say that there are certain "test-conditions," as they are called, of which Dr. Slade openly declares that they are fatal to the phenomena. For instance, on one occasion the present writer took a double slate, fitted with a patent spring-lock, and proposed to Dr. Slade to place the crumb of slate-pencil with which the messages are written inside this slate, and then close the spring-lock. To this Dr. Slade made no objection, but said at once that he did not believe the writing would appear,—that he regarded the conditions of the ordinary séance as quite sufficient, and that the intelligences which governed him would have nothing to do with locked, or chemically-prepared, or otherwise doctored slates, such as had been often brought to him in America,—not without obtaining the results, but without in the least satisfying the bringers that there was no trick in the matter. Nor, as a matter of fact, did any writing at all take place in the locked slate. Now, if tests of so very simple a kind are objected to, it is quite certain that the doubts of the public will continue. As far as the present writer could judge, there was no room for fraud about the mode in which the writing on

the other slates was produced. And no man's manner could be simpler or less open to criticism than Dr. Slade's. Still, why should either visible or invisible agencies object to a simple test, if truth be the only object? Dr. Slade does not object to his visitors looking under his table, holding the slate for themselves, holding his own hands, or touching his own feet so as to be sure that he is not using them. He does not object to his sitters taking their own slates. The present writer got two messages on a double slate, bought on his way to the séance. Why should Dr. Slade,—or the invisible agencies by which he believes himself to be directed,—object to the very simple additional guarantee of a lock on the slate, to preclude altogether that happening which he invites all his visitors to satisfy themselves does not happen? It does not seem a reasonable attitude to say, — 'Take your precautions against being deceived up to a certain point, but just at the point at which all the world would probably be satisfied you must stop?' The world will, no doubt, reply, — 'The only thing worth guarding against at all is exceedingly skilful deception,—we could guard against ordinary deception by ordinary vigilance. But if ever or whenever there may be a man who can do without apparatus what Maskelyne and Cooke do with apparatus, in his case we want better guarantees than those of common vigilance and precaution,—we want to be guarded against the deficiencies of our own senses, and if the phenomena stop short of those which would convince us that we are so guarded, we should prefer distrusting our own quickness of vision, or hearing, or both, to believing that there is a new and invisible agency at work. For if there be such an agency, surely it should not be, and according to your own evidence need not be, stopped by a patent lock.' Nor do we see what answer could be given to such reasoning. Dr. Carpenter is quite right in saying that before any scientific man acquiesces in the reality of these phenomena, he should take pains to guard himself against his own deficiency in observing power. Nothing can be more astounding than what occurs, or seems to occur, in Dr. Slade's presence, unless

it be that an invisible agency which can do so much, should really object to the imposition of an additional and very obvious precaution against illusion. Our own impression is that what happens in Dr. Slade's room is marvellous in a very high degree, but that it would be even still more marvellous that any intelligence capable of producing it should take offence at a patent lock. Doubtless it is not pleasant to a man's—and it may be equally unpleasant, for anything we know, to a spirit's—pride, to have precautions taken against any feat of legerdemain. But then the very essence of the whole question here is precaution. If you took no precaution at all, there would be no marvel at all. If, for instance, Dr. Slade were to absent himself with his slate for five minutes after each question were asked, and then to return with the answer, there would be no wonder to explain. The wonder is that when a blank slate is held down on the table by your own hands, you hear the writing begin and finish, and that when the slate is held up a long message is there. The wonder would be increased doubtless by shutting a spring lock on the slate, but only because that precludes the possibility of the sort of manipulation which,—as one is told,—Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke can so perform that a man makes the blunder of confusing what he has really seen with his own eyes with what he has only inferred,—perhaps quite falsely,—that he has so seen. If we may not guard ourselves against our own deficiencies of vision, we have just as much reason for explaining a marvel by conjecturing that we have been deceived, after all, in spite of all our effort to be vigilant, as by admitting a new agency, which is the very point in question.

The result seems to us to be that unless the mediums, or the spirits, or whatever they be, will grant full "test-conditions," investigators ought not to be convinced. It is just as reasonable an explanation to say, 'I was a fool, and did not use my own faculties well,' as to say, 'An invisible agency was really at work.' It is very likely that the tests which Dr. Carpenter wisely demands will often fail, even where there really were phenomena to explain which are not explicable on hitherto known laws. As far as we can

judge, some very strange phenomena do occur with great capriciousness in the presence of people of particular organisations, but when they come to be looked for, they very often disappear. Still, though it is no sufficient reason for rejecting the reality of these phenomena that they fail to occur just when the tests are ready which would prove them to be true, it is clearly no reason for believing them. And whenever simple and reasonable tests are declined, the effect must be, and ought to be, to render the investigator distrustful of what he has seen, or appeared to see, when the tests were not present. After all, what he has to determine is how far he can trust himself. If he finds that what occurs under circumstances in which he can

trust himself absolutely and completely, is much less wonderful than what occurs when he is half-distrustful of his own observing power,—or even not wonderful at all—the humiliating conclusion that he himself is a bad observer is a more probable one, than that he has discovered an invisible agency denied by most men of science. We agree, however, entirely with Mr. Crookes that if the test-conditions are really satisfied, it is pure superstition to reject the results just because they do not hang together with the principles of modern science. But is not the locking of a double slate a fair and reasonable test of such phenomena as those which occur with Dr. Slade?—*The Spectator*.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As a frontispiece to this number of the *ECLECTIC* we present our readers with a portrait of the Earl of Derby, whose position as Minister of Foreign Affairs in Mr. Disraeli's cabinet, and consequent relation, as director of England's policy, with the great question now undergoing solution in South-eastern Europe, render him a prominent object of curiosity and interest.

EDWARD HENRY SMITH STANLEY, fifteenth Earl of Derby, eldest son of the Lord Derby whose translation of Homer is favorably known in this country, was born at Knowsley Park on the 21st of July, 1826. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; failed to be chosen to Parliament for Lancashire in 1848; made a tour the following year through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies, and was returned to Parliament for Lyme Regis during his absence. In 1852 he went to India, and while there was appointed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his father's first administration. The year following he submitted a plan for the reform of Indian Administration, the essential features of which were adopted in 1858. In 1855 he declined a position in the Cabinet under Lord Palmerston; but in 1858 he became Secretary for the Colonies in his father's second

Cabinet, and afterwards President of the Board of Control, with the title of Her Majesty's Commissioner for the Affairs of India. The transfer of the management of East Indian affairs from the East India Company to the officers of the Crown took place under his direction, and he became first Secretary of State for India. In his father's third Cabinet he accepted the position of Foreign Secretary, holding that office from 1866 until the accession of Mr. Gladstone to the Premiership in 1868. On the death of his father, in 1869, he entered the House of Lords; and in February, 1874, resumed the Foreign Office under Mr. Disraeli.

“Lord Derby presents a complete contrast to his brilliant father, whom Bulwer calls “the Rupert of debate.” He is cautious, methodical, and deliberate; slow of speech and almost frigid in demeanor; phlegmatic in temperament; studious and industrious in his habits; an excellent organizer and administrator; a sympathetic observer of the intellectual, scientific, and social movements of the time; and almost wholly free from the bias of party politics. Of all the Tory leaders he is regarded as the most liberal, enlightened, and progressive; and as he will probably be Mr. Disraeli's successor, it is thought that

his influence will bring about an abatement of those fierce party passions which have dominated English politics since the days of Sir Robert Peel. His administration of the Foreign Office has

been especially acceptable hitherto; though it seems now as if the attitude in which he has placed England on the Turko-Servian question might result in driving his party from power.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE. By William Elliot Griffis, A.M. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Mr. Griffis divides his work into two parts nearly equal in length, the first giving a history of Japan from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D., while the second records his personal experiences, observations, and studies in Japan between 1872 and 1874. Of the historical portion it is enough to say that it appears to be the result of painstaking and intelligent investigation of original authorities as well as of modern compendiums; that it is comprehensive enough for all the purposes of the average reader without being burdened with obscure speculations or minute details as to matters of fact; that it is exceptionally free from those prejudices of race and education which so often vitiate the work of an historian who deals with a civilization and people so alien from his own as those of Japan; and that it is animated and picturesque if somewhat crude in style. The story of one of the most ancient, and perhaps the most curiously interesting, of Oriental nations has never been told in a more acceptable way, and Mr. Griffis has established a new bond of friendship between the "Americans of the East" and the "Americans of the West" by interpreting the former to the latter so adequately and well.

The moiety of the book which records the author's personal observations and experiences, while more entertaining is not less instructive than the historical portion. Mr. Griffis resided in Japan from December, 1870, to July, 1874, four of the most eventful years in the annals of the country, and during this period he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying the habits, customs, and character of all classes of the people. "Nothing Japanese," he says, "was foreign to me, from palace to beggar's hut." As head of a scientific school, he spent nearly one year "alone in a daimio's capital far in the interior, away from Western influence, when feudalism was in its full bloom and the old life in vogue;" and subsequently, as one of the instructors in the Imperial University at the national capital, having picked students from all parts of the empire, he was "a witness of the marvellous development, reforms, dangers, pageants, and changes of the epochal years 1872, 1873, and

1874." His position secured him association with princes, scholars, artists, priests, aquarists, and students, and access to the homes and resorts of the common people; and, with the wealth of material thus accumulated, he constructs what appears to be a minute and faithful picture of the national manners and customs, household life, domestic economy, religious observances, superstitions, myths, folk-lore and fireside stories, education, literature, industrial methods, and amusements. The chapters describing his life in the remote inland city of Fukui are especially interesting, and those on "The Position of Woman" and "New Japan" furnish admirable correctives to the foolish and mistaken ideas propagated by hasty travellers more anxious to find what is sensational than what is true. Some of the author's views are probably too roseate-hued, but in dealing with a foreign people an observer's eyes are less likely to be blinded by excess of sympathy than by its absence.

The illustrations of the volume are a noteworthy feature, many of them being from original sketches by native artists and others borrowed from native books. There are upwards of a hundred pictures in the book, and it may be said that very few of them were inserted for merely decorative purposes.

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Modern English literature is peculiarly rich in personal memoirs, and it is high praise, therefore, to say that these reminiscences of fifty years are among the most entertaining and readable that have recently appeared. The Earl of Albemarle was born in 1799, and during his long life has been brought in contact with many of the most distinguished men and women of his time, has travelled widely over the world, and participated in some stirring adventures by flood and field. In his childhood he was for several years the playmate and companion of the lamented Princess Charlotte, and perhaps the most piquant and amusing of his reminiscences are those relating to her and the household of which she formed a part. In 1816 he fought under Wellington at Waterloo, was part of the great "Army of Invasion," was in Paris at the time

of its occupation by the allied sovereigns, and witnessed the inauguration of the government of Louis XVIII. Later, as equerry to the Duke of Sussex, he attended the trial of Queen Caroline, and gives many highly interesting details of that *cause célèbre*. At one period of his life the Earl (Major Keppel then) was one of the most popular members of London society, and had the *entrée* of the literary circles; and his record contains anecdotes, stories, and personal sketches of the most prominent figures in both the social and literary world—including the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lady Dacre, Coleman, Moore, Rogers, Theodore Hook, Horace Smith, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Norton. Though the Earl has twice before appeared as an author, he can make but slight pretensions to literary skill; but his reminiscences are frank and candid in tone, piquant without the taint of personal malice, and fresh without violating the sanctities of private life. He is evidently a man who has enjoyed life, who thinks well of himself and his fellows, and whose mind has been mellowed instead of soured by experience. Of all the persons who figure in his narrative he is himself the one of whom the reader will retain the pleasantest and most lasting impression.

Besides the reminiscences there is a long historical account of the Keppel family from which the Earl is descended. The annals of this family extend back to the twelfth century, when a certain Vao Keppel was one of the seven equestrian chiefs of the county of Zutphen, and though they are more likely to prove attractive to English than to American readers, they are not without a certain interest.

CONDENSED CLASSICS. I. IVANHOE, by Sir Walter Scott. II. OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, by Charles Dickens. Condensed by Rosaliter Johnson, Editor of "Little Classics." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Our publishers' columns have already presented an announcement and description of this series, the object of which, as defined by Mr. Johnson, is to meet the wants of those readers who lack the time or disposition to peruse the standard works of English fiction in their original voluminous form, and also of that other class who "might be glad to re-read, in a condensation which preserves every dramatic element, those romances which once gave them pleasure, but which are now forbidden fruits because of the serious consideration of time." Mr. Johnson disclaims the idea that he regards his abridgments as "an absolute improvement of the novels," and, therefore, the only question for the critic to

decide is whether they retain enough of the method, style, and general characteristics of an author, and of the interest of the special story subjected to condensation, to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the reader. As to this point, we confess that after reading the new versions of "Ivanhoe" and "Our Mutual Friend" we still find some difficulty in reaching a conclusion. On the one hand there can be no doubt that Scott's great romance gains in dramatic force and vigor of narrative by the elimination of the episodes and less important passages; but then, on the other hand, it loses much of that romantic mediæval atmosphere which constitutes one of the chief charms of the original work, and which was secured by a multitude of minute details and delicate touches that would naturally be the first to disappear in an abridgment. As a mere story Mr. Johnson's version of "Ivanhoe" will be regarded by many readers as an improvement upon Scott's, but as a work of art it is greatly inferior to the original work, in which there is nothing that could be characterized as distinctly superfluous. In the case of "Our Mutual Friend" we are inclined to say that the condensation, being just half the bulk, is about half as enjoyable as the original. Construction of plot and dramatic narrative were over Dickens's strong points, and no improvement in these respects is secured by elision or condensation; while to strip his leisurely narrative of its apparently purposeless digressions, asides, and eccentric episodes, is to take away its most characteristic attraction. The truth is that while Dickens is often undeniably tedious, his tediousness manifests itself in just those features of his work which the abridger must retain unless he resorts to the expedient of summarizing the story,—and this is no part of Mr. Johnson's plan.

The publishers have produced the "Condensed Classics" in an extremely tasteful and convenient style, which commends itself at once to the eye, the hand, and the pocket. The neat, handy little volumes are certainly more inviting to the fated or hurried reader than the bulky tomes with which the names they bear are usually associated; and this will probably prove an important element of the success of a series which presents many attractive features.

EVERY-DAY TOPICS: A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

As editor of *Scribner's Monthly* during the past five years, Dr. Holland has written for that periodical a multitude of brief papers on those various topics of the time that would

naturally attract the attention of a wide-awake and versatile journalist; and the present volume consists of a selection from the most striking of those papers, grouped under a variety of general topics, to which they bear a more or less close relation. The papers number one hundred and ten in all, and they discuss such subjects as "Culture," "Literature and Literary Men," "Criticism," "The Popular Lecture," "Personal Development," "Preachers and Preaching," "Christianity and Science," "Revivals and Reform," "Christian Practice," "The Church of the Future," "The Common Moralities," "Woman," "Woman and Home," "Amusements," "The Temperance Question," "Social Intercourse," "Town and Country," "The Rich and the Poor," "Politics and Political Men," and "American Life and Manners."

As to the literary quality of the papers, they are sprightly, lively, and vigorous; somewhat sketchy, of course, but apt and suggestive; dealing with the every-day topics that interest intelligent people in a plain, common-sense, and practical way, but without descending to the level of mere cant and commonplace. We should be inclined to say that they had fulfilled their function in the pages of the periodical in which they originally appeared; but Dr. Holland has an audience whose attention he can always command, and doubtless the present volume will prove as acceptable to them as several others of a similar character that have preceded it.

THEOPHILUS AND OTHERS. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book seems to be the result of a clearing out of the miscellaneous materials that have accumulated in Mrs. Dodge's literary workshop during the past dozen years or so. It contains stories, tales, essays, sketches, burlesques, etc., and is certainly diversified enough to please a variety of tastes. Those readers, for example, who may take but faint interest in the doings of "Theophilus" and his friends will doubtless be greatly amused by the opinions of "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question;" and all will recognize in "The Insanity of Cain" an admirably effective satire on a style of forensic argument which has been heard only too often in our courts. A vein of humorous and fanciful observation runs through all of Mrs. Dodge's writings, and though the book under notice is hardly one which we should care to "read at a sitting," it may be dipped into now and then with strong likelihood of affording amusement.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY is engaged in writing a history of Social Life in the eighteenth century.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY has written a detailed and very interesting book on his recent travels in Greece, which will be out this autumn.

MR. S. R. VAN CAMPEN is engaged upon a biography of a learned and industrious Dutch historian of the first half of the present century, and at his death a professor at the Amsterdam Athenæum.

A WELL-KNOWN writer on the *Edinburgh Review* has in the press a work in which he tries to prove that the Annals of Tacitus was not written by Tacitus at all, but was a forgery by Poggius (Braccioli)!

WITHOUT counting daily newspapers and local journals, but reckoning the whole of the other periodicals, from those sold at one half-penny to the quarterly reviews, the serials published in London number near upon 800.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN has concluded his archaeological tour in Italy, and is about to return to Berlin. The mayors of the towns met him at the gates, as the Dutch burgomasters met Erasmus. Professor MommSEN has made important researches on the Neapolitan territory and in the Marches.

THE *Osservatore Romano* publishes the latest instalment of the Index Expurgatorius. It proscribes Draper's "Conflict between Science and Religion," and "The Difference between the Western and Eastern Churches on the Doctrine of the Trinity," by Professor Langen, of Bonn.

DR. JOEL, of Breslau, for many years known as a writer on Jewish philosophy, will shortly issue in complete form, in two volumes, his various essays in that branch, together with his lives of some of the early rabbies, which appeared originally in Dr. Frankel's "Monatschrift."

It is said that the passages in Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay" referring to the late Mr. Croker have led to some correspondence with the author, and that Mr. Trevelyan has offered to withdraw the passages in question from future editions of the work. It appears that Mrs. Croker is still living.

THE poem upon which Mr. William Morris has been for some time engaged is, we hear, now in the press. The subject is the Nihlung story as it is found in the Eddas, little or nothing being taken from the German version of the story.

VICTOR HUGO now has in the press two new volumes of the *Légende des Siècles*. He has postponed till next spring the publication of his book entitled *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. He will issue at the same time a volume of verse, *Les justes Colères*, a series of satires to form a continuation of *Les Châtiments*.

It had been too hastily asserted that the valuable library of J. Janin after the death of his widow would become the property of the French Institute. It appears now that it will be sold, with the rest of the property of the late "prince des critiques," in October next. The library consists of no less than 6,248 volumes, most of them very valuable.

THE family of Sir Isaac Newton is at the present day represented by the Earl of Portsmouth, whose ancestor married a daughter of the philosopher's niece; and a large mass of Newton's manuscripts have been carefully preserved at Hurstbourne. We are informed that the noble owner has recently submitted these papers to the inspection of Professor Adams and other Cambridge men of science, with a view of presenting to the University such as are of purely scientific interest.

THE French papers announce that an important collection of documents has just been bequeathed to the National Library, consisting of the voluminous correspondence of Napoleon III. with his foster-sister, Mdme. Cornu. The letters begin when Prince Louis was only ten years of age, and the last was written by the ex-Emperor two months before his death. By the will of Mdme. Cornu it is provided that the letters shall not be published until the year 1885, and they were accordingly at once sealed up on their delivery at the National Library. The testatrix has named M. Renan, or in default M. Duruy, to superintend their publication.

THE late Dr. J. Charles Coindret of Geneva, who was a diligent collector of literary and historical rarities, has bequeathed nearly the whole of his treasures to the city of Geneva. Foremost among these must be reckoned the Rousseau collections, including Latour's portrait of Rousseau, the original manuscript of the *Emile*, the correspondence between François Coindret and Rousseau, and a number of manuscripts of the latter. He has also left his fine library to the city, with the exception of a few books and a number of coins, medals, and pictures. Among the latter there is a portrait of Necker painted by Thouron upon a snuff-box, and a water-color of a village in Kamschatka by the Bern painter Weber, who accompanied Capt. Cook in his voyage round the world.

SCIENCE AND ART.

VARIABLE STARS.—Among his observations of variable stars, Dr. Schmidt discusses, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, those of α Herculis and of Algol. The former goes through its changes in forty days, while, according to Dr. Schmidt's observations, it exhibits for at least ten days in each period, about the time of minimum, variations of brightness at intervals of twelve hours, which appear to recur with great regularity, diminishing, however, in their extent as the maximum is approached, so that they are then quite insensible. Dr. Schmidt has observed these secondary variations with great care in the year 1875, and has determined their period within a few seconds, but he points out that this may be subject to change in the course of a few years. The oscillations in the light of this star are perhaps the most remarkable yet known. Dr. Schmidt's observations of Algol extend from 1845 to 1875, and from them he considers that he has determined the period of this strange variable star (which at intervals of two days twenty-one hours falls from the second to the fourth magnitude) within six-hundredths of a second, having observed no less than 182 epochs of minimum light.

A SOLAR ENGINE.—M. Mouchot has recently exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences a simple form of solar engine. It consists of a cone of polished tin, reversed and arranged so that its interior can be adjusted toward the sun. In the axis of the vessel is suspended a large flask of white glass, inside of which is a metal boiler covered with lamp-black. The rays, concentrated by the mirror-like surface of the cone, traverse the glass easily, and are accumulated on the boiler, in which they speedily produce an ebullition of the water, and steam sufficient to drive a miniature engine. By increasing the dimensions of the apparatus, M. Mouchot has obtained a utilizable force, and produced, after three-quarters of an hour's exposure to the sun, a boiler pressure of sixty pounds of steam.

PROPER MOTION OF SPOTS ON JUPITER.—On examining Jupiter on three successive occasions, at intervals of five and seven days respectively, Mr. Brett has remarked a pair of bright spots which showed such a striking similarity that he could only conclude that they were reappearances of the same objects. On comparing their positions, however, with those which would be given by the accepted period of rotation, he found considerable discordances, leading to the conclusion that in the first interval the two spots had drifted for-

ward at the rate of four minutes in each revolution, and in the second interval at the rate of seven minutes and a quarter, besides changing their relative positions. As Mr. Brett has inferred from the fact of these spots casting shadows that they are bodies of approximately globular form, there seems a little difficulty in explaining a drift at the rate of 165 miles an hour of globes of 6,000 miles in diameter, which must be wholly immersed in the atmosphere, since they disappear as they approach the limb. At such a depth as 6,000 miles it is not easy to realise the condition of Jupiter's atmosphere, as the pressure must be enormous, especially considering that the force of gravity on Jupiter is two and a half times as great as on the earth. Mr. Brett's views are, however, supported by Mr. Burton, who has concluded that light can penetrate to a depth of 10,000 miles below the visible surface of Jupiter, and the small specific gravity of this planet tends to countenance this idea.—*The Academy.*

CURIOUS INCIDENT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—A French correspondent of *Les Mondes* relates the following curious incident in natural history, from the Transvaal Republic. The coffee plantations there are much exposed to the ravages of large cynocephalic apes, and a good guard has to be kept in order not to lose, through these animals, the fruits of long labor. Among the coffee trees there grows a shrub (whose scientific name the writer did not know), the fruits of which are borne very close to the trunk. A species of wasps, whose sting is very painful, had chosen several of these shrubs to attach their nests to, and the hahoons had often been observed casting envious glances towards the fruit, but not daring to touch it for fear of getting stung. One fine morning the planter heard terrible cries, and, with the aid of a good opera-glass, he witnessed the following scene: A large, venerable hahoon, chief of the band, was laying hold of young apes and pitching them into the shrub, and he was doing this again and again, spite of the most piteous cries and groans. The shock brought down the nests of the wasps, which attacked the poor victims in swarms, and during this time the old wretch proceeded quietly to feed on the fruits, deigning occasionally to throw the remains to some females and young a little way off.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUN AND MOON ON EARTHQUAKES.—Vice-admiral de Langie has published an able paper 'On the Periodicity of Hurricanes,' in which he maintains that the sun and moon in their changes of position with regard to the earth play an important part in those atmospheric outbreaks. Study of the

records shows that hurricanes occur in certain years and seasons more than others. The season it is thought depends on the sun's place in the ecliptic, while the year corresponds generally with the lunar cycle of nineteen years; and Mr. De Langie finds, on examining the particulars of one hundred and ninety-five hurricanes, that one hundred and nine took place within three days of the moon's apogee or perigee, and fifty-six at the time of eclipses of the sun or moon. An eclipse appears to intensify the aerial disturbance; but it is remarkable that the disturbances are the same in the two hemispheres. The years which show most hurricanes among the islands of the West Indies also show that hurricanes occurred in the east both on the north and south of the line. Twenty-five per cent of the typhoons in the China seas fell on the same days of the month and in the same years as the hurricanes of the Antilles. This is clearly a subject which requires further investigation.

THE SATELLITE OF NEPTUNE.—Since the erection of the great refractor at Washington, observations have been made of Neptune's satellite, with the view of determining the mass of the planet in terms of the sun's mass, which can be done with great accuracy by comparing the time of revolution and the distance of the satellite from its primary with the corresponding quantities in the case of a planet revolving round the sun. Prof. Holden has discussed, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, the results thus obtained, finding the mass of Neptune to be 1-18500th part of that of the sun, or nearly double that of the earth, a value which is somewhat smaller than that found by Prof. Newcomb from his observations in 1873 and 1874, and much nearer the mean of the results obtained by previous observers.

DENSITY OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.—The result of pendulum observations carried on in India since 1865, calculated at Kew as far as they have been made with the invariable pendulums of the Royal Society, "offer incontestable evidence in confirmation of the hypothesis of a diminution of density in the strata of the earth's crust which lie under continents and mountains, and an increase of density in the strata under the bed of the ocean; and it is clear that elevations above the mean sea-level are accompanied by an attenuation of the matter of the crust and depressions by a consolidation."

PHYSICAL OBSERVATIONS OF SATURN.—For four years past M. Trouvelot has had frequent opportunities of observing the planet Saturn under very favorable circumstances, and he has now communicated the results to the

American Journal of Science. His most important conclusions are: (1) That on the outer margin of the principal division between the rings some singular dark forms are seen on the ansæ, which may be attributed to a jagged outline of the corresponding ring; (2) that the thickness of the system of rings increases from the inner margin of the dusky ring up to the principal division, as shown by the form of the shadow of the planet on the rings; (3) that cloud forms are to be seen on the rings, and that these change their position, as indicated by rapid changes in the indentation of the shadow; (4) that the dusky ring is not transparent throughout, but increases in density outwards, so that at about the middle of its width the limb of the planet ceases entirely to be seen through it. This is contrary to all observations hitherto made, and would therefore seem to indicate that a change has taken place in the last few years. M. Trouvelot's observations have been made with telescopes of six, fifteen, and twenty-six inches' aperture, and are therefore entitled to the more confidence from the variety in the optical means used.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—At a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Cornu exhibited specimens of photographs of the sun, moon, and planets, taken with a refractor of fifteen inches' aperture, which he had specially adapted to photographic work by the device of separating the two lenses of the object-glass. By this means the correction for achromatism is altered, so that the greenish-blue and ultra-violet rays, which are the most important for photographic purposes, are united instead of the scarlet and greenish-blue, the combination which gives the best result for optical observations. M. Cornu has succeeded in making this alteration in a very simple manner, allowing the lenses to be separated or brought together again readily, according as the instrument is required for photography or ordinary observations; the only change of importance being a shortening of the focal length by some six or eight per cent. M. Cornu's experiments were carried out at the Paris Observatory with a telescope originally constructed for Arago, and quite recently restored and put into proper order for use in M. Cornu's determination of the velocity of light.

LOCAL METEOROLOGICAL LAWS.—Professor Loomis of Cambridge, New England, continues his 'Contributions to Meteorology,' in which he endeavors to show what are the laws of the weather in different parts of the world. He traces the courses of storms, and finds that movement is checked by heavy rainfall. This is particularly the case in the neighborhood of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland,

where the warm water of the Gulf Stream produces such an accumulation of vapor that unusually heavy rains occur, and in these rains a storm is sometimes arrested for three or four days. Differences of temperature or of pressure have a remarkable effect and at long distances. In connection with this, Professor Loomis thinks he has discovered a 'law,' and that 'we must conclude that when the temperature of Iceland is much *above* the mean, the temperature of Central Europe is generally depressed *below* the mean, and this influence is most decided during the colder months of the year.' In corroboration of this we may cite an instance, of which an account was published by the Austrian Meteorological Society. On the 20th and 21st of May last, a belt of cold of unusually low temperature was observed in Russia and Austria. Mr. Stelling, of the St. Petersburg Observatory, in discussing the phenomenon, says that the cold is to be attributed to the continuous high range of the barometer, and prevalence of north-easterly winds in England, for some time before and after the two days of extreme cold.

VARIETIES.

THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—Marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. It is not only when Lydgate misallies himself with Rosamond Vincy, but when Ladislaw marries above him with Dorothea, that this may be exemplified. The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day "his first duty is to his family," and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; and now he is fit for neither. His soul is asleep, and you may speak without constraint; you will not awake him. It is not for nothing that Don Quixote was a bachelor and Marcus Aurelius married ill. For women, there is less of this danger. Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and that those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly

touch. And this would seem to show, even for women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain: if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good hachelor and a good wife.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."—The site of the "Deserted Village" is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up round in all directions, it is necessary to mention the poet's name in order to he set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Auburns," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. The country north of Athlone is undulating, the view being shut out by ranges of low hills, many of them mere sand-hills; and along the Ballymahon road the ordinary parallel fences are missed in many places, so that the vagrant donkey has here now and then an opportunity to taste the stolen sweets of sundry pastures without let or hindrance. The slopes on either hand are starred over with the brightest of whitewashed cottages, and everywhere about the hawthorn and the sloe-tree form a multitude of pretty alleys, all redolent in the May-time with the breathings of those flowers that love to hide in the brambly dell in fellowship with the broad-leaved sorrel-tasted shamrock. The cottage gardens, with here and there a lichen-diseased apple-tree, and currant and goose-herry hushes growing in many an out-of-the-way place, are sufficiently indicative of quiet, happy scenes of other days, whose mementoes are departing one by one. Pursuing the road from Athlone northward for about three miles, in a recess at the left, formed by the hills that skirt the hanks of Lough Ree, we come upon Ballykeeran; and surely if I were to turn eremite, and to build me a cell at an agreeable distance from the din and glitter and ring of this working-day world, I would choose for a site some silent nook of that woody hollow. Truly it is a very silent place; the "mournful peasant" seems to have led thence his humble band—how impelled it is needless to say; and much of the surrounding country blooms, not, however, "a garden and a grave," but a grazing farm and a panorama of modern villas. A mile farther on is Glasson, certainly one of the prettiest of Irish villages. It has a very modest looking little church, and hardly a house is to be seen there whose walls are unadorned with creepers and trained rose-bushes. After all, happy is that village which sitteth within favor of aristocracy; the hird of beggards doth not commonly build in the tree over against the grand gate. Such a place has usually a distinguished air; its environs have, according to

Hall, a fostering influence on the muse. Beautiful scenery, in a manner, educates the poet. His special faculties are, indeed, often known to thrive wonderfully well when the slough of adversity lies on his horizon on the one hand and the mountain of magnificence on the other. Even the wayfarer forgets the weariness of his feet while pausing to luxuriate amidst the riches of Nature, tastefully disposed; and should he happen to recall the notorious couplet of Lord John Manners, while mentally repeating the last line of it, he is soothed into no little community of feeling with the noble writer by the home-felt present delight of shade or vista.—*Belgravia*.

HOW HINDOO GIRLS ARE MADE PRETTY.—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry huredens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. This exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. Henry Spry, one of the company's medical officers, says that "this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumbbells, backboards, skipping-ropes, &c. The young lady ought to be taught to carry the jar as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with her hands." The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very hrim over a rough road and not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait, and the same expanded chest and well-formed back and shoulders.

A SUICIDE.

Judge not! 'Tis past thy ken;
Strangely the web of destiny is ordered;
In highest-natured men
The loftiest wit with depths of madness bordered!

Judge not! The taper's light
Is too small measure for volcanoes' burning;
This constant, feebly-bright,—
That sudden, with wild flame, all barriers spurning.

Judge not! Beyond the grave
We shall know better the immense, great trial;
This man submits, a slave;
The other fights, and dies, in fierce denial.

But He who views the strife,
Calm from without, more wise than those within it,
Counts the long "Yes" of life,
Not the one "No," the single faithless minute.



—Portrait of the Hon. John C. Calhoun.

Engraved by J. H. Smith, from a
 portrait by J. H. Smith, from a
 portrait by J. H. Smith, from a



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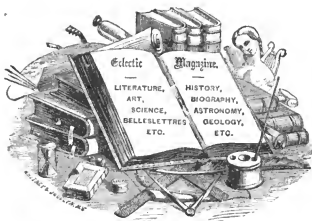
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AUTOMATISM AND EVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES ELAM, M.D.

THE eloquent and learned address delivered by Professor Tyndall at Belfast, in the autumn of 1874, followed by what was termed the "brilliant vindication" of Professor Huxley, may be considered to mark an epoch in philosophical thought, as being a full, formal, and public recognition of the doctrine of EVOLUTION carried out to its logical conclusion. This conclusion is precise and intelligible, and may be summed up in two short propositions, the second being the natural and inevitable corollary of the first—

1. MATTER IS ALL-POWERFUL AND ALL-SUFFICIENT.

2. MAN IS ONLY A SENTIENT AUTOMATON.

The enunciation of doctrines such as these, on such authority, and before such an assembly, could not fail to cause great

excitement, both amongst the few who think for themselves, and the many who allow others to think for them, and to form their opinions. And whilst they were received at the time with "whirlwinds of applause," and have since been upheld with enthusiasm, as being the "death-knell of superstition," and the signal for the "emancipation of thought," there have not been wanting earnest and enlightened seekers after truth wherever it was to be found, who have not only refused to accept this *teaching* and its "logical consequences," but have been unable to see in it anything more than a flimsy framework of hypothesis, constructed upon imaginary or irrelevant facts, with a complete departure from every established canon of scientific investigation.

The enthusiasm on the one hand, and

the opposition on the other, are sufficiently comprehensible. It is less easy to understand the indignation, the dislike, and the apprehension with which these utterances have been received. Nothing can be more certain than that every man has a perfect right, moral and social, as well as legal, to express before a scientific assembly any opinion that he may hold in science or philosophy. It is, therefore, worse than unmeaning to complain, as certain critics have done, that Professor Tyndall has "abused his position as President of the Association" in enunciating views "subversive of religion and morality" as understood by them.

Still more misplaced and illogical is the alarm that has been felt, and expressed in no measured terms, as to the consequences of these doctrines. Two simple reflections might at once set at rest all these apprehensions. The first is the self-evident consideration that *one truth can never contradict or be opposed to another*, to whatever department of knowledge or belief they may respectively belong. The second is, that statements made, and opinions expressed, on the personal authority only of men of great scientific eminence, are not necessarily scientific truths. The first duty of all thinking men, before expressing adhesion, attempting compromise, or manifesting alarm, is to inquire, "Are these doctrines true?" If they prove after proper investigation to be so, we may certainly leave the consequences to take care of themselves, feeling well assured that they will disturb no other truth in any domain of thought. But in this investigation no amount of mere assertion or authority must be allowed to rank as demonstration or proof.

Professor Huxley, in concluding his very able address, dwells some little time upon the "logical consequences" of this doctrine, but suggests that any inquiry into these matters should be carried out, irrespective of these. He says—

"The logical consequences are very important, but in the course of my experience, I have found that they were the scarecrows of fools, and the beacons of wise men. Logical consequences can take care of themselves. The only question for any man to ask is this: 'Is this doctrine true or is it false?' No other question can be taken into consideration until that is settled. And as I have said, the logi-

cal consequences of doctrines can only serve as a warning to wise men to ponder well whether the doctrine be true or not, and to test it in every possible direction."

This is a fair challenge, and the issue is simple and direct. *Is this doctrine true?* Not who has said it, or what great authorities have upheld it, or under what overwhelming prestige it has been advanced, or what adventitious support it has received from personal or other sources. Nor, on the other hand, is it the question, "Is *any other* doctrine, theory, or tradition true or false?" Every other question it is proposed to set aside for the time being, and to inquire solely, "Is the doctrine of Evolution (of which Human Automatism is the logical outcome) true?"

Perhaps, however, there may be an inquiry worth pursuing for a brief space even before this which concerns the *truth* of the doctrines. We may ask, "Do the sponsors for these statements really mean what their words seem to imply? or are they like children playing in the dark, of whom the bolder and more adventurous take pleasure in practising upon the fears of their weaker companions?"

Professor Tyndall discerns in matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." But does he really mean this? It would not have been very surprising if, with his devotion to, and perhaps unrivalled facility for, physical investigation, he had lost sight of another order of phenomena, which cannot be interpreted in terms of matter. But this is not the case. In his essay on "Scientific Materialism" he distinctly recognizes in the fact of consciousness *another* class of phenomena, the connection of which with physics is *unthinkable*, and speaks in set terms of "*two classes of phenomena*" the "chasm between" which must ever "remain intellectually impassable." This reduces the omnipotence of matter to a very innocent cry of "Wolf."

It is, doubtless, possible to *assert* that the "two classes of phenomena" are equally due to matter, although the causative connection between them cannot be traced, or even *thought*; but such assertion must necessarily lack all scientific value. And indeed, if made, it would be answered by the author himself, far more

completely than I could hope to answer it. No longer ago than November, 1875 (see *Fortnightly Review*, p. 585), Professor Tyndall quotes and adopts the words of Du Bois Raymond, to the effect that "it is absolutely and for ever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen atoms, should be otherwise than indifferent as to their own position and motion, past, present, or future;" and adds, in his own words, that "the continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness . . . is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

In the same essay (p. 595) the author intimates that if our "capacities" were "indefinitely multiplied," he could imagine that we should observe "not only the vegetable, but the mineral world responsive to the proper irritants;" in other words, we should find that mere elementary matter is endowed with the attribute of consciousness or sensation. Referring to this, it was recently well and tersely observed by Mr. Martineau, that "you will get out of your atoms by Evolution exactly so much, and no more, as you have put into them by hypothesis." I may add that on the same principle we might make any number of baseless assertions on any scientific subject whatever, and defend their obvious inaccuracy on the grounds of the imperfection of our senses, or of our instruments of research.

Professor Tyndall again refers (see "Scientific Materialism," p. 419) to "the relation of physics to consciousness" as being "invariable." I have no doubt the writer firmly believes in this assumption; and its assertion on such high authority will weigh powerfully with many; yet it needs no profound acquaintance with modern physiology and pathology to convince us that no such "invariable relation" can be verified; that in fact, it does not exist.

Comparing these various utterances we cannot but see that "the promise and potency" of life and mind which Professor Tyndall discerns in matter must be understood with many limitations; and that he himself most carefully guards us against attaching to these words a literal significance.

It has, however, been asserted, as supporting this proposition, that "naturalists prove that there are no other forces in nature beside the physical, chemical, and mechanical,"* and that therefore all the phenomena of life and mind must be due to them; although "as to the *how*, it must be confessed that our knowledge is but scanty." The latter clause of the sentence is perfectly true; the former stands closely related to most of the assertions on which the modern doctrine of Evolution is built. That some naturalists and (so-called) philosophers assert this, with marvellous monotony and perseverance, is true enough; that they prove it, that they even make the most distant approach to proving it, is altogether opposed to the truth. I hope at some future time to enter more fully into this subject; at present I content myself with affirming it to be demonstrable that whatever evidence we may be able to adduce for the existence of matter and physical forces there is corresponding evidence at least as strong (I think much stronger), for the existence of something, *certainly not material*, in any ordinary or legitimate acceptance of the term, which is antagonistic to matter in its activities, and which we are accustomed to call mind.

Professor Huxley defines man as being "a conscious automaton;" but, perhaps, lest the assertion should be too strong food for his weaker brethren, he qualifies it immediately by saying that the automaton is "endowed with free will, in the only intelligible sense of that much-abused term; inasmuch as in many respects we are able to do as we like."†

An "automaton endowed with free will" is certainly a pleasing and interesting novelty in physical science; and Mr. Huxley deserves great credit for his ingenious invention. It would have been an intellectual treat to listen to him replying to any unfortunate opponent who had committed himself so profoundly. Meanwhile his proposition, taken as a whole, is simply suicidal; for as no one, to my knowledge, ever considered *free will* to signify anything else but the power to do as we like, the definition of man as being an "automaton endowed

* Büchner's Force and Matter. Preface, p. xxvii.

† *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1874, p. 577.

with free will" leaves him exactly where it found him; that is, as an intelligent free agent.

In entering formally upon the proposed inquiry, are these doctrines true? it will clear the way to ask first what support they receive (1) from comparative analogies, and (2) from what has been called "the aggregate common sense" of mankind.

1. It is not easy to find any satisfactory illustration or analogy from comparative anatomy or physiology. Professor Huxley adduces the case of the frog, which can stand, balance itself, jump, avoid obstacles, and perform a variety of acts simulating volition, when all connection between the brain (the centre of volition) and the limbs is severed. The facts are interesting; they are also well known and indisputable; but the inferences from them are hasty and altogether unwarranted. It can by no means follow, that because *certain* acts of some animals *may be* automatic, *all* their acts are so.

But even supposing, for the sake of the argument, that this had been proved, that all the motions of a frog in the normal state were automatic, and might, in fact, be performed as well without as with a brain; the question would naturally arise, How far will these experiments and conclusions apply to the higher animals? And on trying the same mode of investigation upon any of the warm-blooded quadrupeds we should arrive at the absolute certainty that no such results could be obtained. A dog or cat, for instance, will not live for one moment after division of the spinal cord at its junction with the brain; much less will it perform any quasi-voluntary acts. In these, as in man, under certain diseases or injuries, some simple reflex motions may be elicited; but nothing that resembles complex voluntary action in any way. It has never occurred to any physiologist to doubt that *certain* motions and actions in man are automatic; nor that a much greater proportion of the actions of the lower animals must be considered so; but it would require many intermediate steps of argument to enable us from this to conclude that man is an automaton.

2. What has the "aggregate common sense" of mankind to say to this question? Does any man's personal experi-

ence lead him to the conclusion that he is an automaton? I think not. It is only as a sequel to reasoning, or pseudo-reasoning, that he arrives at this stage of confusion. On the contrary, every sane man knows that, within certain limits, physical, social, legal, and the like, he can exercise a definite power of *choice* as to what he will do, and what he will leave undone. And that this kind of appearance of choice is not delusive, is admitted by Mr. Huxley himself, candidly, even if reluctantly. In his essay on "The Physical Basis of Life" he confesses that "*our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events*;" and that this "can be verified experimentally as often as we like to try,"*—so recognizing our personal consciousness as authoritative and trustworthy, to this extent;—and as quoted above, in his latest essay, he allows that "we are in many respects able to do as we like."

In what sense, then, are we supposed to be automata? Mr. Huxley seems to be playing a little game of bo-peep with the idea: first, we are automata pure and simple; that we are *conscious* automata is granted, but apparently rather by way of concession to prejudice. Then we find ourselves endowed with free will and power "to do as we like." And finally it appears that "there is no proof that any state of consciousness is the cause of change in the motion of the matter of the organism," and that "the feeling we call *volition* is not the *cause* of a voluntary act, but the symbol of that state of the brain which is the immediate cause of that act."†

Some special training in mental gyration is certainly required to enable us to follow, without vertigo, these ever-changing phases of opinion. A plain man, attributing only the ordinary and received meanings to words, might well be justified in asking, "What does it all mean?"

It is highly desirable, in a case like this, where the general conviction and "aggregate common sense" of mankind are set aside as untrustworthy, to ascertain in what the *truth* of a doctrine consists, and on what it depends. If assertion and reiteration, on high authority, constitute truth, then are these doctrines

* Lay Sermons, p. 145.

† *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1874, p. 577.

very true indeed; but perhaps that will not be contended. On the other hand, they are not *necessarily* untrue, *because* opposed to the general conviction and consciousness of men. I *think*, for instance, that in any given act A, I exercise my volition V, to change my place by locomotion, to escape sensation S. But if I am assured that S directly excites in my nervous system the change which affects A, and that my sensation V, which I erroneously suppose to be volition, is only a "symbol" of the state of brain so produced, I have no absolute and incontestable answer to the allegation, except such as arises from the *dicta* of my own consciousness, and from the testimony of all other men.

In the same way a person who is generally called "color-blind" may tell me that all ripe cherries are of the same color as the leaves of the tree. I can but reply that I see them differently, and that, with very few exceptions, all men do the same. Should he reply that he and the few exceptions alone see rightly, and that I and all the world are subject to diseased vision, I do not know that the argument could be profitably prolonged. The truth is, that in all such questions as these, our ultimate appeal must and will be to the evidences of our own consciousness. It may be proved to us again and again that this evidence is unreliable,—that consciousness is liable to this, that, and the other error, physiologically and pathologically. We know, when we come to reflect, that this much-disputed consciousness is at the very root of *all* our knowledge and *all* our belief; and that if we propose to reject its testimony, we *pro tanto* close our *only* source of information.* We may for a moment be startled by being told gravely and authoritatively that we are only conscious automata, as we should be if assured with equal solemnity that some marvellous change had suddenly occurred

in the color of our skin or hair. But as in the latter case we should look in the glass, and trust implicitly to its evidence as revealed through our consciousness; so in the former, when told that we can neither think, act, nor move, except automatically, we arise and walk, if we so wish it, and our consciousness says, "*Solvitur ambulando.*"

If a speaker in an assembly, or a piece of music in a concert, displease me, I *think* I balance in my own mind the advantages and disadvantages of leaving the room, and *feel* that I act accordingly. If this idea of mine is deceptive, and I am only obeying a state of brain of which my "supposed volition is a symbol," I am certainly acting automatically; but in that case, it is not true that *my volition counts for anything in the course of events*, which Mr. Huxley asserts to be the case. In regard to any individual act or motion, it is no doubt impossible, except by personal consciousness, to *prove* that it is not automatic; but in that case the suggestion of free will in any form is out of place. On the other hand, if the said act be the result of any intelligible form of volition, it certainly is not the act of an automaton. One or the other view we must adopt; there is no compromise or alternative possible.

The assertion, however, that "Man is but a conscious automaton" does not profess to be based on the results of experience or consciousness, but upon considerations connected with his nature and origin. It is, as stated in the outset, the logical and inevitable corollary of the doctrine of Evolution. If this doctrine, as now held by a large and powerful section of the scientific world, does indeed, as it professes, afford the only possible solution of the various problems of ontology, then it follows naturally and of necessity, that matter *is* all-sufficient, and that man *is* an automaton, "without spirit or spontaneity." Then is our immortality a dream; volition, choice, and responsibility are mere delusions; virtue, vice, right, and wrong, are sounds without possible meaning; and education, government, rewards, and punishments, are illogical and mischievous absurdities. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall be carbonic acid, water, and ammonia.

It cannot be too clearly understood

* A distinguished and learned writer, whom for the present I forbear to name, lately urged the necessity of studying the operations of the mind by investigating the structure and functions of the brain; because from the unreliableness of our consciousness, no other course offered any hope of success. The idea is amusing enough; but would have been more practical had it been further shown how we were to dispense with this unreliable auxiliary.

that the *consequences* of a doctrine afford no argument whatever against its acceptance. My reason for briefly enumerating some of them here is that I have met with many earnest and even educated men who have accepted these doctrines without investigation, *because* propounded on high authority, without reasoning or reflecting what these consequences were, or what is their logical sequel.

It is evident, however, that the importance of these results renders it absolutely necessary to inquire What is this doctrine? and what is its scientific value? For this inquiry the time is fully ripe. Evolution, which not long ago was modestly, even somewhat timidly, advanced as offering a rational solution of certain natural phenomena, is now boldly set forth, with unlimited pretension, as affording the only possible or thinkable system of nature. The last edition of the gospel of Evolution, the "Constructive Philosophy" of Mr. Herbert Spencer, is announced as "stereotyped," conveying a significant intimation that the system is now complete, and that no further advance in that direction is probable or required; and those who do not accept it are described as only "those who have not kept pace with the recent advances in natural history," or "who have lagged behind in science," and as generally unworthy of consideration. Evolution, in one word, is the Shibboleth of modern progress.

"The question of questions for mankind," says Professor Huxley,* "the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other, is the ascertainment of the place which man occupies in nature, and of his relations to the universe of things. Whence our race has come; what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's power over us; to what goal we are tending; are the problems which present themselves anew, and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world?"

By the conclusions of Evolution, these problems would appear to be definitively solved. As to man's origin, it is now *known* that he is the last term in a long but uninterrupted series of developments, beginning with "cosmic gas," and effected without "the intervention of any but

what are termed secondary causes."† As to his present relations to the universe of things, and his power over nature, he is an automaton, and nothing more than a "part of that great series of causes and effects which, in unbroken continuity, composes that which is, and has been, and shall be, the sum of existence."‡ To what goal *the race* is tending is not yet satisfactorily known, but individually, the man resolves into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and has no more personal future existence than a consumed candle.

The earliest condition of our world (or universe) presents itself to the "eye of the imagination" as a vast expanse of "cosmic gas," in which it is to be inferred that there exists but one form of matter, and probably only one form of force or motion.

After this we catch glimpses of a "fiery cloud," in which "not alone the more ignoble forms of life, not alone the nobler forms of the horse and lion, not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but the human mind itself—emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena . . . all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, Raphael"—all are supposed to be "latent" and "potential."‡ (See also footnote† at p. 650, second column.)

Then follows a long period of cooling and contraction, by means of which the crust of the earth is formed, and the once homogeneous matter becomes differentiated by a process to be alluded to hereafter. Watery vapors are condensed; seas, rivers, and lakes are formed; and thus the earth is prepared for the appearance of Life, which is first recognized under the form of sea-slime, or mucus (Haeckel).

Opinions are not quite in unison as to the mode in which this living mucus or "*protoplasm*" (Oken) arises; but all are agreed that it is a product of inorganic matter and force without any creative intervention. Oken's account is direct and unhesitating—"Light shines upon the water, and it is salted. Light

* Man's Place in Nature, p. 108.

† *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1874, p. 577.

‡ Professor Tyndall on the Scientific Use of the Imagination.

* Man's Place in Nature, p. 57.

*shines upon the salted sea, and it lives.** Perhaps this would scarcely be considered sufficiently explicit as a scientific statement. Mr. Herbert Spencer, the "Apostle of the Understanding," as he is termed by Professor Tyndall, is much more circumstantial. Thanks to him, we now know exactly how organic matter is formed out of inorganic material. It is in this wise:—

"Certain of the ethereal waves falling on them [*i.e.*, the carbonic acid, water, and ammonia] . . . there results a detachment of some of the combined atoms, and a union of the rest. And the conclusion suggested is that the induced vibrations among the various atoms, as at first arranged, are so incongruous as to produce instability, and to give collateral affinities the power to work a re-arrangement which, though less stable under other conditions, is more stable in the presence of these particular undulations.†

And, to quote a well-known prestigator, "*that's the way it's done.*"

Having arrived by this simple and lucid process at the sea-slime, mucus, or protoplasm, there seems to be no further difficulty or doubt. The *monera* is the first form of individual life, and this "was formed from inorganic matter" (Haeckel). Then by successive evolutions we pass through amoeboids, worms, polyzoa, and ascidians, "which last produced the two remaining stripes of the vertebrata and the mollusca." Amongst the vertebrata are found sundry families of apes, from one of which, the Catarrhini, man is directly and lineally descended.

Those who wish to verify this abstract are referred to Dr. Haeckel's "Natural History of Man," or to what is more readily accessible to the many, Professor Huxley's excellent review of the same, entitled the "Genealogy of Animals," as also to Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man." I have not attempted here to give more than the barest outline of the general idea of the doctrine of Evolution.

From the gravity with which these statements are enunciated, from the vast number and weight of the books written in support of them, and from the enormous amount of learning and research of which they seem to be the result, it might well appear as though this were a system founded on knowledge and observation.

It is somewhat difficult to realize the idea that all this is but a figment of the imagination; and that at the best it is but a hypothesis, in direct support of which not one single fact in the whole range of natural history or palæontology can be adduced.

It is in this doctrine that is illustrated what Professor Huxley calls "Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect and will." We find man set forth as a natural and inevitable product of the inorganic world, without "the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes,"* and necessarily with only such attributes as attach to such a material origin. He is an automaton and nothing more.

This is a conclusion summary enough, but the end is not yet. The tendency of Evolution is to reduce all force to one expression or formula, and *that* the mechanical. Mental phenomena are but higher expressions of the ordinary vital and nutritive changes; *these* are but the chemistry of quaternary compounds; and chemical force in its turn is not to be distinguished from mechanical, except under the penalty of sacrificing all claim to enlightened views. In the *Fortnightly Review*, for February, 1869, Professor Tyndall says:—"I do not think that any really scientific mind at the present day will be disposed to draw a substantial distinction between chemical and mechanical phenomena." And thus the modern school of philosophy recognizes but *one force*; all nature, whether living or dead (if indeed there is any difference between the two), is but mechanical.

It appears further, according to this system of philosophy, that not only is there but one force in nature, but there is only "one ultimate form of matter, out of which the successively more complex forms of matter are built up."‡ And finally it would seem that matter itself, as generally conceived, does not necessarily exist, but may be only a "phenomenal centre of energy" or force;‡ and

* Man's Place in Nature, p. 108.

† Herbert Spencer's Principles of Psychology, vol. i. p. 155.

‡ Matter is only a "hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness."—Physical Basis of Life, p. 143.

* Elements of Physiophilosophy, Sec. 905.

† Principles of Biology, vol. i. p. 82.

thus we arrive at Cimmerian darkness, where "naught is everything, and everything is naught."

This, although a meagre and bare, is, I believe, a tolerably faithful outline of a system, which is now *known* to afford the only possible solution of the mystery of the universe, a conclusion the grounds of which "will never be shaken,"* a doctrine not founded "on the basis of vague conjecture, but of *positive knowledge*."† It is contrasted with the doctrine of "special creation," by Mr. Herbert Spencer, much to the disadvantage of the latter; and the comparison concludes thus:—

"The belief which we find thus questionable, both as being a primitive belief, and as being a belief belonging to an almost extinct family, is a belief that is not countenanced by a single fact. No one ever saw a special creation; no one ever found proof of an indirect kind that a special creation had taken place. It is significant, as Dr. Hooker remarks, that naturalists who suppose new species to be miraculously originaled, habitually suppose the origination to occur in some region remote from human observation."‡

If this be intended for argument, it is certainly double-edged. Did any one ever see an Evolution? or did any one ever see *proof* of an Evolution having taken place? The answer must be No! however circuitous and veiled it may be. In the remaining allegation, there is an unconscious and childlike innocence that almost disarms criticism. The system that demands "ten or a hundred thousand generations" for the development of the distinguishing characters of a single species, and a world so different from its present state that not even a trace of its existence remains, can scarcely object logically or consistently to the relegation of certain phenomena to a "region remote," whether in time or in space.§ And with all this, those who do not or cannot accept this Evolution

doctrine are denied the possession of the very faculties of thought or belief. To any one who says that he *thinks* the universe was created, Mr. Spencer replies, "No! you do not think so, for such a doctrine is not thinkable." And to those who say they *believe* in a Creator and a creation, Mr. Spencer replies, "No, you do not believe, you only believe you believe."¶ Surely this is the very Dundrearyism of philosophy.

But it is far from my present object to discuss or uphold the theory ("if it can be so called") of creation, or of any other system of ontology, in opposition to Evolution. Creation is no more accessible to proof "from experimental demonstration" than is Evolution. It is not a *scientific* doctrine, and those who believe in it do so on far other than scientific grounds. The question is not whether the doctrine of creation is tenable or otherwise, but whether that of Evolution is true or not.

It is not altogether easy to approach this question so as to obtain a decisive answer. If we treat it as a scientific inquiry, and ask for some confirmatory evidence, we are told almost plaintively, that "the strength of the doctrine of Evolution consists not in an experimental demonstration."‡ If we further inquire how it is to be approached, and in what its strength *does* consist, we fail to get any definite answer, except some vague statement, as to "its general harmony with scientific thought." Indeed the attitude of Evolution is entirely exceptional. It seems to be taken for granted that the doctrine possesses some esoteric and mysterious principle of vitality and credibility, which makes it independent of any support from science or certain knowledge. We have a right, however, to expect, if it be a true philosophy, that whenever it comes into relation with the results of observation and experience, it shall not be found *opposed* to these. How far this is the case, further inquiry will show.

The first question that arises then is this: *Is it true* that there is originally but one form of matter? Mr. Herbert Spencer says that there is "reason to suppose" so; and that "by the different

* Darwin's *Descent of Man*, vol. II. p. 385.

† Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address, p. 5.

‡ Principles of Biology, vol. I. p. 336.

§ "If it were given to me to look beyond the abyss of geologically-recorded time, to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of protoplasm from non-living matter."—Professor Huxley's *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 239.

* *Vide* Principles of Biology, vol. I. p. 337.

† Professor Tyndall's Address, p. 58.

grouping of units, and by the combination of the unlike groups each with its own kind, and each with other kinds, it is supposed that there have been produced the kinds of matter we call elementary.* The "reason to suppose" all this, and the subsequent supposing of it seem to exist only in Mr. Spencer's own mind; and to have their *raison d'être* in the emergencies of the "constructive philosophy." It is known to chemists that a very few of the now supposed simple bodies may be suspected to be compound, as one or two of the gases and some less known bodies; but I have never heard of any "reason to suppose" that iron, phosphorus, iodine, and gold were composed of different arrangements of the same units since the time when alchemy gave place to chemistry.† A captious person might perhaps be disposed to ask, also, how it happened that with one form of matter and one force any "different groupings" or "further combinations" could possibly occur. But this would doubtless be dismissed as a frivolous detail.

An excellent illustration is afforded by this subject of the mode in which the "constructive philosophy" is built up, and of the gigantic strides that are taken from conjecture to certainty in the interests of the Evolution hypothesis. Mr. Spencer, having seen "*reason to suppose*" such and such things, as already quoted, in the very next paragraph, and without adducing any proof whatever, treats these suppositions as ascertained facts, and proceeds to build upon them as if they were solid foundations of scientific truth in this wise—"If, then, we see (!) that by unlike arrangements of like units, all the forms of matter, apparently so diverse in nature, may be produced," &c., &c.‡ Such being the received method§ of

evolving science out of personal consciousness at the present day, it ceases to be subject for surprise that so many volumes of such portentous dimensions should have appeared, containing so little absolute addition to our certain knowledge of nature.

Is it *true* that there is but one form of force; that chemical and mechanical forces are fundamentally the same? Generalization is very pleasant, very attractive, and very philosophical when it is legitimate, and when the resultant formula covers and includes *all* the phenomena treated of; but it is eminently injurious to the advancement of knowledge if these conditions be not fulfilled; when from detached facts a desperate guess is made at analogies and resemblances which do not exist in nature. It may be fairly questioned whether we are not getting on too fast, and whether true science will not rather be hindered than advanced by such rash leaps in the dark. For what advantage is it to us to say that chemical force is mechanical in its operation, if we have at the same time to explain that it is something different? Surely this tends to great confusion of thought as well as of verbiage. If we fasten together two plates of iron with screws or rivets we *call* the union mechanical. If we dissolve these iron plates in mineral acids we *call* the process chemical. It is certainly convenient to know by different names processes that differ so much, and until their virtual identity is much more clearly demonstrable than it is at present, the advantage of further generalization is problematical.

But both in this order of phenomena, and in some others to be noticed hereafter, the authoritative statements as to "identity" of matter, force, or essence, are so extraordinary, and so impossible to be received or comprehended by the ordinary intelligence, that some special theory seems to be required to account for them; and I would venture to suggest one that would perhaps remove many difficulties and misunderstandings. I

* Principles of Psychology, vol. I. p. 155.

† Büchner, a most thorough-going Evolutionist, affirms on the contrary, that "nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, sulphur, and phosphorus possess their inherent qualities from eternity"—implying by this that all the elementary bodies are eternally different.

‡ P. 28, *Op. cit.*

§ A curiously similar instance of evolution of truth occurs in Professor Tyndall's Essay on "Scientific Materialism." In one sentence (Fragments of Science, p. 120), he states that "we should, on philosophic grounds, expect to find" such and such physical conditions;—

and in the next commences an induction from the same, with the phrase, "The relation of physics to consciousness *being thus* invariable!"—a relation which, as I have above pointed out, does not exist in any demonstrable form, if at all.

cannot but suppose that with a new philosophy there has arisen a new language or terminology, in which words have not the same meaning as they formerly had. One illustration will explain the bearing of this theory. On February 2, 1871, Professor Tyndall delivered a discourse at the Royal Institution on "The Identity of Light and Radiant Heat." The lecture was, as usual, interesting in the extreme; and the experimental illustrations were of that brilliant and striking order that apparently he alone can accomplish. But a considerable part of these illustrations were absolutely dependent upon the *differences* that exist between light and radiant heat, as in the following experiment:—

"A horizontal beam of light was reflected upwards by a plane mirror, and when the light was cut off by the introduction of the opaque cell, a powerful beam of reflected heat was proved still to remain. The luminous beam was then totally reflected to a horizontal direction; the light was again cut off, and a powerful deflection of the galvanometer needle was obtained by the residual heat-beam."*

In this, and several other experiments to show *identity*, we saw the beam of heat separated from the beam of light by *reagents*, so to speak; radiant heat would pass where light would not, and so on.† I conclude, therefore, that words of this kind have now a different signification to that which they formerly possessed, and that when Professor Tyndall speaks of chemical and mechanical forces being substantially the same, he intends to imply that they are as different as they well can be; and in like manner when, as we shall find shortly, Professor Huxley can see no *difference* between the formation of water from its elements under the influence of the electric spark, and the assimilation of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen by a living organism, it may be that he intends to imply that the two processes are utterly and irreconcilably different,—in which he will be quite correct.

But the real question as to the *truth* of Evolution commences at the next step in "Nature's great progression," that is, in

the progression from the inorganic to the organic. Of this part of the doctrine Mr. Huxley is the best-known and most distinguished exponent. He claims no originality for the idea of Protoplasm as the "Physical Basis of Life," but he has made it all his own, and inseparably associated it with his name, in England at least, by the inimitable charm of style, and the marvellous fertility of illustration with which he has invested it, in the well-known essay in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1869. This essay was written, as it appears, with the double object of showing* that all life, activity, and intelligence, are solely due to the arrangement of the molecules of ordinary matter,—and that materialism has no sound philosophic basis.† His mode of reconciling the latter proposition with the former will perhaps appear hereafter; the doctrine in question is as follows:—

The Physical Basis or Matter of Life is "*Protoplasm*." This is composed "of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated, and is again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done."‡

"The matter of life . . . breaks up . . . into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. . . . Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions, and under certain conditions, to

* See Yeast, p. 90.

† In Professor Huxley's essay on the "Genesis of Animals," he thus states the "fundamental proposition of Evolution":—"That proposition is, that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was composed. If this be true, it is no less certain that the existing world lay, potentially, in the cosmic vapor; and that a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapor, have predicted, say the fauna of Britain in 1869, with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapor of the breath in a cold winter's day." And yet Professor Huxley "repudiates" the materialistic philosophy, and states in "Yeast," that one great object he had in view in writing his essay on the "Physical Basis of Life," was to "show that what is called Materialism has no sound philosophical basis!"

‡ P. 136. This and the following references are to the pages in the original essay in the Review above mentioned.

* Proceedings, 1871, p. 419.

† Professor Tyndall explained, in his treatise on "Light," published in 1873, that when he said "identity," he did not mean identity in "all respects."

give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm; and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

"I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used to any of the others.

"When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. . . .

"Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance? . . .

"If scientific language is to possess a definite and constant signification whenever it is employed, it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties.

"If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules."^{*}

This, then, assumes to be a scientific statement, clothed in "scientific language," and, as such, it is amenable to ordinary investigation as to its accordance with, or departure from, the known facts of science. I have quoted it at length, first, because it is rarely that in the history of Evolution we are brought face to face with anything that resembles *science*; and secondly, because it is the most important link in the chain of the doctrine, and with the demonstration of its truth or error Evolution stands or falls. If we are compelled to acknowledge the formation of living from non-living matter, by ordinary chemical affinities, Evolution has made good its position—all the rest is mere detail—and man is an automaton, "without spirit or

spontaneity." If, on the other hand, it can be demonstrated that there is, and can be, no truth in this part of the doctrine, Evolution has no *locus standi*, and must relinquish all pretension to existence as a scientific hypothesis. To this statement of Professor Huxley's, then, I propose to apply the test suggested by himself, and inquire, "*Are these doctrines true?*"

I know of no form of negation sufficiently explicit, comprehensive, and emphatic in which to reply to this question. The doctrines as here stated are so utterly at variance with the most familiar facts of chemistry that it is marvellous they should have so long passed unchallenged.* If Professor Huxley expresses an *opinion* on a matter of science or philosophy, it is doubtless worthy of all consideration, *as such*, but if he makes a scientific statement, couched in "scientific language," then it is as open to scientific criticism as if the veriest tyro had said it.

To enter into detail: it is in no sense true that protoplasm "breaks up" into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, any more than it is true that iron, when exposed to the action of oxygen, "breaks up" into oxide of iron. A compound body can only break up into its constituent parts; and these *are not* the constituent parts of protoplasm. To convert protoplasm into these three compounds requires an amount of oxygen *nearly double the weight* of the original mass of protoplasm; speaking approximately, every 100 lbs. of protoplasm would require 170 lbs. of oxygen.

Under *no possible "conditions"* can carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, when brought together, "give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm." Not even on paper can any multiple, or any combination whatever of these substances, be made to represent the composition of protoplasm, much less can it be effected in practice. Carbonic acid (C O_2), water ($\text{H}_2 \text{O}$), and ammonia (N H_3) cannot by any combination be brought to represent $\text{C}_{20} \text{H}_{20} \text{N}_4 \text{O}_{10}$, which is the equivalent of protein or protoplasm.

* In Professor Huxley's essay on Yeast (see Critiques and Addresses, p. 90), he denies ever having "said anything resembling" the assertion that "life matter was due only to chemistry,"—and that such an assertion would be "absurd!"

* Unchallenged, that is, on purely chemical grounds. On other issues, both relevant and irrelevant, they have been often objected to.

But the most incredible of all the errors, if it be not simply a mystification, is found in the comparison between the formation of water from its elements and the origination of protoplasm. Hydrogen and oxygen doubtless unite to form an equivalent weight of water; that is, an amount of water equalling in weight the combined weights of the hydrogen and the oxygen; and Professor Huxley asks, "Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?"

The answer is, Certainly; the case is changed in every possible way in which a process, whether chemical or otherwise, can be changed. But it must also be premised that the fact as stated is *not true*, that when these three substances disappear, under certain conditions, an "equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance." Every chemist knows what an "equivalent weight" means—knows also that there can be no weight of protoplasm "equivalent," chemically speaking, to any amount of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, that may or can have disappeared. These are simple, well-known, and understood chemical facts, and need no discussion. But granting for the moment, and for the sake of argument, that these bodies disappear, and that protoplasm appears, it is manifest—almost too manifest to require stating—that there is *no resemblance whatever* in the two processes by which the results which Professor Huxley considers identical are obtained. In the formation of water the whole of its constituent parts combine to form an equal weight of the compound; the case is entirely otherwise with regard to protoplasm, for here the so-called elements *do not combine at all*. On the contrary, they are uncombined or decomposed, by a process and by affinities most assuredly unknown in our laboratories. The carbonic acid and the ammonia are certainly decomposed, and whilst the carbon and nitrogen are assimilated, and add to the bulk of the plant, part of the oxygen is eliminated by the leaves, and part is destined to the performance of various functions in the economy.

Yet we are invited to see in this com-

plex programme of decomposition, selection, fixation, and rejection, only a process analogous to the formation of water from its elements; and Professor Huxley can see "*no break*." It might be interesting to inquire how wide a chasm must be before it is visible to an Evolutionist; and in the subsequent part of the inquiry it is probable that further illustrations will be met with of the Emersonian axiom that "the eye sees only what it brings with it the power of seeing."

But what especially and generally distinguishes the formation of protoplasm from all these chemical processes is that it is never formed except under the immediate contact and influence of pre-existing and living protoplasm.

It is this which constitutes the "break" that Professor Huxley cannot see. It is this appearance of an *entirely new* and distinct order of affinities that annuls the force of Professor Tyndall's truly elegant and powerful illustration of a curve whose elements have been determined "in a world of observation and experiment" being prolonged into "an antecedent world"—whence we "accept as probable the unbroken sequence of development from the nebula to the present time."^{*} There is, there can be, no one curve the elements of which will comprehend the phenomena of matter, of life, and of mind. There is no transition from one order of activity to the other; there is no "great progression from the inorganic to the organic." To say otherwise is mere waste of time in asserting what is at once incapable of proof, and at variance with all known facts.

How such doctrines came to be received can only be accounted for in Professor Huxley's own words when treating on some other antagonistic "teaching," which he says was only "tolerable on account of the ignorance of those by whom it was accepted." Referring to some anatomical question, he says further that "it would, in fact, be unworthy of serious refutation, except for the general and natural belief that deliberate and reiterated assertions must have some foundation."[†] It is by this time tolerably clear that Professor's Huxley's "Chemistry of Life" has no foundation

* Scientific Use of the Imagination.

† Man's Place in Nature, p. 85.

except that of "deliberate and reiterated assertion."

If such be the case with the chemistry, what is to be said for the argument founded upon it, or attached to it—if, indeed, argument it can be called? Seeing "no break" in the processes by which life is evolved from inorganic matter, Professor Huxley jumps to the conclusion that we are no more justified in speaking of "vitality" than we should be in speaking of "aquosity," thus overlooking the most obvious necessity for distinguishing between things that differ. Water has none but physical properties, or in Professor Huxley's own words, none "but those of ordinary matter;" therefore we require no special term to express succinctly the sum of its properties. If we did, "aquosity" would be perhaps as good as any other. But a living organism has certainly some properties or functions which are materially different from those of "ordinary matter," *in addition to* those which it possesses as a chemical compound merely—that is, it *has* its mechanical and chemical relations, but it also has *something else*.

And here arises the distinction: we do not speak of "vitality" so long as we discuss protoplasm only in its physical and chemical relations, but when in addition to these it has life, we require something to express that life, and we call the sum of its functions its "vital properties."

Names are to know things by. We are accustomed to call a certain class of forces "mechanical," and in general we understand what is meant by the term. When we meet with other manifestations of force, apparently differing from these in energy, complexity, and what we might almost call *origination**, we call these chemical, electrical, magnetic, and the like. Doubtless these are closely interrelated, and it *may be* also that they are "substantially" mechanical, according to Professor Tyndall's opinion. But it would not tend to clearness of thought, nor yet to comprehensibility of scientific language, to speak of the induced electric current as a mechanical phenomenon; nor of the effervescence of chalk on the addition of a strong acid as a magnetic manifestation.

Further, when we meet with phenom-

ena indicating forces still more complex, still more active, and even *suggesting* spontaneity, we are not satisfied to sum these up under a category especially adapted to express only a simpler and lower order of energies. It appears unsatisfactory to call them chemical, electric, or magnetic, until we can demonstrate how these forces are disposed or combined so as to produce the complex manifestations of contraction, nutrition, and reproduction, to say nothing for the present of thought, sensation, and will. We want another and more specific name; and inasmuch as these acts are *essentially* and *exclusively* the acts of living matter, we call the *sum* of such actions "vitality," and the forces which immediately preside over their production "vital." Moreover, until their identity with the forces of inorganic nature can be demonstrated, or inferred on some better ground than vague conjecture, reckless assertion, or hasty generalization, we think ourselves authorized to believe in some essential difference. Vital or *organic* force or affinity is at least as different from chemical or magnetic force or affinity as these are from those of a mechanical order.

I have said "*as different*;" but this does not express the whole idea. Mechanical force is convertible into the others, under certain limitations, and the more active forces are all convertible into the mechanical. But by no known means are we able to convert any of these forces into the higher order of energy that we have called "vital." Even this is not all: not only are we unable to produce *living* force, but we are unable to make a combination of *non-living* matter out of inorganic elements, resembling in any way matter that may or can live. Supposing protoplasm to be only a chemical compound—which is not impossible—the affinities whereby it is held together belong to a chemistry of which we *know nothing*. We can decompose it into what we are pleased to call its elements, but it has never been reformed, except under the direct agency of *actually living* protoplasm; and thus we are indebted not only for all organization, but for all organizable matter, to an *original, specific, and self-propagating endowment*. It is of small moment what this endowment, which we ever and en-

* In a motor aspect.

tirely fail to imitate, is called. It is sufficient for us to know that, so far as our present knowledge extends (and we have no right to dogmatize on conjecture) it differs infinitely more from chemical or electric force than these differ from each other, or either of them from the mechanical. For anything I can see, the old expression "vital force" is as good as any other. In any case the difference is specific, and not one of degree merely; and it is no part of true philosophy to overlook such distinctions, or to ignore them to satisfy the exigencies of a formula or a creed.

This inability to construct organizable matter (say protoplasm) out of its elements, is without doubt a recognized difficulty in the way of the absolute demonstration of Evolution. What is the usual answer to it, or method of meeting it? Mr. Huxley rather ignores it; but Mr. Herbert Spencer feels that it must be met, with some form of words at least, and his followers copy him verbatim. He says—

"The chasm between the inorganic and the organic is being filled up. On the one hand, some four or five thousand compounds, once regarded as exclusively organic, have now been produced artificially from inorganic matter: and chemists *do not doubt their ability** so to produce the highest forms of organic matter. On the other hand, the microscope has traced down organisms to simpler and simpler forms, until in the *Protophytes* of Professor Haeckel, there has been reached a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character."†

It seems incredible that this should be intended for serious argument. Does not every candid observer know that this said "chasm" is not in any way "being filled up;" and that the chemist could quite as easily construct a full-grown ostrich, as this despised bit of finely granulated albumen? And as for the "four or five thousand compounds," as well might the goldsmith say that he did not "doubt his ability" to make gold out of a baser metal, because he had already moulded it and colored it in four or five thousand different fashions. It is true

that systematic writers on chemical science divide their subject into "organic" and "inorganic;" and also that, according to the individual views of the writer, many compound bodies are placed in one or other division interchangeably. It is further true that of late years many bodies once supposed to be exclusively of *organic origin*, have been artificially formed. But it is not in any sense true that any substance even distantly resembling *organisable* matter has been formed. The line of demarcation is as wide as ever. For what are these "organic" matters said to have been formed from their elements? They are chiefly binary and ternary compounds, as cyanogen, urea, certain acids of the compound radical class, some alcohols, ethers, and the like. Not one of them bears the most remote resemblance to anything that *can live*. Few of them contain nitrogen, and these few, chiefly *amides*, are only combinations of ammonia or ammonium with other binary or ternary compounds, and can only by courtesy or convention be allowed to be of "organic" nature. Neither chemically nor physically are they in any way allied to viable matter. One least particle of albumen, granulated or otherwise, would be a thousand-fold more crushing answer to the opponents of Evolution than myriads of such compounds.

If rightly considered, the very success of modern chemistry in this domain, whilst an impassable barrier still prevents any progress towards the construction of *organisable* matter, should lead us to the conviction that the affinities of life and living matter belong to a chemistry of which we know nothing, and which we in vain strive to imitate.

Let the matter be disguised or slurred over as it may, the fact remains that we are utterly unable to imitate vital affinity so far as to make a bit of material ready for its use, or even to make any definite substance that will have similar chemical relations. But even could this be done, a further difficulty would remain—how to breathe into this dead matter the breath of life. We can neither give life to previously inert matter, nor can we restore the life that has, however recently, left the organism. Living tissue, once dead, is dead for ever, as regards the individual organism.

* There are men who "do not doubt their ability" to square the circle; but this confidence in their own powers is not generally supposed to entitle them to the rank of great mathematicians.

† Principles of Psychology, vol. I. p. 137.

"If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former life restore,
Should I repent me;—but once put out
thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have
plucked thy rose,
I cannot give li vital youth again,
It needs must wither."

Yet against those who see something more than chemistry, magnetism, electricity, and mechanics, in the affinities that hold together organic bodies, modern physiology launches the scathing sarcasm that we might as well talk of a "steam-engine principle," a "watch principle," or a "railroad principle" as of a vital force or principle. And Professor Huxley inquires with like pungency—

"What justification is there then for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter that gave rise to it? What better philosophic status has *vitality* than *agorosity*? And why should *vitality* hope for a better fate than the other *ities* which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus accounted for the operation of the meat-jack by its inherent *meat-roasting quality*, and scorned the *materialism* of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney?" (P. 140.)

This is very amusing—no one can be more so than Professor Huxley;—a little perception of facts and analogies would make it perfect. To all this the answer is obvious, if answer is required. All these are machines which man has made, and can again make, by the use of well-known forces and material which he can combine at will; it is not therefore necessary to hypothecate any other force or principle. When man can make any, even the simplest organism, out of inorganic matter, then shall we be compelled to acknowledge that chemical and other forces are sufficient, and that the hypothesis of a vital principle has had its day and may cease to be. To Professor Huxley's illustration I will respond seriously when he has demonstrated to me that meat-jacks have been developed from the beginning of time only and exclusively under the immediate contact and influence of pre-existing meat-jacks. Until then the analogy is scarcely close enough to need refutation or discussion.

Professor acknowledges candidly (p.

140) that "the influence of pre-existing living matter is something quite unintelligible;" but, he adds, as if this were a complete answer by analogy, "does any one quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?" I suppose no one knows better than himself that the two cases are utterly distinct, and afford no illustration whatever one of the other. Certainly we do not comprehend the action of the electric spark any more than we comprehend the essential nature of any affinity or force whatever. But we know that we can at will evoke and use the electric spark in much the same way as we can utilize any other chemical agency. We can use it to combine the oxygen and hydrogen, and so form an equivalent of water; and by decomposing this water with adequate adaptations we can reproduce the same amount of the constituent parts, and liberate again the electricity, which can be used again and again indefinitely, making due allowance for the imperfection of our instruments. Can this be done with an organism? Can we arrest or store up the organic force as it departs in the death or decomposition of an organism? Can we make the faintest or most distant approach to this? Professor Huxley knows that we cannot. He knows that not only is the action of a living organism "something quite unintelligible," but that it is unintelligible in a mode and in a region of thought quite apart from the unintelligibility of ordinary chemical or electrical affinities. To persist in saying, then, that vital force is nothing different from ordinary physical and chemical agencies, except perhaps in complexity, whilst confessing that it is "quite unintelligible," cannot be considered as a "scientific statement clothed in scientific language," but must be considered as of the same value as the assertion so perseveringly enunciated by Mr. Pulvermacher, that "Electricity is Life."

But I think that the utterly fatal flaw in the physical theory of life, as set forth by Professor Huxley, is found in the considerations respecting *dead* and *living* protoplasm. The learned professor speaks of dead matter of life and living matter of life; he speaks of mutton as "once the living protoplasm," now

the "same matter altered by death" and cookery, but as not being by these alterations rendered "incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life" (p. 137). He speaks of its being subjected to "*subtle influences*" which "will convert the dead protoplasm into the living protoplasm"—which will "raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm" (p. 138). All this is dwelt upon at some length, but not a hint is given that there is any difference in chemical constitution, or in "arrangement of molecules" between the dead and the living; and indeed when it is alluded to at all, the idea is pronounced "*frivolous*" (p. 135), unless I misapprehend the meaning of the writer's rather obscure and perhaps "*qudqud-
versal* expressions."

Here then we enter upon a dilemma. The properties of protoplasm are dependent altogether, as we have seen, upon the arrangement of its constituent atoms. But we find protoplasm in one condition manifesting only *passive* properties; and again, without any change, *i.e.*, any known or knowable change, in its chemical properties or arrangement of particles, we find it exercising a vast variety of *active* properties, as assimilation, contraction, and reproduction; not to mention thought, feeling, and will. We have then an effect, nay, a whole train of marvellous effects, *without a cause*,—a conclusion that the most enthusiastic Evolutionist would scarcely pronounce to be in "harmony with scientific thought." And from this dilemma we cannot escape, unless either by hypothesizing a change, mechanical or chemical, of which, by Professor Huxley's own confession, we can possibly know nothing (p. 135), and on which "we have no right to speculate"—or else by confessing that these *subtle influences* of which we have heard are only another name for that *vital force or principle* in which it is now so unfashionable and so unscientific to believe.

Had we not been assured on the highest authority that the principles of Evolution are founded "on *certain knowledge*," and also that these foundations could "never be shaken," we should have perhaps seen ground to suspect that this appeal to "*subtle influences*," to eke

out a process that had been proclaimed with a sound as of many trumpets to be only chemical and mechanical, was merely an attempt to evacuate an untenable position with the honors of war—a somewhat ignominious giving up of the entire question. But Evolution is forbidden to be judged by any ordinary standard: it has privileges, a language, and an inviolability, all its own; and those who think or believe otherwise, do not, as we have before seen, think or believe at all, but only think they think, and "believe they believe."*

One further consideration will aptly conclude this division of the subject. It has been urged, and it is granted, that the protoplasm, cell, or plasma is, in form and chemical composition, apparently identical in all living creatures. Is not this in itself a most pregnant and significant fact, as indicating that there is, beyond all our visual or chemical investigations, a distinct and special endowment in operation, of which we know absolutely nothing? For whilst it is true that man can "assimilate lobster," and the lobster can "return the compliment" and assimilate man, it is equally true that the assimilated matter is converted into another and special form of plasma, destined to the performance of the most diverse and varied functions, according as it enters into the composition of the lobster or of man. Here then appears the knot of the whole question. All the activities of life (it is said) arise solely from "the arrangement of the molecules of ordinary matter;" and here we have two such arrangements, in which there is "no substantial difference," manifesting a variety of functions, almost infinitely removed from each other in the two cases; for whilst the functions of the lobster protoplasm may be fairly summed up, as proposed, under the "three categories" of "nutrition, motion, and reproduction of the species," the *same* protoplasm in man is found subservient to the manifestation of the "higher faculties" of "intellect, feeling, and will."

* It is interesting to know also that they lie like "strangled snakes" around the cradle of this science; by the side of which stands the "Majesty of Fact!" (see Lay Sermons, pp. 278-9); and, on the authority of the learned and modest Dr. Büchner, that they are "speculative idiots."

This might appear conclusive as to the existence of something beyond chemical and mechanical "aggregation of atoms" as influencing the dynamic properties of life-matter; but Professor Huxley, whose resources are inexhaustible, cuts the knot by the summary declaration that "*all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under these categories, nutrition, motion, and*

reproduction; and that these are "substantially one" with, and include, "those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties" (p. 130).

How this most marvellous proposition is elaborated and vindicated, will afford matter for future consideration.—*Contemporary Review*.

DANIEL DERONDA.*

THE question, What is to be the deliberate judgment of her own age on the writings of George Eliot? is one that demands its answer each day with more urgency. It is not one of mere literary interest. The problems whose solutions she attempts lie at the very foundation of our social life; and we cannot but feel, as we read, that the interest her books excite is not merely such as might be stirred by a work of artistic finish, by an effort of literary skill, but one which pierces to the very joints and marrow of the life we live. It is little to the purpose to compare George Eliot with English novelists of our own or of an earlier day; the points of contact are so few that such a comparison would consist of little but that least valuable of statistical enumerations, a list of contrasts. But one feature the works of George Eliot possess to a degree which no other English writer of fiction has attained, and this is the far-reaching and yet penetrating ethical influence which her studies of society have achieved. Other writers have caught, with more or less quickness of receptivity, the various shifting phases of the life around them, and have transferred these, more or less instinct with vitality, to their pages. There are others who have crowded into supreme moments of thrilling emotion or nervous action, greater brilliancy of romance; but to this writer of our own age belongs a power, possessed by no other writer of English fiction, of analysing and assorting the maxims of our social code. Great as is the literary skill of George Eliot, it is ever subordinate

to this studied ethical and psychological analysis.

It is inevitable that with a writer who affects us thus, one of our first efforts should be to try, as far as we may, to catch something of her point of view, and to trace out for ourselves the salient features of her ethical system. Both her strength and her weakness lie in this above all things, that her ethical system, her views, if we prefer so to speak, of human nature and of human duty, are everywhere predominantly present, independent of the individual characters she creates. Other writers reproduce this or that character copied more or less faithfully from real life, and their views of duty or of human destiny are liable to be shaped by their ever-present sympathy with the lot of the characters they have thus created. With George Eliot, on the other hand, we are ever impressed with the ethical system as something independent of the puppets that are handled on the stage. The characters are not so much living creations, feeling and acting with the fortuitous spontaneity of ordinary humanity—they constantly tend to become subordinated to the author's view of life, to act as illustrative of a special system or theory. The former method is undoubtedly the most legitimate for fiction, but the latter presents a better field for the subtlety of psychological analysis, and it is here that the strength of George Eliot's genius lies.

The very construction of George Eliot's novels, then, forces on us the question, What is the view of human life which underlies them all? The very key-note of her teaching is struck in the lines printed before the title-page of each volume of 'Daniel Deronda.'

* Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Bros. London: Blackwood & Sons.

'Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul :
There, 'mid the throng of hurrying desires
That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,
Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible
As exhalations laden with slow death,
And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys
Breathes pallid pestilence.'

To parallel the passionate fear of unguided human nature that these words express, we should have to go back to the utterances of the Hebrew masters. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' is only another phase of the same feeling—a feeling which has underlain the practical, as well as the professed, asceticism of all ages. No Puritan could trust less to the outcome of undisciplined human nature than does George Eliot; but the melancholy which this distrust inspires in George Eliot is a melancholy unrelieved by the robust religious ecstasy which invigorates the Puritan. The tragedy of untamed human nature forging for itself an indissoluble bond of triple brass in its undying crimes and their self-brought retribution, as it rushes in the flood-tide of its 'hurrying desires,' is the most intense of all tragedies: it is the chief lesson by which George Eliot would purge our passions. Not the most cursory reader can be insensible to the increased insistence on this theme, to the reiteration of this sort of monotone of melancholy in the later novels. There is a wide interval between the gentle soothing of the self-inflicted pangs of passion in *Catarina*, the tender chastening of young pride in 'Janet's Repentance,' or even the intense inward struggle by which Maggie Tulliver is aided to rise beyond and above the mere thought of self; and, on the other hand, the serpent-like crawling selfishness which transforms the gay unthinking Tito into the hardened, callous profligate; the red-hot iron of remorse for passion indulged that eats into the very soul of Harold Transome's mother; the creeping paralysis that overspreads the whole soul of Lydgate after he has once compromised with his own baser self; and the unutterable sadness of the downfall of Gwendolen Harleth and her exulting hopes. The same truth that is taught in these lines that are the motto to 'Daniel Deronda,' is put, with a slight difference of expression only, in the lines

which head one of the chapters of 'Felix Holt.'

'It is a good and soothfast saw,
Half-roasted never will be raw;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then;
And having tasted stolen honey,
You can't buy innocence for money.'

It is the same teaching, only in different words; and there is hardly a page of 'Daniel Deronda' in which a good action does not appear as an obedience to the warning, or a bad one as an illustration of the truth. In this book, more perhaps than in any other, the very essence of the author's creed of humanity is pushed to its utmost. There is much less of the easy play of humor which we found in its predecessors, much less in the way of by-play to the main action. The digressions, the scraps of psychological analysis, the action of the minor characters, seem all to contribute some additional force to the enunciation of the central truth which the novel is to teach, and to be useful only as they do so.

It is inevitable that this compression of moral purpose should detract something from the literary perfection of the book. We can readily accept digressions and disquisitions interspersed through a novel which lie apart from the main action, and in which the author's fancy seems to rest for a moment in its onward flow, and to gather into a quiet pool in whose depths it can stay for a time before it resumes the main stream of the action. But disquisition becomes more irksome when it is made to serve like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, when it must interpret action for us, and show us the point from which we must view that action. All George Eliot's novels have been weighted by such pregnant disquisitions, and have suffered from the overstrain which they thus throw upon the reader—an overstrain which not only burdens the feeble intelligence of the careless, but which forces even the most attentive to bestow their attention just where they should not, and so mars the proportions of the story. But if the fault has been present in the previous novels, it is undeniable that it is more than ever predominant in this. The disquisitions do not stand as reliefs to

the main action—they do not widen or deepen the meaning of that action—they are really in many cases mere explanations of what otherwise would baffle us in the bias of a character or in the conception of it by the author. Thus, without a dozen or more pages of studied disquisition at the beginning of Book vi., on the relations between strict reasoning and ideal enthusiasm, we could neither understand the view which we are to take of Deronda's character at the most momentous crisis of his life, nor would his action be explicable to us judged from any ordinary rules of human conduct. We require the explanation, but yet we grumble at its necessity. To make the improbable in action appear natural (taking a reference suggested by the motto which heads the chapter) is beyond the reach of mediocrity. By skilful argument it is demonstrable; by only the very excess of genius is it made to appear spontaneous and inevitable. George Eliot was not likely to rest in the impotence of mediocrity; but the question will still arise, Does she not trust more than the highest art would to the demonstrations of argumentative disquisition?

In proportion as the functions of the chorus in tragedy are increased, the drama becomes the more independent of scenic effect and even of development in action. Perhaps something of the same effect is seen in the overstrain of that disquisition which serves as a chorus in fiction. As it is increased the enhancements of situation and of circumstance are neglected; and this is a neglect which an occasional display of power of such a kind by George Eliot, has taught us all the more to regret. For the most part she seems to disdain the use of scenic accessories, as if they were in some degree a concession made to sensationalism. It is rarely that we have the thread of the action vibrating, as it does so often in Scott's novels, under the shock of some momentous crisis; rarely even that we have such a moment of dramatic force as the appearance of Rawdon Crawley before Lord Steyne and Becky Sharp; but the few exceptions are of surpassing power. Nothing is grander in its way than the high-wrought moment of dramatic intensity when Esther Lyon gives her evidence

at the trial of Felix Holt. The background of surrounding circumstance was never drawn with more telling effect than in the yachting tour of Grandcourt and Gwendolen in 'Daniel Deronda.'

'The weather was fine, and they were coasting southward, where even the rain-furrowed, heat-cracked clay becomes gem-like with purple shadows, and where one may float between blue and blue in an open-eyed dream that the world has done with sorrow. But what can still that hunger of the heart which sickens the eye for beauty, and makes sweet-scented ease an oppression?'

But for the most part this is a sort of effect which George Eliot utterly ignores. The subtle tragedy of human fate, which seems to make bare its innermost working before her, may pass for her as well in a village bar-room or a Belgravian drawing-room as beneath the majestic distance of the stars: the words in whose utterance it thrills may be spoken as well amid the trivialities of a summer tour as in the hurried moment of the dramatic crisis of a life. The setting of her characters appears to be hardly more noticed by George Eliot than (to borrow one of her own comparisons) we heed the passages that lead to a court of justice. It is we who suffer most from wanting the dramatic support that her untiring insight despises.

There is another characteristic of George Eliot's creations which perhaps helps to mar for us the truth and effectiveness which they unquestionably possess. To many that may hardly seem a defect which is due to refusing any concession to the weakness of common sympathy or the narrowness of common experience. But is there not perceptible, especially in the later novels, an undue lack of any appeal to our ordinary sympathies or our ordinary experience, a lack which seems to keep the characters from being entirely natural? The earlier types—Silas Marner, Adam Bede, Maggie Tulliver—had all of them something that made them kin to us in sympathy, that made them recognisable, if not amongst the actualities, at least amongst the possibilities of our experience. We had not to school ourselves against being provoked with them, we had not to argue ourselves into sympathizing with them. But is there not a lurking feeling of this kind in the mind of many

a reader of the later novels, however unworthy he may feel it, in the light of the preachings of George Eliot? And even when he has got quit of this feeling, when he has learned to admire and hate, for the most part, with the author, does there not remain a something in the better characters, which he cannot help still disliking, something which seems to penetrate into their whole being and to give its leaven to all their phases; and at the same time a disposition to make a little more allowance for deficiencies in other characters which the author appears to hold unpardonable? Is there not an uneasy doubt, even in our admiration of her heroes, whether we disagree with our author's estimate of what is high in human nature, or revolt at an uncomfortable realism in her way of describing it? Take for instance the character of Felix Holt. We recognise—perhaps with a little shame for not recognising it more quickly—the massive simplicity of his character, his strong earnestness, his uncompromising sinking of self: but to the very end can we overlook, or can we tell ourselves that we would be more in the right if we did overlook, the vein of coarseness and irreverence in his nature, the blustering obtuseness of some of his faculties, the unmanly, bullying into which not a little of his teaching of Esther Lyon degenerates, and which we learn to dislike all the more when it is seen side by side with the equal nobility of purpose and infinitely greater tenderness and insight of Rufus Lyon, the dissenting minister? Or take Dorothea, in 'Middlemarch.' Are we to accept her strained self-consciousness, her blind trust in her own guiding, her rigidity in judging others, as contributing traits in her unquestionable nobility of character? or are we to take them as the necessary drawbacks of a heroine? To the last we remain uncertain whether we are meant to suffuse the (to us) darker colors over the whole, and take them as an enhancement of its beauty, or to look on them as the darker specks which a realistic art would paint in the sun. We have no desire to claim for the low tone of common taste engendered by the ordinary novel the dignity of an opinion or the force of a criticism on novels such as those of George Eliot; but we have a suspicion that the

small offshoot of truth which may be found even amid the rank growth of many-tongued popular opinion, on what lies above and beyond it, has its root in some such feeling as this.

But the peculiarities, hardly, or at least with much reservation, to be called defects, which we have noted, must not serve to obscure for us the brilliancy of George Eliot's genius. In criticising 'Daniel Deronda,' as in dealing with her works generally, we must be understood to use the ordinary epithets of admiration in a totally different sense from that which they must bear in the critiques of the current fiction of the day. In the strictest sense of the word her books are English classics. More perhaps than any other contemporary writings are they penetrated with the pulsations of the keenest and most living thought of our time. To any ordinary novel, the criticisms suggested by a novel of George Eliot are utterly inapplicable, because the sphere in which the ordinary novelist moves is a distinctly lower one, the problems on which he touches belong to a narrower range. His characters are as children beside the grown men and women of George Eliot. The lives he pictures for us are as flimsy play beside the deep-rooted earnestness of work that gives reality to George Eliot's conceptions. The random inconsequence of his views of life are, to hers, like the noisy scintillations of a firework beside the cold and clear steadfastness of a moonlight night. It is with this understanding that we would speak of the author's latest work, 'Daniel Deronda.'

It is little more than a truism to say that in this, as in George Eliot's other works, the chief, almost the entire interest, centres in the development of the individual characters. She never pays much attention to her plots, but here the subordination of plot to character-drawing is carried to an extreme. With one peculiarity, however. The failing here is not so much in the construction, as in the working out of the plot. The opportunities of the original conception seem to be thrown away. At the end of the eighth book we are left with the threads of the story broken off abruptly. Will Gwendolen learn to adjust herself to the new view of duty which she sees so dimly yet, but after whose rest she strives with

such an overpowering eagerness? What will be the issue of Deronda's new crusade—not on the future of the Jews (that would be too much to ask), but on his own character? Will he be steadfast to the enthusiasm in which his whole being has rushed for the time? and what balance will be kept between the enthusiasm bequeathed him by Mordecai and the love to which that enthusiasm was as the complement? What of Rex Gascoigne, and the continuance of his rather premature 'sense of the irrevocableness of his lot'? Surely his is too fine a character to be dismissed with the stunted incompleteness of a stage accessory. Of Hans Meyrick we cannot profess any ardent desire to know much more; but his flimsy witticisms and affectations have surely occupied us too long to end in nothing but smoke. Even of Mrs. Glasher we seem to miss some tidings, to tell us of the effect of her son's changed prospects on that life whose slow withering has been drawn for us with so skilful and so painstaking a hand. With a completed plot, then, we must be content to dispense, but in the subtlety of character-drawing we seem scarcely to notice the want. The chief place we should be inclined to give to the character of Gwendolen Harleth, the spoiled child of Book i. We know her first (in the order of her years, not in that of the book) as the petted daughter of a widow, over whom and whose daughters by a second marriage Gwendolen exercises a capricious but unquestioned tyranny. It is a tyranny which all are disposed to forgive, and to acquiesce in as a part of the order of things, which seems to lack something in completeness so long as the supremacy of a young lady so fitted for an advantageous pose in life is not fully established. Like most wilful people, she has another fault, seldom disjoined from wilfulness—she is thoroughly selfish. Besides herself, she cares for perhaps one other person in the world, and that is her mother; but the affection is not strong enough to prevent Gwendolen's refusing one night to sacrifice a very little of her own warm ease to do something to soothe the pain of that mother when she needed tending. And like most selfish people, she is also cruel: not naturally or thoughtlessly, but from a sort of selfishness that appeared to her-

self to be 'a peculiar sensitiveness which was a mark of her general superiority,' as when she strangled her sister's canary bird in a fit of exasperation at its shrill singing. Still she was not remorseless: 'the thought of that felonious murder often made her wince;' to relieve the wincing she made a show of penance, but she 'made her penances easy,' and she disliked their humiliation. So, by the very force of this dislike, she had gained 'a self-control by which she guarded herself from penitential humiliation.'

Her training had not been a good one. She had passed in her early years a shifting life in one or another foreign town. She had wanted that silent teaching which is thus beautifully described:—

'A human life, I think, should be well rooted in some spot of a native land, where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of earth, for the labors men go forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, for whatever will give that early borne a familiar unmistakable difference amidst the future widening of knowledge: a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and kindly acquaintance with all neighbors, even to the dogs and donkeys, may spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood. At five years old mortals are not prepared to be citizens of the world, to be stimulated by abstract nouns, to soar above preference into impartiality; and that prejudice in favor of milk with which we blindly begin, is a type of the way body and soul must get nourished at least for a time. The best introduction to astronomy is to think of the mighty heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's own homestead. But this blessed persistence in which affection can take root had been wanting in Gwendolen's life.'

But this was not all that happened untowardly for poor Gwendolen's moral training. 'Treated by others' as if she had been a princess in exile, with a humble adoration, she found no corrective to the triumph of self-satisfaction. With plain looks, an uneasy and self-conscious sense of disadvantages, and an unsprightly temper, selfishness like that of Gwendolen might either have changed to morbid and brooding discontent, or become inured by hard discipline to accept the inevitable denial of the self-gratification which it would have indulged to the full had it been able. But with Gwendolen, the ever-present homage rendered to her beauty, her ener-

getic animal force, the charm of her presence, combined to fortify her in the deliberate choice of a selfish aim, and in the certainty that she could realize that aim. What wonder then that it should be as she herself tells us? 'I am determined to be happy. . . . I have made up my mind not to let other people interfere with me as they have done.' 'Gwendolen will not rest without having the world at her feet,' is the verdict of her surroundings, as uttered by Miss Merry, the meek governess. What wonder that, with the smell of such incense ever in her nostrils, she should feel herself 'well equipped for the mastery of life'? What wonder that she should have 'a hazy largeness about her on the heights of her young self-exultation'? The secret of her influence, George Eliot explains to us in a few terse phrases of the kind that make us wonder at the expressive force which language can be made to bear. What can be more suggestive than the 'certain unusualness about her, a decision of will which made itself felt in her graceful movements and clear unhesitating tones, so that if she came into a room on a rainy day, when everybody else was flaccid, and the use of things in general was not apparent to them, there seemed to be a sudden sufficient reason for keeping up the forms of life'? Her 'spontaneous sense of capability' was not disturbed by any misgivings as to her own ignorance: in what was unknown to her she only felt 'no interest because it was stupid,' and her ignorance was at least saved from 'any painful sense of limpness.'

No prison walls could have enclosed this young wife with sterner necessity than this triple bond of ignorance and selfishness and self-exultation. She intended to win a foremost place in life, and it took no long time till apparently her will had been triumphant. Henleigh Grandcourt, the heir to innumerable estates, to at least a baronetcy and to possibly a peerage, appears on the scene only to fall a victim to that 'unusualness' of charm which she possessed. It is here that the irony of the drama opens, in the unthinking heedlessness that prompts the girl to play with her fate, and to accept the love of Grandcourt as a flattering, well-bred homage, with as little of real feeling as if she had been

acting a part that was expected from her on the stage. The sudden awakening out of this heedlessness, by the snake in the grass that rises with the revelation of Grandcourt's previous entanglement, brings the first lesson to Gwendolen. 'The fierceness of maidenhood' that is in her is kindled into anger, just as her selfish aims are frustrated, by the revelation: she breaks away like a startled deer, but the lesson only changes the color of her selfishness, without uprooting it. She found abroad 'a new excitement in gambling, and in imagining herself an empress of luck.' Her experiences had given her only 'a vague impression that in this confused world it signified nothing what any one did so that they amused themselves.' Ignorant selfishness had thus passed in Gwendolen into what was even worse, ignorant and shallow cynicism. But before she returned home she had come under a new influence—the most powerful over all her life for good—which was to give to all experience henceforward a new meaning. She had seen, and though no words had passed, she had been taught by, Deronda. Under that influence selfish error and sin was not made as yet more impossible to her, but that remorse which had ever risen readily in her nature was redoubled in rapidity and in force. Gwendolen had turned her back on what had been an ugly stumble in the mid-career of her triumph, but she came home not only to find the place of the triumph empty, but the hard pressure of degrading conditions in its room. The snakes have gathered round the wheels of the triumphal chariot; but after all, untaught selfishness may well prefer the triumph, even with its canker, to the drudgery of humdrum servitude from which it has been in life-long revolt. The place in the triumph is still vacant; it is again offered, with added grace in the offering; and Gwendolen chooses, once and for all, for ill. Once the choice is made, remorse is soon kindled. The feverish excitement which would hide away the dark spot in her knowledge is roughly startled into facing the stern fact of irreparable wrong-doing; and before the night had closed upon his wedding-day, Grandcourt had found 'that in some form or other the furies had crossed his threshold.' But Gwendolen has to feel not merely remorse for

wrong done, she has also to learn the new experience of a fancied triumph that is only gilded misery. The snakes that had twined about the wheels rear their heads and close in upon her whole vision. Her life is a dumb protest against an iron tyranny that seems to shut her in, helpless in her misery, from an overhanging dread of a vague indefinite worse that seems possible. And now, what had the girlish thoughtlessness of a few months before become?

'Poor Gwendolen was conscious of an uneasy, transforming process—all the old nature shaken to its depths, its hopes spoiled, its pleasures perturbed, but still showing wholeness and strength in the will to reassert itself. After every new shock of humiliation she tried to adjust herself and seize her old supports—proud concealment, trust in new excitements that would make life go by without much thinking; trust in some deed of reparation to nullify her self-blame and shield her from a vague, ever-visiting dread of some horrible calamity; trust in the hardening effect of use and wont that would make her indifferent to her miseries.

'Yes—miseries. This beautiful, healthy young creature, with her two and twenty years and her gratified ambition, no longer felt inclined to kiss her fortunate image in the glass: she looked at it with wonder that she could be so miserable. One belief which had accompanied her through her unmarried life as a self-cajoling superstition, encouraged by the subordination of every one about her—the belief in her own power of domination—was utterly gone. Already, in seven short weeks, which seemed half her life, her husband had gained a mastery which she could no more resist than she could have resisted the benumbing effect from the touch of a torpedo.'

It would hardly be possible to parallel in all fiction the powerful strokes in which the waste spread by bitter sorrow over Gwendolen's full joy of life is drawn. Her whole life is made to wear the aspect of a scorched and withered moor, in which the untrained and vigorous growth of furze and bracken has been blackened into gaunt and shrivelled charcoal by some devouring flame, and has left the features of the earth it covered naked to the view. The superstitious vein that lurked under Gwendolen's brilliant exterior, even in early days, now comes more fully into view. The love for her mother, which counted for so little before, now becomes a sense of craving for rest. Above all, the influence of Deronda, first established in that glance across the gaming-table which tamed

Gwendolen's spirit after its first outburst of defiance, that influence now grows to be, as it were, the religion of poor Gwendolen's life. She has now learned enough of ill, she has her burden of remorse to bear; but a new dread is over her—lest she should become worse still. We see her acting her part as Grandcourt's bride to admiration, maintaining a cold exterior which veils the canker at her heart; we see her at intervals ready to throw herself, even with all the reserve to which her position ties her, upon the one resource on which she has learned to lean. We recognise the one love which might have ripened her whole being to better things in the passionate defence of Deronda against the tooth of scandal, in the humble guise which her pride assumes before him; but we do not know till later all the terrifying promptings that gave intensity to her cry to him for help, that made her life with Grandcourt nothing but a mute despair. The iron that has entered into her soul first prompts the desire to be rid of her husband, even should it be by death; then tempts her to keep in her possession the weapon—'something my fingers longed for among the beautiful toys in the cabinet in my boudoir—small and sharp, like a long willow leaf in a silver sheath.' The evil temptation gathered strength. It grew with the terrible imprisonment of the yacht, when her husband comes to be to her 'like a dangerous serpent ornamentally coiled in her cabin.' It became to her an ever-present, overmastering dread, and her one thought of possible rescue from it, her one struggle to resist it, comes as a suggestion from the memory of Deronda. When she is cramped up with Grandcourt in the sailing boat, then the wishes she dreads shape themselves 'like a cloud of demon faces.' In their midst she had but one resource, 'she clung to the thought of Deronda.' At last the end comes; she sees, not by her own act, 'her wish outside her;' the hated, dreaded husband remained as only the memory of a dead face, seen 'not by any one else—only by me—a dead face—I shall never get away from it.'

The words that reveal all this to us are uttered in confession to Deronda. The mention of the silver-sheathed dagger recalls the curiously simple episode

about Tina, in 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story,' where Gilfil finds the dagger as it drops from poor Tina's pocket, placed there in preparation for a crime for which she knew not her own incapacity. In Gwendolen's case the dominant wish had gone even further towards its own realisation, but still without incurring anything that Deronda (or the reader, who is bound to judge with Deronda) felt compelled to consider as a conscious or contributory guilt. But with that wish once in shape outside of her, poor Gwendolen's whole horizon changes. The floodgates of feeling are let loose. Remorse is no longer a pain dwelling with an overhanging dread; the dread has passed, and in its place there is only a settled melancholy abiding with her to the end. Remorse and the acts of which it is the fruit are no longer living presences, they remain only the charred fragments that stand out upon the withered waste. But the very energy with which she renounces self, the very ardor with which she reaches after some regeneration of her nature, makes all the more imperious the need of refreshment and solace from one source. Deronda, and the higher life he had taught her to see at a distance, this was her religion. Her strength for long effort in the future, her guidance for the baffling difficulties that future must bring, can come from him and from him alone. At last a love was open to her to which love-making and marriage were as trivialities, the unheeded echoes from the possibilities of a past (not hers) out of which remorse and all that had caused it could be swept away. In her sight nothing now stands between them; and her anguish may freely prompt her to 'the unreflecting openness, nay, the importunate pleading with which she expressed her dependence on him,'—a dependence to criticise which in the light of conventionalities only seems to jar on us as a false note breaking in on a subtly-wrought harmony. 'If she cried towards him, what then? She cried as the child cries whose little feet have fallen backward—cried to be taken by the hand, lest she should lose herself.'

But poor Gwendolen had one more lesson yet to learn—the hardest of them all. Deronda's love was another's, and Gwendolen must struggle without his helping hand for the better life that he

had shown her in the distance. The scene in which the revelation that is to part them comes to her is one of intensest pathos. In the first burst of bitter, passionate forsakenness, we seem to feel the old Gwendolen, of twelve months before, alive and speaking; but before they part she can bring herself to say:—

'You have been very good to me. I have deserved nothing. I will try—try to live. I shall think of you. What good have I been? Only harm. Don't let me be harm to you. It shall be the better for me.'

And that although the 'burthen of that difficult rectitude towards him was a weight her frame tottered under.' How the first months of her struggle fared for her, we may read in her own words—words that seem to carry a strange echo of the old desire to lead, of the old reference to self, although how mightily transformed!

'Do not think of me sorrowfully on your wedding-day. I have remembered your words, that I may live to be one of the best of women, who make others glad that they were born. I do not yet see how that can be, but you know better than I. If it ever comes true, it will be because you helped me. I only thought of myself, and I made you grieve. It hurts me now to think of your grief. You must not grieve any more for me. It is better—it shall be better with me because I have known you.—GWENDOLEN GRANDCOURT.'

Next to Gwendolen as a finished study we should place the character of Grandcourt. It is far from being so complicated or so varied. It has no shifting phases, no processes, no development. In its fixity it is even statuesque. But what is most remarkable about the study is not only the unswerving rigidity, which stands so utterly in contrast with the ordinary conception of the polite villain in fiction, as a confused compound of incompatibilities—not only the powerful traits which make Grandcourt's a character that would wield a sway over other minds than that of the school-girl, to whom the gentlemanly reprobate is a person so full of charm: what gives the subtler coloring to the picture is the underlying irony by which the utter contemptibleness of his blind self-love is shown in contrast with the thin veneer of surface, sway which that self-love is able to achieve. The influence of his calm exterior, of his fixity of purpose unmoved by a single wavering of sympathy or of kindness, of

what we are compelled to call his freedom from common pettinesses or weaknesses—this would undoubtedly go a certain way to making him a leader among men. 'He had remarkable physical courage, and was proud of it, or rather he had a great contempt for the coarser, bulkier men who generally had less.' We can understand the feeling of Gwendolen, that to resist him 'was to act like a stupid animal unable to measure results.' We acquiesce in the verdict of the author that 'Grandcourt within his own sphere of interest showed some of the qualities which have entered into triumphal policy of the widest continental sort.' We understand how, 'if this white-handed man with the perpendicular profile had been sent to govern a difficult colony, he might have won reputation among his contemporaries.' But the superficial force of his character only serves to bring out its utter littleness in the face of wider issues and of higher aims. How despicable appears his blind self-adoration! 'He had all his life had reason to take a flattering view of his own attractiveness, and to place himself in fine antithesis to the men who, he saw at once, must be revolting to a woman of taste. He had no idea of a moral repulsion.' How poor is his inverted conceit, which, affecting to despise, really craved for a circle of admirers before whom he might air his fancied superiority!

'It is true that Grandcourt went about with the sense that he did not care a languid curse for any one's admiration; but this state of not caring, just as much as desire, required its related object—namely, a world of admiring or envying spectators; for if you are fond of looking sardonically at smiling persons, the persons must be there, and they must smile.'

And at last, just before his fancied sway is to be snapped so lightly, how much of tragic irony is there in his blindness to the seething rebellion that was all but bursting through his rule!

'His soul was garrisoned against presentiments and fears: he had the courage and confidence that belong to domination, and he was at that moment feeling perfectly satisfied that he held his wife with bit and bridle. By the time they had been married a year she would cease to be restive.'

Throughout the whole book there are few more skilful touches than those which draw the contrast between Grand-

court's importance in his own eyes and those of the circle round him, and the narrowness of the horizon, moral and mental, on which he looks out with those lizard eyes of his.

The character of Daniel Deronda, which to many—we should fancy also to the author—may seem the chief feature of the book, appears to us distinctly inferior, as a picture, to either of the two we have considered. Unlike them, he belongs to that class of George Eliot's creations which seem to lack naturalness, from the absence of an appeal to common sympathy. From first to last, we confess to missing in Daniel Deronda something of real vitality. He serves as the link between two distinct sides of the story—the fortunes of Gwendolen, and the enthusiasm for a restored Judaic nationality which gives an animating principle to Deronda, Mordecai, and Mirah. Perhaps it may be the unfamiliar region where this enthusiasm dwells that blunts us to some of the living force of Deronda's character; but we seem to feel not only a difficulty in following him to this misty region of enthusiastic endeavor, but also some want of spontaneity and natural freedom of affection in his relation to the other surroundings of his life. He speaks with a certain modishness of age, and we find it more easy to sympathise with Gwendolen in her accepting him 'without the aid of sacred ceremony or a costume, as a priest,' than to recognise in him what she recognised, 'the same level of temptation with the higher motive present as a fuller force,' and 'not a mere residue from weary experience.'

But this apparent shadowiness of motive, this lack of natural sympathy and young spontaneity in Deronda, must not blind us to the delicate drawing of his character. We must see each step by which that character is built up before we allow ourselves to doubt the efficacy of the motive to enthusiasm which comes to change his whole life. We have the boy, with his Jewish origin (and to inherited possibilities George Eliot attributes much) giving a certain bent to his disposition; with large affections, that cling like ivy round what lies closest to him, and that make it at last a sort of wrench to learn the truth as to his parentage, which leaves his adopted father

without blame, but at the same time breaks the natural bond between them, in which Deronda had before believed. His intelligence is wide and keen beyond his years; at least we are bound to believe so on the author's word, though the paradox on Caliban, which is almost the only fragment of Deronda's conversation on ordinary topics vouchsafed to us, seems to repeat far more truly the nauseous flippancy characteristic of the youthful don than any of the utterances of young Clintock on the subject of croquet, which are represented as more typical of that species. He has been surrounded by all that could bring home the past to his imagination (what these surroundings were we learn in Gwendolen's visit to Topping Abbey, which had been Deronda's home), and his imagination is so ardent as to give to its pictures the force of reality. He has lived in painful uncertainty about his birth, and this uncertainty has created for him a dreary moral isolation, fenced only against bitterness or self-willed discontent. The isolation had only made the outgoing of his sympathy more quick, and his ready sympathy for the wronged had stirred in him a deep capacity for enthusiastic partisanship. The want of a duty marked out by birthright created for him no wayward sense of irresponsibility, but rather an inclination 'to complain that he was robbed of this half of birthright' in sharp duty. Over all these mingled traits there is the brooding irresolution that comes from lack of a strong incentive—the incentive of mere personal ambition being powerless for Deronda, and the incentive of necessity being absent. To such a nature there came the first powerful outgoing of sympathy in his rescue of Mirah, the poor Jewish songstress, from a self-sought death—a sympathy from which there is to Deronda but one step to love. But that love is shut away from sight, partly as a thing impossible to his sense of honor as the girl's protector, partly because it would involve apparently a breach with the associations of her race, which have to Mirah the force of a religion. It is at this point in his life that Deronda meets Gwendolen, and then is formed between them the bond, at first hardly perceptible, which is to deepen, on Gwendolen's side, into intensity. To

Deronda the bond becomes ever more sharply distinguished from one of love; and it wears the appearance of an episode to the wider range that is opening for him, to the revelation whose gradual unfolding seems to explain all the mysteries of his life, and to bring content to all his higher cravings. In Mordecai, the consumptive Jew, whose passion centres in the hope of a restored nationality for his race, there comes the first call to enthusiasm for Deronda. The call seems to be like an echo to the longings that his life and its surroundings have prompted, and he is prepared to answer it even before all its bearings on himself is seen. But when Mordecai's brotherhood to Mirah opens a new relation between Deronda's knighthood and this possible enthusiasm, and still more when the revelation of his own Jewish birth gives to that enthusiasm the super-added force of an inherited duty, Deronda can hesitate no longer. Then it is that for Deronda, in the words of Coleridge that serve as a motto to the chapter wherein his love reveals itself to Mirah,—

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.'

The thoughts that have been working in him, and battling for an outlet in action, 'the secret passionate longing never yet allowed to grow into a hope,' the delight that Mirah's presence has been to him—all these come with a great rush into his life, and give it as little sense of wavering as there is in the ever-flowing volume of a mighty river. The setting in which we find Deronda's character may appear unnatural; we may grumble a little at the surface sheen of priggishness which it wears; we may feel a sense of mistiness or artificiality in the enthusiasm which comes to stir him; but there can be no doubt as to the grandeur of the moral foundations on which that character is built, or as to the depth and subtlety of the analysis in which its development is traced.

Of the other characters in the book, two at least (those of Mordecai and of Mirah) would require more space than is left to us for their full analysis. But, subtle as they are, fervid as is the poetry that breathes through the speeches of Mordecai, and fine as is the fibre of

Mirah's nature, we are left by them, on the whole, unsatisfied. The picture of Mordecai, lonely but for the companionship of his passionate enthusiasm, pouring the utterances of his heart into the poems that he tries to print on the heedless tongue of the young Jacob Cohen; wandering to the bridge to watch the sunset, which was, he tells Deronda, 'always what I loved best: it has sunk into me and dwelt with me—fading, slowly fading: it was my own decline: it paused—it waited, till at last it brought me my new life—my new self—who will live when this breath is all breathed out'—this picture is a piece of exquisite description, but does it give us a real man, and not rather an abstraction? With Mirah we have one piece of passionate human feeling when she suspects a tie of love between Gwendolen and Deronda, and when she found that the reliance which had lain darkly within her 'was now burning itself into sight as disappointment and jealousy;' when it was 'as if her soul had been steeped in poisonous passion by forgotten dreams of deep sleep, and now flamed out in this unaccountable misery.' But on the whole her nature seems, however, finely strung, to have less even than Gwendolen's of that latent force and dignity which would make Deronda's love for her all that such love might have been, and not merely the product of chance contact, with a supposed accompaniment of union in aim and duty. After all, where, we may ask, is the identity between the Judaism of Mirah, who is fast bound to the little observances of her nation's religion and to a strict reverence for its customs, and the enthusiasm of Deronda, which is stirred by, and aims

at, a mere political ideal, in which such narrowing observances can have no part or share? Which was greater, that love should have its impulse checked and controlled in obedience to the exigencies of national kinship, or that its almighty power should have borne down all hindrances of race, and rendered a proud obedience to its own dictates, and to these alone? As before in 'The Spanish Gipsy,' so now in 'Daniel Deronda,' George Eliot has shown what is the answer she would give; but the answer of humanity in all ages may still be another.

The prominent characters in 'Daniel Deronda' are so full of meaning, that they perhaps render the byplay of incident or humor less full than in most of George Eliot's novels. Not that these are by any means meagre. The loves of Klesmer and Miss Arrowpoint, and the useful utterances of the former against the arrogance of amateurs; the manly resolution of Rex Gascoigne; the toylike household of the Meyricks (who have more than a tinge of conceit and affectation in their oddities); the vigorous give-and-take of the artisans' discussion club at the 'Hand and Banner,'—all these are alive with marks of a genius to which it would not be easy to find many parallels out of George Eliot's own works. At these, however, we do no more than glance: their fuller acquaintance will come incidentally to those who go to this novel to seek, what they will there most assuredly find, a moral teaching which, within its own range, is of the very highest, and a spiritual insight which, within the possibilities of mere human vision, is of the very deepest.—*British Quarterly Review*.

THE TWO CHANCELLORS.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF AND PRINCE BISMARCK.

THIS is a most interesting and valuable book.* Its different chapters appeared in successive numbers of the 'Revue des

Deux Mondes' in 1875, and, translated by Mrs. Tait, now appear in the form of a separate volume. They are written by M. Julian Klaczko, an ex-deputy of the Parliament of Vienna, who in 1871 retired from politics, but who, nevertheless, quotes in this volume only such documents and dispatches as have hitherto, by fair means or by foul, found their

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way before the public eye, rightly deeming himself "bound by the obligations laid upon him by professional secrecy, and by the elementary rules of state service." The object is to trace out the workings and the results of a ten years' partnership between the two famous chancellors of Russia and Germany, Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Bismarck; and these are delineated with considerable artistic power, and in a manner which betokens considerable political insight, and an intimate acquaintance with the diplomatic world. The momentous partnership or understanding between these powerful statesmen, to which is traced the downfall of Austria and France, the unification of Germany, the eclipse of Europe, and the quiescence of Russia, is said to have lasted from the occasion of the Schleswig-Holstein question down to the Emperor William's journey to Russia in the spring of 1873 to pay his debt of gratitude to the Czar. M. Klaczko approaches the recital of these marvellous events, if to some extent from an Austrian, before all things from a European, point of view. "Taking a broad view," he exclaims, "it is in truth a matter of congratulation that the sceptre of the West has slipped from the hands of a turbulent volcanic nation, always engaged in some propaganda, now Jacobin, now Ultramontane, but ever revolutionary, to fall into the grasp of the most orderly, most hierarchical, and best disciplined state in Europe." Sadowa and Sedan were Protestant victories over the two chief Catholic Powers, fitly followed by the struggle into which Prince Bismarck has plunged against the Vatican. But upon the part which Russia has played during this portion of European history M. Klaczko is remarkably severe. He traces it entirely to a policy of spite against Austria for imaginary wrongs during the Crimean War—against France for its interference with regard to Poland, to a policy which was totally opposed to the traditions of Russian diplomacy, which has substituted along the whole line of frontier, in place of "a purely and exclusively defensive combination," in which Russia had the paramount influence, a gigantic military power, ambitious, full of enterprise, and obliged by its very position to undertake the championship of what are called

"Western interests."¹ He declares that the same Power which struck down Austria at Sadowa and France at Sedan, could at will deal Russia a mortal blow through the gates of Poland; and that a proposal to do so was warmly discussed in 1871 by "a group of Hungarian statesmen supposed to be to some considerable extent in Prince Bismarck's confidence." He points to the views held by Prussia in 1863 as to the left bank of the Vistula, "the natural frontier," and argues that Teuton aspirations are ever on the increase in Courland and Livonia. The 'grateful disposition of the Emperor William may influence destiny for a time; yet even he is capable of resigning himself, with grief in his heart and tears in his eyes, to a sanguinary sacrifice, when either the voice of Germany, or his mission from on high, may summon him to arms.

M. Klaczko insists that whatever Europe may have gained by the rise of Germany, Russia has lost in security, power, and relative influence, by her persistent support of Prussian policy. Napoleon's loss of his throne is traced to the short-sighted policy and confused ideas which led him to urge Prussia forward in her aggressive path after having thrown up the cause of Denmark from a feeling of ill-temper against England. On the other hand, Prince Gortschakoff, although he made a skilful use of the good-will of France to restore Russia to her old ascendancy within four years of the treaty of 1856, nevertheless refused, from the motives here attributed to him of rancor and ill-nature, to entertain the idea of any alliance but that of Prussia; actively aided that ally in wreaking his vengeance on France and Austria; rejected in 1867 ample concessions offered by both those Powers; refused in 1871 to take the initiative in the work of peace, though urged thereto by both Austria and England. The recent conquests in Asia are, it is urged, wholly inadequate as a compensation, since they are of doubtful value, and at the best are embarrassing possessions, and Russian hopes on the Bosphorus are but shadowy contingencies. A vague presentiment is declared to have already taken possession of the Russian public, conscious that the ancient traditions of the empire have been set aside, that the

balance of power between Austria and Prussia is gone, that the friendship of the secondary states has disappeared, that the work of revolution and annexation has obliterated the treaties and public law of Europe. It is clear, as has been constantly urged during the progress of the recent phase of the Eastern question, that Russia is far weaker, relatively to the rest of Europe, than she was twenty years ago, and that a policy of single-handed aggression no longer lies within her power.

Prince Gortschakoff, born in 1798, the present Chancellor of the Russian Empire, was initiated into the language of Voltaire by the brother of Marat, the infamous conventionalist. Of varied classical acquirements, he was the co-disciple, and remained the steadfast friend, of Pouchkine, the great national poet, who foretold his splendid destinies, hailing him as "Fortune's favored son." The favors, however, were tardily conferred; for the future chief, although at an early age he entered the Foreign Office, and became attached to the suite of Count Nesselrode from the time of the Laybach and Verona Congresses, continued to fill a secondary appointment till he was over fifty years of age. He first attracted the attention of the Emperor Nicholas as plenipotentiary at Stuttgart, where, "by dint of skill and dexterity, he succeeded in establishing the Grand Duchess Olga (the daughter of Nicholas) in the royal family of Würtemberg;" and then remained for some years longer at his post to be her guide and counsellor in her adopted country. He was still at Stuttgart when the Parliament of Frankfurt, anticipating the work of 1870, constituted a German empire, to the exclusion of Austria, offering the crown to the King of Prussia. The King of Würtemberg refused to submit; and in 1850 the German Confederation was re-established on the old compact of Vienna, Prince Gortschakoff being appointed the representative of the Russian Court at the Diet of Frankfurt. Nicholas at that time was, so to speak, Chief Justice of Europe, the champion of Conservatism amidst States which had been devastated by the revolutionary storms of 1848. He had protected Denmark against Germany; he had crushed the Hungarian insurrection

against the Austrian Government; he had largely contributed to re-establish the German Confederation on its old basis, that combination which Prince Gortschakoff has subsequently eulogised as "purely and exclusively defensive."

Bismarck, born in 1815, could hardly, with all the advantages of the University of Göttingen, compete in point of classical learning with Gortschakoff; and for twenty years it was a serious question with the more formal and pedantic Germans whether the hero of Sadowa had ever passed his Government examination. His early tastes had led him to hunting, riding, swimming, gymnastics, and duels; although he possesses "a very ample knowledge of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Goethe, and his Schiller." Though neither a writer nor an orator, his obscure and confused style is often lit up by lifelike and original expressions, "lightning-like thoughts, powerful and unforeseen imagery, words which strike and penetrate and remain indelibly engraven." He could never bow his neck to scholarly tasks, nor endure the regular work of an office, or of a soldier's life. His first ten or twelve years were filled with miscarried schemes of every description. He began life as the resolute adversary of modern ideas, of Prussian Liberalism, combating the two great national fancies of the party—viz., the deliverance of Schleswig-Holstein and the unity of Germany. He denounced the former as "an eminently iniquitous, frivolous, disastrous, and revolutionary enterprise;" the latter in the name of justice and patriotism. The humiliation of Olmütz occurred in 1850; and the sole orator who arose in the Prussian Assembly to defend Prussian subservience to the house of Hapsburg was Bismarck himself. He was convinced that Austria was a German power in every sense of the word, and that Prussia should submit to her, in order to oppose a united front to a menacing democracy. The partisan of Austria was immediately appointed Prussian plenipotentiary to the German Confederation, a post which he held for eight years (1851-59). The petty manœuvring and puny struggles for influence, the tittle-tattle and small incidents by which he was surrounded, irritated and exasperated him; his

contempt for the Bund increased year by year; and in 1858 he almost decided upon giving up his diplomatic career.

The Eastern question burst upon Europe whilst two men, who were on the eve of filling their large place in the eyes of the world, were busied at Frankfurt. Every one knows that during the progress of that momentous strife, the fidelity of Frederick William IV. to his brother-in-law, the Czar Nicholas, was proof against everything. The other members of the Bund were equally sympathetic; and it is interesting to find that the future chancellors of the two countries followed the example of their respective sovereigns in the matter of personal and political intimacy of friendship. Bismarck's disgust, however, at the neutrality of the German Confederation, inspired him with unmitigated contempt for the Bund. He became convinced "in his inmost soul of its utter nullity;" and, as our author relates, while seated at the green table in the palace of Taxis, exhibited his contempt for the proceedings.

In 1854 the two friends were separated by the appointment of Prince Gortschakoff as envoy to the court of Vienna—the marshal's baton in the diplomatic career of Russia. The relations of Russia and Austria during and arising out of the Crimean war were far from satisfactory. The Czar held that, after the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection, Austria was bound to him by the ties of gratitude, firmly restrained by political leading-strings. But whilst Prussia and every state in the Bund denounced the Allies and the Christian defence of the Crescent, Austria, on the other hand, looking to her position as a Danubian, Slavonic, and Catholic Power, was disinclined to carry her gratitude for recent services to the length of abnegating her position as a great Power, and considered that the success of Russian policy would have led to that result. She owed Russia much, but at least something less than self-immolation; and when all things were considered, the suppression of the Hungarian revolt was to the Czar the extinction of a conflagration in a neighbor's house. Count Beust's policy, and the motives for it, are clearly brought out in this volume. He opposed the Czar by upholding the principle of

Ottoman independence: he nevertheless favored Russia in the negotiations to an extent which exasperated both Napoleon and Lord Palmerston; he closed the gates of Poland to the Allies; he compelled the Allies to distant operations; and he facilitated the conclusion of peace on terms which saved the dignity of the new Emperor. After the war was over, Prince Gortschakoff succeeded to the post vacated by Count Nesselrode; and, as this volume is intended to show, he shared to the utmost the bitter feelings, the rancorous animosity, with which every Russian regarded what was called the immense ingratitude of Austria. Three years afterwards he was joined at St. Petersburg by the friend whose intimacy he had cultivated on the banks of the Main. Bismarck, in April 1859, was made Prussian envoy at the Russian Court. His feelings towards Austria had undergone an entire reaction from the time when he upheld the Hapsburg in the Prussian Assembly, after the humiliation of Olmütz. Austria had outweighed him in everything at Frankfurt, in spite of Prussian sympathy and community of ideas with the secondary States. "These States," he wrote, "after every oscillation, return with all the persistence of the magnetised needle to the same point of attraction." Summing up the teachings of his experience at Frankfurt, he declared, "I see a vice in our federal relations that must sooner or later be extirpated by *ferro et igne*;" the first known version of the famous "blood and iron."

The growth of international relations (1856-59) during the period which intervened between the Crimean and the Austro-French wars, is vividly described by M. Klaczko. Prince Gortschakoff had acceded to power in Russia, with a new and untried emperor, strongly supported by the popular voice, resolved upon breaking with the traditional policy of the Czars in regard at least to the secondary States (whose sympathy had been of so little value), animated with the strongest hatred to Austria. Napoleon, dreaming of Italian unity, was plotting his enterprise against Austria; he insisted on Prussia being restored to that rank in Europe from which its recent conduct had seemed to degrade it; he eagerly sought the friendship of Russia. The able manner in which Prince

Gortschakoff availed himself of this growing cordiality to reinstate Russia in its old post of European influence, without suffering himself to be used by the French Emperor, is skilfully depicted. Napoleon fought his battles and annexed his provinces; the Anglo-French Alliance came to an end; the Peace of Villafranca was inspired by fear of German intervention. Russia shortly afterwards raised the question of the condition of the Christians in the East; and the Emperor Alexander met the German sovereigns at Warsaw, once more to give the word of command, assume the front rank in the eyes of Europe, and take the lead in demanding explanations from the Tuileries. If the close of the war in Italy found Napoleon at the zenith of his power and glory, it also marks the commencement of his steady decline. In his schemes and his diplomacy he had destroyed the Western alliance, and played incessantly into the hands of Prince Gortschakoff. Italy felt little gratitude to the author of the Peace of Villafranca; but Russia stood forth as the conservator of public rights, profiting by events which it did not create, in order to wreak vengeance and win back *prestige*.

The career of M. de Bismarck, the *frondeur* diplomatist at St. Petersburg, is then sketched, and the successful mode in which he cultivated the goodwill of Russian society and government. While Gortschakoff was lending himself to all those diplomatic subtleties which, according to Napoleon's wishes, were to force Austria to declare war, Bismarck was eager for a rupture with the Bund. Napoleon, secure in his prosperity, had insisted that a high destiny awaited Prussia, and that Germany expected her to fulfil it. He from the first insisted upon the advantages which would accrue to the Hohenzollerns from a rupture with Austria. But at Berlin there was a strange weakness in favor of Austria; the Prince Regent was contented with visions of purely moral conquests. The mobilisation of the Federal armies was under consideration; the Berlin Cabinet remonstrated with Cavour; and Bismarck fell seriously ill with vexation and alarm. Count Cavour replied with something of prophetic sagacity, at all events in words which must have delighted the future conqueror at Sadowa, that "Prussia

would one day be grateful to Piedmont for the example the latter had just set her." The French journals also were loud in the praises of the Piedmontese mission of the house of Hohenzollern. It was at this time that there arose disquieting rumors as to an alliance between Russia, Prussia, and France. Authoritative publications spoke of "great agglomerations of States" to be effected by the Roman, Slavonic, and Germanic races; and to a triple alliance of three universal monarchies "whose distinguishing features would be not only the three principal races of the European system, but also its three great Christian Churches." Lord Palmerston declared in Parliament that the situation was pregnant with at least half-a-dozen respectable wars. The gigantic combinations which Napoleon shadowed forth, and the great destinies which he was perpetually thrusting upon Prussia, impelled the King to energetic resolutions. Accordingly, a vigorous man was required. All eyes were turned to M. de Bismarck; but society was disconcerted by learning that the great man was only appointed to be ambassador at Paris. He stayed there, however, only two months; took the measure of Napoleon, whom, contrary to the general opinion of the time, he confidentially described as "the embodiment of misunderstood incapacity;" insisted with the influential men of the Government that France should acquiesce in Prussia's absorption of the smaller Germanic States with a view to her obtaining a desirable ally, or as another alternative, in her turn enlarging her own territory in the direction of Belgium. Having expounded his future political plans, he returned to Berlin to form, as he expressed it, "a lid for the Government saucepan." His farewell speech to France appears to have been, "Liberalism is but a child easily brought to reason; but revolution is a power, and you must know how to use it."

Bismarck acceded to the Prussian Ministry in September 1862, bent upon the aggrandisement, "the rounding-off," of the monarchy of Frederick II., foreseeing from the first that Austria would always be his resolute adversary. He trusted that, with careful management, Russia and France might be brought to favor, or, at least, not to interfere with

his designs; as regards England, he did not trouble himself. "England has for many a year," said he, "been erased from all my political calculations: and do you know since when I began to reckon without her? Since the day on which she renounced of her own free will her right to the Ionian Islands. A Power which ceases to take, and begins to give up, is an exhausted Power." M. Klaczko remarks that the conviction that proud Albion would quietly submit to be slighted was more than justified during the Danish campaign. Bismarck soon resolved upon his course. He trusted himself thoroughly to the friendship of Prince Gortschakoff. He set himself to outwit Napoleon, whose purpose was vacillating, and who, in vaguely striving to accomplish the welfare of humanity, was fast endangering that of France. Though the design of transforming a "purely defensive" confederation into a great military and aggressive kingdom was hostile to the interests and traditions both of Russia and of France, by a fortunate turn in events those Powers never united to resist it. For at the very commencement of Bismarck's Ministry the Polish question arose, and in the course which it took, immediately estranged the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon, reawakened in St. Petersburg the old rancorous feelings against Vienna, and enabled the Prussian King to draw close his alliance with the Czar, while yet maintaining friendly relations with Napoleon. This drama on the banks of the Vistula, which lasted for two years, ended in a final catastrophe in January 1863. The populace at Warsaw knelt before the palace of the King's lieutenant, "holding nothing in their hands but the symbol of Christ's crucifixion, and asking for nothing but their God and their country." A reference was made to St. Petersburg, and there arose a sincere desire to conciliate Poland. The Emperor sent his brother to reform and administer the government, and a moderate independence was granted. But the demagogues of Europe speedily introduced their mysterious organisation and their violent measures. Europe encouraged the folly of the Poles. From the Palais-Royal came the advice "to throw away their Catholic mummeries and up with the barricades;" from

Earl Russell came a recommendation of parliamentary institutions for Poland, and for an extension of the same to the whole of Russia; from Count Rechberg, "that fatal Minister then at the head of foreign affairs in Vienna," came encouragement, Galicia becoming in effect the refuge armory and centre for supplies for the Polish insurgents. The Emperor of the French at first declined to encourage hopes which he had no means of satisfying; but at last, urged on by the language of Lord Palmerston, the attitude of Austria, and finally by Bismarck's military convention with Russia, he addressed a great European remonstrance to the Czar, which naturally stimulated the insurrection, and deeply wounded the pride of Russia; and the Czar thereupon "undertook against the Polish nation a work of methodical and implacable extirpation." As M. Klaczko observes, Prince Gortschakoff received all the honors of the melancholy campaign; while the profits were absorbed by M. de Bismarck, who used them to construct a secure and solid foundation for his future labors. At all events, M. de Klaczko regards as immense the benefits which accrued to Bismarck through the Polish insurrection in consolidating his friendship with Russia, and the estrangement of the latter country from both France and Austria. It appears, however, that at that time Bismarck himself doubted the capacity of the Russian Empire to quell the Polish insurrection without Prussian assistance, and even contemplated rectifying the Prussian frontier by the absorption of Poland. The first blow of Bismarck for the aggrandisement of Prussia might, if fortune had so willed it, have been struck upon the banks of the Vistula.

Circumstances, however, took him to the banks of the Elbe. A question of the Duchies had been opened in 1859, in consequence of the events in Italy, and had grown to importance since Lord John Russell's Gotha despatch. The magnificent harbor of Kiel was a prize worth playing for; and Bismarck's antagonist in regard to the Duchies was Earl Russell, who was easily convinced that the German covetousness proceeded from Austria and the secondary States, and that Prussia was eager to restrain it. The diet of Frankfurt decreed a federal

execution in Holstein. Denmark accepted English mediation on a promise made by Bismarck to Great Britain that he would prevent this execution; Earl Russell was delighted at the influence of the attitude assumed by England; but in three weeks Bismarck withdrew his assistance. In the interval Lord Russell, overjoyed at Bismarck's co-operation, had sacrificed to him the Polish question with Russia, and exasperated Napoleon by his opposition to a European congress, and by leaving him in the lurch with regard to Denmark and Russia. The field was now clear for Count Bismarck, who was now no longer satisfied with a federal execution in Holstein, but managed to deprive the King of Denmark first of Holstein and then of Schleswig, by a series of manœuvres, partly diplomatic and partly military, in which he was constantly aided and abetted by his Russian ally. Yet, as M. Klaczko observes, "to Russia more than to any other Power in Europe was it of importance to preserve the freedom of the Baltic, and to prevent the harbor of Kiel from falling into the hands of the Germans; it was also of more importance to her than to any other to remember that the people of Courland and Livonia spoke a much purer and harmonious German than the people of Schleswig."

The Polish and Danish questions were the prelude to the decisive wars with Austria and France, and are minutely referred to by M. Klaczko, since they influenced the international relations of Europe in a manner favorable to Bismarck's schemes. They completed the estrangement between France and England, which the annexation of Savoy and Nice had commenced; they also cemented the friendship between Gortschakoff and Bismarck; while they produced an enduring rancor on the part of the Russian Chancellor towards Austria and France. But while the sulks of Alexander Mikhailovitch are described as nearly as fatal to Europe as the reveries of Napoleon III., Count Bismarck alone was distinguished for his clear conception of the ends which he desired to accomplish, and for the unrelenting directness and vigor with which he strove for their accomplishment.

This book describes Count Bismarck as eager above all things to secure the

Russian Chancellor as a principal card in his game, but equally determined not to change rôles with him, and to become a card in the game of his friend. But at the outset, in the scheme of consolidating Germany, his principal aim was to bend the misunderstood incapacity of the powerful Napoleon to his purposes. And, according to the narration here given, the French Emperor fell an easy victim. The whole world at that time believed in the immense superiority of the Austrian army over that Prussian *landwehr* which for half a century had not smelt powder. Foiled with regard to Denmark and Poland, isolated in Europe on account of his dealings with England, Austria, and Russia, Napoleon was before all things bent on doing something for Italy. He was not in a position to accept diplomatic defeat, any more than he could re-enter Paris after Sedan. M. de Bismarck went to Paris, descanted upon the advantages which would accrue to Italy from the impending duel between Austria and Prussia—the benefit which it would be to Napoleon if Prussia, better outlined and more powerful, became the unfailing ally of France. A Prusso-mania took possession of the Bonapartists; and M. Benedetti, M. de la Valette, and General La Marmora, were the exponents of the new policy which completely upset the antiquated ideas of M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

Relying on this state of French opinion, the Prussian Minister, who had previously, in concert with Austria, declared in favor of the Duke of Augustenburg's title to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, now declared that the King of Denmark alone was entitled, adding that the King had abandoned them to Austria and Prussia, who accordingly were capable of disposing of them without reference to the Bund. He then demanded of the Emperor Francis Joseph that he should give up his share in the conquest for a cash payment. A provisional arrangement was made at Gastein shortly afterwards, which served to show how little disposed either France or England was to interfere. The latter country was changing its Government, and preparing a campaign of parliamentary reform; the rulers of the former trembled at the thought of their future ally being exposed to certain defeat from

the enemy of Italy, of progress, and of France. The Italian and French press applauded the "Piedmontese mission" of the Hohenzollerns, and cherished hopes of a "Germany united by means of a Prussian needle;" Napoleon himself was eager for a reconstructed Prussia as a Protestant rival to Catholic Austria, and a useful counterpoise to Russia. With that view he was eagerly encouraging Prussia to declare war, reserving to himself a policy of "attentive neutrality," convinced that whatever might be the fortune of the war, he could always interfere with effect in favor of peace and the equilibrium of Europe. On the other hand, Bismarck, who saw through this game, and was unwilling to embark in a war of which Napoleon could dictate the conclusion and the terms of peace, was anxious to obtain a written promise of absolute neutrality. This Bismarck failed to obtain. Napoleon was anxious that Italy should complete her unity, and that Prussia should afford her the opportunity of doing so, and he was ready to respect the national aspirations of Germany. He was equally willing to complete French unity, and was full of visionary schemes to promote the cause of progress and humanity. But no definite arrangement was made, either as to neutrality by France, or as to guarantees by Prussia in the improbable event of her issuing victorious from the strife. Under those circumstances the Prussian Minister felt that the blow must be struck, and struck quickly and decisively, before Napoleon had time to intervene. The marvel of the whole achievement was, that Count Bismarck, up to that time regarded as a sort of mad diplomatist, was able to carry the pious Hohenzollern into this fratricidal war, as all persons declared it, and, with the aid of the comparatively inexperienced Moltké and Von Roon, strike down Austria in a week.

This war was by far the most perilous adventure to which the emotional mind of the Prussian King had ever been fixed. Bismarck knew that he risked death upon the scaffold in case of failure; only Napoleon would have traced any parallel between such an enterprise and the schemes of Count Cavour. There was no counterpart to Italian misrule to be found in the constitutional and republican States which formed the Bund, and which

already boasted as much liberty and order as Prussia possessed or could possibly confer. They denounced beforehand the "fatal policy" of the Berlin Cabinet, and were the immediate victims of its success. Italy was Prussia's real ally in this business. A treaty had been concluded between the two countries in April 1866; and while the Prussian King appeared in the unwonted character of Victor Emmanuel's ally, the Hohenzollern as the patron of successful revolution and of Garibaldi's friend, the Prussian Minister was already in communication with Mazzini and the Magyar chiefs, determined, if the worst came to the worst, to fight his enemy with revolutions, and be ready, if France should intervene and Italy withdraw, to fall back on Hungarian legions and southern conspirators. The conquest of Germany, however, was achieved. It is clear that Prince Gortschakoff silently but effectively aided his friend, and probably no one rejoiced more heartily than he did at the discomfiture of Austria and the mortification of Napoleon. Italy at this time obtained possession of Venice, and a Hohenzollern prince assumed the government of Roumania; but neither by diplomacy nor arms could Napoleon obtain the smallest compensation. His altered position with regard to Europe was at once manifest to the initiated, if not to the outside public. Before the war, he had declared in a solemn document laid before the Corps Legislatif on the 11th June 1866, that "none of the questions which affect us will be settled without the consent of France." After the war, contrary to the express words of this document, Prussia openly modified the map of Europe to her own exclusive benefit, without reference to France. Austria, so far from being "maintained in her great position in Germany," was excluded from the German Confederation; instead of "a more powerful organisation" being accorded to the secondary States, annexation became the order of the day. But in vain did M. Drouyn de Lhuys urge the establishment of a French army of observation on the eastern frontier; that Prussia, though victorious, was exhausted; that Austria could recall a powerful force from Italy; and that a military demonstration would render

Napoleon the arbiter and master of the situation. The French Emperor hesitated, he was terrified at the prodigious successes of Prussia; the Mexican expedition had weakened his army; and doubtless he felt that the man who gains time gains everything. "Sire," said, according to M. Klaczko, an eminent minister of the German Confederation, "a simple military demonstration on your part may save Europe, and Germany will be eternally grateful to you. If you allow the present opportunity to escape, before another four years will have elapsed you will have to go to war with Prussia, and you will have the whole of Germany against you." But the Bonapartist party clung to the delusion that Prussia and Italy were the true allies of a democratic empire; that "Austrian sympathies" must be suppressed; and that the conquest of Belgium would amply compensate for the unity of Germany. The foundering of Austria was in reality the ruin of Napoleon's dynasty; the unification of Germany was the eclipse of France. Something of this must have dawned on the imperial mind when the conqueror of Sadowa would hear of no territorial reparation which involved a cession to France; alluded vaguely to "other arrangements" which might be made, to something "which might be found in the Palatine," to the annexation of Belgium—to anything, in fact, which was hopeless and unattainable. Not much doubt could have remained when, after much hesitation and apology, M. Benedetti at last presented to Count Bismarck the outline of a secret treaty, abandoning to France the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, without even excepting the stronghold of Mayence. "Very good," said the new master of Europe; "then we shall have war! But do not fail to remind his Majesty the Emperor that, under certain circumstances, such a war might be waged with revolutions, and that in the presence of revolutionary dangers, German dynasties would prove to be built on more solid foundations than that of Napoleon."

The fate of France and of Napoleon's dynasty was in reality sealed very shortly after the successful issue of the war in Germany. What might have happened, if Napoleon had interposed directly after Sadowa, no one can say: he might have

merely anticipated his doom. But what really happened was this;—Bismarck was the new master of Europe, Prince Gortschakoff and Napoleon equally courting his favor and alliance. The friendship of the former was accepted, and General Manteuffel sent to negotiate the terms either of alliance or "understanding" which should subsist between Prussia and Russia. France was bamboozled, over-reached, and betrayed. "Dilatory negotiations," a new term in diplomacy, were prosecuted for her amusement, in which she betrayed to her implacable enemy that policy of "taking tips" (*une politique de pour boire*) which Bismarck scorned. If a Power which had ceased to take and had begun to give up, was deemed by him, rather hastily, to be an exhausted Power, what must have been his idea of a Power which, no longer able to take, stood hat in hand to a powerful rival vainly asking for its grateful acknowledgments? He was ready to sell it the bearskin, well knowing that it would fail to catch or kill the bear; but there his complaisance ended. He would not even allow it to purchase Luxembourg from the King of Holland. He tempted it with Belgium; took an authentic project of a treaty on the subject in M. Benedetti's handwriting, with Napoleon's marginal notes, into his possession; but no sooner was the Peace of Prague concluded with Austria than he was averse to "creating ill-feeling between Prussia and England," and in good time divulged the project to England and the world. But the secret treaty, or project of a treaty, relating to the Rhine, was at once laid before the Southern Confederate States, which, according to the preliminaries of Nikolsburg, were not to be included in the new Confederation governed by Prussia. The triumph of French mediation had been that they should form a restricted union amongst themselves, having solicited and obtained the French Emperor's help for that purpose. But no sooner did Count Bismarck explain to them that so far from the Emperor protecting them, he was seeking an understanding with Prussia at their expense, than they gave way and concluded with him secret offensive and defensive treaties. These were kept rigorously secret; but from the date of the peace with Austria, Bismarck could

rely on the armed co-operation of the whole of Germany, the silent aid of Russia, and the certainty of being able to destroy all hope of English interference. France knew that her alliance had been declined in favor of Russia; but it does not appear that she suspected the magnitude and completion of the precautions which Prussia was taking against her. "That powerful agent of civilisation and progress" which France had done so much to call into a vigorous life, was already plotting her destruction, to wrest from her the admitted supremacy in Europe. What may have been the exact terms of the arrangement which General Mantouffell was commissioned to make with Prince Gortschakoff is not known; but M. Klaczko's observations with regard to it are interesting, for the Eastern question must at all times be largely affected by any understanding between Germany and Russia. It was suspected that another bearskin was being disposed of on the banks of the Neva; but this time "it was a bear of the Balkhan, who had not felt well for some time past, and whom the Emperor Nicholas had declared to be very sick twenty years before."

And during the Eastern troubles both Austria and France made significant advances to the Court of St. Petersburg. The French Cabinet was willing to reopen the whole Eastern question and pacify the East with heroic remedies. Count Beust could not refuse to sympathise with the Christians in Turkey, and to encourage amongst them "a wider development of their privileges, and to promote the establishment of a system of self-government, to be limited only by a tie of vassalage." He actually proposed to revise the Treaty of Paris of 1856 in the sense of assigning a very great rôle to Russia. He wished for a collective interference of the Powers in the affairs of Turkey, and to release the Czar from his Black Sea engagements in order to secure his sincere co-operation. Prince Gortschakoff had declared before the Treaty of Prague that the only value of the Treaty of Paris depended on the agreement existing between the great Powers to see it respected. But Europe had recently shown itself without unity and without public law, and Count Beust wished to re-establish the European

union at least in reference to the affairs of Turkey; and he was willing to sacrifice to this end the Black Sea clauses of the treaty. France wished to dower the Russian Queen of Greece with the island of Crete, and to demand from Turkey the annexation of Thessaly and Epirus. In return, Austria and France desired the assistance of Russia in the menacing complications in the West. Prince Gortschakoff was in raptures; M. Beust, he declared, was inaugurating a new era in the political history of Austria—an era whose views would be liberal and lofty. The French Minister's principles and assurances had a peculiar value, since they emanated from the thoughts of the Emperor Napoleon. But the Prince, notwithstanding the exclusion of Russian interests in the German Confederation, kept close his intimacy with his Prussian friend: he showed no consideration for France in the affair of Luxembourg; he encouraged the violent Slavonic opposition then rife in the empire of the Hapsburgs.

In the face of this manifest duplicity, of the obvious understanding between St. Petersburg and Berlin, Austria and France retired from the East. The "Pan-Slavonic Propaganda" attracted the attention of M. Benedetti, who never failed to urge upon his Government that while Bismarck was free to operate in Germany, Russia was at work in the East and in the Slavonic provinces of Austria. "Mighty projects," says M. Klaczko, "had indeed been cherished on the banks of the Moskva and the Neva during the whole of the feverish and agitated period which separated Sadowa from Sedan." The world was to be divided between Slavonia and Germania. Napoleon himself had declared that "an irresistible power was impelling all nations to form great agglomerations, and to abolish all minor States." The Congress of Moscow followed, Russia seeking to adopt towards the Slaves the same course of action which Prussia had adopted towards the Germans. The Congress and the Cretan insurrection served to keep the Christian populations of Turkey in a state of ferment and of expectation, and appealed directly to the sympathies of the Austrian Slaves. After the Congress was dissolved, a permanent committee under the auspices of a Grand Duke was

appointed to watch over the interests of Slave unity. The Ruthenes, the Czechs, and the Croats of Austria, the Princes of Montenegro and Servia felt its influence. Bulgarian committees were established at Bucharest and other towns on the banks of the Danube to provoke disturbances in Bulgaria, and disorderly agitations took place. But, as M. Klaczko observes, in the period between Sadowa and Sedan, although these disturbances were the subject of numerous and energetic representations by the Cabinets of London, Paris, and Vienna, to Roumania and Greece, the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Berlin maintained a continuous silence. "By a curious change in earthly matters which must have astonished the Nesselrodes and Kamptz in their celestial abode, the voices of the Western Powers—those of England, France, and Austria—were now denouncing the underhand and revolutionary proceedings of the European demagogues; while Prussia was silent, and Russia denied the fact, or pleaded extenuating circumstances." A conference was held in Paris; Turko-Grecian difficulties were smoothed over; but the universal belief remained that Russia would assume an offensive position in the East as soon as complications arose in the West. In 1869, Fuad Pacha on his deathbed addressed his last political testament to the Sultan, in which he pointed out the approaching inevitable conflict between France and Prussia, declared that the great Ottoman empire was in danger; and concluded, "an internal war in Europe, and a Bismarck in Russia, and the face of the globe would be changed."

The completion of Italian and German unity brought no comfort to the Tuileries. M. Benedetti was the first to perceive the altered position of France; and M. Klaczko pays every honor to the insight and judgment which he displayed in the four years between Sadowa and the Franco-Prussian war. Grossly and painfully deceived as he had been during the negotiations which preceded the war with Austria, he constantly drew the attention of his Government to Count Bismarck's schemes; his propagandism beyond the Main; his intrigues with the revolutionary party in Italy, designed to aid him in fighting Victor Emmanuel as well as Napoleon

with revolutions in case of necessity; his negotiations with Russia through General Manteuffel; his intrigues with General Prim respecting a Hohenzollern candidate to the Spanish throne. Napoleon despatched General Fleury to the Court of Russia; and Bismarck's relations with his Hungarian allies of 1866 showed that he did not contemplate surrendering to Russia all German interests and claims on the shores of the Danube and at the foot of the Balkans. And at the Paris Conference in 1869, the views of the Berlin Cabinet diverged from those of Russia. Convinced that no definite solution could be arrived at without the aid of a united Germany, Count Bismarck did not wish in the then state of the Continent to commit himself with either the friends or the foes of the Sultan. The collapse neither of Turkey nor of Hungary would suit his views; and a struggle in the East might force him to borrow a card in the game of his Russian friend, a change of rôle to which he was at all times strongly opposed. Then, as now, Count Bismarck maintained his own liberty of action, resolved, however, not to pre-engage German forces in an Eastern crisis, but rather to reserve to himself the part which Napoleon ought to have played in the Prusso-Austrian war—the part of umpire of the contest, at whose word the combatants must separate and come to terms. Russian policy, it seems, was to wait; and when the power and public opinion of Europe were paralysed by the tremendous strife which was plainly imminent, to step in and seize its plunder. Prince Gortschakoff no more than the French Emperor dreaded the increase of Prussian power; and, like Napoleon in 1866, he never dreamed of the tremendous victories which Prussia was about to win. Bismarck had secured the co-operation of the Southern States in Germany; Gortschakoff intimated to the Viennese Cabinet that Austria would not be permitted to make common cause with France, and to Denmark that she too must be neutral. England's neutrality was secured by the revelations about Belgium. M. Klaczko declares that the sudden catastrophe of 1870—which of course was hastened by Count Bismarck for his own purposes, though France had all the discredit of it—found Russia not merely in a military sense unprepared.

Its moral influence over the Slave world had received a check since the conference on Greece. It hurried to arms, and might have appeared as an active ally of Prussia in its fear of French successes. As it was, Prince Gortschakoff, at the outset of the war, urged the Emperor Napoleon to be moderate; and probably awaited with patience the opportunities for action in the East. But the Ottoman empire remained unscathed during that intestine struggle which Fuad Pasha had declared would lead to its destruction. M. Klaczko declares that all chances of a Russian crusade in the East melted away in the terrible disasters of France. Russia abandoned the idea of the compulsory unification of the Slaves, and contented itself with the repeal of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. The great object of Prince Gortschakoff was to prevent—and he skilfully succeeded—Europe from interfering between Prussia and France in respect of the terms of peace. The work of 1870 became a mere copy of that of 1860; even as regards the *politique de pour boire*, Count Bismarck again scorned to give tips. "You can take the East," said he, according to M. Klaczko, at St. Petersburg, through his mouth-piece, General Manteuffel, as he had previously told the Emperor Napoleon to take Belgium, making always the same kind offer of what was not his to give—the same gracious gift of dragon-defended fruit. The new Greco-Slave-Roumanian world was as much a dream as Napoleon's conglomeration of States for the advancement of humanity. In the wreck of treaties, and the abrogation of public law, it is satisfactory to find that, in the two quarters of Europe where England held supreme interests, the great military Powers paused in their career of spoliation and conquest.

The ten years' partnership between the two Chancellors, however much it has promoted the aggrandisement of Prussia—however it may tend to preserve the equilibrium of Europe, however little it may have injured England, the destruction of the Black Sea clause being a small matter in comparison with its other more decisive results,—nevertheless has, as far as existing European nations are concerned, set at nought every principle of international justice and good faith.

The singlehanded repudiation of a treaty by Russia without pretext or negotiation or congress, showed the want of good faith, the utter disregard for international obligations which was beginning to displace the public law of Europe. The Continent was powerless while its map was transformed; and we can only hope that the work is complete, and that the growth of conservative principles of law and order may be encouraged, as the waters of revolution, anarchy, and spoliation subside. In two years' time the Eastern question again burst upon Europe; and it was a question of grave importance how the great Powers, with their altered fortunes and changed attitudes to each other, would approach the subject.

If Russia has conquered Tartary, gained the Caucasus and a new world on the shores of the Amoor and the Syr Daria, and resumed her freedom in the Black Sea, on the other hand she has lost Sebastopol, and there is a barrier of autonomous States under the guarantee of Europe between her and Turkey. Germany does not share Prussia's indifference to the East, but demands that her voice should be attended to. Austria, constantly exhorted to "seek her centre of gravity elsewhere than at Vienna," to justify her name of *Ost-reich*, and become in reality an empire of the East, feels that she has a large stake, perhaps a more pressing mission, on the banks of the Danube than she had in 1856; and England, as a great Mediterranean and Eastern Power, has interests in the settlement of Turkey, and the distribution of its provinces, which her formidable fleets are capable of protecting. "I see no Europe!" was the exclamation of M. de Beust, in a celebrated despatch of 1870, as its organised impotence stood unveiled before him. It has been the high mission of Great Britain in the recent troubles to restore to Europe her confidence in herself, to renew the public respect for treaties, to vindicate the collective rights of the great Powers against the pretensions of the Triple Alliance, to enforce that non-intervention in the disorders of an unhappy State to which the Continent is pledged, and to secure to the public voice of Europe the final settlement of those difficulties which are temporarily intrusted to the arbitrament of an un-

impeded struggle. It has been an achievement worthy of a great Conservative Power; and we doubt not that, when the opportunity arrives, the men who have recalled Europe to a sense of public right will know how to attend to the claims of the unfortunate populations which suffer from Ottoman misrule, and in the perpetuation of whose misery and dependence public safety and English prosperity have no sort of interest or stake. To discover a *modus vivendi* between the various races which, with warring creeds and dissimilar institutions, swarm over the south-eastern provinces of Europe, is the problem to be solved, and of which from time to time a temporary solution must be found. The Turks, when all is said on their behalf that can be said, are only one of those

races; and the relations of those turbulent tribes to one another must be to some extent settled by themselves; the final adjustment, in the interests not merely of justice and good government amongst them, but in the interest of the permanent peace and security of Europe, resting with the collective authority of the Powers. To secure a gradual settlement of this kind requires patience and firmness; but the heroic achievements of the last ten years have given all of us a taste for the less dramatic, but more conservative, results which flow from respect for treaties, love of order, and political sympathies, which a keen sense of justice repels from the borderland of mania, and restrains by reason and prudence.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ASTRONOMY IN AMERICA.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

DURING my visits to America in 1873-74 and 1875-76, I was led from time to time to notice with interest the progress and promise of astronomical science in America. My own special purpose in visiting America on these occasions partly brought these matters to my attention. The circumstance that in a country so much more thinly peopled than Great Britain, it should be possible not only to obtain audiences for lectures on such a subject as astronomy, but to obtain more and better and larger audiences by far than could be obtained during a lecture season in England, for any single scientific subject whatever, appeared to me in itself sufficiently remarkable. At a first view this might have been referred simply to the fact that the Americans are a lecture-loving people, preferring the quick and ready method of learning the more striking facts of a subject from a verbal exposition, to close study and application. But I soon perceived that something more than the mere desire for superficial knowledge was in question. The number of persons making close inquiry into the subject was nearly always greater (even in proportion to the much greater audiences), than in England. That still more select section of every audience, the actual workers and observ-

ers, I also found to be correspondingly large; while again and again I met with what in England is certainly very unfrequent—cases, namely, in which persons not engaged professionally in the study or teaching of astronomy had privately worked so zealously and so ingeniously in astronomical research as to have effected original discoveries of considerable interest.

I do not propose, however, to enter here into an account of these experiences of my own. To do so would indeed be a welcome task to me, as enabling me in some degree to express not only my sense of the interest taken by Americans in science, but also my recognition of the unvarying kindness with which I was personally received. At Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago, Columbus, Louisville, Kansas, and Minneapolis, and, in fact, at all the cities and towns which I visited, I received a generous and kindly welcome from the community, accompanied by acts of personal kindness from individuals, which I shall always hold in grateful remembrance. But this would not be the place to attempt the task—in any case no easy one—of attempting to express my sense of American kindness and

hospitality. My present purpose is to indicate simply the remarkable progress made by Americans in astronomical science during the last half-century.

Fifty years ago there were few telescopes and no observatories in America. It was not greatly to be wondered at that the nation should not up to that time have given any great degree of attention to scientific matters. The proportion of the population having leisure for scientific and especially for astronomical research was but small, and the government had matters of more vital importance to attend to than the erection of observatories. For several years the attention of Congress had been called to the necessity of a national observatory; but when President Adams, in 1825, made a special appeal to this effect, his proposal met with ridicule and disfavor.

The first action towards the initiation of astronomical research in America bears date March 1810, when it was proposed in Congress (by Mr. William Lambert, of Virginia), that a first meridian should be established for the United States (the meridian of the Capitol at Washington being selected), in order to obviate the "confusion already existing in consequence of the assumption of different places within the United States as first meridians, on the published maps and charts" in the country. The proposition was not at once acted upon. In July 1812 we find Mr. Monroe, then Home Secretary of State, indicating its astronomical bearing. "In admitting," said he, "the propriety of establishing a first meridian within the United States, it follows that it ought to be done with the greatest mathematical precision. It is known that the best mode yet discovered for establishing the meridian of a place is by observations of the heavenly bodies; and that, to produce the greatest accuracy in the result, such observations should be often repeated, at suitable opportunities, through a series of years, by means of the best instruments. For this purpose an observatory would be of essential utility. It is only in such an institution, to be founded by the public, that all the necessary implements are likely to be collected together; that systematic observations can be made for any great length of time, and that the public can be made secure of the results

of the labors of scientific men. In favor of such an institution it is sufficient to remark that every nation which has established a first meridian has also established an observatory." Mr. Lambert brought in a bill proposing the erection of such an observatory in 1813; but nothing more was done until 1815, when the memorial on which the bill of 1813 had been based was referred to a select committee. No steps were then taken, however, to carry a bill. In November, 1818, a third memorial from Mr. Lambert was presented, and referred to a select committee; but the resolution asked for was not finally passed until March 3, 1821, when Mr. Lambert was appointed by the President, "to make astronomical observations by lunar occultations of fixed stars, solar eclipses, or any approved method adapted to ascertain the longitude of the Capitol from Greenwich." In December 1823 Mr. Lambert, in a report of his labors, gave for the longitude of the Capitol $76^{\circ} 55' 30''.54$, closing his report with a strong appeal for the erection of an observatory.

Two years later, President Adams urged on Congress the establishment of a national observatory as part of a wider scheme for the advancement of knowledge. His remarks on the astronomical portion of the scheme serve well to show the position of astronomy in America half a century ago. "Connected with the establishment of a university," he says, "or separate from it, might be undertaken the erection of an astronomical observatory, with provision for the support of an astronomer to be in constant attendance on the phenomena of the heavens, and for the periodical publication of his observations. It is with no feeling of pride as an American that the remark may be made, that, on the comparatively small territorial surface of Europe there are existing more than one hundred and thirty of these lighthouses of the skies; while throughout the whole American hemisphere there is not one. If we reflect for a moment upon the discoveries which in the last four centuries have been made in the physical constitution of the universe by means of these buildings, and of observers stationed in them, shall we doubt of their usefulness to every nation? And while scarcely a year passes over our heads

without bringing some new astronomical discovery to light, which we must fain receive at secondhand from Europe, are weno cutting ourselves off from the means of returning light for light, while we have neither observatory nor observer upon our half of the globe" (!) "and the earth revolves in perpetual darkness to our unsearching eyes?"

In March 1826 a bill "to establish an observatory in the District of Columbia" was brought before Congress and read the first and second time, but the House Journals show no further trace of it. This bill was due to the recommendations of Mr. Adams, who did not relax in his efforts to secure the erection of a national observatory, though delays and disappointments occurred which might well have exhausted his energy, seeing that the dates of his renewed and for awhile useless appeals were 1836, 1838, 1840, and 1842.

Passing over many circumstances in the history of these transactions, not as being without interest, but because space will not permit of their being presented here, we may proceed to the time when the actual erection of the buildings was commenced. This was in 1843, or no less than thirty-three years after the plan for an observatory was first proposed, so that fully one-half of the period which has elapsed since Lambert of Virginia first called his countrymen's attention to the necessity of establishing a national observatory was lost in discussions and delays. At the close of September 1844 the new building was ready for occupancy, and the instruments were adjusted.

From 1844 to 1861 the Washington Observatory was under the superintendence of Lieutenant Maury. In September 1846 the first volume of observations was issued. Its value has been thus described by an impartial and competent judge. "Besides a fair amount of observations with the two transit instruments in the meridian and the prime vertical, and those with the mural circle, it contained various important investigations of the errors and corrections peculiar to the instruments: Professor Coffin's masterly discussion of the adjustments of the mural circle, and his expansion of Bessel's Refraction Tables; Walker's investigation of the latitude of the observa-

tory, and his comparison of the standard thermometers; all of great value."

In the second volume reference was made to the discovery of Neptune, and the success of Mr. Walker, one of the assistants, in detecting amongst Lalande's observations two of Neptune on May 8 and 10, 1795, when the planet was observed and recorded as a fixed star. "Astronomers were thus furnished with an observation of Neptune made fifty-two years before, which afforded the means of a most accurate determination of the orbit, and enabled the superintendent of the American Nautical Almanac to publish an ephemeris of the new planet two years in advance of all other parts of the Almanac. *The observatory was first brought into prominence by these researches.*" In October 1849 Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) Davis wrote as follows to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy on this subject. "The theory of Neptune belongs, by right of precedence, to American science. In connection with its neighbor, Uranus, it constitutes an open field of astronomical research, into which the astronomers and mathematicians of the United States have been the first to enter, and to occupy distinguished places." Deprecating heartily, though I do, all reference to priority or nationality in such matters, as opposed to the true scientific spirit, I cannot but note how Professor Newcomb, by his admirable researches into the theory of Uranus and Neptune, has fulfilled the hopes thus expressed nearly a quarter of a century before his labors were brought to a successful termination.

The work of the observatory thus happily inaugurated was prosecuted steadily till 1861, when Commander Maury left Washington to join the cause of the Confederate States. During the greater part of the war the observatory was under the charge of Captain Gilliss, who died on February 9, 1865. "It has been noted as a strange coincidence of circumstances," says Professor Nourse, in the memoir of the observatory from which we have been quoting, "that the last morning of his life witnessed an announcement of results deduced at this observatory which had fulfilled his long deferred hope of determining the solar parallax by simultaneous observations in Chili and in the United States. This

announcement would have been peculiarly gratifying to him because these results were from the joint activity of the two observatories, founded through his exertions, five thousand miles apart."

From 1865 to 1867 the observatory was under the superintendency of Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, and from 1867 to the present time it has been under that of Rear-Admiral B. F. Sands. Without further considering the work accomplished at the observatory itself, which has partaken of the general character of official astronomical research, we may consider here some of the special astronomical occasions at which the observers trained at Washington have assisted.

The total eclipse of August 7, 1869, was closely observed by parties from the observatory. Professor Asaph Hall and Mr. J. A. Rogers proceeded to Alaska; Professors Newcomb, Harkness, and Eastman, to Iowa; and Mr. F. W. Bardwell, to Tennessee. The observations made on this occasion were of great value and interest. The solar prominences had had their real nature determined during the eclipse of August 1868; and the American observers were not content to repeat the observations then made, but extended the method of spectroscopic analysis to the corona. They also obtained photographs of the colored prominences. The work accomplished by the Washington observers, together with the observations made by Dr. Curtis, Mr. J. Homer Lane, of Washington City (Ia.) and Mr. W. S. Gilman, jun., of New York, and Gen. Myer, U.S.A., form a quarto volume of 217 pages, with twelve illustrations. Of this valuable and interesting volume three thousand five hundred copies were printed by joint resolution of Congress.

The superintendent of the Washington observatory was not content with this. "Believing that the experience of its officers in their observations of the eclipse of 1869 should be availed of for the further elucidation of the subjects involved in such phenomena, he addressed the Navy Department upon the subject of their employment in Europe in observing the eclipse of December 1870; the Department promptly detailed the professors who had been the observers of the previous year;" and it was doubtless through the energy thus displayed by Rear-Admiral Sands, that other skillful

American astronomers were enabled to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of observing that important eclipse. Unfavorable weather prevented observations of this eclipse at some of the best stations, but the American observers succeeded in establishing the accuracy of the observations made in 1869; and to them must be attributed in large part the definite demonstration of the fact, which though now admitted was then much disputed, that the corona is a solar phenomenon, and not due to the illumination of our own atmosphere only.

The part taken by the Washington Observatory in preparing for and co-operating in the observation of the transit of Venus, on Dec. 8, 1874, is too recent to need full description in this place. I may be permitted, however, to dwell with special commendation on the manner in which American astronomers devoted themselves at that time to a task which they might fairly have thought the business of their European brethren. A transit of Venus is to occur in 1882 which will be specially American, being visible wholly or in part from every portion of the United States; and if America had reserved her energies for that occasion, no complaint could reasonably have been made. It was indeed the prevalent idea in Europe that that would be the course she would adopt. But with singular generosity and scientific zeal, she not only devoted to the work of observing the earlier transit a sum largely exceeding the amount granted by any other government (and nearly twice as large as Great Britain paid), but undertook some of the most difficult portions of the work, which otherwise would have been left unprovided for. I cannot but recall with a feeling of something like personal satisfaction (though conscious that such a feeling ought to find no place in the mind of the true student of science) the gratification with which I welcomed the announcement, early in 1873, that America had undertaken to occupy positions, the importance of which I had long pointed out, but which, but a fortnight before that announcement reached Europe, had been confidently described as astronomically inferior and geographically unsuitable. The pleasure I then felt was only surpassed by that which I experienced subsequently, when news

received from the various observing stations showed that at those just mentioned were achieved some of the most important successes of the occasion.

Another noble contribution made to science at Washington has been the erection of the splendid refractor, 26 inches in aperture, which is now the chief equatorial of the observatory. America is fortunate in possessing in Alvan Clark the greatest living master of the art of constructing large object-glasses of good definition. He had already constructed a telescope 18 inches in aperture for the observatory at Chicago; but by the contract negotiated with him in August 1870 by Professor Newcomb, he was called on to achieve a far more difficult task in the construction of a telescope of 26 inches clear aperture. He has successfully accomplished this task, and the telescope has already obtained good results under Newcomb's skilful management. The most important of these is an extensive series of observations of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune, made with a view of determining the elements of their orbits and the masses of the planets round which they circle. The observation of the two Uranian satellites, Ariel and Umbriel, discovered by Lassell, and of the Neptunian satellite also discovered by him, must be regarded, on account of the extreme difficulty of observing these bodies, as a very valuable contribution to astronomy. It is pleasant to notice that Newcomb has been able most thoroughly to confirm the accuracy of Lassell's work in Malta, the mean notions of Ariel and Umbriel deduced from the Malta observations being so accurate that, says Newcomb, "they will probably suffice for the identification of those objects during several centuries." Although no systematic search has been made for new satellites of Uranus, yet enough has been done to show, "with considerable certainty," that at least the outer satellites supposed to have been seen by Sir W. Herschel "can have had no real existence" (as satellites, that is to say).

Before passing to the brief consideration of the work accomplished in some of the other American observatories, we must fully admit the justice of the remarks made by Professor Nourse in closing his memoir relating to it. "The

position now accorded to it," he says, "by the free tributes of scientific men in the Old World as well as at home, is not without honor to our country; and this notwithstanding the comparatively recent founding of the institution, and the as yet limited appropriations sustaining it. It may, therefore, justly claim a yet more generous support; and the pledge may be safely made that if thus supported and efficiently directed, it will make returns yet more gratifying to national pride, and (which is a matter infinitely more important) advancing the highest aims of scientific research. What shall be its future records of success must remain with the support extended by the government and the fidelity of those who are entrusted with its administration."

The actual commencement of astronomical observation in America belongs to a much earlier period than that at which the Washington Observatory was erected. The first telescope used for astronomical purposes in America was set up at Yale College forty-six years ago. The first observatory, however, properly so-called, was erected at Williams College, Mass., in 1836. The next was the Hudson Observatory, established in connection with the Western Reserve College, Ohio, under the charge of Professor Loomis (now of Yale), whose works on astronomy are deservedly held in high esteem in this country as well as in America. Next in order of time came the Observatory of the High School at Philadelphia, which achieved distinction under the able management of Messrs. Walker and Kendall. The West Point Observatory was next established, and placed under the care of Professor Bartlett. All these preceded the Washington Observatory.

Soon after the Washington Observatory had been erected, an observatory was built at Cincinnati. Its history illustrates well the way of carrying out such work in America, when the government does not take the work in hand. The idea of erecting an important observatory in Cincinnati was first entertained by Professor Mitchel, then Professor of Mathematics at Cincinnati College. He proposed to attempt the task without any aid from the general or state government, by the voluntary contribution of all classes of citizens. To ascertain whether

any interest could be excited in the public mind in favor of astronomy, he delivered in the spring of 1842 a series of lectures in the hall of Cincinnati College. With truly American ingenuity he devised a mechanical contrivance, by help of which telescopic views in the heavens were presented with a brilliancy comparable with that "displayed by powerful telescopes." These lectures were attended by large audiences, and, I may add in passing, that the interest which they excited is to this day well remembered in Cincinnati—no small proof of Professor Mitchel's power as a lecturer.* The last lecture of the course was delivered in one of the great churches of the city (a thorough American and sensible proceeding), and at the close Professor Mitchel submitted to the audience, consisting of more than two thousand persons, his plan for erecting a first-class observatory, and furnishing it with instruments of the highest order. He promised to devote five years of faithful effort to accomplish this task. The following course was then suggested:—"The entire amount required to erect the buildings and purchase the instruments should be divided into shares of twenty-five dollars; every shareholder to be entitled to the privileges of the observatory under the management of a board of control, to be elected by the shareholders. Before any subscription should become binding, the names of 300 subscribers should be first obtained. These 300 should meet, organise and elect a board, who should thenceforward manage the affairs of the association." In three weeks the 300 subscribers had been obtained, without calling any public meeting, and merely by quiet visits in which the nature of the scheme was described and explained. Then officers were elected, a directory formed, and Mitchel was sent "to visit Europe, procure instruments, examine observatories, and obtain the requisite knowledge to erect and conduct the institution, which it was now hoped would be one day reared."

* The same remark applies to the lectures which he subsequently delivered in New York, New Orleans, Boston, Brooklyn, and other large cities. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the service thus rendered by Professor Mitchel to astronomy in the United States.

When Mitchel returned four months later, a great change had occurred in the commercial affairs of America. "Everything was depressed to the lowest point," and it was with great difficulty that a sum of \$3,000 was collected and remitted to meet the first payment for the telescope of 12 inches aperture ordered of Merz. The best place for the observatory was a hill-top rising 400 feet above the level of the city. On offering to purchase this from Mr. Longworth, to whom it belonged, Professor Mitchel was directed to select and enclose four acres, which Mr. Longworth presented to the association. On Nov. 9, 1843, the corner-stone of the pier which was to sustain the great refracting telescope was laid by John Quincy Adams, who undertook the long (and then difficult) journey from Washington to give this proof of his interest in the cause of astronomy. When, in May 1844, the great telescope was paid for, the funds of the association were exhausted, and the estimated cost of the building amounted to more than \$7,000. In this difficulty a simple but again perfectly American plan was followed. Mechanics and others were invited to subscribe for stock in the Astronomical Society, paying their subscriptions with work. In six weeks not less than one hundred hands were at work on the hill-top and in the city. The stone of which the building was erected was quarried from the grounds of the society. The lime was burned on the hill, and every means was adopted to reduce unnecessary expenditure. Payment for stock was received in every possible article of trade; due bills were taken, and these were converted into others which would serve in the payment of bills. In this way the building was reared, and finally covered in, without incurring any debt. But the conditions of the bond by which the lot of ground was held required the completion of the observatory in June 1845. It was seen to be impossible to carry forward the building fast enough to secure its completion by the required time without incurring some debt. "My own private resources," proceeds Mitchel, "were used in the hope that a short time after the finishing of the observatory would be sufficient to furnish the funds to meet all engagements. The work was pushed

rapidly forward. In February 1845 the great telescope safely reached the city; and in March the building was ready for its reception." Unfortunately, just at this time, when his private means were exhausted, Professor Mitchel's professorship was brought, in a very summary manner, to a temporary close, in consequence of the college edifice being burned to the ground. To recruit his means without abandoning the cause of astronomy, he gave courses of lectures in the chief cities of the United States, meeting with well-deserved success.

The observatory thus erected achieved useful, though not very striking results. An observatory which was erected a year or two later took so quickly the leading position, so far as the actual study of the heavenly bodies was concerned, that the progress of the Cincinnati astronomers, as indeed of most of the astronomers of the United States, received less attention than otherwise might have been the case. I refer to the Observatory at Harvard (Cambridge, Mass.). Here one of the first equatorials ever made by Merz was erected; and by means of it W. C. Bond and his son Geo. P. Bond made highly interesting additions to astronomical knowledge. The seventh satellite of Saturn (eighth and last in order of discovery) was detected, the dark ring re-discovered and found to be transparent; important drawings of nebulae were made, and many other observations were effected, under the administration of the Bonds. Later, under Professor Winlock, the Harvard Observatory has been distinguished by the excellence of the mechanical arrangements adopted there, and by M. Trouvelot's admirable drawings of solar spots and prominences of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, and of various details of lunar scenery.

In passing, I may note that at Harvard, as indeed elsewhere in America, others than professed astronomers have achieved very useful astronomical work. As Professor Mayer, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, has turned his marvellous ingenuity in devising new methods of physical research to astronomical inquiries, so Professor Cooke of Harvard, whose special subject is chemistry, made a most important astronomical discovery, which has since been ascribed to Janssen, who, later (though independently and by

another method) effected it. Professor Cooke made a series of observations on those bands in the solar spectrum which are due to our own atmosphere, with the object of ascertaining whether they are due to the constant constituents of the air, or to the aqueous vapor which is present in the air in variable quantity. Combining hygrometric with spectroscopic observations, he found that when the air is moist these bands are more clearly seen than when the air is dry, and by systematic observations so definitely ascertained this relation as to prove beyond all manner of doubt that the bands are due to aqueous vapor. Unfortunately, though his results were published in America, they were not published in such a way as to attract notice in Europe, and accordingly European astronomers remained ignorant of the most important fact discovered by Cooke until they had rediscovered it for themselves.

The Observatory at Ann Arbor, Michigan, was erected in 1854, chiefly through the exertions of Chancellor Tappan, of the Michigan University. Dr. Brünnow, our present Astronomer Royal for Ireland, was for a long time director of this observatory. It is at present under the able control of Professor Watson, who has added nearly a score of planetoids to the known members of the solar family.

The Observatory of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H., illustrates in a remarkable way the energy and zeal with which college observatories are managed in America. It would be difficult to name any observatory in this country where observations of greater interest, as respects the physics of astronomy, have been made than those effected by Professor Young with the 9-inch telescope constructed by Alvan Clark for the Dartmouth College; or than the supplementary observations made by Young with a powerful telescope conveyed to an elevated pass in the Rocky Mountains. Amongst his results may be specially mentioned—first, the observations of the most remarkable solar outburst yet witnessed, an outburst during which the glowing hydrogen of the prominences was driven to a height of at least 200,000 miles from the surface of the sun; and, secondly, the identification of

more than 250 lines in the spectrum of the solar sierra.

And as the most interesting and characteristic observations yet made upon solar prominences are due to Professor Young of Dartmouth Observatory, so the most accurate and detailed drawings yet made of sun-spots are those by Professor S. Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, near Pittsburgh.

At Chicago, a very fine telescope, 18 inches in aperture, by Alvan Clark, has been erected; but, owing to pecuniary difficulties consequent on the great fire (followed by the commercial depression which has recently affected the United States), that observatory has suffered considerably from the want of a properly remunerated director. The Astronomical Society of Chicago has done its best to set matters straight, but differences have arisen which have marred their efforts. In the meantime Mr. S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, has shown admirable zeal and skill in the systematic observation of double stars, having discovered and measured more than 450 of these objects (all of a delicate and difficult nature).

But, indeed, it would be hopeless to attempt, in the short space available to me here, to give any sufficient account of the labors of American astronomers, whether attached to government or state observatories, or working independently. Of the latter, and in my opinion not the least important class, I need cite only Drs. Rutherford and H. Draper, the former of whom, besides making other extremely important contributions to astronomy and physics, has produced celestial photographs admittedly better than any obtained on this side of the Atlantic, while the latter at an earlier period achieved results in celestial photography which were far superior to any obtained at that time, or for many subsequent years. The advice and assistance rendered by Dr. H. Draper to the astronomers to whom was entrusted the preparations for the recent transit, was most deservedly commemorated in a medal which the American government honored itself by awarding to him.

The most striking feature in the contributions made by Americans to astronomy appears to me to be the skill shown in noting the essential points to be aimed at, and the fertility and readiness of re-

source exhibited as the work proceeds. In England, students of astronomy are too much in the habit of following conventional rules and wasting time over unnecessary preliminaries. An American astronomer notes that some particular observation is wanted, and directs his efforts to making that observation, not considering it necessary in the first place to go over ground already repeatedly traversed by others.

I have been sometimes asked whether officialism is as rampant in America as in England in matters scientific. American scientific officials have assured me that it is, or rather (for they have not worded the matter precisely in that way) they hold that official science is properly (as they consider) paramount in their country. I was gravely assured in Washington, for instance, that the course which I had pursued in England with reference to the suggested official schemes for observing the transit of Venus in 1874 would never have been tolerated in America, despite the fact that the course actually followed by American official science was precisely that which I had advised. It was the *principle*, so an eminent American official scientist assured me, which was in question, and no American would have been suffered to oppose as I did the course advised by the chief official astronomer. What would have happened to such an unfortunate was not clearly indicated; and I must confess that all I heard outside official scientific circles in America suggested to me that any mistake made by official science would be commented upon even more freely in America than in England, and quite as safely. In fact, I had reason to believe that the warmth of my own welcome in America was in no small degree due to the fact that having first proved the justice of my views, I had not been afraid to maintain them publicly against the powers that were until the proper course was adopted.

One other point remains to be noticed—the influence, namely, of religious scruples upon scientific progress and research in America. Here I must admit that I was somewhat disappointed. I expected to find America a long way in advance of England. But with some noteworthy exceptions, especially in the west, America seems to me to be behind

England in this respect. It is only here and there in England—in the Bosotian corners, so to speak, of this country—that the community opposes itself to advanced scientific ideas to the same extent as in some of the leading cities of the United States. This is partly due to two opposite influences—the Puritan element of the American population on the one hand, and the Roman Catholic element on the other. Progress, however, is being steadily made in this as in other matters. Indeed, it has been rather because America began later to bestir itself in the encouragement of free search after truth, that she is at present behind England in this respect. Judging from experience in other matters, she will move rapidly now her progress

has begun, and will soon occupy the position to be expected from the natural freedom and independence of the American mind. It need hardly be said, that in America as in Europe, such contest as arises from time to time between religion and science has its origin entirely from the side of religion. There, as here, religion (so-called) attacks and denounces discoveries inconsistent with the views which the orthodox had been accustomed to advocate; and there, as here, when there is no longer any choice, the orthodox quietly accept these discoveries as established facts, expressing a *naïve* astonishment that they should ever have been thought in the least degree inconsistent with received opinions. —*Popular Science Review.*

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PRIMAVERA.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE Spring has passed this way. Look! where she trod
The daring crocus sprang up through the sod
To greet her coming with glad heedlessness,
Scarce waiting to put on its leafy dress,
But bright and bold in its brave nakedness.
And further on—mark!—on this gentle rise
She must have paused, for frail anemones
Are trembling to the wind, couched low among
These fresh green grasses, that so lush have sprung
O'er the hid runnel, that with tinkling tongue
Babbles its secret troubles. Here she stopped
A longer while, and on this grassy sweep,
While pensively she lingered, see! she dropped
This knot of love-sick violets from her breast,
Which, as she threw them down, she must have kissed,
For still the fragrance of her breath they keep.
And look! here too her floating robes have brushed,
Where suddenly these almond-branches flushed
To greet her, and in blossoms burst as she
Swept by them—gladsomely and gracefully.

Where is she now? Gone! Vain it were to try
To overtake her. Here, then, let us lie
On this green bank and weave a wreath, and sing
From our full hearts the joyous praise of Spring,
Grateful for these dear gifts she left behind—
The flowers, the grass, the soft and odorous wind,
The lingering effluence, the subtle grace
That still, though she has vanished, haunts the place.

Pursuit is vain; for she, like all things fair,
Will not be hunted down into her lair,
And caught and prisoned. Let us not be rude,
Nor seek into her presence to intrude,

But praise her in the distance. Then, perchance,
 She may not flee away with wingèd feet,
 But pause and backward cast a favoring glance,
 And waft a fragrance to us rare and sweet.
 Too eager, we our present joy may miss
 In the vain chase of an imagined bliss;
 The ideal joy no human hand can seize,
 The dream that lures us and before us flees.

The day is passing. Let us own its spell;
 And as these trees, feeling within them swell
 The blind, dim stirring of the Spring, express
 In leaves and blossoms their mute thankfulness,
 So, grateful, let us take what Nature gives;
 Love be our blossoms—gentle thoughts our leaves.

Blackwood's Magazine.

KAFIR WEDDINGS AND KAFIR KRAALS.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, *July 3rd.*

I HAVE seen two Kafir weddings lately, and oddly enough by the merest chance they took place within a day or two of each other. The two extremes of circumstances, the rudest barbarism and the culminating smartness of civilization, seemed to jostle each other before my very eyes as things do in a dream. And they went backwards too, to make it more perplexing, for it was the civilized wedding I saw first,—the wedding of people whose mothers had been bought for so many cows, and whose marriage rites had probably been celebrated with a stick, for your Kafir bridegroom does not understand coyness, and speedily ends the romance of courtship by a few timely cuffs.

Well then I chanced to go into town one of these fine bright winter mornings (which would be perfect if it were not for the dust), and I saw a crowd round the porch of the principal church. "What is going on?" I asked naturally, and heard in broken English, dashed with Dutch and Kafir, that there was an "unt y a do" (excuse phonetic spelling), or "bruit log," or "wedding." Hardly had I gathered the meaning of all these words,—the English being by far the most difficult to recognise, for they put a click in it,—than the bridal party came out of church, formed themselves into an orderly procession, and commenced to walk up the exceedingly dusty street, two

and two. They were escorted by a crowd of well-wishers, and a still greater crowd of spectators,—more or less derisive, I regret to state. But nothing upset the gravity and decorum of the bride and bridegroom, who walked first with a perfectly happy and well-satisfied expression of face. Uniforms were strictly excluded, and the groom and his male friends prided themselves on having discarded all their miscellaneous red coats for the day, and on being attired in suits of ready-made tweed, in which they looked queerer than words can say. Boots also had they on their feet, to their huge discomfort, and white soft felt hats stuck more or less rakishly on their elaborately combed-out woolly pates. The general effect of the gentlemen, I am sorry to say, was that of the Christy minstrels; but the ladies made up for everything. I wish you could have seen the perfect ease and grace of the bride, as she "paced" along with her flowing white skirts trailing behind her in the dust, and her lace veil thrown over a wreath of orange blossoms and hanging to the ground. It was difficult to believe that probably not long ago she had worn a sack, or a fold of coarse salemore, as sole clothing. She managed her draperies, all snowy white, and made in the latest fashion, as if she had been used to long gowns all her life, and carried her head as though it had never known red clay or a basket of mealies. I could not

see her features, but her face and throat and bare arms were all as black as jet, and shone out in strong relief from among her muslin frills and furbelows. There were many yards of satin ribbon among these same frills, and plenty of artificial flowers; but it was all white, shoes and all. I am afraid she had "disremembered" her stockings. The principal couple were closely followed by half-a-dozen sable damsels, also "gowned in pure white," and made wonderful with many bows of blue ribbon. Each maiden was escorted by a groomsman, the rear-guard of guests trailing off into colored cottons and patched suits. Everybody looked immensely pleased with him and herself, and I gradually lost sight of them in the unfailling cloud of dust which rises on the slightest provocation at this time of the year. I assure you it was a great event, the first smart wedding in Maritzburg among the Kafirs, and I only hope the legal part is all right, and that the bridegroom won't be free to bring home another wife some fine day, to vex the soul of this smart lady. Kafir marriage laws are in a curious state, and present one of the greatest difficulties in the process of grafting civilized habits on the customs of utter barbarism.

In spite of the imposing appearance of bride and bridegroom, in spite of the good sign all this aping of our ways really is, in spite of a hundred considerations of that nature which ought to have weighed with me but did not, I fear I took far more interest in a real Kafir marriage, a portion of whose preliminary proceedings I saw two days after this gala procession in white muslin and grey tweed. I was working in the verandah after breakfast,—for you must know that it is so cold indoors that we all spend the middle part of the day basking, like lizards, in the delicious warmth of sunny air outside,—when I heard a distant but loud noise beyond the sod fence between us and a track leading over the hills, in whose hollows many a Kafir kraal nestles snugly. I knew it must be something unusual, for I saw all our own Kafirs come running out in a state of great excitement, calling to each other to make haste. G—, too, left the funeral obsequies of a cat-murdered pigeon in which he was busily employed, and

scampered off to the gate, shouting to me to come and see. So I—who am the idlest mortal in the world, and dearly love an excuse for leaving whatever rational employment I am engaged upon—snatched up the baby, who was supremely happy digging in the dust in the sunshine, called Maria in case there might be anything to explain, and ran off to the gate also. But there was nothing to be seen, not even dust, only a sound of monotonous singing and loud grunting coming nearer and nearer, and by-and-by the muffled tread of bare, hurrying feet shuffling through the powdered earth of the track. My own people had clambered up on the fence and were gesticulating wildly and laughing and shouting, Tom waving the great wooden spoon with which he stirs his everlasting "scoff."

"What is it, Maria?" I ask. Maria shakes her head and looks very solemn, saying, "I doan know." But even while she speaks a broad grin breaks all over her face and she shows her exquisite teeth from ear to ear as she says, half contemptuously, "It's only a wild Kafir wedding, lady. There are the warriors: that's what they do when they don't know any better."

Evidently Maria inclines to the long white muslin gown of the civilized bride which I had minutely described to her, and she turns away in disdain. Yes, here they come, first a body of stalwart warriors dressed in skins, and with immense plumes of feathers on their heads, their lithe, muscular bodies shining like ebony as they flash past me, not so quickly, however, but that they have time for the *politesse* of tossing up shields and spears with a loud shout of "Inkosi!"—which salutation the baby, who takes it entirely to himself, returns with great gravity and unction. These are the vanguard, the flower of Kafir chivalry, who are escorting the daughter of a chieftain to her new home in a kraal (on the opposite range of hills. They make it a point of honor to go as quickly as possible, for they are like the stroke oar, and give the time to the others. After them come the male relatives of the bride, a motley crew, numerous but altogether wanting in the style and bearing of the warriors. Their garb, too, was a wretched mixture and compromise

between clothes and no clothes, and they shuffled breathlessly along, some in sacks over their shoulders, some in old tunics of red or blue, and nothing else, and some only in two flaps or aprons. But all wore snuff-boxes in their ears, snuff-boxes made of every conceivable material,—hollow reeds, cowries, tiger-cats' teeth, old cartridge cases, acorn shells, empty chrysalises of some large moth,—all sorts of miscellaneous rubbish which could by any means be turned to this use. Then came a more compact and respectable-looking body of men, all with rings on their heads, the Kafir sign and token of well-to-do-ness, with bare legs, but draped in bright-colored rugs or blankets across their bodies. They too fling up their right arm and cry "Inkosi!" as they race along, but are more intent in urging on their charge, the bride, who is in their midst. Poor girl, she has some five or six miles yet to go, and she looks ready to drop now, but there seems to be no consideration for her fatigue, and I observe that she evidently shrinks from the sticks which her escort flourishes about. She is a good-looking, tall girl, with a nice expression, in spite of her jaded and harried air. She only wears a sheet of coarse brownish cloth draped gracefully and decently around her, leaving, however, her straight, shapely legs bare to run. On her right arm she, too, bears a pretty little shield made of dun and white ox-hide, and her face is smeared over brow and cheeks with red clay, her hair also being tinged with it. She glances wistfully, I fancy, at Maria, standing near me in her good clothes and with her fat comfortable look. Kafir girls dread being married, for it is simply taking a hard place without wages. Love has very rarely anything to do with their union, and yet the only cases of murder of which I have heard have been committed under the influences of either love or jealousy. This has always seemed odd to me, as a Kafir girl does not appear at all prone to one or the other. When I say to Maria, "Perhaps you will want to marry some day, Maria, and leave me?" she shakes her head vehemently and says, "No, no: I should not like to do that. I should have to work much harder, and no one would be kind to me."

Maria, too, looks compassionately at

her savage sister racing along, and murmurs, "Malia would not like to have to run so fast as that." Certainly she is not in good condition for a hard gallop across these hills, for she is bursting out of all her gowns, although she is growing very tall as well.

There is no other woman in the bridal cavalcade, which is a numerous one, and closes with a perfect mob of youths and boys, grunting and shuffling along. Maria says doubtfully, "I think they are only taking that girl to look at her kraal; she won't be marry just yet, for they say the beer is not ready so soon." This information was shouted out as some of the party rushed past, but I could not catch the exact words amid the loud monotonous song with a sort of chorus or accompaniment of grunts.

Ever since my arrival I have wanted to see a real Kafir kraal, but the difficulty has been to find one of any size, and retaining any of the distinctive features of such places. There are numbers of them all about the hills which surround Maritzburg, but they are poor degenerate things, the homes of a lower class of Kafir,—a savage in his most disgusting and dangerous state of transition, when he is neither one thing nor the other, and has picked up only the vices of civilization. Such kraals would be unfavorable specimens of a true Kafir village, and only consist of half a dozen ruinous filthy hovels, whose inhabitants will probably beg of you. For some time past I have been inquiring diligently where a really respectable kraal could be found, and at last I heard of one about eight miles off, whose Induna, or headman, gave it a very good character. Accordingly we set out on a broiling afternoon, so early in the day that the sun was still beating down on us with all his summer tricks of glowing heat and a fierce fire of brightest rays. The road is steep, over hill and dale, and it is only when we have climbed to the top of each successive ridge that a breath of cool air greets us. A strange and characteristic panorama gradually spreads itself out before and behind us. After the first steep ascent we lose sight of Maritzburg and its bosky streets. From the next ridge we can see well the regular ring of wooded homesteads, which lie in a wide circle outside the primitive little town.

Each rising down has a couple or so of these suburban villas, hid away in gum trees, clinging to its swelling sides,—melancholy-looking sides they are now, and dreary is the immediate country around us; for grass fires have swept the hills for a hundred miles and more, and far as the eye can reach all is black and sere and arid, the waggon tracks alone winding about in dusty distinctness. The streams, too, have shrunk away to nothing, and scarcely show between their high banks. It is a positive relief to have a ride, when we have clambered up the rocky track, across the highest saddle we have yet needed to mount. Close on our left rises, some three hundred feet straight up against the brass-bright sky, a big bluff, with its basalt sides cut away clean and sharp, as though by a giant's knife. In its cold shade a few stunted bushes are feebly struggling to keep their scraggy leaves and branches together; and on the right the ground falls irregularly away down to a valley, in which are lovely patches of young forage, making a tender green oasis, precious beyond words, in contrast with the black and sun-dried desolation of the hills around. Here, too, are the inevitable gum trees, not to be despised at this ugly time of year, although they are, for all the world, like those stiff wooden trees, all of one pattern, peculiar to the model villages in the days of our childhood. With quite as little grace and beauty do these gum trees grow, but yet they are the most valuable things we possess, being excellent natural drainers of marshy soil, kindly absorbers of every stray noxious vapor, and good amateur lightning-conductors into the bargain. Amid these much-abused, not-to-be-done-without trees, then, a gable peeps: it is evidently a thriving, comfortable homestead; yet here my friendly guide and companion draws rein, and looks around with deep perplexity on his kindly face.

"How beautiful the view is!" I cry in delight; for indeed the distant sweep of ever-rising mountains, the splendid shadows lying broad and deep over the hill and valleys, the great Umgeni, disdaining even this long drought, and shining here and there like a silver riband, now widening into a mere, now making almost an island of some vast tract of country, but always journeying "with a

gentle ecstasy," is all most beautiful. The burnt-up patches give only a brown amber depth to the willows on the distant hills, and the rich red soil glows brightly on the bare downs near us, as the westerling sun touches and warms them into life and color. I am well contented to drop the reins on my old horse's neck whilst I gaze with greedy eyes on the fair scene, which I feel will change and darken in a very short while. Perhaps it is also this thought which makes my companion say anxiously,—

"Yes: but look how fast the sun is dropping behind that high hill; and *where* is the kraal? It ought to be exactly here, according to Mazimbulu's directions; yet I don't see a sign of it: do you?"

If his eyes, accustomed since childhood to every rock and cranny in these hills, could not make out where the kraal hid, little chance was there of mine finding it out. But even he was completely at fault, and looked anxiously around like a deer-hound which has lost the scent. The narrow tract before us led straight on to the interior for a couple of hundred miles, and in all the panorama at our feet we could not see trace or sign of living creature, nor could the deadliest silence bring sound of voice or life to our strained ears.

"I dare not take you any farther," Mr. Y. said: "it is getting much too late already. But how provoking to come all this way and have to go back without finding the kraal."

In vain I tried to comfort him by assurances how pleasant the ride had been, beguiled by many a hunting story of days when lions and elephants drank at the stream before us, and when no man's hand ever loosed clasp of his gun, sleeping or waking. We had come to see a kraal, and it was an expedition *mangé* if we could not find it. Still the sun seemed in a tremendous hurry to reach the shelter of that high hill yonder, and even I was constrained to acknowledge we must not go farther along the rocky track before us. At this moment of despair there came swiftly and silently round the sharp edge of the bluff just ahead of us, two Kafir women, with large bundles of fire-wood on their heads, and walking rapidly along as though in a hurry to get home. To my companion, Kafir is as familiar as English, so

he is at no loss for pleasant words and still more pleasant smiles with which to ask the way to Mazimbulu's kraal. "We go there now, O great chieftain," the women answer with one voice; and true to the savage code of politeness, they betray no surprise as to what we can possibly want at their kraal so late. We had scarcely noticed a faint narrow track on the burnt-up ground to our right, but into this the women unhesitatingly struck, and we followed them as best we could. Scarcely three hundred yards away from the main track, round the shoulder of a down, and nestling close in a sort of natural bason scooped out of the hill-side, lay the kraal,—silent enough now, for all, except a few old men and babies, were absent. The women, like our guides, were out collecting fire-wood, some of the younger men and bigger children had gone into town to sell poultry and eggs, others were still at work for the farmer whose homestead stood a mile or two away. There must have been at least a hundred goats skipping beneath the steep hill-side down which we had just come, goats who ventured to the very edge of the shelf along which our bridle path had lain, and yet who had never by bleat or inquisitive protruded head betrayed their presence to us. In the centre of the excavation stood a large, high, neatly wattled fence, forming an enclosure for the cattle at night,—a remnant of the custom when Kafir herds were ravaged by wild animals or still wilder neighbors. A very small angle of this place was portioned off as a sty for the biggest and mangiest pig it has ever been my lot to behold: a gaunt and hideous beast, yet the show animal of the kraal, and the first object which Mazimbulu pointed out to us. Of course Mazimbulu was at home: what is the use of being an Induna if you have to exert yourself? He came forward at once to receive us, and did the honors of his kraal most thoroughly and with much grace and dignity. Mr. Y— explained that I was the wife of another Inkosi, and that I was consumed by a desire to see with my own eyes a real Kafir kraal. It is needless to say that this was pleasantly conveyed, and a compliment to this particular kraal neatly introduced here.

Mazimbulu—an immensely tall, pow-

erful, elderly man, "ringed," of course, and draped in a large gay blanket—looked at me with half contemptuous surprise, but saluted, to carry off his wonder, and said deprecatingly to Mr. Y—:

"O chief, the chieftainess is welcome. But what a strange people are these whites! They have all they can desire, all that is good and beautiful of their own, and yet they can find pleasure in looking at where we live. Why, chief, you know their horses and dogs have better places to sleep in than we have. It is all most wonderful: but the chieftainess may be sure we are glad to see her, no matter for what reason she comes."

There was not very much to see after all. About twenty large, substantial, comfortable huts, all of the beehive shape, stood in a crescent, the largest in the middle. This belonged to Mazimbulu, and in front of it knelt his newest wife, resting on her heels, cutting up pumpkins into little bits to make a sort of soup, or what she called "soffi." I think young Mrs. Mazimbulu was about the handsomest and the sulkiest Kafir woman I have yet seen. She was very smart in beads and bangles, her *coiffure* was elaborate and carefully stained red, her blanket and petticoat were gay and warm and new, and yet she looked the very picture of ill-humor. The vicious way she cut up her pumpkins and pitched the slices into a large pot, the sarcastic glances she cast at Mazimbulu as he invited me to enter his hut, declaring that he was so fortunate in the matter of wives that I should find it the pink of cleanliness. Nothing pleased her, and she refused to talk to me, or to "saka bono," or anything. I never saw such a shrew, and wondered whether poor Mazimbulu had not indeed got a handful in this, his latest purchase. And yet he looked quite capable of taking care of himself, and his hand had probably lost none of its old cunning in boxing a refractory bride's ears,—for the dame in question seemed rather on the watch as to how far she might venture to show her temper. Such a contrast as her healthy vigorous form made to that of a slight, sickly girl, who crawled out of an adjoining hut to see the wonderful spectacle of an "Inkosi-casa!" This poor thing was a martyr to sciatica, and indeed had rheumatism appar-

ently in all her joints. She moved aside her kilt of lynx skins to show me a terribly swollen knee, saying plaintively in Kafir, "I ache all over for always." Mazimbulu declared, in answer to my earnest inquiries, that they were all very kind to her, and promised faithfully that a shilling which I put in her hand should remain her own property. "Physic or beads, just as she likes," he vowed; but he seemed well content when I gave another coin into his own hand for snuff. There were not many babies,—only three or four, miserable, sickly little creatures, all over sores and dirt and ophthalmia. Yet the youth who held our horses whilst we walked about, and Mr. Y— chatted fluently with Mazimbulu, might have stood for the model of a bronze Apollo, so straight and tall and symmetrical were his shapely limbs and his lithe, active young body. He, too, shouted "Inkosi-casc!" in rapturous gratitude for a sixpence, and vowed to bring me fowls to buy whenever the young chickens all about should be big enough. My commissariat is always on my mind, and I never lose an opportunity of replenishing it; but I must confess that I get horribly cheated whenever I try bargaining on my own account. For instance, I sent out a roving commission for honey the other day, which resulted in the offer of a small jar containing perhaps one pound of empty, black, and dirty comb, and a table-spoonful of honey, which apparently had already been used to catch flies. For this treasure eight shillings was asked. To-day I tried to buy a goat from Mazimbulu, but he honestly said it would be of no use to me; nor could I extract a promise of milk from the cows I saw coming home just then. He declared that there was no milk to be had, and certainly when one looks at the surrounding pasture, it is not incredible.

Mazimbulu's own hut contained little beyond a stool or two, some skins and mats for a bed, a heap of mealie husks with which to replenish the fire, his shield and bundle of assegais and knobkerries. There was another smaller wattled enclosure holding a great score of mealies, and another piled up with splendid pumpkins. At the exact top of Mazimbulu's hut stood a perfect curiosity-shop of lightning-charms—old spear

points, shells, the broken handle of a China jug, a painted portion of some child's toy,—all that is mysterious or unknown to them must perforce be a lightning-charm. They would no more use a lightning-conductor than they would fly, declaring triumphantly that *our* houses, for all their "fire-wires," got more often struck by lightning than their huts. Indeed, Mazimbulu became quite pathetic on the subject of the personal risk I ran on account of my prejudice against his lightning-charms, and hinted that I should come to a bad end some day through it.

By the time we had spent half-an-hour in the kraal the sun had long since gained the shelter of the western hills and sunk below them, taking with him apparently every vestige of daylight out of the sky. No one who had not felt it could believe the rapidity of the change in the temperature. So long as there was sunlight, it was too hot. In half-an-hour it was litigly bitterly cold. We could not go fast down the rocky tracks, but we cantered over every inch of available space,—cantered for the sake of warming ourselves as much as to get home. The young moon gave us light enough to keep on the right track, but I don't think I ever was so cold in my life as when we reached home, about half-past six. The wood fire in the little drawing-room—the only room with a fireplace—seemed indeed delicious, and so did a cup of tea, so hot as to be almost scalding. F— declared I was of a bright blue color, and I admit that I came nearer to understanding what being frozen to death meant than I had ever done before. Yet there was not much frost, but one suffered from the reaction after the burning heat of the day and the impossibility of taking any extra wraps with one.

July 12th.—Don't think I am going to let you off my usual monthly grumble about the weather. Not a bit of it! It is worse than ever. At this moment a violent and bitterly cold gale of wind is blowing, and I hear the red tiles flying off the house, which I fully expect will be a regular sieve by the time the rains come. Not one drop of rain have we had these six weeks, and people remark that the dry season is *beginning*. Everything smells and tastes of dust; one's clothes, the

furniture, everything. If I sit down in an arm-chair I disturb a cloud of dust; my pillow is, I am convinced, stuffed with it; my writing-table is inches deep in it. All the food is flavored with it, and Don Quixote's enemies could not more persistently bite the dust than we do at each meal. Yet when I venture to mention this drawback, in answer to the usual question, "Is not this *delicious* weather?" the answer is always, "Oh but you can have no dust *here*: you should see what it is in town!" Between me and the town is an ever-flying thick scud of dust, through which one can but ill discern the waggons. I wonder there are no accidents, for I often hear a waggon before or behind me when it is impossible to *see* anything through the choking, suffocating cloud around you. On a still day, when one carries one's own dust quietly along with one, there is nothing for it except to stop at home if you wish to keep your temper. The other day little G— was about to suffer the extreme penalty of the domestic law for flagrant disobedience, and he remarked drily to the reluctant executioner, "You had better take care, *I am very dusty*." It was quite true, for the slipper elicited such clouds of dust from the little blue serge suit that the chastisement had to be curtailed, much to the culprit's satisfaction. As for the baby, he was discovered the other day taking a dust bath exactly like the chickens, and considered it very hard to be stopped in his amusement. Every now and then we have a dust-storm. There have been two this month already, perfect hurricanes of cold wind driving the dust in solid sheets before them. Nearer the coast these storms have been followed by welcome showers, but here we are still dry and parched. The only water supply we (individually speaking) have, is brought in buckets from the river about half a mile off, and one has to wash in it and drink it with closed eyes. But it cannot be unwholesome, thank heaven, for most of us take nothing else, and are very well. I owe it a grudge, however, on account of its extraordinary badness. Not only does it spoil the flavor of my beloved tea, but it chaps our skins frightfully; and what with the dust in the pores, and the chronic irritation caused by some strange peculiarity in

the climate, we are all like nutmeg-graters, and one can understand the common sense of a Kafir's toilette into which grease enters largely. Yet in spite of dust and dryness, for everything is ludicrously dry,—sugar and salt are so many solid cakes not to be dealt with by means of a spoon at all,—one is thankful for the cold bracing weather, and unless there is a necessity for confronting the dust, we contrive to enjoy many of the pleasant sunshiny hours in the verandah, and I rejoice to see the roses blooming again in the children's cheeks. Every evening we have a wood fire on the open hearth in the drawing-room, and there have been sharp frosts lately. The waving tips of the poor bamboos look sadly yellow, but I have two fine flourishing young camellias out of doors without shelter of any sort, and my supply of roses has never failed from those trees which get regularly watered. The foliage, too, of the geraniums is as luxuriant as ever, though each leaf is white with dust, but the first shower will make them lovely once more.

The quail passed over here a few days ago in dense solid clouds, leaving many weary stragglers here and there on the veldt to delight the sportsman. I am told that it is a strange and wonderful sight to see these birds sweep sometimes in the dead silence of a moonlight night, flying low and compactly, beating the air with the monotonous whirr of their untiring wings, down one of the empty streets of quiet Maritzburg, so close to the bystander that a stick would knock some over. And to think of the distance they had travelled thus! For hundreds and hundreds of miles,—over deserts and lakes, at whose existence we can but dimly guess, the little wayfarers have journeyed from the far interior down to the sea-board of this great continent. Last season a weary pair dropped down among my rose bushes, but no sportsman knew of their visit, for I found them established there when I came, and jealously guarded their secret for them; but I don't know yet whether any others have claimed my hospitality and protection in the same way, poor pretty creatures.

I was seized with a sudden wish the other day to see the market here, and accordingly got my household up *very*

early one of these cold mornings, hurried breakfast over, and drove down to the market square exactly at nine, a.m., when the sales commence. Every thing is sold by auction, but sold with a rapidity which seemed magical to me. I saw some fine potatoes a dozen yards away from where the market-master was selling, with lightning speed, waggon load after waggon load of some fresh green forage,—"I certainly heard "Two and a half-penny," or, "And three farthings," and "Thank you: gone," coming rather near, and I had gone so far in my own mind as to determine which of my friends—for heaps of people I knew were there—I should ask to manage it for me. But like a wave the bidding swept over my potatoes; I quite looked upon them as mine, and they were gone. So as I did not want any firewood, and there were only about a dozen huge waggons piled high up with lopped branches and limbs of trees; and as I had begun to perceive that a dozen waggon loads were nothing to the rapid utterance of the market-master, I went into the market-hall to look at the fruits and vegetables, eggs and butter, with which the tables were fairly well covered. There was very little poultry, and a pair of ducks, towards which I felt somewhat attracted, sold for 6s. 6d. each, directly the bidding began. So I consoled myself by purchasing, still in a vicarious manner, by means of a friend, three turkeys. *Such a bargain!* The only cheap things I have seen in Natal—only nine shillings and ninepence a piece; beautiful full-grown turkeys,—two hens and a cock—just what I wanted. Of course everybody clustered round me and began to damp my joy directly, by pouring statistics into my ears of the mortality among turkey chicks, and the certain ill-fortune which would attend my efforts to rear them. But it is too early in the season yet for such anxieties, so I am free for the next two months to admire my turkeys as much as I choose, without breaking my heart over the untimely fate of their offspring. Yes, those turkeys were the only cheap things: butter sold easily at 3s. 9d. a pound, eggs at 3s. a dozen, and potatoes and other vegetables at pretty nearly Covent Garden prices. It gave one a good idea of the chronic state of famishment even so little a town as this was in,

—to see the clean sweep made of every single thing, live and dead—always excepting my turkeys,—in ten minutes after the market-master entered the building. I am sure treble the quantity would have been snapped up as quickly,—such odd miscellaneous things, bacon, cheese, honey, pumpkins, all jumbled together. Then, outside for a few moments, to finish up with, a few wheelbarrow loads of young barley, a basket or two of mealies, and some fagots of firewood, brought in by the Kafirs, and lo, in something less than an hour it is all over, and hungry Maritzburg has swallowed up all she can get for to-day. The market-master is now at liberty—after explaining to a Kafir or two that it is not, strictly speaking, right to sell your wheelbarrow-load twice over, once privately, and once publicly—to show me the Market Hall; a very creditable building, large and commodious, well roofed and lighted. Knowing as I do the exceeding slowness of building operations in Maritzburg, it struck me as little less than marvellous to hear that it had actually been run up in twenty-one days. No lesser pressure than Prince Alfred's visit, nearly fifteen years ago, could have induced such Aladdin-like rapidity; but the loyal Maritzburgians wanted to give their Sailor Prince a ball, and there was no room in the whole town capable of holding one-quarter of the people who wanted to see the Royal midshipman: so Kafirs, and whites, and men of all colors fell to work with a will, and hammered night and day until all was finished, extempore chandeliers of painted hoops dangling in all directions, flowers and flags hiding the rough and ready walls, and the "lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown" in orthodox fashion over the door-way, where it remains to this day. The only thing I wonder at is whether the floor was at all more even then than now, for at present it is nearly as much up and down as the waves of the restless Indian Ocean.

Now, too, that there are no more domestic purchases to be made, I can look about and see how quaint and picturesque it all is. In summer the effect must really be charming, with the double bordering of acacia trees, fresh and green, instead of leafless and dusty, —the queer little Dutch church, with its

hugely disproportionate weather-cock, glistening large and bright in the streaming sunlight,—the teams of patient bullocks moving slowly off again through the dust with waggons of forage or fire-wood, to be dropped to their various destinations, and the fast melting heterogeneous crowd of Kafirs and Coolies, Dutch and English, some with baskets, some with dangling poultry, or carefully-carried tins of eggs, but *none* with turkeys! The Market Hall and its immediate vicinity is quite deserted, but the crowd seems re-assembling a little lower down, where a weekly auction is being held in a primitive fashion out in the open air beneath the acacia trees. A stalwart Kafir wanders about listlessly ringing a large bell, and the auctioneer, mounted on a table, is effecting what he calls a clearance sale, apparently of all the old rubbish in the place: condemned military stores, such as tents and great-coats, pianos, from which the very ghost of tone has fled years ago, cracked china, broken chairs, crinolines, fiddles, kettles, faded pictures under fly-blown glasses, empty bottles, old baskets, all are "Going, going: gone!" whilst we stand there—drifting away to other homes all over the place.

I pass every day an ingenious though lowly family mansion made solely and entirely of the sheets of zinc out of boxes, fastened together in some strange fashion. Roof, walls, flooring, all are of it. There is neither door nor window facing the road, so I don't know how they are put in; but I can imagine how that hovel must crackle in a high wind. What mysterious law of gravitation keeps it down to the ground I have failed to discover, nor do I know how the walls are supported even in their leaning position. Well, I saw the owner of this cot, a Dutchman, buying furniture, and he was very near purchasing the piano under the impression it was a folding-up bedstead. I have always taken such an interest in the zinc dwelling that it was with difficulty I could refrain from giving my opinion about its furniture.

But the sun is getting high, and it is ten o'clock and past, quite time for all housewives to be at home and the men at their business, so the clearance sale ends like a transformation scene. Kafirs hoist up ponderous burthens on their heads and walk off unconcernedly with

them, and the odds and ends of what were once household gods disappear round the corner. My early rising makes me feel as dissipated as one does after going to a wedding, and I can't help a reluctance to go back to the daily routine of G—'s lessons and baby's pinafores: it seems so delightful to idle about in the sunshine, in spite of the dust. What is there to do, or to see? What excuse can any one find at a moment's notice to prevent my going home just yet? It is an anxious thought, for there is nothing to do and nothing to see beyond waggons and oxen in the length and breadth of Maritzburg. Some one fortunately recollects *the Mill*,—there is only one in the whole place,—and avers that wool-scouring is going on there at the present time. At all events it is a pleasant drive, and in five minutes we are trotting along, raising a fine cloud of dust on the road which leads to the park. When the river-side has been reached, —poor shrunken Umsindusi, it is a mere rivulet now, and thoroughly shrunken and depressed,—we turn off and follow the windings of the banks for a few hundred yards till we come to where the mill wheel catches and makes use of a tiny streamlet just as it is entering the river. It is a very picturesque spot, although the immediate country around is flat and uninteresting; but there is such a profusion of willow trees, such beautiful tufts of tall willow-ferns, such clumps of grasses that the old brick buildings are hidden and shaded by all manner of waving branches. Then in front is the inevitable waggon, the long straggling span of meagre oxen, with their tiny black fore-looper and attendant Kafirs. This is indeed beginning at the end of the story, for into the waggon big neat bales, all ready for shipment, bales which have been "dumped" and branded, are being lowered by a crane out of a large upper store. Very different do those bales look as they now depart from those in which the wool arrives. With the characteristic untidiness and make-shift fashion of the whole country, the wool is loosely and carelessly stuffed into inferior bales, which become ragged and filthy by the time they reach this, and are a discredit to the place as they pass along the streets. That is the state in which it is brought here and delivered over to

the care of the wool scourers. The first step is to sort it all, sift the coarsest dirt out of it, and then away it goes, first into its hot bath of soda and water, and afterwards into many succeeding "tubs" of cooler water, until at last it emerges, dripping indeed, but cleansed from burr and seed, and white as the driven snow, to be next laid out on a terrace sheltered from dust and wind, and dried rapidly under the burning South African sun. Then there is the steam-press which squeezes it tightly into these neat trim bales, and a hydraulic machine which gives it that "one turn more of the screw" which was supposed to constitute the difference between neuralgia and gout, but which here marks the difference between a "dumped" and undumped bale. The iron bands are riveted with a resounding clang, or thud, the letters are rapidly brushed in over their iron plate, and the bale is pronounced finished. A very creditable piece of work it is; neat and tidy outside, and fair and honest inside. I heard none of the usual excuses for dirt and untidiness: no, "Oh, one can't get the Kafirs to do anything." There was a sufficiency of Kafirs at work under the eyes of the masters, but there was no ill-temper nor rough language; all was methodical and business-like,—every detail seen to and carried thoroughly out from first to last, and the result something to be proud of. The machinery combed and raked and dipped with monotonous patience, and many an ingenious connecting rod or band saved labor and time. I declare it was the most encouraging and satisfactory thing I have seen since I came, apart from the real pleasure of looking at a bale of wool turned out as it used to be from every wool shed in New Zealand, instead of the untidy bundles one sees slowly travelling down to Durban, not even well packed in the waggons; apart from this it is inspiring to see the resources of the place made the best of, and everything kept up to the mark of a high standard of excellence. There were no incomplete or make-shift contrivances, and the two bright, active young masters going about and seeing to everything themselves, as colonists ought to do, were such a contrast to the ordinary-looking, unkempt, pale-faced overseer of half-a-dozen

creeping Kafirs, which represents the labor market here.

I feel, however, as if I were rather "loafing" myself, and am certainly very idle, for it is past midday before G— has half enough examined the establishment, or tumbled often enough in and out of the wool press; so we leave the cool shade of the willows and the mesmeric throb of the mill wheel, and drive home through the dust once more to our own little house on the hill.

Ever since I began this letter I have been wanting to tell you of an absurd visitor I had the other day, and my poor little story has very nearly been crowded out by other things.

A couple of mornings ago I was very busy making a new cotton skirt for "Malia,"—for I am her sole dressmaker, and she keeps me at work always, what with growing into a stout grenadier of a girl, and what with rending these skirts upon all occasions. Well, I was getting over the seams at a fine rate in the sewing machine, which I had moved out into the verandah for light and warmth, when I became "ware" of a shadow between me and the sun. It was a very little shadow, and the substance of it was the tiniest old Dutchman you ever saw in your life. I assure you my first idea was that I must be looking at a little goblin, he was so precisely like the pictures one sees in the illustrations of a fairy tale. His long waistcoat of a gay flowered chintz, his odd, square-tailed coat and square shoes, his wide short breeches and pointed hat, were all in keeping with the goblin theory. But his face! I was too startled to laugh, but it ought to have been sketched on the spot. No apple ever was more rosy, no snake-skin ever more wrinkled; eyes as blue and keen as steel gleamed out at me from beneath enormous shaggy brows, and his nose and chin were precisely like Punch's. I wonder what he thought of me? My eyes were as round as marbles, and I do believe my mouth was wide open. He gave a sort of nod, and in a strange dialect said something, to which I in my bewilderment answered "Ja," being the one single word of Dutch I know. This misleading reply encouraged my weird visitor to sit down on the steps before me, to take off his hat, mop his

thin, long, grey locks, and to launch forth with much pantomime into a long story, of which I did not understand one word, for the simple reason that it was all literally in High Dutch. Here was a pretty predicament,—alone with a goblin to whom I had just told a flat falsehood, for evidently his first inquiry, of which I only caught the word "Hollands," and which I imagined to refer to gin, must have been a demand as to whether I understood his language; and I had said, "Ja." It was dreadful. In my dismay I remember having heard somebody say "Nie," and I even followed it up with faltering "Stepts nie" (I don't understand), which also came to me in my extremity. This contradictory answer puzzled my old gentleman, and he looked at me frowningly, but I had always heard that courage is everything with goblins, so I smiled, and said inquiringly, "Ja?" again. He shook his head reprovingly, and then by the aid of ticking off each word on his fingers and stopping at it until he thought I understood, he contrived by means of German, and English, and Kafir, only breaking out into Dutch at very interesting parts, to tell me that he was in search of a little black ox. I must clearly understand that it was "schwartz," and also that the "pfennings" it had cost were many. The ox seems to have been a regular demon, if his story was anything like true. No rest had he had. (Here a pantomime of going to sleep.) From Over Berg had he come, and he had bought this wayward beast from one Herr Schmidst, an Inkosi. A great deal of shaking of the head here, which must have meant that this Herr Inkosi had cheated him; yet I longed to ask how one could get the better of a goblin? I didn't know it was to be done. From the moment the "klein schwartz" ox changed masters my small friend's troubles began. "Früh in de morgen" did that ox get away every day; in vain was it put in kraals at night, in vain did Kafirs search for it (great acting here of

following up a spoor),—it was over the Berg and far away. He was "drei tags mit nodings to eat ab mealies." It was a long story, but the refrain was always, "Vere hat dat leetel ox, dat schwartzen ox, got to?" If I am to say the exact truth he once demanded, "Vere dis Teufels dat leetel ox hat be?" but I looked so shocked that he took off his steeple-crowned hat deprecatingly.

"Sprechen sie Kafir?" I asked in despair; but it was no better. His countenance brightened, and he went through it all again, in Kafir, and the "Inkosno" was quite as prominent as the ox had been. Of course I meant that he should speak to some of my Kafirs about it, if he knew their language. I believe we should have been there to this day talking gibberish to each other if little G— had not appeared suddenly round the corner, and taken the matter into his own hands.

"Why, what a queer old man that is, Mumey! Wherever *did* you find him, and what *does* he want?" G— demands, with true colonial brevity.

"I *think* he is looking for a little black ox," I say guardedly.

"Ja wohl—dat is it: ein leetel black ox, my tear"—(I trust he meant G—).

"Oh, all right!" G— shouts, springing up. "Osa (come), old gentleman! There's rather a jolly little black bullock over there, I know, because I've been with Jack there, looking for a snake."

The goblin was on his feet in a moment with every wrinkle on the alert. "Danks, my tear umjan: du air ein gut leetel boy. Früh in the morgen," and so on with the whole story over again, to G—, who understood him much better than I did, and gave me quite a minute account of the "leetel black ox's" adventures.

The last thing G— saw of it was taking the fence like a springbok, with the goblin and three Kafirs in full chase after it.—*Evening Hours.*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

BY T. WEMYSS REID.

1.

It is just twenty years since one of the most fascinating and artistic biographies in the English language was given to the world. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* no sooner appeared than it took firm possession of the public mind; and it has ever since retained its hold upon all who take an interest in the career of one who has been called, in language which is far less extravagant in reality than in appearance, "the foremost woman of her age." Written with admirable skill, in a style at once powerful and picturesque, and with a sympathy such as only one artist could feel for another, it richly merited the popularity which it gained and has kept. Mrs. Gaskell, however, labored under one serious disadvantage, which no longer exists in anything like the same degree in which it did twenty years ago. Writing but a few months after Charlotte Brontë had been laid in her grave, and whilst the father to whom she was indebted for so much that was characteristic in her life and genius was still living, Mrs. Gaskell had necessarily to deal with many circumstances which affected living persons too closely to be handled in detail. Even as it was she involved herself in serious embarrassment by some of her allusions to incidents connected more or less nearly with the life of Charlotte Brontë; corrections and retractions were forced upon her, the later editions of the book differed considerably from the first, and at last she was compelled to announce that any further correspondence concerning it must be conducted through her solicitors. Thus she was crippled in her attempt to paint a full-length picture of a remarkable life, and her story was what Mr. Thackeray called it, "necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable."

Mrs. Gaskell also seems to have set out with the determination that her work should be pitched in a particular key. She had formed her own conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, and with the passion of the true artist and

the ability of the practised writer she made everything bend to that conception. The result was that whilst she produced a singularly striking and effective portrait of her heroine, it was not one which was absolutely satisfactory to those who were the oldest and closest friends of Charlotte Brontë. If the truth must be told, the life of the author of *Jane Eyre* was by no means so joyless as the world now believes it to have been. That during the later years in which this wonderful woman produced the works by which she has made her name famous, her career was clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, is perfectly true. That she was made what she was in the furnace of affliction cannot be doubted; but it is not true that she was throughout her whole life the victim of that extreme depression of spirits which afflicted her at rare intervals, and which Mrs. Gaskell has presented to us with so much vividness and emphasis. On the contrary, her letters show that at any rate up to the time of her leaving for Brussels, she was a happy and high-spirited girl, and that even to the very last she had the faculty of overcoming her sorrows by means of that steadfast courage which was her most precious possession, and to which she was so much indebted for her successive victories over trials and disappointments of no ordinary character. Those who imagine that Charlotte Brontë's spirit was in any degree a morbid or melancholic one do her a singular injustice. Intensely reserved in her converse with all save the members of her own household, and the solitary friend to whom she clung with such passionate affection throughout her life, she revealed to these

"The other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,"

which were and have remained hidden from the world, but which must be seen by those who would know what Charlotte Brontë really was as a woman. Alas! those who knew her and her sisters well during their brief lives are few in number now. The Brontës who

plucked the flower of fame out of the thorny waste in which their lots were cast survive in their books and in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But the Brontës, the women who lived and suffered thirty years ago, and whose characters were instinct with so rare and lofty a nobility, so keen a sensitiveness, so pure a humility, are known no longer.

Yet one mode of making acquaintance with them is still open to some among us. From her school-days down to the hour in which she was stretched prostrate in her last sickness, Charlotte Brontë kept up the closest and most confidential intercourse with her one life-long friend. To that friend she addressed letters which may be counted by hundreds, scarcely one of which fails to contain some characteristic touch worthy of the author of *Villette*. No one can read this remarkable correspondence without learning the secret of the writer's character; none, as I believe, can read it without feeling that the woman who "stole like a shadow" into the field of English literature in 1847, and in less than eight years after stole as noiselessly away, was truer and nobler even than her works, truer and nobler even than that masterly picture of her life for which we are indebted to Mrs. Gaskell.

These letters lie before me as I write. Here are the faded sheets of 1832, written in the school-girl's hand, filled with the school-girl's extravagant terms of endearment, yet enriched here and there by sentences which are worthy to live, some of which have already, indeed, taken their place in the literature of England; and here is the faint pencil note written to "my own dear Nell" out of the writer's "dreary sick-bed" which was so soon to be the bed of death! Between the first letter and that last sad note what outpourings of the mind of Charlotte Brontë are embodied in this precious pile of cherished manuscript! Over five-and-twenty years of a blameless life this artless record stretches. So far as Charlotte Brontë's history as a woman, and the history of her family are concerned, it is complete for the whole of that period, the only breaks in the story being those which occurred when she and her friend were together. Of her early literary ventures we find little here, for even to her friend she did not dare

in the first instance to betray the fearful joys which filled her soul when she at last discovered her true vocation, and spoke to a listening world; but of her later life as an author, of her labors from the day when she owned *Jane Eyre* as the child of her brain, there are constant and abundant traces. Here, too, we read all her secret sorrows, her hopes, her fears, her communings with her own heart. Many things there are in this record too sacred to be given to the world. Even now it is with a tender and a reverent hand that one must touch these "noble letters of the dead;" but those who are allowed to see them, to read them and ponder over them, must feel as I do, that the soul of [Charlotte Brontë] stands revealed in these unpublished pages, and that only here can we see what manner of woman this really was who in the solitude and obscurity of the Yorkshire hill-parsonage built up for herself an imperishable name, enriched the literature of England with treasures of priceless value, and withal led for nearly forty years a life that was rendered sacred and sublime by the self-repression and patient endurance which were its most marked characteristics.

Mrs. Gaskell has done her work so well that the world would scarcely care to listen to a mere repetition of the Brontë story, even though the story-teller were as gifted as the author of *Ruth* herself. But those who have been permitted to gain a new insight into Charlotte Brontë's character, those who are allowed to command materials of which the biographer of 1857 could make no use, may venture to lay a tribute-wreath of their own upon the altar of this great woman's memory—a tribute-wreath woven of flowers culled from her own letters. And it cannot be that the time is yet come when the name or the fame or the touching story of the unique and splendid genius to whom we owe *Jane Eyre* will fall upon the ears of English readers like "a tale of little meaning" or of doubtful interest.

II.

In the late autumn of 1847 the reading public of London suddenly found itself called to admire and wonder at a novel which, without preliminary puff of any kind, had been placed in its hands.

"*Jane Eyre*, by Currer Bell," became the theme of every tongue, and society exhausted itself in conjectures as to the identity of the author, and the real meaning of the book. It was no ordinary book, and it produced no ordinary sensation. Disfigured here and there by certain crudities of thought and by a clumsiness of expression which betrayed the hand of a novice, it was nevertheless lit up from the first page to the last by the fire of a genius the depth and power of which none but the dullest could deny. The hand of its author seized upon the public mind whether it would or no, and society was led captive, in the main against its will, by one who had little of the prevailing spirit of the age, and who either knew nothing of conventionalism, or despised it with heart and soul. Fierce was the revolt against the influence of this new-comer in the wide arena of letters, who had stolen in, as it were in the night, and taken the citadel by surprise. But for the moment all opposition was beaten down by sheer force of genius, and *Jane Eyre* made her way, compelling recognition, wherever men and women were capable of seeing and admitting a rare and extraordinary intellectual supremacy. "How well I remember," says Mr. Thackeray, "the delight and wonder and pleasure with which I read *Jane Eyre*; sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me, and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through." It was the same everywhere. Even those who saw nothing to commend in the story, those who revolted against its free employment of great passions and great griefs, and those who were elaborately critical upon its author's ignorance of the ways of polite society, had to confess themselves bound by the spell of the magician. *Jane Eyre* gathered admirers fast; and for every admirer she had a score of readers.

Those who remember that winter of nine-and-twenty years ago know how something like a *Jane Eyre* fever raged among us. The story which had suddenly discovered a glory in uncomeliness, a grandeur in overmastering passion, moulded the fashion of the hour, and

"Rochester airs" and "Jane Eyre graces" became the rage. The book, and its fame and influence, travelled beyond the seas with a speed which in those days was marvellous. In sedate New England homes the history of the English governess was read with an avidity which was not surpassed in London itself, and within a few months of the publication of the novel it was famous throughout two continents. No such triumph has been achieved in our time by any other English author; nor can it be said, upon the whole, that many triumphs have been better merited. It happened that this anonymous story, bearing the unmistakable marks of an unpractised hand, was put before the world at the very moment when another great masterpiece of fiction was just beginning to gain the ear of the English public. But at the moment of publication *Jane Eyre* swept past *Vanity Fair* with a marvellous and impetuous speed which left Thackeray's work in the distant background; and its unknown author in a few weeks gained a wider reputation than that which one of the master-minds of the century had been engaged for long years in building up.

The reaction from this exaggerated fame, of course, set in, and it was sharp and severe. The blots in the book were easily hit; its author's unfamiliarity with the stage business of the play was evident enough—even to dunces; so it was a simple matter to write smart articles at the expense of a novelist who laid himself open to the whole battery of conventional criticism. In *Jane Eyre* there was much painting of souls in their naked reality; the writer had gauged depths which the plummet of the common story-teller could never have sounded, and conflicting passions were marshalled on the stage with a masterful daring which Shakespeare might have envied; but the costumes, the conventional bye-play, the scenery, even the wording of the dialogue, were poor enough in all conscience. The merest play-wright or reviewer could have done better in these matters—as the unknown author was soon made to understand. Additional piquancy was given to the attack by the appearance, at the very time when the *Jane Eyre* fever was at its height, of two other novels, written by persons whose

sexless names proclaimed them the brothers or the sisters of Currer Bell. Human nature is not so much changed from what it was in 1847 that one need apologize for the readiness with which the reading world in general, and the critical world in particular, adopted the theory that *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were earlier works from the pen which had given them *Jane Eyre*. In *Wuthering Heights* some of the faults of the other book were carried to an extreme, and some of its conspicuous merits were distorted and exaggerated until they became positive blemishes; whilst *Agnes Grey* was a feeble and commonplace tale which it was easy to condemn. So the author of *Jane Eyre* was compelled to bear not only her own burden, but that of the two stories which had followed the successful novel; and the reviewers—ignorant of the fact that they were killing three birds at a single shot—rejoiced in the larger scope which was thus afforded to their critical energy.

Here and there, indeed, a manful fight on behalf of Currer Bell was made by writers who knew nothing but the name and the book. "It is soul speaking to soul," cried *Fraser's Magazine* in December, 1847; "it is not a book for prudes," added *Blackwood*, a few months later; "it is not a book for effeminate and tasteless men; it is for the enjoyment of a feeling heart and critical understanding." But in the main the verdict of the critics was adverse. It was discovered that the story was improper and immoral; it was said to be filled with descriptions of "courtship after the manner of kangaroos," and to be impregnated with a "heathenish doctrine of religion;" whilst there went up a perfect chorus of reprobation directed against its "coarseness of language," "laxity of tone," "horrid taste," and "sheer rudeness and vulgarity." From the book to the author was of course an easy transition. London had been bewildered, and its literary quidnuncs utterly puzzled, when such a story first came forth inscribed with an unknown name. Many had been the rumors eagerly passed from mouth to mouth as to the real identity of Currer Bell. Upon one point there had, indeed, been something like unanimity among the critics, and the story of *Jane Eyre* had been accepted as some-

thing more than a romance, as a genuine autobiography in which real and sorrowful experiences were related. Even the most hostile critic of the book had acknowledged that "it contained the story of struggles with such intense suffering and sorry as it was sufficient misery to know that any one had conceived, far less passed through." Where then was this wonderful governess to be found? In what obscure hiding-place could the forlorn soul, whose cry of agony had stirred the hearts of readers everywhere, be discovered? We may smile now, with more of sadness than of bitterness, at the base calumnies of the hour, put forth in mere wantonness and levity by a people ever seeking to know some new thing and to taste some new sensation. The favorite theory of the day—a theory duly elaborated and discussed in the most orthodox and respectable of the reviews—was that Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp were merely different portraits of the same character; and that their original was to be found in the person of a discarded mistress of Mr. Thackeray, who had furnished the great author with a model for the heroine of *Vanity Fair*, and had revenged herself upon him by painting him as the Rochester of *Jane Eyre*! It was after dwelling upon this marvellous theory of the authorship of the story that the *Quarterly Review*, with Pecksniffian charity, calmly summed up its conclusions in these memorable words:—"If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has for some sufficient reason long forfeited the society of her own sex."

The world knows the truth now. It knows that these bitter and shameful words were applied to one of the truest and purest of women; to a woman who from her birth had led a life of self-sacrifice and patient endurance; to a woman whose affections dwelt only in the sacred shelter of her home, or with companions as pure and worthy as herself; to one of those few women who can pour out all their hearts in converse with their friends, happy in the assurance that years hence the stranger into whose hands their frank confessions may pass will find nothing there that is not loyal, true, and blameless. There was wonder among the critics, wonder too in the gay

world of London, when the secret was revealed, and men were told that the author of *Jane Eyre* was no passionate light-o'-love who had merely transcribed the sad experiences of her own life; but "an austere little Joan of Arc," pure, gentle, and high-minded, of whom Thackeray himself could say that "a great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always." The quidnuncs had searched far and wide for the author of *Jane Eyre*; but we may well doubt whether, when the truth came out at last, they were not more than ever mystified by the discovery that Currer Bell was Charlotte Brontë, the young daughter of a country parson in a remote moorland parish of Yorkshire.

That such a woman should have written such a book was more than a nine days' wonder; and for the key to that which is one of the great marvels and mysteries of English literature we must go to Charlotte Brontë's life itself.

III.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Greg's *Enigmas of Life*, in which the influence of external circumstances upon the inner lives of men and women is dwelt upon somewhat minutely, and, by way of example, the connection between religious "conviction" and an imperfect digestion is carefully traced out. That we are the creatures of circumstance can hardly be doubted, nor that our destinies are moulded, just as the coral reefs are built, by the action of innumerable influences, each in itself apparently trivial and insignificant. But the habit which leads men to find a full explanation of the lives of those who have attained exceptional distinction in the circumstances amid which their lot has been cast cannot be said to be a very wholesome or happy one. Few have suffered more cruelly from this trick than the Brontë family. Graphic pictures have been presented to the world of their home among the hills, and of their surroundings in their early years; whilst the public have been asked to believe that some great shadow of gloom rested over their lives from their birth, and that to this fact, and to the influence of the moors, must be attributed, not only the peculiar bent of their genius, but the whole color and shape of their lives. Those who are

thus determined to account for everything that lies out of the range of common experience would do well, before they attempt to analyse the great mystery of genius, to reveal to us the true cause of the superlative excellence of this or that rare *cru*, the secret which gives Johannisberg or Château d'Yquem its glory in the eyes of connoisseurs. Circumstances apparently have little to do with the production of the fragrance and bouquet of these famous wines; for we know that grapes growing close at hand on similar vines and seemingly under precisely similar conditions, warmed by the same sun, refreshed by the same showers, fanned by the same breezes, produce a wine which is comparatively worthless. When the world has expounded this riddle, it will be time enough to deal with that deeper problem of genius on which we are now too apt to lay presumptuous and even violent hands.

The Brontës have suffered grievously from this fashion, inasmuch as their picturesque and striking surroundings have been allowed to obscure our view of the women themselves. We have made a picture of their lives, and have filled in the mere accessories with such pre-Raphaelite minuteness that the distinct individuality of the heroines has been blurred and confused amid the general blaze of vivid color, the crowd of "telling" points. No individual is to be blamed for this fact. The world, as we have seen, was first introduced to "Currer Bell" and her sisters under romantic circumstances; the lives of those simple, sternly-honest women were enveloped from the moment when the public made their acquaintance in a certain color of romantic mystery; and when all had passed away, and the time came for the "many-headed beast" to demand the full satisfaction of its curiosity, it would have nothing but the completion of that romance which from the first it had figured in outline for itself.

Who then does not know the salient points of that strange and touching story which tells us how the author of *Jane Eyre* lived and died? Who is not acquainted with that grim parsonage among the hills, where the sisters dwelt amid such uncongenial and even weird influences; living like recluses in the house of a Protestant pastor; associated

with sorrow and suffering, and terrible pictures of degrading vice, during their blameless maidenhood; constructing an ideal world of their own, and dwelling in it heedless of the real world which was in motion all around them? Who has not been amused and interested by those graphic pictures of Yorkshire life in the last century, in which the local flavor is so intense and piquant, and which are hardly the less interesting because they relate to an order of things which had passed away entirely before ever the Brontës appeared upon the stage? And who has not been moved by the dark tragedy of Branwell Brontë's life, hinted at rather than explicitly stated, in Mrs. Gaskell's story, but yet standing out in such prominence that those who know no better may be forgiven if they regard it as having been the powerful and all-pervading influence which made the career of the sisters what it was? The true charm of the history of the Brontës, however, does not lie in these things. It is not to be found in the surroundings of their lives, remarkable and romantic as they were, but in the women themselves, and in those characteristics of their hearts and their intellects which were independent of the accidents of condition. Charlotte herself would have been the first to repudiate the notion that there was anything strikingly exceptional in their outward circumstances. With a horror of being considered eccentric that amounted to a passion, she united an almost morbid dread of the notice of strangers. If she could ever have imagined that readers throughout the world would come to associate her name, and still more the names of her idolized sisters, with the ruder features of the Yorkshire character, or with such a domestic tragedy as that amid which her unhappy brother's life terminated, her spirit would have arisen in indignant revolt against that which she would have regarded almost in the light of a personal outrage.

And yet if their surroundings at Haworth had comparatively little to do with the development of the genius of the three sisters, it cannot be doubted that two influences which Mrs. Gaskell has rightly made prominent in her book did affect their characters, one in a minor, and the other in a very marked

degree. The influence of the moors is to be traced both in their lives and their works; whilst far more distinctly is to be traced the influence of their father. As to the first there is little to be said in addition to that which all know already. There is a railway station now at Haworth, and all the world therefore can get to the place without difficulty or inconvenience. Yet even to-day, when the engine goes shrieking past it many times between sunrise and sunset, Haworth is not as other places are. A little manufacturing village sheltered in a nook among the hills and moors which stretch from the heart of Yorkshire into the heart of Lancashire, it bears the vivid impress of its situation. The moors which lie around it for miles on every side are superb during the summer and autumn months. Then Haworth is in its glory: a grey stone hamlet set in the midst of a vast sea of odorous purple, and swept by breezes which bear into its winding street the hum of the bees and the fragrance of the heather. But it is in the drear, leaden days of winter, when the moors are covered with snow, that we see what Haworth really is. Then we know that this is a place apart from the outer world; even the railway seems to have failed to bring it into the midst of that great West Riding which lies close at hand with its busy mills and multitudes; and the dullest therefore can understand that in the days when the railway was not, and Haworth lay quite by itself, neglected and unseen in its upland valley, its people must have been blessed by some at least of those insular peculiarities which distinguished the villagers of Zermatt and Pontresina before the flood of summer tourists had swept into those comparatively remote crannies of the Alps. Nurtured among these lonely moors, and accustomed, as all dwellers on thinly-peopled hillsides are, to study the skies and the weather, as the inhabitants of towns and plains study the faces of men and women, the Brontës unquestionably drew their love of nature, their affection for tempestuous winds and warring clouds, from their residence at Haworth.

But this influence was trivial compared with the hereditary influences of their father's character. Few more remarkable personalities than that of the Rev.

Patrick Brontë have obtruded themselves upon the smooth uniformity of modern society. The readers of Mrs. Gaskell's biography know that the incumbent of Haworth was an eccentric man, but the full measure of his eccentricity and waywardness has never yet been revealed to the world. He was an Irishman by birth, but when still a young man he had gone to Yorkshire as a curate, and in Yorkshire he remained to the end of his days. He appears to have been a strange compound of good and evil. That he was not without some good is acknowledged by all who knew him. He had kindly feelings towards most people, and he delighted in the stern rectitude which distinguished many of his Yorkshire flock. When his daughter became famous, no one was better pleased at the circumstance than he was. He cut out of every newspaper every scrap which referred to her; he was proud of her achievements, proud of her intellect, and jealous for her reputation. But throughout his whole life there was but one person with whom he had any real sympathy, and that person was himself. Passionate, self-willed, vain, habitually cold and distant in his demeanor to those of his own household, he exhibited in a marked degree many of the characteristics which Charlotte Brontë afterwards sketched in the portrait of the Mr. Helston of *Shirley*. The stranger who encountered him found a scrupulously polite gentleman of the old school, who was garrulous about his past life, and who needed nothing more than the stimulus of a glass of wine to become talkative on the subject of his conquests over the hearts of the ladies of his congregation. As you listened to the quaintly-attired old man who chatted on with inexhaustible volubility, you possibly conceived the idea that he was a mere fribble, gay, conceited, harmless; but at odd times a searching glance from the keen, deep-sunk eyes warned you that you also were being weighed in the balance by your companion, and that this assumption of light-hearted vanity was far from revealing the real man to you. Only those who dwelt under the same roof knew him as he really was. Among the many stories told of him by his children there is one relating to the meek and gentle woman who was his wife, and

whose lot it was to submit to persistent coldness and neglect. Somebody had given Mrs. Brontë a very pretty dress, and her husband, who was as proud as he was self-willed, had taken offence at the gift. A word to his wife, who lived in habitual dread of her lordly master, would have secured all he wanted; but in his passionate determination that she should not wear the obnoxious garment, he deliberately cut it to pieces and presented her with the tattered fragments. Even during his wife's lifetime he formed the habit of taking his meals alone; he constantly carried loaded pistols in his pockets, and when excited he would fire these at the doors of the outhouses so that the villagers were quite accustomed to the sound of pistol-shots at any hour of the day in their pastor's house. It would be a mistake to suppose that violence was one of the weapons to which Mr. Brontë habitually resorted. However stern and peremptory might be his dealings with his wife (who soon left him to spend the remainder of his life in a dreary widowerhood), his general policy was to secure his end by craft rather than by force. A profound belief in his own superior wisdom was conspicuous among his characteristics, and he felt convinced that no one was too clever to be outwitted by his diplomacy. He had also an amazing persistency, which led him to pursue any course on which he once embarked with dogged determination. It happened in later years, when his strength was failing, and when at last he began to see his daughter in her true light, that he quarrelled with her regarding the character of one of their friends. The daughter, always dutiful and respectful, found that any effort to stem the torrent of his bitter and unjust wrath when he spoke of the friend who had offended him, was attended by consequences which were positively dangerous. The veins of his forehead swelled, his eyes glared, his voice shook, and she was fain to submit lest her father's passion should prove fatal to him. But when, wounded beyond endurance by his violence and injustice, she withdrew for a few days from her home, and told her father that she would receive no letters from him in which this friend's name was mentioned, the old man's cunning took the place of passion. He wrote long and affectionate

letters to her on general subjects; but accompanying each letter was a little slip of paper, which professed to be a note from Charlotte's dog "Flossy" to his "much-respected and beloved mistress," in which the dog, declaring that he saw "a good deal of human nature that was hid from those who had the gift of language," was made to repeat the attacks upon the obnoxious person which Mr. Brontë dared no longer make in his own character.

It was to the care of such a father as this, in the midst of the rude and uncongenial society of the lonely manufacturing village, that six motherless children, five daughters and one son, were left in the year 1821. The parson's children were not allowed to associate with their little neighbors in the hamlet; their aunt, who came to the parsonage after their mother's death, had scarcely more sympathy with them than their father himself; their only friend was the rough but kindly servant Tabby, who pitied the bairns without understanding them, and whose acts of graciousness were too often of such a character as to give them more pain than pleasure. So they grew up strange, lonely, old-fashioned children, with absolutely no knowledge of the world outside; so quiet and demure in their habits that years afterwards, when they invited some of their Sunday scholars up to the parsonage, and wished to amuse them, they found that they had to ask the scholars to teach them how to play—they had never learned. Carefully secluded from the rest of the world, the little Brontë children found out fashions of their own in the way of amusement, and marvellous fashions they were. Whilst they were still in the nursery, when the oldest of the family, Maria, was barely nine years old, and Charlotte, the third, was just six, they had begun to take a quaint interest in literature and politics. Heaven knows who it was who first told these wonderful pigmies of the great deeds of a Wellington or the crimes of a Bonaparte; but at an age when other children are generally busy with their bricks or their dolls, and when all life's interests are confined for them within the walls of a nursery, these marvellous Brontës were discussing the life of the great Duke, and maintaining the Tory

cause as ardently as the oldest and sturdiest of the village politicians in the neighboring inn.

There is a touching story of Charlotte at six years old, which gives us some notion of the ideal life led by the forlorn little girl at this time, when, her two elder sisters having been sent to school, she found herself living at home, the eldest of the motherless brood. She had read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and had been fascinated, young as she was, by that wondrous allegory. Everything in it was to her true and real; her little heart had gone forth with Christian on his pilgrimage to the Golden City, her bright young mind had been fired by the Bedford Tinker's description of the glories of the Celestial Place; and she made up her mind that she too would escape from the City of Destruction and gain the haven towards which the weary spirits of every age have turned with eager longing. But where was this glittering city with its streets of gold, its gates of pearl, its walls of precious stones, its streams of life and throne of light? Poor little girl! The only place which seemed to her to answer Bunyan's description of the celestial town was one which she had heard the servants discussing with enthusiasm in the kitchen, and its name was Bradford! So to Bradford little Charlotte Brontë, escaping from that Haworth Parsonage which she believed to be a doomed spot, set off one day in 1822. Ingenious persons may speculate if they please upon the sore disappointment which awaited her when, like older people, reaching the place which she had imagined to be Heaven, she found that it was only Bradford. But she never even reached her imaginary Golden City. When her tender feet had carried her a mile along the road, she came to a spot where overhanging trees made the highway dark and gloomy; she imagined that she had come to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and fearing to go forward, was presently discovered by her nurse cowering by the roadside.

Of the school-days of the Brontës nothing need be said here. Every reader of *Jane Eyre* knows what Charlotte Brontë herself thought of that charitable institution to which she has given so unenviable a notoriety. There she lost her oldest sister, whose fate is described in

the tragic tale of Helen Burns; and it was whilst she was at this place that her second sister, Elizabeth, also died. Only one thing need be added to this dismal record of the stay at Cowan Bridge. During the whole time of their sojourn there the young Brontës scarcely ever knew what it was to be free from the pangs of hunger.

Charlotte was now the head of the little family; the remaining members of which were her brother Branwell and her sisters Emily and Anne. Mrs. Gaskell has given the world a vivid picture of the life which these four survivors from the hardships of Cowan Bridge led between the years 1825 and 1831. They spent those years at Haworth, almost without care or sympathy. Their father saw little in their lot to interest him, nothing to drag him out of his selfish absorption in his own pursuits; their aunt, a permanent invalid, conceived that her duty was accomplished when she had taught them a few lessons and insisted on their doing a certain amount of needlework every day. For the rest they were left to themselves, and thus early they showed the bent of their genius by spending their time in writing novels.

Mrs. Gaskell has given us some idea of the character of these juvenile performances in a series of extracts which sufficiently indicate their rare merit. She has, however, paid exclusive attention to Charlotte's productions. All readers of the Brontë story will remember the account of *The Play of the Islanders* and other remarkable specimens, showing with what real vigor and originality Charlotte could handle her pen whilst she was still in the first year of her teens; but those few persons who have seen the whole of the juvenile library of the family, bear testimony to the fact that Branwell and Emily were at least as industrious and successful as Charlotte herself. Indeed, even at this early age, the *bizarre* character of Emily's genius was beginning to manifest itself, and her leaning towards weird and supernatural effects was exhibited whilst she composed her first fairy tales within the walls of her nursery. It may be well to bear in mind the frequency with which the critics have charged Charlotte Brontë with exaggerating the precocity of children.

What we know of the early days of the Brontës proves that what would have been exaggeration in any other person was in the case of Charlotte nothing but a truthful reproduction of her own experiences.

IV.

The years have slipped away and the Brontës are no longer children. They have passed out of that strange condition of premature activity in which their brains were so busy, their lives so much at variance with the lives of others of their age; they have even "finished" their education, according to the foolish phrase of the world, and having made some acquaintances and a couple of friends at good Miss Wooler's school at Roehead, Charlotte is again at home, young, hopeful, and in her own way merry, waiting with her brother and her sister till that mystery of life which seems filled with hidden charms to those who still have it all before them, shall be revealed.

One bright June morning, in 1833, a handsome carriage and pair is standing opposite the Devonshire Arms at Bolton Bridge, the spot loved by all anglers and artists who know anything of the scenery of the Wharfe. In the carriage with some companions is a young girl, whose face, figure, and manner may be conjured up by all who have read *Shirley*; for this pleasant, comely Yorkshire maiden, as we see her on this particular morning, is identical with the Caroline Helston who figures in the pages of that novel. Miss N—— is waiting for her quondam school-fellow and present bosom friend, Charlotte Brontë, who is coming with her brother and sisters to join in an excursion to the enchanted site of Bolton Abbey hard by. Presently, on the steep road which stretches across the moors to Keighley, the sound of wheels is heard, mingled with the merry speech and merrier laughter of fresh young voices. Shall we go forward unseen and study the approaching travellers whilst they are still upon the road? Their conveyance is no handsome carriage, but a rickety dog-cart, unmistakably betraying its neighborhood to the carts and ploughs of some rural farm-yard. The horse, freshly taken from the fields, is driven by a youth

who, in spite of his countrified dress, is no mere bumpkin. His shock of red hair hangs down in somewhat ragged locks behind his ears, for Branwell Brontë esteems himself a genius and a poet, and, following the fashion of the times, has that abhorrence for the barber's shears which genius is supposed to affect. But the lad's face is a handsome and a striking one; full of Celtic fire and humor, untouched by the slightest shade of care, giving one the impression of somebody altogether hopeful, promising, even brilliant. How gaily he jokes with his three sisters; with what inexhaustible volubility he pours out quotations from his favorite poets, applying them to the lovely scene around him; and with what a mischievous delight, in his superior nerve and mettle, he attempts feats of chariotteering which fill the timid heart of the youngest of the party with sudden terrors! Beside him, in a dress of marvellous plainness and ugliness, stamped with the brand "home-made" in characters which none can mistake, is the eldest of the sisters. Charlotte is talking too; there are bright smiles upon her face; she is enjoying everything around her, the splendid morning, the charms of leafy trees and budding roses, and the ever-musical stream; most of all, perhaps, the charm of her brother's society, and the expectation of that coming meeting with her friend, which is so near at hand. Behind sit a pretty little girl, with fine complexion and delicate regular features, whom the stranger would at once pick out as the beauty of the company, and a tall, rather angular figure, clad in a dress exactly resembling Charlotte's. Emily Brontë does not talk so much as the rest of the party, but her wonderful eyes, brilliant and unfathomable as the pool at the foot of a waterfall, but radiant also with a wealth of tenderness and warmth, show how her soul is expanding under the influences of the scene; how quick she is to note the least prominent of the beauties around her, how intense is her enjoyment of the songs of the birds, the brilliancy of the sunshine, the rich scent of the flower-bespangled hedge-rows. If she does not, like Charlotte and Anne, meet her brother's ceaseless flood of sparkling words with opposing currents of speech, she utters at times a strange,

deep guttural sound which those who know her best interpret as the language of a joy too deep for articulate expression. Gaze at them as they pass you in the quiet road, and acknowledge that in spite of their rough and even uncouth exteriors, a happier four could hardly be met with in this favorite haunt of pleasure-seekers during a long summer's day.

Suddenly the dog-cart rattles noisily into the open space in front of the Devonshire Arms, and the Brontës see the carriage and its occupants. In an instant there is silence; Branwell contrasts his humble equipage with that which already stands at the inn door, and a flush of mortified pride colors his face; the sisters scarcely note this contrast, but to their dismay they see that their friend is not alone, and each draws a long deep breath, and prepares for that fiercest of all the ordeals they know, a meeting with entire strangers. The laughter is stilled; even Branwell's volubility is at an end; the glad light dies out of their eyes, and when they alight and submit to the process of being introduced to Miss N——'s companions, their faces are as dull and commonplace as their dresses. It is no imaginary scene we have been watching. Miss N—— still recalls that painful moment when the merry talk and laughter of her friends were quenched at sight of the company awaiting them, and when throughout a day to which all had looked forward with anticipations of delight, the three Brontës clung to each other or to their friend, scarcely venturing to speak above a whisper, and betraying in every look and word the positive agony which filled their hearts when a stranger approached them. It was this excessive shyness in the company of those who were unfamiliar to them which was the most marked characteristic of the sisters. The weakness was as much physical as moral; and those who suppose that it was accompanied by any morbid depression of spirits, or any lack of vigor and liveliness when the incubus of a stranger's presence was removed, entirely mistake their true character. Unhappily, first impressions are always strongest, and running through the whole of Mrs. Gaskell's story, may be seen the impression produced at her first meeting with Charlotte Brontë by her nervous shrinking and

awkwardness in the midst of unknown faces.

It was not thus with those who, brought into the closest of all fellowship with her, the fellowship of school society, knew the secrets of her heart far better than did any who became acquainted with her in after life. To such the real Charlotte Brontë, who knew no timidity in their presence, was a bold, clever, outspoken and impulsive girl; ready to laugh with the merriest, and not even indisposed to join in practical jokes with the rest of her schoolfellows. The picture we get in the *Life* is that of a victim to secret terrors and superstitious fancies. The real Charlotte Brontë, when stories were current as to the presence of a ghost in the upper chambers of the old school-house at Roehead, did not hesitate to go up to these rooms alone and in the darkness of a winter's night, leaving her companions shivering in terror round the fire downstairs. When she had left school, and began that correspondence with Miss N—— which is the great source of our knowledge, not merely of the course of her life, but of the secrets of her heart, it must not be supposed that she wrote always in that serious spirit which pervades most of the letters quoted by Mrs. Gaskell. On the contrary, those who have access to the letters will find that even some of the passages given in the *Life* are allied to sentences showing that the frame of mind in which they were written was very different from that which it appears to have been. The following letter, written from Haworth in the beginning of 1835, is an example :—

"Well, here I am as completely separated from you as if a hundred, instead of seventeen, miles intervened between us. I can neither hear you nor see you nor feel you. You are become a mere thought, an unsubstantial impression on the memory, which, however, is happily incapable of erasure. My journey home was rather melancholy, and would have been very much so but for the presence and conversation of my worthy companion. I found him a very intelligent man. He told me the adventures of his sailor's life, his shipwreck, and the hurricane he had witnessed in the West Indies, with a much better flow of language than many of far greater pretensions are masters of. I thought he appeared a little dismayed by the wildness of the country round Haworth, and I imagine he has carried back a pretty report of it.

"What do you think of the course politics

are taking? I make this inquiry because I now think you have a wholesome interest in the matter; formerly you did not care greatly about it. Baines, you see, is triumphant. Wretch! I am a hearty hater, and if there is any one I thoroughly abhor it is that man. But the Opposition is divided. Red-hots and luke-warms; and the Duke (par excellence the Duke) and Sir Robert Peel show no signs of insecurity, although they have been twice beat. So 'courage, mon amie!' Heaven defend the right! as the old cavaliers used to say before they joined battle. Now, Ellen, laugh heartily at all that rodomontade. But you have brought it on yourself. Don't you remember telling me to write such letters to you as I wrote to Mary? There's a specimen! Hereafter should follow a long disquisition on books; but I'll spare you that."

Those who turn to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* will find one of the sentences in this letter quoted, but without the burst of laughter over "all that rodomontade" at the end which shows that Charlotte's interest in politics was not unmingled with the happy levity of youth. Still more striking as an illustration of her true character, with its infinite variety of moods, its sudden transitions from grave to gay, is the letter I now quote :—

"Last Saturday afternoon, being in one of my sentimental humors, I sat down and wrote to you such a note as I ought to have written to none but M——, who is nearly as mad as myself; to-day, when I glanced it over, it occurred to me that Ellen's calm eye would look at this with scorn, so I determined to concoct some production more fit for the inspection of common sense. I will not tell you all I think and feel about you, Ellen. I will preserve unbroken that reserve which alone enables me to maintain a decent character for judgment; but for that I should long ago have been set down by all who know me as a Frenchified fool. You have been very kind to me of late, and gentle; and you have spared me those little sallies of ridicule which, owing to my miserable and wretched touchiness of character, used formerly to make me wince as if I had been touched with a hot iron; things that nobody else cares for enter into my mind and rankle there like venom. I know these feelings are absurd, and therefore I try to hide them; but they only sting the deeper for concealment, and I'm an idiot! Ellen, I wish I could live with you always, I begin to cling to you more fondly than ever I did. If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness."

Mrs. Gaskell has made a very partial and imperfect use of this letter by quoting merely from the words "You have been very kind to me of late," down to "they only sting the deeper for conceal-

ment." Thus it will be seen that an importance is given to an evanescent mood which it was far from meriting, and that lighter side to Charlotte's character which was prominent enough to her nearest and dearest friends is entirely concealed from the outer world. Again, I say, we must not blame Mrs. Gaskell. Such sentences as those which she omitted from the letter I have just given are not only entirely inconsistent with that ideal portrait of *Currer Bell* which the world had formed for itself out of the bare materials in existence during the author's lifetime; but are also utterly at variance with Mrs. Gaskell's personal conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, founded upon her brief acquaintance with her during her years of loneliness and fame.

The quick transitions which marked her moods in converse with her friends may be traced all through her letters to Miss N—. The quotations I have already made show how suddenly on the same page she passes from gaiety to sadness; and so her letters, dealing as they do with an endless variety of topics, reflect only the mood of the writer at the moment that she penned them, and it is only by reading and studying the whole, not by selecting those which reflect a particular phase of her character, that we can complete the portrait we would fain produce.

Here are some extracts from letters which are not to be found in the *Life*, and which illustrate what I have said. They were all written between the beginning of 1832 and the end of 1835:—

"Tell M— I hope she will derive benefit from the perusal of Cobett's lucubrations; but I beg she will oo no account burden her memory with passages to be repeated for my edification, lest I should not fully appreciate either her kindness or their merit; since that worthy personage and his principles, whether private or political, are oo great favorites of mine."

"I am really very much obliged to you," she writes to September, 1832, "for your well-filled and very interesting letter. It forms a striking contrast to my brief meagre epistles; but I know you will excuse the utter dearth of news visible in them when you consider the situation in which I am placed, quite out of the reach of all intelligence except what I obtain through the medium of the newspapers, and I believe you would not find much to interest you in a political discussion, or a summary of the accidents of the week.

... I am sorry, very sorry, that Miss — has turned out to be so different from what you thought her; but, my dearest Ellen, you must never expect perfection in this world; and I know your naturally cooifiding and affectionate disposition has led you to imagine that Miss — was almost faultless. . . . I think, dearest Ellen, our friendship is destined to form an exceptioo to the general rule regarding school friendships. At least I know that absence has not in the least abated the sisterly affectioo which I feel towards you."

"Your last letter revealed a state of mind which promised much. As I read it, I could not help wishing that my own feelings more nearly resembled yours; but unhappily all the good thoughts that enter my mind evaporate almost before I have had time to ascertain their existence. Every right resolution which I form is so transieot, so fragile, and so easily hrokeo, that I sometimes fear I shall never be what I ought."

"I write a hasty line to assure you we shall be happy to see you on the day you mention. As you are oow acquainted with the neighborhood and its total want of society, and with our plain, monotonous mode of life, I do not fear so much as I used to do, that you will be disappointed with the dulness and sameness of your visit. Ooe thing however will make the daily routine more unvaried than ever. Branwell, who used to eoliven us, is to leave us in a few days, and enter the situation of a private tutor in the oeghborhood of U—. How he will like to settle remains yet to be seen. At present he is full of hope and resolution. I, who know his variable nature and his strong turn for active life, dare oot be too sanguine. We are as husy as possible in preparing for his departure, and shirt-maklog and collar-stitching fully occupy our time."

"April, 1835.

"The election! the election! that cry has rung even among our lonely hills like the blast of a trumpet. How has it beeo round the populous oeghborhood of B—? Under what hanner have your brothers ranged themselves? The Blue or the Yellow? Use your influence with them; entreat them, if it be necessary oo your knees, to stand by their country and religion in this day of danger! Stuart Wortley, the son of the most patriotic patrician Yorkshire owos, must he elected the representative of his native province. Lord Morpeth was at Haworth last week, and I saw him. My opinion of his lordship is recorded in a letter I wrote yesterday to Mary. It is not worth writing over again, so I will not trouble you with it here."

Even these brief extracts will show that Charlotte Brontë's life at this time was not a morbid one. These years between 1832 and 1835 must be counted among the happiest of her life—of all the lives of the little household at Haworth, in fact. The young people were

accustomed to their father's coldness and eccentricity, and to their aunt's dainty distaste for all Northern customs and Northern people, themselves included. Shy they were and peculiar, alike in their modes of life and their modes of thought; but there was a wholesome, healthy happiness about all of them that gave promise of peaceful lives hereafter. Some literary efforts of a humble kind brightened their hopes at this time. Charlotte had written some juvenile poems (not now worth reprinting), and she sought the opinion of Southey upon them. The poet laureate gave her a kindly and considerate answer, which did not encourage her to persevere in these efforts; nor was an attempt by Branwell to secure the patronage of Wordsworth for some productions of his own more successful. Had anybody ventured into the wilds of Haworth parish at this new year of 1835, and made acquaintance with the parson's family, it is easy to say upon whom the attention of the stranger would have been riveted. Branwell Brontë, of whom casual mention is made in one of the foregoing letters, was the hope and pride of the little household. All who knew him at this time bear testimony to his remarkable talents, his striking graces. Small in stature like Charlotte herself, he was endowed with a rare personal beauty. But it was in his intellectual gifts that his chief charm was found. Even his father's dull parishioners recognized the fire of genius in the lad; and any one who cares to go to Haworth now and inquire into the story of the Brontës, will find that the most vivid reminiscences, the fondest memories of the older people in the village, centre in this hapless youth. Ambitious and clever, he seemed destined to play a considerable part in the world. His conversational powers were remarkable; he gave promise of more than ordinary ability as an artist, and he had even as a boy written verses of no common power. Among other accomplishments, more curious than useful, of which he could boast, was the ability to write two letters simultaneously. It is but a small trait in the history of this remarkable family, yet it deserves to be noticed, that its least successful member excelled Napoleon himself in one respect. The great conqueror could dictate half-a-dozen letters concurrently to his secreta-

ries. Branwell Brontë could do more than this. With a pen in each hand, he could write two different letters at the same moment.

Charlotte was Branwell's senior by one year. In 1835, when in her nineteenth year, she was by no means the unattractive person she has been represented as being. There is a little caricature sketched by herself lying before me as I write. In it all the more awkward of her physical points are ingeniously exaggerated. The prominent forehead bulges out in an aggressive manner, suggestive of hydrocephalus, the nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and the mouth are made unnecessarily large; whilst the little figure is clumsy and ungainly. But though she could never pretend to beauty, she had redeeming features, her eyes, hair, and massive forehead all being attractive points. Emily, who was two years her junior, had, like Charlotte, a bad complexion; but she was tall and well-formed, whilst her eyes were of remarkable beauty. All through her life her temperament was more than merely peculiar. She inherited not a little of her father's eccentricity, untempered by her father's *savoir faire*. Her aversion to strangers has been already mentioned. When the curates, who formed the only society of Haworth, found their way to the parsonage, she avoided them as though they had brought the pestilence in their train; on the rare occasions when she went out into the world she would sit absolutely silent in the company of those who were unfamiliar to her. So intense was this reserve that even in her own family, where alone she was at ease, something like dread was mingled with the affection felt towards her. On one occasion, whilst Charlotte's friend was visiting the parsonage, Charlotte herself was unable through illness to take any walks with her. To the amazement of the household Emily volunteered to accompany Miss N— on a ramble over the moors. They set off together, and the girl threw aside her reserve and talked with a freedom and vigor which gave evidence of the real strength of her character. Her companion was charmed with her intelligence and geniality. But on returning to the parsonage Charlotte was found awaiting

them, and as soon as she had a chance of doing so she anxiously put to Miss N—— the question, "How did Emily behave herself?" It was the first time she had ever been known to invite the company of any one outside the narrow limits of the family circle. Her chief delight was to roam on the moors, followed by her dogs, to whom she would whistle in masculine fashion. Her heart indeed was given to these dumb creatures of the earth. She never forgave those who ill-treated them, nor trusted those whom they disliked. One is reminded of Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* by some traits of Emily Brontë:

"If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly;"

and, like the lady of the poem, her tenderness and charity could reach even

"—— the poor banished insects, whose intent,

Although they did ill, was innocent."

One instance of her remarkable personal courage is related in *Shirley*, where she herself is sketched under the character of the heroine. It is her adventure with the mad dog which bit her at the door of the parsonage kitchen whilst she was offering it water. The brave girl took an iron from the fire where it chanced to be heating, and immediately cauterized the wound on her arm, making a broad, deep scar, which was there until the day of her death. Not until many weeks after did she tell her sisters what had happened. Passionately fond of her home among the hills, and of the rough Yorkshire people among whom she had been reared, she sickened and pined away when absent from Haworth. A strange untamed and untamable character was hers; and none but her two sisters ever seem to have appreciated her remarkable merits, or to have recognized the fine though immature genius which shows itself in every line of the weird story of *Wuthering Heights*.

Anne, the youngest of the family, had beauty in addition to her other gifts. Intellectually she was greatly inferior to her sisters; but her mildness and sweetness of temperament won the affections of many who were repelled by the harsher exteriors of Charlotte and Emily.

This was the family which lived hap-

pily and quietly among the hills during those years when life with its vicissitudes still lay in the distance. Gay their existence could not be called; but their letters show that it was unquestionably peaceful, happy, and wholesome.

V.

Moved by the hope of lightening the family expenses and enabling Branwell to get a thorough artistic training at the Royal Academy, Charlotte resolved to go out as a governess. Her first "place" was at her old school at Roe-head, where she was with her friend Miss Wooler, and where she was also very near the home of her confidante, Miss N——. Emily went with her for a time; but she soon sickened and pined for the moors, and after a trial of but a few months she returned to Haworth. A great deal of sympathy has been bestowed upon the Brontës in connection with their days as governesses; nor am I prepared to say that this sympathy is wholly misplaced. Their reserve, their affection for each other, their ignorance of the world, combined to make "the cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses"—to use Charlotte's own phrase—particularly distasteful to them. But it is a mistake to suppose that they were treated with harshness during their governess life, or that Charlotte, at least, felt her trials at all unbearable. It was decidedly unpleasant to sacrifice the independence and the family companionship of Haworth for drudgery and loneliness in the household of a stranger; but it was a duty, and as such it was accepted without repining by two, at least, of the sisters. Emily's peculiar temperament made her quite unfitted for life among strangers; she made many attempts to overcome her reserve, but all were unavailing; and after a brief experience in one or two families in different parts of Yorkshire, she returned to Haworth to reside there permanently as her father's housekeeper. There is no need to dwell upon this episode in the lives of the Brontës. They were living among unfamiliar faces, and had little temptation to display themselves in their true characters, but extracts from a few of Charlotte's letters to her friends will show something of the course of her thought at this time. With the excep-

tion of a detached sentence or two these letters will be quite new to the readers of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* :—

"I have been waiting for an opportunity of sending a letter to you as you wished ; but as no such opportunity offers itself, I have at length determined to write to you by post, fearing that if I delayed any longer you would attribute my tardiness to indifference. I can scarcely realize the distance that lies between us, or the length of time which may elapse before we meet again. Now, Ellen, I have no news to tell you, no changes to communicate. My life since I saw you last has passed away as monotonously and unvaryingly as ever—nothing but teach, teach, teach, from morning till night. The greatest variety I ever have is afforded by a letter from you, a call from the T—'s, or by meeting with a pleasant new book. The *Life of Oberlin* and *Legh Richmond's Domestic Portraiture*, are the last of this description I have perused. The latter work strongly attracted and strangely fascinated my attention. Beg, borrow, or steal it without delay ; and read the *Memoir of Richmond*. That short record of a brief and uneventful life I shall never forget. It is beautiful, not on account of the language in which it is written, not on account of the incidents it details, but because of the simple narration it gives of the life and death of a young, talented, sincere Christian. Get the book, Ellen (I wish I had it to give you), read it, and tell me what you think of it. Yesterday I heard that you had been ill since you were in London. I hope you are better now. Are you any happier than you were ? Try to reconcile your mind to circumstances, and exert the quiet fortitude of which I know you are not destitute. Your absence leaves a sort of vacancy in my feelings which nothing has as yet offered of sufficient interest to supply. I do not forget ten o'clock. I remember it every night, and if a sincere petition for your welfare will do you any good you will be benefited. I know the Bible says : 'The prayer of the *righteous* availeth much,' and I am *not righteous*. Nevertheless I believe God despises no application that is uttered in sincerity. My own dear E—, good-bye. I can write no more, for I am called to a less pleasant avocation."

"DEWSBURY MOOR, Oct. 2, 1836.

"I should have written to you a week ago, but my time has of late been so wholly taken up that till now I have really not had an opportunity of answering your last letter. I assure you I feel the kindness of so early a reply to my tardy correspondence. It gave me a sting of self-reproach. . . . My sister Emily is gone into a situation as teacher in a large school of near forty pupils near Halifax. I have had one letter from her since her departure. It gives an appalling account of her duties. Hard labor from six in the morning till near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she will never stand it. It gives me sincere pleasure, my dear Ellen, to

learn that you have at last found a few associates of congenial minds. I cannot conceive a life more dreary than that passed amidst sights, sounds, and companions all alien to the nature within us. From the tenor of your letters it seems that your mind remains fixed as it ever was, in no wise dazzled by novelty or warped by evil example. I am thankful for it. I could not help smiling at the paragraphs which related to —. There was in them a touch of the genuine unworldly simplicity which forms part of your character. Ellen, depend upon it, all people have their dark side. Though some possess the power of throwing a fair veil over the defects, close acquaintance slowly removes the screen, and one by one the biots appear ; till at last we see the pattern of perfection all slurred over with stains which even affection cannot efface."

The affectionate commendations of her friend are constantly accompanied by references of a very different character to herself.

"If I like people," she says in one of her letters, "it is my nature to tell them so, and I am not afraid of offering incense to your vanity. It is from religion that you derive your chief charm, and may its influence always preserve you as pure, as unassuming, and as benevolent in thought and deed as you are now. What am I compared to you ? I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I'm a very coarse, commonplace wretch ! I have some qualities that make me very miserable, some feelings that you can have no participation in—that few, very few people in the world can at all understand. I don't pride myself on these peculiarities. I strive to conceal and suppress them as much as I can, but they burst out sometimes, and then those who see the explosion despise me, and I hate myself for days afterwards."

"All my notes to you, Ellen, are written in a hurry. I am now snatching an opportunity. Mr. J— is here ; by his means it will be transmitted to Miss E—, by her means to X—, by his means to you. I do not blame you for not coming to see me. I am sure you have been prevented by sufficient reasons ; but I do long to see you, and I hope I shall be gratified momentarily, at least, ere long. Next Friday, if all be well, I shall go to G—. On Sunday I hope I shall at least catch a glimpse of you. Week after week I have lived on the expectation of your coming. Week after week I have been disappointed. I have not regretted what I said in my last note to you. The confession was wrung from me by sympathy and kindness, such as I can never be sufficiently thankful for. I feel in a strange state of mind ; still gloomy, but not despairing. I keep trying to do right, checking wrong feelings, repressing wrong thoughts—but still—every instant I find myself going astray. I have a constant tendency to scorn people who are far better than I am. A horror at the idea of becoming one of a certain

set—a dread lest if I made the slightest profession I should sink at once into Phariseism, merge wholly in the ranks of the self-righteous. In writing at this moment I feel an irksome disgust at the idea of using a single phrase that sounds like religious cant. I abhor myself; I despise myself. If the doctrine of Calvin be true, I am already an outcast. You cannot imagine how hard, rebellious, and intractable all my feelings are. When I begin to study on the subject I almost grow blasphemous, atheistical in my sentiments. Don't desert me—don't be horrified at me. You know what I am. I wish I could see you, my darling. I have lavished the warmest affections of a very hot, tenacious heart upon you. If you grow cold it is over."

Here it will be seen that the religious struggle was renewed. The woman who was afterwards to be accused of "heathenism" was going through tortures such as Cowper knew in his darkest hours, and, like him, was acquiring faith, humility, and resignation in the midst of the conflict. But such letters as this are only episodic; in general she writes cheerfully, sometimes even merrily.

What would the *Quarterly Reviewer* and the other charitable people, who openly declared their conviction that the author of *Jane Eyre* was an improper person, who had written an improper book, have said had they been told that she had written the following letter on the subject of her first offer of marriage—written it, too, at the time when she was a governess, and in spite of the fact that the offer opened up to her a way of escape from all anxiety as to her future life?

"You ask me whether I have received a letter from T—. I have about a week since. The contents, I confess, did a little surprise me; but I kept them to myself, and unless you had questioned me on the subject I would never have adverted to it. T— says he is comfortably settled at —, and that his health is much improved. He then intimates that in due time he will want a wife, and frankly asks me to be that wife. Altogether the letter is written without cant or flattery, and in a common-sense style which does credit to his judgment. Now there were in this proposal some things that might have proved a strong temptation. I thought if I were to marry so — could live with me, and how happy I should be. But again I asked myself two questions: Do I love T— as much as a woman ought to love her husband? Am I the person best qualified to make him happy? Alas! my conscience answered 'no' to both these questions. I felt that though I esteemed T—, though I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable,

well-disposed man, yet I had not, and never could have, that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him—and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*. Moreover I was aware he knew so little of me he could hardly be conscious to whom he was writing. Why it would startle him to see me in my natural home character. He would think I was a wild, romantic enthusiast indeed. I could not sit all day long making a grave face before my husband. I would laugh and satirize, and say whatever came into my head first; and if he were a clever man and loved me, the whole world weighed in the balance against his smallest wish would he light as air. Could I, knowing my mind to be such as that, conscientiously say that I would take a grave, quiet young man like T—? No; it would have been deceiving him, and deception of that sort is beneath me. So I wrote a long letter back in which I expressed my refusal as gently as I could, and also candidly avowed my reasons for that refusal. I described to him, too, the sort of character I thought would suit him for a wife."

The girl who could thus calmly decline a more than merely "eligible offer," and thus honestly state her reasons for doing so to the friend she trusted, was strangely different from the author of *Jane Eyre* pictured by the critics and the public. Perhaps the full cost of the refusal related in the foregoing letter is only made clear when it is brought into contrast with such a confession as the following, made very soon afterwards:—

"I am miserable when I allow myself to dwell on the necessity of spending my life as a governess. The chief requisite for that station seems to me to be the power of taking things easily when they come, and of making oneself comfortable and at home wherever one may chance to be—qualities in which all our family are singularly deficient. I know I cannot live with a person like Mrs. —; but I hope all women are not like her, and my motto is 'Try again.'"

From one of her situations as governess in a private family (she had long since left the kind shelter of Miss Wooler's house) she writes in 1841 a series of letters showing how little she relished the "cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses."

"It is twelve o'clock at night; but I must just write you a word before I go to bed. If you think I'm going to refuse your invitation, or if you sent it me with that idea, you're mistaken. As soon as I had read your shabby little note, I gathered up my spirits directly, walked on the impulse of the moment into

Mrs. —'s presence, popped the question, and for two minutes received no answer. 'Will she refuse me when I work so hard for her?' thought I. 'Ye—e—es,' drawled madam in a reluctant, cold tone. 'Thank you, madam!' said I, with extreme cordiality, and was marching from the room when she recalled me with 'You'd better go on Saturday afternoon then, when the childreo have holiday, and if you return in time for them to have all their lessos on Monday morning, I doo't see that much will be lost.' You are a genuine Turk, thought I; but again I assented, and so

the bargain was struck. Saturday after next, then, is the day appointed. I'll come, God knows, with a thankful and joyful heart, glad of a day's reprieve from labor. If you don't send the gig I'll walk. I am coming to taste the pleasure of liberty; a bit of pleasant congenial talk, and a sight of two or three faces I like. God bless you! I want to see you again. Huzza for Saturday afternoon after next! Good night, my lass!"

Macmillan's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN CENTENARY.

BY HORACE WHITE.

THE hundredth anniversary of American independence was celebrated in a becoming manner, but rather in the way of a duty to be performed, or an extensive business transaction, than as a civic festival. The fourth of July will long continue to be a national holiday, but during the past quarter of a century there has been a growing tendency to look upon it as a necessary evil, and to regard the orator of the day in the light of a bore. The racket of gunpowder and the broiling procession with their attendant casualties are a pretty severe strain upon all except juvenile patriotism. Declamation against the evil practices of George III. ceased to find any real echo in America after they ceased to find any defenders in England. What remains is a deep reverence for the soldiers and statesmen of the revolutionary period. This is sufficient to give permanence to the national anniversary, and it is to be hoped it may never grow less.

What sort of political development has been worked out by the United States during the century now past, is a question susceptible of more than one answer. Taken in its broadest sense, however, it would appear to be that whereas certain British colonies, independent of each other, did unite together a hundred years ago for the purpose of resisting unjust measures on the part of the mother country, they have employed the intervening time, down to the year 1865, in getting rid of colonial traditions, prejudices, and encumbrances, and becoming consolidated as a nation. He who sees in the war of the rebellion only a struggle between slavery and freedom, sees but a

part of the issues involved, and ignores the largest chapter of American history. He who sees in it only a strife for dominion on the one side and independence on the other, takes an equally narrow and one-sided view. The struggle between state sovereignty and national sovereignty commenced immediately upon the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, and continued without intermission down to the overthrow of the rebellion, but the only element capable, according to human ken, of bringing it to the arbitrament of arms was African slavery. On the other hand, it is highly improbable that the slaveholding States would have resorted to arms if they had not been educated during three generations to believe that they had a constitutional right to nullify the acts of the general government, or, as the late President Lincoln termed it, "a constitutional right to overturn the constitution."

The recent work of Professor Von Holst, now accessible in English,* throws a strong and steady light upon the conflict of ideas which divided parties, sections, and states from the adoption of the constitution down to a very recent period. Although this conflict has seldom been out of the mouths of statesmen, although it has filled more printed pages and newspaper columns than any other question, it was reserved for a foreign writer to trace the windings of the

* "The Constitutional History of the United States," by Dr. H. Von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor and Alfred B. Masoo. Vol. I., *State Sovereignty and Slavery*. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1876.

stream from its fountain head, through the thickets and quicksands of near a hundred years, to its *débouchement* in the war of the rebellion. The bird's-eye view is best obtained from the distance, and when, as in the present case, the author has made preparations for his survey by long and careful study on the ground itself, we are not surprised to find things brought to view which had been obscured to Americans by their very nearness. A completeness and roundness are also given to the whole which has hitherto been wanting, and which are worthy of the highest praise. A Swiss lawyer gave the first finished exposition of the English constitution, and a French philosopher the most perspicuous treatise on Democracy in America; and now we are indebted to a German professor for the most comprehensive work on the political development of the United States.

The point from which this development is to be traced is the colonial period, in which we find thirteen communities dependent upon Great Britain, and more attached to her than to each other, reluctantly compelled to draw the sword in defence of the dearest rights of freemen. Some sort of union was necessary to make the resistance effectual; and when the colonies came together in consultation very crude notions prevailed as to their legal status. A few men even then perceived the incongruity of a dual sovereignty—that of the State and of the United States—but the great majority, both of leaders and led, assumed as a fact that the declaration of independence, although not the act of any colony by itself, nor yet of all the colonies separately, but the act of all in unison, had had the effect to make them each sovereign; and in this frame of mind they proceeded to construct the loose political harness called the Confederation, a thing of shreds and patches which with difficulty held together during the war, and which, after peace had been declared, became the laughing-stock of foreign governments, the winding-sheet of the public credit, and the execration of George Washington. Although the title of this document was Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, the sovereignty of the States was expressly declared, and the powers of the Confedera-

tion were so extremely attenuated that no money could be raised by taxation, direct or indirect, except by assessment upon the States, which they could pay or not as they pleased. The war had left the Confederation heavily in debt. Various devices were resorted to for obtaining the means to meet the maturing obligations of the Government. A multitude of set-offs and excuses were offered by the little sovereignties in place of cash, and, of course, the more honorable among them would not continue to pay if the less honorable continued to shirk. Assessments having failed to accomplish anything, it was proposed to ask the States to allow the general government to collect taxes within their borders. The right to impose internal taxes was peremptorily refused, but after some delay all the States, except New York, granted the right to collect duties on imports. New York went so far as to concede her customs duties to the general government, provided they should be collected by her own officers and her own depreciated State scrip should be receivable for duties. These conditions were, of course, inadmissible, and so it happened that the new member of the family of nations became independent and bankrupt at about the same time. The external pressure of war being removed, all the ante-revolutionary conceptions of government revived, excepting only that of allegiance to Great Britain. Even the degrading spectacle of public insolvency did not avail to bring the States closer together. Colonial rights had blossomed into State rights. Some of the forms of government had been changed, but the ideas remained substantially the same as before. It was not until the varying customs duties of the several States and the hostile commercial legislation of England had prostrated trade and brought private bankruptcy on the heels of public, that the States began to consider the expediency of surrendering some of their reserved powers in order to give greater efficiency to the whole. The convention which framed the Constitution of the United States had its origin in a conference called by the State of Virginia to regulate the trade and navigation of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay.

A long and doubtful struggle ensued in

the Convention between colonial prejudice and national necessity. Things reached so desperate a pass that Franklin proposed prayers to Almighty God, for that the wit of man had been exhausted.* Necessity finally triumphed over prejudice in the Convention, but the victory of the national party only led to a fiercer and more protracted contest in the States over the question of ratifying the Constitution. That the Convention did in express terms declare the constitution and the laws and treaties made in pursuance of it to be the supreme law of the land, and did provide for the establishment of courts to have jurisdiction of all cases arising under said constitution, laws, and treaties, can be seen by reference to the instrument itself. But a discussion of the alleged right of a State to nullify an act of Congress would be premature at this place, since that was the question almost continuously in dispute till it was settled in 1861-5 by the wager of battle. It is certain that the right of a State to secede from the Union after once entering it was freely discussed at the time and was decided in the negative. Both New York and Virginia desired to ratify with conditions, reserving the right to withdraw if the conditions were not complied with. They were told plainly that this could not be done—that they must ratify or reject unconditionally. Virginia ratified in this manner at last by 88 votes against 80 in her Convention, and New York by 31 against 29.† Massachusetts took a long time to deliberate, and eventually ratified by 187 votes against 168. The most effective advocates of the Constitution were Hamilton in New York and Madison in Virginia—two States whose ratification was most important, and at the same time most difficult to obtain. We shall soon

see to what contrary conclusions Hamilton and Madison came in their interpretation of the ratified instrument. The whole history of the period goes to confirm the observation of John Quincy Adams, that the constitution was "extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people."

No wonder that an active minority remained full of hostility to the new order of things, whose cries in behalf of what they called their lost liberties filled the public ear for a whole generation. Threats were made to break the Union before the close of the last century, and a political party came into being, almost simultaneously with the constitution, claiming, under and by virtue of the instrument itself, the right to nullify any act of Congress which might be considered to infringe any right of a State. If any such right existed it necessarily included the right of secession as a last resort. This party took the name of Republican, from its attachment to the principles of the French Revolution. It sought to stigmatise its opponents as monarchists, but the title did not adhere. The name Federalist was that by which it was known to contemporaries and is known to history. The leader of the Republican party of that day was Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. Mr. Jefferson was the American minister to France at the time the constitution was framed. He wrote a long letter to Mr. Madison, signifying his general approval of the instrument, but foreshadowing the course he subsequently took in his interpretation of it. He said: "I own I am not a friend to a very energetic government; it is always oppressive; it places the governors indeed more at their ease, but at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts (Shay's Rebellion) has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen States in the course of eleven years is but one for each State in a century and a half. *No country should be so long without one.*" Somewhat later Mr. Jefferson clothed his notions of an ideal Union in these words: "An impotent general government is the condition precedent of liberty."

Mr. Jefferson was a Radical and a passionate admirer of the French Revo-

* "The hope of ultimate success must have been small indeed, when such a proposition could be made by Franklin, strongly inclined as he was to rationalism, a man who at heart was averse to all religious demonstration, and who, even in the darkest hours of the war, had carried his head very high."—VON HOLST, p. 51.

† A recent work by a French author ("Les États-Unis Contemporains," par Claudio Janet, Paris, 1876), which brings forward a stock of half-truths really too formidable for criticism, says (p. 31) that Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island, in their ratifications, expressly reserved the right to withdraw!

lution. He believed that liberty and an efficient central government were incompatible with each other. In this belief he differed from his political associate and successor, Madison, who held that too much weakness in the central government would be as dangerous to liberty, through its tendency to license and consequent reaction, as too much strength. We are perhaps not far enough removed even yet from the agitations which they set on foot to form a perfectly unprejudiced judgment of their characters and work, but no one will deny that both contributed largely to their country's cause, and both exhibited at times the qualities of true statesmanship. Madison's, however, was less mixed with personal interest than Jefferson's, and his patriotism was of a purer, or at all events a less partisan, type. He was lacking in the power of will and continuity which distinguished Jefferson, and was led by the latter into errors which completely stultified him afterwards, but which he would most likely have escaped if left to his own cooler judgment. Mr. Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, a document which stamps him as a master of the English tongue, and proves, as Mr. Bancroft observes in the concluding chapter of his History, that "he was able with instinctive perception to read the soul of the nation." He suggested the prohibition of slavery in all the new territories (to take effect after the year 1800), and drafted an ordinance to that effect three years before the famous ordinance of 1787, prohibiting it in the north-west territory, was passed. He was at heart an anti-slavery man, and he sincerely desired the abolition of the institution in his native State, but was always careful to avoid offending the Virginia slaveholders by untimely expressions of his views. He conceived and accomplished the purchase of Louisiana, thus securing the mouth of the Mississippi and an immense territory on the west bank of that river. On the other hand, he was an extreme partisan and extremely ambitious, and he did not scruple to employ the arts of the demagogue to obtain a party advantage. He was in fact a consummate politician, and the best party leader of his time. In the way of backbiting he had few equals. His letter to Washington, accusing Ham-

ilton of the purpose and desire to establish a monarchical government, and his letter to Mazzei, accusing Washington of the same thing in substance, are couched in terms which compel us to think that, at the time they were written, he really believed his own preposterous statements. They serve to show a narrowness or crookedness of vision of which there are many other examples in his career. Washington was convinced that Jefferson had intrigued against him while yet a member of his cabinet, and the intercourse of the two became subsequently of a ceremonious character. "His [Jefferson's] mode of thought was a mixture of about equal parts of dialectical acuteness, and of the fanaticism of superficiality, as short-sighted as it was daring."* Finally, the principles of federal government, of which he became the champion and expounder, were fundamentally wrong, and have been productive of untold mischief. Those principles were embodied in the resolutions passed by the Legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia in the year 1798, which will be examined hereafter.

Opposed to Jefferson's theory of government and of the constitution, in all its parts, was the master-spirit of Washington's first cabinet, Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Born in the West Indies, of mixed Scotch and French Huguenot blood, he combined in the highest degree the perseverance and acumen of the one race with the versatility of the other. Sent to New York to be educated, he entered Columbia College, and was pursuing his studies there, when the differences between the colonies and the mother-country became sufficiently pronounced to engage the earnest thought of all classes. At the age of seventeen he produced a series of essays on the Rights of the Colonies, which attracted general attention. "There are displayed in these papers," says a competent authority, "a power of reasoning and sarcasm, a knowledge of the principles of government and of the English constitution, and a grasp of the merits of the whole controversy, that would have done honor to any man at any age, and in a youth of seventeen are wonderful."†

* Von Holst, p. 160.

† Hist. Constitution of the U. S., by George Ticknor Curtis.

About the same time he gave indications, in a public speech at Boston, of that rare eloquence which in after years enabled him to sway public assemblages and to bring hard-headed and hostile legislative bodies to his way of thinking in spite of themselves. At the age of nineteen he entered the patriot army as Captain of Artillery, and after a short service in this capacity was chosen by General Washington as his confidential aide-de-camp; with him he remained till near the close of the war. When Washington was elected President he called Hamilton again to his councils and tendered him the post of chief importance and chief difficulty, that of Secretary of the Treasury, in which he well earned the felicitous encomium pronounced upon him, a generation later, by Daniel Webster: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet." To his exertions and to Madison's in about equal measure had the country been indebted for the ratification of the constitution. To his sagacity mainly is it due that the new government was not strangled in its infancy. With untiring industry, unerring foresight, and sleepless vigilance, he frustrated the efforts of the party of disintegration of his day. Against his generalship numbers availed nothing, nor did the ingratitude and insubordination of his own party ever daunt him. He saw clearly the object to be attained, and when his own friends deserted him he made use of his enemies to accomplish his ends, which were always his country's. The more superficial parts of Jefferson were no match for his active and clairvoyant genius. One by one he laid the timbers of a stable, self-sustaining, self-propelling government, and at last he sealed his devotion to his principles with his blood; for not even the death of Lincoln was more signally due to his faithfulness to the Union cause, than that of Hamilton when he exposed his body to the pistol shot of Aaron Burr. Hamilton believed that a nation could be made out of the political débris that the revolutionary war had left. That those jealous and discordant materials did not constitute a nation he was perfectly well aware. He

had the courage and capacity to undertake the task; but he looked too far into the future to be a successful politician. Hence, although he carried his point in settling the character of the new government, he lost the prizes of statesmanship, and Jefferson gained them.

President Washington's cabinet was constructed on the plan of attempting to harmonize parties—a plan of government which, although erroneous in general, was not ill adapted to the circumstances of the time. Both Jefferson and Hamilton had places in it. But Washington's confidence was given in such marked degree to the latter that the former eventually retired in disgust, acknowledging that he had been led by his rival, in one instance at least, to support a measure intended to strengthen the Government, and that he considered it the greatest mistake of his life.

The principal measures proposed by Hamilton, having for their object the creation of an efficient central government, and the perpetuation of the Union, were the funding bill (including in that phrase the bill for the assumption of the State debts), the excise law and the first National Bank charter. Although nothing was more absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the Union than Hamilton's funding bill, or some kindred measure for restoring the public credit; although no argument had been more effective in calling the Philadelphia Convention together than the destruction of that credit, the measure was opposed by the Anti-Federalists on the express ground that it would tend to strengthen the Union, and thereby weaken by comparison the sovereignty of the States. Even Mr. Madison opposed it upon this ground. The bill was defeated upon its first introduction in the House, but Hamilton rallied his forces a second time and carried his point by a piece of "log-rolling." The representatives of Maryland and Virginia desired to have the National Capital located on the banks of the Potomac River. Hamilton persuaded enough of his friends to vote for this change of the seat of Government to carry it through, and in return secured enough votes to pass the funding bill. But he was shocked at the character of the opposition he had encountered, and he recorded his opinion of it by saying:

"It is the first symptom of a spirit which must be killed, or it will kill the constitution of the United States"—a saying which waited three quarters of a century for its entire fulfilment, but which vindicated itself signally in each succeeding decade.

The bill for an excise on distilled spirits was brought forward for the double purpose of obtaining means to meet the requirements of the funding act, and of strengthening the Union by seizing a source of revenue which might otherwise have been appropriated by the States. The State-rights party saw the latter point a moment too late, and although the bill had become a law they began with one accord to oppose its enforcement, and when an insurrection sprang up in Western Pennsylvania to defeat the collection of the tax, they managed to delay, for the space of three years, the employment of force to put it down. This was the earliest act of outright nullification that had been witnessed since the adoption of the constitution. Though not sanctioned by the authority of Pennsylvania or any other State, it enlisted the sympathies and indirect aid of the entire opposition party. When Hamilton at last persuaded Washington to take decisive steps by military force to put down the insurgents, a perfect storm of vilification rained upon him. Fifteen thousand militia were called for and sent into camp under Washington's personal supervision. Hamilton himself marched with them to the scene of the disturbances, apprehensive to the very last that they might throw down their arms and return home. The insurgents were extremely valiant when they had to deal only with tax-collectors, sheriffs, and a dozen or more soldiers stationed at an old wooden fort, but when the army of coercion arrived the champions of the divine right of distillation were nowhere to be found in any organized force. The leaders, conspicuous among whom was Albert Gallatin, were fain to sue for pardon on any terms that would save their necks, and their deluded followers took refuge in their own native obscurity. It was an important victory to Hamilton and his party, for it was the first forcible assertion of the national authority over local insubordination. Even as late as 1861 the example had not lost its potency.

"Did not Washington put down the whisky rebellion in 1794?" exclaimed the Union orators and newspapers when the slaveholders' rebellion commenced. Technically, the two cases were not parallel, but for practical purposes they were sufficiently so.

The events which called forth the famous "Resolutions of '98" were intimately connected with the French Revolution. This great social upheaval was welcomed with almost universal acclaim in America, but as it progressed from wholesome reform to rapine and terror, the zeal of the Federalists cooled toward their republican brothers on the other side of the water. Washington himself was determined that, whatever might be the sympathies of the people, the country should not be embroiled in the struggle during his Presidency. The French authorities were determined that it should be so embroiled, calculating that whenever a breach of neutrality should occur, the prevailing republican sympathy and the memories of the late war would infallibly bring the United States to their side. In this they might have succeeded but for the intolerable insolence of their two ministers, Genet and Adet, both of whom affected to hold relations with "the people" of the United States as distinguished from the Government; Genet going so far as to treat the country as a French colony, fitting out privateers, enlisting troops, and issuing commissions to officers on American soil. There is too much reason to believe that Genet was secretly encouraged in this course by Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State. Although the French Directory were compelled to recall Genet, their subsequent acts showed that they approved his proceedings. Bent upon forcing Washington out of his position of neutrality, they organised a political campaign in the United States through pamphlets, newspapers, handbills, clubs, and inflammatory appeals to the memories of '76. They insulted Washington in every possible way, even insinuating, in a formal address to Minister Monroe, that he (Washington) was aiming to lead the people of the Union "back to their former slavery." If they had confined themselves to words, they might have carried their point so far as to bring the people over to their side, and eventually

the Government also. But their military successes had emboldened them to make an application of force as well as of persuasion, and by seizing and confiscating a number of American vessels, freighted in whole or in part with British goods, in violation of the express provisions of a treaty, they speedily paralysed the influence of their best friends in America. Negotiations on the subject of the seizure of vessels grew exasperating. Minister Pinckney was ordered out of France, and even threatened with imprisonment under the French alien law. When finally Talleyrand attempted to impose a heavy fine upon the United States, and demanded in addition thereto a personal gratuity of twelve hundred thousand livres for the Directory and ministers, as conditions of restoring a good understanding, the nation resolutely began preparations for war.

Washington was again invested with the chief command, John Adams having succeeded him as President, and Hamilton again became his first lieutenant in the field. While the people were in daily expectation of the opening of hostilities, the Republicans being thoroughly cowed, and Jefferson very despondent, a couple of laws were passed by Congress (to continue in operation two and three years respectively) to rid the country of the emissaries of the French Government, and to curb the licentiousness of the French sympathising press, clubs, associations, &c. These are known to history as the alien and sedition laws. They were approved by Washington and Patrick Henry, as well as by President Adams. Hamilton did not doubt their constitutionality, but thought them "highly exceptionable," as tending to tyranny and likely to consolidate and strengthen the opposition to the Government, rather than to intimidate and weaken it. In the light of the present day the alien and sedition laws find no defenders; but it is a fact not generally remembered that the opposition of the Republican party of the last century to these measures was based, not upon the infringement of liberty, but the infringement of State rights embodied in them.*

* Professor Von Holst does not make this point clear. The resolutions of '98 would not be logical if directed merely to the vindication of freedom of speech and of the press.

It was their view, that if any alien or sedition laws were required, they should be passed by the State legislatures, and not by Congress. It is only thus that we can understand the counter-measures proposed by Jefferson — the famous "resolutions of '98." The alien and sedition laws, although not intended to promote party ends, could not fail to produce effects upon parties, since they would actually suppress a portion of the machinery by which the opposition saw fit to conduct their political campaigns. Heretofore the opposition had confined themselves to fitful and uncertain objections to particular measures of the Government, but they had had no rallying point, and no well-defined principles as to home politics. Sympathy with republican France could not be expected to last for ever, nor could it be depended on even now, when subjected to the strains put upon it by Talleyrand, Genet, and Adet. The time had come, in Jefferson's view, to establish a rallying point, and to fix some principles. He believed that the successive invasions of State sovereignty had reached a crisis in the alien and sedition laws, and that now, or never, a determined resistance must be made. Hence the resolutions of '98.

Two sets of resolutions, differing somewhat in phraseology, were passed, the one by the legislature of Virginia, and the other by that of Kentucky. Those of Kentucky were the more pointed and outspoken of the two, but they were alike in substance, and had a common origin. Those of Virginia were drawn up by Madison at Jefferson's request, and were passed by the legislature of that State, December 21, 1798. They declare that the powers of the federal government result from a compact to which the States are parties, to be construed by the plain sense and intention of the constitution, and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States which are parties thereto "have the right and are in duty bound to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them." The Kentucky resolutions recite that the constitution was a compact, to which each State was an integral party;

that the general government was not the sole judge of the powers delegated to itself, but that as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party had an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction as of the mode and manner of redress. Also that the several States which formed the constitution, "being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of the infraction, and that a *nullification* by these sovereignties of all unauthorised acts done under color of that instrument is the rightful remedy." Two copies of the Kentucky resolutions in the handwriting of Jefferson, varying slightly in language but not in idea, were found among his papers after his death, and there is abundant historical evidence apart from this, that he was the author of both sets, and that he persuaded Mr. Madison to prepare them for the legislature of Virginia, and Colonel Nicholas to introduce them in that of Kentucky. It appears, therefore, that Mr. Calhoun was no more the author of the doctrine of nullification than Jefferson Davis was. Both drew their inspiration from the so-called republican party of the last century, and appealed to some of the most venerated names in American history for their justification. It should be kept in mind that this doctrine was not an assertion of its right of revolution, but of a constitutional right to resist constituted authority.

The Federalists remained in power twelve years, but they were not really a majority of the people at any time. The universal confidence reposed in Washington, the superior statesmanship of the Federalist leaders, the wealth, education, and social position of their followers, and the extravagant and unprincipled demands of the French Directory, had together outweighed the popular leaning toward France, and the still lively animosity toward Great Britain. But this leaning and this animosity were constant quantities, while the opposing forces were variable. Washington had retired to private life, and his successor, John Adams, had picked a personal quarrel with Hamilton, and a public one with the bulk of his party, by sending a new mission to France before the insults of Talleyrand had been atoned or apologised for. This step on the part of Mr.

Adams has been variously accounted for; but supposing it to have been in the highest degree patriotic, it is certain that it was taken without consulting any member of his cabinet or any person entitled to be called a leader of the party. Consequently, the merits of the step in a diplomatic and international point of view, however great they may have been, were, in a party point of view, completely frustrated by the manner of taking it. Many Federalists believed that Adams had gone over to the Republicans. The Republicans themselves, who were still greatly dispirited, notwithstanding some local gains they had made in the South through the unpopularity of the alien and sedition laws, plucked up courage wonderfully, claiming that they had been right all the time in their policy of kissing the hand that smote them. The result was, that Mr. Adams failed of a re-election. Jefferson and Burr (Republicans) received a tie vote in the electoral college, and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, where neither of them could get a clear majority without the help of the Federalists.

The mass of the Republican voters intended that Jefferson should be President and Burr Vice-President; but under the provisions of the constitution at that time each Presidential elector voted for two persons, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be President, and the one receiving the next highest to be Vice-President. In case of a tie, the House of representatives was required to choose the President, each State having one vote, and a majority of the States being requisite to a choice. In order to worry the Republicans and to spite Jefferson, a portion of the Federalists conceived the idea of electing Burr President. There were now sixteen States in the Union, of which Jefferson and Burr could count on six each, leaving four in the control of the Federalists. When Hamilton, who had meanwhile retired to private life, learned of the intrigue between Burr and the Federalists, he threw his whole influence in favour of Jefferson. He told his friends that if there was any man in the world whom he ought to hate that man was Jefferson, but that Burr was at heart a Catiline, bent upon ruling the country

by uniting the scoundrels of all parties, and that "upon every virtuous and prudent calculation Jefferson was to be preferred." In Burr he saw the enemy of his country, and in Jefferson only his own enemy. Exactly how far his counsels were instrumental in bringing about the defeat of Burr is not known, but considering his recognised position as the most trusted leader of his party, and considering also the very narrow escape which Jefferson had, we must conclude that they were very important if not decisive.* While the balloting was going on in the House some of the Federalists proposed to make the dead-lock permanent, as they had the power to do, and choose a presiding officer of the Senate, vesting the executive power in him by statute until a President should be lawfully chosen. Even Mr. Adams thought this was feasible, and that the people would be as well satisfied with it as with the election of either Burr or Jefferson. But Jefferson took care to notify them that on the day such a statute should be passed, the middle States would arm and overthrow a government so constituted. In point of fact steps were taken to make good this threat. The building of an armory at Richmond, which had been commenced during the alien-and-sedition-law excitement, was recommenced, and a plan set on foot to seize the Government arsenal at Harper's Ferry. The Federalists were scared out of their project, which was clearly unconstitutional and revolutionary.

Although the Federalists had gone out of power never to return, their policy had been impressed on the new Government so firmly that their successful opponents made no attempt to undo their work. While laboring to defeat Burr, Hamilton predicted that Jefferson, once in power, would not disturb the measures which had been adopted to strengthen the

Government. In point of fact, he was soon compelled to use stronger measures than the Federalists had ever employed. The Federalists, on the other hand, began to construe the constitution with the aid of Jefferson's dictionary. The proposed purchase of Louisiana alarmed the New England States. They apprehended that the addition of this extensive dominion would give the South a perpetual preponderance in the Union and control of the Government. There was no clause in the constitution expressly conferring upon Congress the power to acquire foreign territory. They became great sticklers for "strict construction." Some of them claimed that a constitutional amendment was necessary; while others, reverting to the resolutions of '98, declared that since the constitution was a compact, in the nature of a partnership, it was impossible to take in new partners without the consent of *all* the old ones, and that the taking in of a new one without such consent would release the old ones. The Republicans contended that the power to acquire territory was one of the necessary attributes of sovereignty, inherent in every government, whatever its name or character. Jefferson himself could not abandon all the theories he had been elaborating these twelve years for the confusion of his enemies and the admiration of posterity. Nor could he let the opportunity to acquire Louisiana slip by. So he acknowledged that the step he had determined to take was unconstitutional, and proceeded forthwith to take it. The acquisition of Louisiana served to strengthen the Government, not only by the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, but by committing to the doctrine of "constructive powers" the only party that had up to this time denied it.

The Federalists, however, soon found new occasions to change ground with their adversaries. The British orders in council, and the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon, fell with great severity on American commerce. Jefferson was opposed on the score of principle to a war with France, and on the score of interest to a war with England. As a measure of retaliation he recommended an embargo on American commerce. In this he was at first sustained by the country with singular unanimity, even

* If we may credit the statement of Burr's biographer (Parton), Jefferson's subsequent behavior presented a very sorry contrast to this example of magnanimity on the part of his rival. When, according to this authority, Hamilton's assassin arrived in Washington City after the fatal encounter, Jefferson received him with marks of attention, and gave him at least one and probably two appointments to important offices for his (Burr's) friends—the secretaryship and governorship of Louisiana Territory.

John Quincy Adams voting for the measure. But the weight of the blow fell upon New England with tenfold greater severity than upon Old England. Indeed it was scarcely noticed in the latter country, while in the former it inflicted greater injury than the orders in council and the decrees of Napoleon combined. Opposition to the embargo became very decided. It worked its way into New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. But Jefferson and his party were so convinced that the deprivation of American products would eventually bring England to terms, that they adhered to it with the utmost tenacity. The war of words was at its height when John Quincy Adams whispered to Jefferson that a combination had been formed in the North having for its object a disruption of the Union, and Jefferson was so much alarmed by it that he recommended a repeal of the embargo and a war with England in its stead. How far Mr. Adams was justified in saying that the Union was in danger in consequence of the embargo is still a matter of dispute. When his statement to Jefferson leaked out, some fifteen years later, Mr. Adams was called upon by thirteen eminent citizens of Massachusetts to give a full and precise account of the facts and evidence constituting the foundation of so injurious a charge. In replying to this request, Mr. Adams went back to the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, five years earlier than the embargo, and said that a plan had been formed then, by certain Federalist leaders, to dissolve the Union, and that it had gone so far as to fix upon a military commander to carry it into execution; that his knowledge of it alienated him from the secret councils of the party; that the conspiracy of 1808 which he communicated to Mr. Jefferson was a continuance and revival of the proposed revolt against the Louisiana purchase, for which the public exasperation against the embargo seemed to furnish a new opportunity; and finally that a sense of solemn duty might at some future day require him to disclose the evidence in his possession for these grave allegations, but that the selection of the day for such disclosure, whether in his own lifetime or later, must remain in his own judgment. Nearly thirty years have elapsed

since Mr. Adams's death, but the disclosure has not yet been made. The absence of any motive for misrepresentation, no less than his elevated character and his ample sources of information, must convince us that there was some substantial ground for his statements. Moreover, Mr. Hamilton was so keenly alive to the dangers of the plot in 1803 and 1804 that, in his efforts to frustrate it, he became involved in the controversy with Burr, which ended in the fatal duel between them.

Jefferson's proposed war with England was voted down by a decisive majority in Congress. Madison succeeded him as President, and sought to secure the exemption of American shipping from the harsh and unjustifiable measures of the belligerents in Europe by negotiation. Three years of indefatigable letter writing, mingled with threats of war in the American Congress and entreaties for peace among British manufacturers, resulted in the revocation of both the Berlin and Milan decrees and the orders in council. But war with England had been declared two months before the news of the revocation was received. Hostilities had not actually commenced, and a hope was entertained among the commercial classes of the North that the repeal of the obnoxious orders would avert bloodshed. But a war party had grown up in Congress under the spur of continued provocations, led by Clay and Calhoun, fired with the idea of conquering and annexing Canada, and reaping glory and political capital from that undertaking. The so-called right of search and the impressment of seamen on board American vessels, claimed and exercised by Great Britain, were indeed a sore grievance, sufficient to have justified a war without any other causes of difference, but as this was not the cause of the war-preparations in the first place, and as it was not clear that it might not have been removed by negotiation, and as it was wholly ignored in the subsequent treaty of Ghent, we are constrained to believe that the real reason for rejecting the tardy and ungracious concessions offered by Lord Castlereagh was something else. Whatever may have been the motives of the Junta that overcame Mr. Madison's strong aversion to war, the two countries soon came to blows. As

the war was without definite aim on either side, so was it without definite result. The New England States, which were the principal sufferers from it, tacitly resolved to contribute nothing to it beyond what the letter of the law demanded. The anti-war party soon acquired a majority in the legislatures of New York and New Jersey, and at times carried the elections in Delaware and Maryland. The war-party became greatly exasperated at their want of success in the field, which they attributed, with considerable justice, to a lack of energy on the part of those who believed that the conflict was unnecessary, and therefore wrong. A new and more stringent embargo was enacted, as much for the purpose of punishing the New England States as of annoying the enemy, whereupon the Massachusetts legislature, taking the ideas and borrowing, in part, the language of the resolutions of '98, used these memorable words: "We spurn the idea that the free, sovereign, and independent State of Massachusetts is reduced to a mere municipal corporation, without power to protect its people and defend them from oppression from whatever quarter it comes. When the national compact is violated and the citizens of the State are oppressed by cruel and unauthorized law, this legislature is bound to interpose its power and wrest from the oppressor his victim."

Here was the doctrine of State sovereignty in full measure. It was followed by the refusal of Massachusetts, and of Connecticut also, to allow Federal officers to take command of their militia, and by the call for the Hartford Convention. This convention was stigmatised as a hotbed of treason by the party in power, and is not considered at the present time a desirable place to trace one's political lineage back to. But it never went beyond the fundamental principles of Democratic - Republican faith, as written by Jefferson and Madison themselves. Both parties had, for the time being, changed coats—the Federalists asserting State sovereignty, and their opponents national sovereignty. Three of the New England States were represented in the Hartford Convention by regular delegates, and the other two by irregular ones. But it led to no result except to bring its participants under a

load of obloquy—negotiations for peace having been instituted before it concluded its sittings. It recommended to the States represented the adoption of measures to protect their citizens against forcible drafts, conscriptions, or impressments not authorized by the constitution—an ominous proceeding if the States were to judge for themselves of the constitutionality of such drafts and conscriptions. Its other recommendations were technically unobjectionable, although the spirit governing the whole was a defensive league between the New England States. These recommendations were formally accepted by Massachusetts and Connecticut, and that was as far as the project ever got. The conclusion of peace rendered it nugatory, and perhaps saved Mr. Madison a task he was by no means equal to—that of combating a rebellion founded upon the resolutions of '98.

From this time forward there has never been in the North any important assertion of the right of a State to nullify an act of Congress. Some decisions were made in Northern State courts overruling the fugitive slave law, on the ground that it was an infringement of State jurisdiction, but when these decisions were overruled by the United States Supreme Court, the judgments of the latter tribunal were always acquiesced in. Two petitions from the North asking for a peaceable dissolution of the Union, presented in Congress by John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings, in the year 1842, but disavowed by those gentlemen, caused great commotion in the House of Representatives; but even the small consequence that could justly be attached to them, was not derived from the doctrine of State sovereignty or from the principles embodied in the resolutions of '98. These principles henceforward found their home exclusively in the South, where they had been first formulated, and where they dovetailed with slavery in so firm a bond that the one could not be destroyed without shattering the other also.

The agitation in the South against the Protective Tariff of 1828 was intimately connected with the slavery question. The North was gaining rapidly in wealth, population, and political importance, notwithstanding the

Louisiana purchase, which had so greatly alarmed the New England Federalists thirty years before. The South was lagging behind her unfettered rival, and becoming more and more jealous and discontented every year. Blinded by her "peculiar institution," she refused to see in it any cause for her backwardness in material prosperity, and sought to find reasons for it in the legislation of the country. The tariff had been growing more and more protective for several years, fulfilling the prediction of those who had declared in the beginning that, no amount of protection would be satisfactory to the protected classes more than a few years, and that a stiffer line would be called for soon. The tariff of 1828 was the stiffest that had ever been called for. The hostility of the planting States to this measure, however, was not merely opposition to a bad fiscal policy, but was an outburst of anger at the badge of inferiority which the census-taker was putting on them every ten years, which they ascribed, honestly perhaps, to the tariff. Shortly after the inauguration of President Jackson, the opposition to the tariff in South Carolina took a very decided attitude. In the summer of 1832, Mr. Calhoun, one of the Senators of that State, published an address "On the Relations of the States and Federal Government." He commenced by saying that the question of those relations was not one of recent origin, but that, from the commencement of the government, it had divided public sentiment. He then proceeded to plant himself on the Virginia resolutions of 1798, saying that "the right of *interposition* thus solemnly asserted by the State of Virginia, be it called as it may—State right, veto, nullification, or by any other name—I conceive to be the fundamental principle of our system, resting upon facts historically as certain as our revolution itself, and deductions as simple and as demonstrative as that of any political or moral truth whatever." On the 24th of November following, the Convention of South Carolina passed an ordinance declaring the tariff law null and void, and making it unlawful for the officers of the general government to collect any duties in that State. If force should be employed to collect such duties, South Carolina would consider

herself absolved from all allegiance to the Union, and would proceed at once to organise a separate government.

President Jackson replied by sending a message to Congress, affirming that the Constitution of the United States was a *government* and not a *compact*, that the language of the instrument itself declaring that it, and the laws, and treaties made in pursuance of it, should be *the supreme law of the land*, and that all State courts should be bound by it, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding, excluded the idea that a State could declare and treat such supreme law as a nullity. His argument, a very able one, was pointedly opposed to the resolutions of '98. The Democratic party of the present day claims descent in the direct line from Jefferson and Jackson, and the claim is in one sense true, but not at all valuable; for if ever there were two men holding opinions more diametrically opposed to each other as to the vital principles of the constitution and government of their country, history has not mentioned them. Nevertheless, Jackson was not anxious to press the controversy with South Carolina to a bloody issue. He recommended the passage of a new law to enforce the collection of duties in South Carolina, but at the same time he recommended a reduction of the duties. If the duties had not been reduced it is probable that he would have brought the State into obedience by military force, because he was a soldier, and he believed in the employment of force. Mr. Clay even accused him of a desire to gratify his passions by spilling the blood of his enemies in South Carolina; but there is the best evidence that he wished to avoid that necessity. Mr. Clay, himself the champion of the tariff, was the first to back down. He had been eager for a war with England when there was no substantial cause for it, and now he was equally anxious to avoid a war for which there was abundant cause. Through his influence the tariff of 1828 was reduced one-half, the reductions extending over a series of years by a sliding scale—a measure the wisdom of which would be conceded if it had not been extorted under a threat. The South Carolina Convention was re-assembled, and the nullifying ordinance

repealed on the express ground that the tariff had been modified to meet the views of the nullifiers. The doctrine of State sovereignty, nullification, or secession—all names for the same thing—received enormous impetus and strength from the temporary triumph achieved for it in 1832, and the slave power incorporated it still more strongly into their political creed, and enlarged it year by year, till it came to include the right to carry slaves into free territory, and hold them there against the will of the majority.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to touch upon all the manifestations of the struggle between the opposing ideas of State and national sovereignty prior to the death-grapple between them, which commenced in 1861, and ended in 1865 in the complete demolition of the doctrines laid down in the resolutions of '98. Strongly convinced as the writer is that the language of the constitution, as originally framed and ratified, lodged the sovereign power in the national government exclusively, it is apparent that nothing short of superior force could ever have settled the dispute after it became complicated with the pecuniary interests and bitter passions of slavery. It is likewise apparent that until the question was decided the United States could not logically be counted a nation. While one-half, or nearly one-half, of the people maintained and believed that the general government was a mere agency, or power of attorney, revocable at pleasure, and while they had power to give effect to such views, the nationality existed only in the vain imaginings of those who held the contrary opinion. The birth of the nation, therefore, does not really date from the 4th of July, 1776, but from the day whereon the theories of Thomas Jefferson were crushed by force and arms. Mr. Jefferson's desire for a rebellion oftener than once in a century and a half has been gratified beyond his most sanguine expectations. Considering the state of the world at the time he played his part in it, we need not blame him for the views he held, but in awarding the palm of statesmanship, which is the gift of seeing in advance how institutions will operate upon society, we must pass him by and place it on the brow of his great rival.

Although it may now be said that a dual sovereignty has been proven by the strongest of all arguments to be a self-contradiction and an impossibility, Professor Von Holst observes that the idea still clings after the thing itself has vanished. This is true, for "he who's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still." How extensively the old idea prevails in men's bosoms cannot be ascertained, but something may be inferred from the action of the political party that formerly supported and maintained it. The Federalist party had been ground to powder, and ceased to exist, during the administration of James Monroe, whose second election to the Presidency was accomplished without opposition. For want of opposition, the Democratic-Republican party broke into four fragments in the election of 1824 without any essential difference of principles; and no candidate receiving a majority of the electoral votes, John Quincy Adams was chosen President by the House of Representatives. A few years later, the fragments crystallised into the Democratic party under the leadership of General Jackson; and the national Republican party under that of Adams and Clay. The latter organisation was soon afterwards merged, with sundry desertions from the Jackson ranks, in the American Whig party, which survived till 1856, when it succumbed to the exigencies of the slavery question, and gave way to the existing Republican party. In 1852, the Democratic party for the first time took cognizance of the slavery question in its national platform, and in close juxtaposition declared the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798 and Mr. Madison's report thereon to be one of the main foundations of its political creed. This declaration was repeated in the party platform of 1856. In 1860 the Democratic party divided in sunder, and both fragments reaffirmed the platform of 1856. In 1864, the war being in progress, the resolutions of '98 were prudently omitted. In 1868 the party declared that the right of regulating the suffrage belonged to the several States, and that any attempt by Congress to interfere with it would, if sanctioned by the people, "end in a single, centralised, consolidated government, in which the separate existence

of the States will be entirely absorbed, and an unqualified despotism be established in place of a federal union of co-equal States." Two years later the suffrage was regulated in all the States by an amendment of the Constitution. The Democratic party, in its platform of the present year, declares its "devotion to the constitution of the United States, *with its amendments*, universally accepted as a final settlement of the controversy that engendered the civil war." The old idea, however, timidly shows its head in another paragraph, where it is declared that reform is necessary to save the Union from the dangers of a "corrupt centralism," the voter being left to infer vaguely whether the dangers are due most to corruption or to centralism. This is the attenuated skeleton of the resolutions of '98. Nevertheless a large body of opinion remains, under the influence of party bias or early training, favorable to the idea of State sovereignty co-existing with national sovereignty, and this is not confined wholly to the Democratic party. A certain vagueness even pervades the Republican party, from whose midst we not infrequently hear that the States are sovereign "within their sphere"—the sphere being as undefined as the spheres assigned for our future abode in the text-books of modern spiritualism. The full extent of the defeat suffered by the State rights party in the late war is only half understood by either victors or vanquished. The official seal of the State of Illinois is still inscribed with the motto "State sovereignty, national Union"—a phrase whose suggestions convey no idea of national sovereignty whatever. Yet the State of Illinois has been under the control of the Republican party during sixteen years. Most of the State constitutions

contain clauses providing for the punishment of treason against the State. These provisions are incongruous with existing facts, for it is quite conceivable that a citizen might be hanged for treason against a State, and his judges and executioners hanged for treason against the United States. All the apparatus for such a solecism was in readiness in South Carolina in the year 1832.

Notwithstanding the more or less confusion in the public mind on the subject of State *versus* national sovereignty, State sovereignty now goes to the wall in every practical conflict. Nor will its entire disappearance be followed by the "unqualified despotism" apprehended by Jefferson, and presaged by the Democratic party as late as 1868. An unqualified despotism enacted by a free people upon themselves can only be the result of general corruption and stupefaction of the public morals—a condition in no wise dependent upon the concentration or dispersion of sovereignty. The only form of centralization to be feared is that which grows out of the existing method of making appointments to Federal offices—a method which, when first introduced, Mr. Clay said would, if persisted in, "finally end in a despotism as intolerable as that of Constantinople," and which even General Jackson, before his election to the Presidency, allowed would tend inevitably to corruption.* Centralization coming in this form would be equally effective whether the theories of State sovereignty or of national sovereignty should prevail. The immediate need of the American people and Government is a restoration of the permanent civil service which prevailed during the first forty years after the adoption of the constitution.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WHEN THE SEA WAS YOUNG.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

WHEN our earth's deep atmosphere bore the waters of her present seas floating aloft in the form of vast cloud-masses peculiarity of appearance must occasionally, though perhaps only as a rare phenomenon, have been observable. Sup-

pose that while a telescopist on Venus above her fiery surface, a remarkable

* The unwarranted interference by the Federal judiciary and army in the last Louisiana election was a direct consequence and outgrowth of the "spoils system" of civil service.

or Mercury was contemplating the earth, one of those rapid changes described in the preceding part affected cloud-layers forming the earth's visible outline at the moment of observation. The earth's apparent figure would then not only be distorted by the change, but the actual progress of the change would take place under the observer's eye. Most probably no change of the kind could have been detected by direct observation, many circumstances with which telescopists are familiar rendering an observation of the kind peculiarly difficult. But supposing the observer to have watched the earth when the moon was about to pass in transit across her face, and that the moon appeared at the moment close to that part of the earth's outline where such changes were taking place; then it would be possible, on account of this favorable conjuncture, to recognise the change of outline. For instance, if the apparent outline chanced to be raised above its usual position when the moon was very close, the two outlines—that of the moon and that of the earth—would seem to be in contact before they really were; but if, just at that time, the high cloud-layer which formed the raised part of the earth's outline were rapidly to disappear, then her outline would shrink in that place, and no longer appear to touch the moon's. Or again, it might happen that an observer of the moon, watching the great globe of the earth as it moved over the star-strewn heavens, would see its outline pass over and conceal some conspicuous star, but in a few minutes perceive the star reappearing outside the same part of the earth's outline. The observer would then know that the outline must have shrunk. In these and like ways observers outside the earth might in those remote times have seen the evidence of very active processes of change taking place in her deep cloud-laden atmosphere.

Now appearances such as these cannot be expected to occur frequently in the case of Jupiter or Saturn. The changes themselves which could alone produce them are infrequent, and the conditions under which the changes could alone be detected occur but seldom; so that the chance of a change occurring just where and when it could be detected are very small indeed. Yet in one case certainly

astronomers have detected just such a change in the outline of Jupiter. It would be difficult—nay, we venture very confidently to say that *it is impossible*—otherwise to explain what is described by the late Admiral Smyth, one of the most careful and skilful of modern astronomers: "On Thursday, June 26, 1828," he says, "the moon being nearly full and the evening extremely fine, I was watching the second satellite of Jupiter as it gradually approached to transit its [the planet's] disc. My instrument was an excellent refractor, of 3½ inches aperture, and 5 feet focal length, with a power of 100. It appeared in contact at about half-past ten, by inference, and for some minutes remained on the edge of the limb" (that is, on the outline of the disc), "presenting an appearance not unlike that of the lunar mountains coming into view during the first quarter of the moon, until it finally disappeared on the body of the planet. At least twelve or thirteen minutes must have elapsed, when, accidentally turning to Jupiter again, to my astonishment I perceived the same satellite *outside the disc*. It was in the same position," as to level, "where it remained distinctly visible for at least four minutes, and then suddenly vanished."

This narrative is so surprising, even when explained in the simple manner which our theory of Jupiter's condition suggests, and still more so on the usual theory of Jupiter's condition, that it may be well to pause for a moment to inquire whether there may not have been some mistake. Admiral Smyth was a skilful observer, as we have already stated. His statement alone would have great weight. Still one may admit the bare possibility of an optical illusion, similar to what is described in Brewster's *Natural Magic*, the satellite seen after the immersion being a mere trick of the mind, a "blot on the brain which would show itself without." Smyth himself supposed so, for he says: "As I had observed the phenomena of Jupiter and his satellites for many years, without any remarkable irregularities, I could not but imagine that some optical or other error prevailed, especially as the satellite was on this" (*i.e.* the hither) "side of the planet." And probably the phenomenon thus dismissed by Smyth himself would not have been

heard of, but for the fact that two other observers chanced to witness it. "A few days afterwards," proceeds Admiral Smyth, "I received a letter from Mr. Maclear, Biggleswade, informing me that he had also observed the same, but that he had considered it a 'Kitchener's wonder'" (old Kitchener, the telescopist, having been apt to recount every optical illusion by which he was perplexed as a real phenomenon). "And about the same time," adds Smyth, "Dr. Pearson, having favored me with a visit, asked me whether I had noticed anything remarkable on the 26th; for that he had, in accidentally looking at Jupiter, *seen the second satellite reappear!* Here, then were three observers, at distant stations, with telescopes of different apertures, all positive as to the extraordinary deviation from rule. It may be borne in view that Biggleswade is twelve miles from Bedford" (the place of Smyth's observatory; and South Kilworth, Dr. Pearson's residence, is thirty-five). Mr. Maclear's telescope was rather smaller than Admiral Smyth's; while Dr. Pearson's was a much more powerful instrument, twelve feet long, and nearly seven inches in aperture. "Explanation," calmly remarks Mr. Webb, in speaking of this phenomenon, "is here set at defiance; demonstrably neither in the atmosphere of the earth nor Jupiter; where and what could have been the cause? At present we can get no answer." But it is not the part of the true student of science thus to resign the attempt to explain a phenomenon merely because it is unusually perplexing. In this case we can reason directly from the observed fact to its interpretation, apart from those *à priori* considerations which in the present essay have led us to regard such a phenomenon as one to be looked for in Jupiter's case. First, the observation was certainly not an optical illusion, for three persons made it independently; secondly, it was demonstrably not due to terrestrial atmospheric causes, for it was seen from three stations far apart; thirdly, it was demonstrably not caused by any action of Jupiter's atmosphere on light proceeding from the satellite, for the satellite was between Jupiter and the observer; fourthly, the satellite cannot really have stopped, gone back on its path, and then resumed its onward

course, unless the laws of nature were suspended—a theory we may dismiss in a scientific inquiry; for a similar reason, fifthly, we may dismiss the idea that the whole mass of Jupiter moved in abnormal fashion. There remains only one possible interpretation—viz. that the outline of Jupiter's disc had changed in position; in fact, in whatever way we explain *how* this happened, the observations may be regarded as proving unmistakably that it *did* happen.

Now the supposition that Jupiter's outline altered leaves us still much to wonder at. For let us consider the extent of change necessary to account for what was observed. Smyth may have been mistaken as to the time intervals he mentions in his account, since he does not seem to have taken them from the clock. The interval, which he supposed to have lasted twelve or thirteen minutes, may in reality not have lasted more than five or six; and the time during which, after reappearing, the satellite continued visible, may not have lasted more than two minutes instead of four, as roughly estimated. But, taking only eight minutes as the total interval between the first and second disappearance, we have to account for marvellous changes in the apparent position of the planet's outline. For in eight minutes the second satellite would travel about 4,000 miles, and the outline of Jupiter must have changed by that amount, seeing that at the first disappearance the visual line to the satellite just touched the planet's apparent edge, while at the second disappearance the visual line to the second position of the satellite, 4,000 miles from the first, touched the planet's edge in its now changed position. Probably the difference was even greater; Smyth's own estimate of the time would make it at least 8,000 miles: but 4,000 miles will be enough to deal with. It is not necessary to suppose that the planet's apparent outline, *as ordinarily seen*, shrank inwards by the whole of this amount. More probably the outline bulged beyond its normal position at the time of the first disappearance, and presently shrank below its normal position, bringing the satellite again into view, and remaining thus depressed until the second disappearance had taken place. We may suppose, then, that at the beginning

the surface forming the apparent outline was (at the place where the satellite's transit began) about 2,000 miles above the usual mean level, while afterwards it was much below that level. Two thousand miles being less than the fortieth part of the diameter of Jupiter, we can readily understand why even so enormous an apparent expansion or contraction should not have noticeably affected the symmetry of the planet's apparent figure. Indeed, with ordinary telescopic power the outline of Jupiter is so expanded by irradiation, that much greater changes of level would be so far masked as to escape attention. But we are not greatly concerned to reason at this stage as though the theory that the planet's outline changed required to be defended against objections. For it is absolutely certain that the outline must have changed. The visual line to the satellite certainly passed several thousand miles nearer the planet's centre at the time of the first disappearance than at that of the second, yet in both cases touched the apparent outline, which must therefore have shifted by as many thousands of miles, unless the satellite itself had stopped and retreated, or the whole bulk of the planet had shifted; neither of which events could occur except by a miracle. Now the changing of the outline, though marvellous, is not miraculous, and, being demonstrably the only non-miraculous interpretation of the observed event, must be accepted as the true interpretation—the event itself, observed as it was by three skilled astronomers, having certainly occurred.

This being so, the outline of Jupiter having certainly changed for awhile on that particular occasion, which theory, we would ask, should be rejected as fanciful and sensational—the ordinary theory, according to which the solid crust of Jupiter must, after rising 2,000 miles at least, have sunk through 4,000 miles? or the theory that a cloud-layer, floating at least 2,000 miles above the usual level of the highest visible cloud-layer of Jupiter, melted quickly into the form of invisible vapor, and thus a layer lower than usual by as many thousand miles came into view, forming for the time the planet's apparent outline in that place? According to the first theory, a surface much larger than the whole sur-

face of our earth sank through a depth greater than the whole distance from the earth's surface to her centre. The intense heat which is regarded with such disfavor by followers of the old-fashioned ideas (really based on the Ptolemaic astronomy), if it had had no existence before, would have been generated by so tremendous a downfall, which indeed could not have taken place without vulcanian heat, exceeding in intensity what the other theory presents as the natural consequence of Jupiter's mode of formation. According to this second theory, the rising of the cloud-layer even to so great an elevation as 2,000 miles above the usual level of the highest Jovian clouds, was an exceptional phenomenon indeed, but by no means incredible; while the rapid dissipation of the cloud was not only quite easily to be explained, but corresponded with changes which have been observed to take place among cloud-layers seen on the disc itself. If a vast cloud-layer can disappear in a few minutes from view, above one part of the planet's surface, so also it can above another. One part may chance to lie on the visible disc of the planet; another may chance to lie on the edge of the disc; for these parts of the disc only bear relation to our point of view, not to the planet itself; and while a change occurring in one part would make a belt or spot seem to form or disappear, one occurring in the other position would make the apparent outline of the planet seem to bulge or shrink, as the case might be. Nay, we may add one consideration which would render the dissipation of a high cloud-layer in the position where Jupiter's outline appeared swollen, even more naturally to be accounted for than the often observed dissipation of a cloud-layer on the disc itself. For the cloud-layer which vanished on that occasion had just been carried into sunlight by the planet's rotation; and we can readily understand how the solar heat, slight though its effects may be compared with those of Jupiter's own internal heat, might bring about the dissolution of a cloud-layer which chanced to be in that critical stage where a slight cause will bring about either rapid formation or rapid dissipation of visible cloud.

The chief difficulty, of course, in the

theory, or rather the most surprising result of the demonstrated fact that Jupiter's visible cloud-layer thus changed, resides in the enormous depth we have to assign to the cloud-supporting atmosphere. We have already shown in these pages* that, *ceteris paribus*, the atmosphere of Jupiter would be much shallower—layer for layer—than our earth's, simply because the planet's mighty attractive power would more strongly compress it. That it is manifestly not thus compressed indicates, as we then showed, the intensity of the heat pervading its whole extent. But that it should range to a height of thousands of miles above the true surface of the planet, does certainly seem at first amazing. Yet be it remembered that not only is such an inference demonstrably correct, as we have just shown, but it also follows necessarily from the comparison already instituted between Jupiter and the earth in respect of mass and density. If we assign to the solid globe of Jupiter the same mean density as the earth has—or, rather, if we imagine the totality of material, whence millions of years hence his solid globe is to be formed, gathered into a globe having the same mean density as the earth—we find for this globe a diameter of 53,000 miles, less than his present apparent diameter by nearly 32,000 miles; so that the level of his surface in that condition would lie 16,000 miles below his present surface, the space between the two surfaces, or the total shrinkage of Jupiter's volume, amounting to about 930 times the volume of this earth on which we live. As we have every reason to believe that (in a general sense) all the planets are constructed of the same materials not very differently proportioned, we are compelled to admit this vast expansion of Jupiter's present dimensions, and can therefore very well understand even such mighty changes of apparent surface-level as the observation of Admiral Smyth, Sir T. Maclear, and Dr. Peacock certainly shows to have taken place.

But now, reverting to our earth's history during the period corresponding to that through which Jupiter is now passing, let us consider whether the ocean, converted by heat into great cloud-

masses floating through hundreds, if not thousands, of miles above the glowing surface-crust, would not produce yet other appearances such as distant observers might have been able to note.

When the shadow of the moon falls now upon the earth during a solar eclipse, it may either wholly or in part reach the actual surface of the earth, or be intercepted partly or wholly by cloud-layers. If an observer on Venus or on Mercury were to watch the earth when undergoing eclipse in this way, the apparent shape of the shadow would not be in any appreciable degree modified by such variations in the manner of the shadow's fall, unless very powerful telescopes were employed. For the cloud-layers of our air lie but a few miles above the surface of the earth,* and the apparent displacement of a part of the moon's shadow, intercepted by a cloud-layer, would be correspondingly small, and in fact undiscernible from Venus or Mercury. But if the atmosphere were very deep, and the cloud-layers separated from each other and from the earth by hundreds of miles, the case would be different. To illustrate the nature of the appearances which might be expected, let us consider the case of a balloon suspended in full sunlight above a layer of fleecy clouds, the layer intercepting a portion of the sun's light, but not all of it. If the layer intercepted all the sun's light, then, of course, a shadow of the balloon would be thrown upon the cloud-layer, this shadow appearing as one, whether seen from the balloon itself, or from the higher parts (let us say) of a lofty mountain reaching far above the layer of clouds. But, the layer not intercepting all the light, a portion of the rays pass on to illuminate the ground everywhere except where the balloon has intercepted the sun's rays. That is to say, there is another shadow on the ground upon the prolongation of lines drawn from the balloon to the shadow on the clouds.

* Much less is known than might be respecting the height of the loftier cloud-layers. Coxwell and Glaisher, in their highest aerial flights, saw the cirrus clouds apparently as high above them as when seen from the ground. The height of such clouds could be quite easily determined by taking photographs, with suitably adjusted instruments, from either end of a measured base-line a mile or two in length.

* *Cornhill Magazine*, for May, 1872.

These two shadows seen from the balloon itself would appear as one, both lying in the same direction; but they would be separately discernible from a station on the mountain height. Neither would appear quite black; for the higher would lie on clouds through which the observer would receive light from the illuminated ground below, which he would partially see, while the lower shadow would be seen through the illuminated cloud-layer whose light would partially conceal the blackness of the shadow. If the cloud-layer were *very* thin, the upper shadow would be the least distinct; if the clouds without being dense yet suffered but a small quantity of direct sunlight to pass between and through their fleecy texture, the upper shadow would be very dark, the lower scarcely visible. Now replace the balloon by the moon, and the observer upon the mountain height by a distant astronomer on Venus or Mercury, and we perceive that at times, when (in the distant period we are considering) the shadow of the moon fell on a very lofty layer of fleecy clouds, while the shadow so falling would be plainly visible, another fainter one would be discernible on a lower cloud-layer, whose existence and relative position would in this way be indicated to the thoughtful observer. Or, if many layers of thin and fleecy clouds, or a single deep layer of such clouds, existed, then either a set of shadows getting fainter and fainter at each successive layer* would be seen, or else a long cone of shadow passing through the range of the deep cloud-layer.

Now let us see whether Jupiter, the most conveniently placed of all the younger planets for purposes of observation, shows such appearances as these. Let it be premised that *ordinarily* we could not expect to see them, except on very rare occasions, when some exceptionally thin and fleecy cloud-layer, lying very high, received the first shadow,

* The shadows themselves would not grow fainter and fainter, but would be black right through the range along which they would lie; for no part of the sun's rays would reach any one of the spaces in shadow. But seen as they would be through partially transparent cloud-layers, and seen also as the partially illuminated cloud-layers would be *through* the shadows, these necessarily would grow less and less distinct the deeper they lay.

allowing another to be formed on a cloud-layer lying many hundreds of miles below. It would probably be as rare to detect such appearances, supposing them specially searched for (which has never yet happened), as it would be to observe such a phenomenon as the reappearance of a satellite. And manifestly the lower shadow must be hundreds if not thousands of miles below the upper to be separately seen, since the shadow of a satellite would be about 2,000 miles in diameter, and the earth is so close to the sun compared with Jupiter that the line of sight to the planet is never more than slightly inclined to a line from the sun to the planet. Manifestly, if we looked exactly in the same direction as the sun's rays fall, we should not see the shadow at all; looking in a direction slightly inclined, we see the shadow thrown somewhat on one side of the satellite (never *very* far); a lower shadow would be thrown somewhat farther in the same direction, but only (in proportion) very slightly. To be thrown as much as 2,000 miles on one side so as to seem clear of the first shadow, the distance of the lower layer from the upper must be several thousand miles. As for seeing such a cone of shadow as is referred to in the last sentence of the preceding paragraph, that could scarce ever happen. In fact, if the requisite conditions existed, the chances would be that the lengthened shadow would be too faint to be seen at all. In like manner it might chance that where in reality there was a second shadow it would not be discernible, and the only perceptible effect be that the first shadow would not appear so dark as usual. Probably, on the whole, these being the actual conditions, the reader may consider that it should be all but hopeless to look for any such phenomena as we have referred to, among the recorded observations of the planet.

Let us see how this may be, however. Turning to Webb's little work, *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, in which we may always expect to find the record of uncommon telescopic observations, we come across the following interesting passage: "Cassini once failed in finding the shadow of the nearest satellite when it should have been upon the disc. Gorton saw it grey on one occasion. The

shadow of the second satellite has been seen specially indistinct by Buffham, Birt, and Grover. South many years ago published in one of the public journals a most interesting observation, which I greatly regret that I cannot recover; but I am confident as to its tenor, which was, that in his great telescope he perceived each of two shadows of satellites on Jupiter to be attended by a faint duplicate by its side, traces of which could be just detected with a smaller telescope of (I believe) five feet, "in focal length. Again, in Chambers's *Descriptive Astronomy*, it is stated that "on April 5, 1861, Mr. T. Barneby saw the shadow of the third satellite first in the shape of a broad dark streak such as the cone of the shadow would present in a slanting direction, 'but it shortly afterwards appeared as a circular spot, perfectly dark.'"

Yet one other observation pointing in the same direction. If the lower shadow of a satellite can be at any time distinguished from the upper, then, should a great cloud-mass be floating at the higher level, *its* shadow ought to be similarly discernible, projecting to the same extent from under the cloud itself; which would hide the greater portion, but not all, of its own shadow. Now Mr. J. Brett, the eminent landscape painter, who from time to time employs his eye, well cultured to discern varieties of tint, upon the celestial bodies, wrote thus in a paper read before the Astronomical Society in May 1874: "I wish to call attention to a particular feature of Jupiter's disc, which [the feature, that is] appears to me very well defined at the present time, and seems to afford evidence respecting the physical condition of the planet. The large white patches which occur on and about the equatorial zone and interrupt the continuity of the dark belts are well known to all observers, and the particular point in connection with them to which I beg leave to call attention is that *they cast shadows*; that is to say, the light patches are rounded on the side farthest from the sun by a dark border shaded off softly towards the light, and showing in a distinct manner that the patches are projected or relieved from the body of the planet. The evidence which this observation is calculated to afford refers

to the question whether the opaque body of the planet is seen in the dark belts or the bright ones, and points to the conclusion that it is not seen at all in either of them, but that all we see of Jupiter consists of semi-transparent materials. The particular fact from which this inference would be drawn, is, that the dark sides of the suspended or projected masses are not sufficiently hard or sharply defined for shadows falling upon an opaque surface, neither are they sharper upon the light background than upon the dark." This point Mr. Brett proceeds to deal with by reasoning which has a special value because relating to a subject in which he is an expert. "The laws of light and shade upon opaque bodies," he remarks, "are very simple and very absolute; and one of the most rudimentary of them is that every body has its light, its shade, and its shadow, the relations between which are constant; and that the most conspicuous and persistent edge or limit in this association of elements is the boundary of the shadow; the shadow being radically different from the shade in that its intensity is uniform throughout in any given instance, and is not affected by the form of the surface on which it is cast, whereas the shade is distinguished by attributes of an opposite character. Now if the dark spaces adjoining the light patches on Jupiter, which I have called shadows, are not shadows at all, but shades, it is obvious that the opaque surface of the planet on which the shadows should fall is concealed; whereas, if they are shadows, their boundaries are so soft and undefined as to lead to the conclusion that they are cast upon a semi-transparent body, which allows the shadow to be seen, indeed, but with diminishing distinctness towards its edge, according to the acuteness of its angle of incidence. Either explanation of the phenomenon may be the true one; but they both lead to the same conclusion—namely, that neither the dark belts nor the bright ones are opaque, and that if Jupiter has any nucleus at all, it is not visible to us. . . . By the kind invitation of Mr. Lassell I had an opportunity, on the 20th of April, of examining the disc with his twenty-feet reflector of two-feet aperture, and I found this large instrument confirm my impressions concern-

ing the shadows in the most satisfactory manner."

There remains one peculiarity in the appearances resulting from the earth's condition during the remote period we are dealing with, which might possibly, though perhaps *barely*, have been detected by observers on Venus or Mercury. The shadow cast by the earth upon the moon—that is, the true shadow, not the mere penumbra—has a round shape, corresponding to the fact that the body casting it is a globe. But of old, when irregular cloud-masses and cloud-layers, various in shape and extent, were suspended in the deep atmosphere of our planet, it must necessarily have happened that at times the outline of the shadow was irregular, and that in a marked degree. The irregularity, in fact, would correspond closely in degree with the occasional irregularity of the earth's apparent figure arising from the same cause (though it is possible that it might have been at times more clearly discernible, as not affected to quite the same degree by irradiation). Now here is a peculiarity which we could not expect to recognise in the case of our heretofore chief test-planet, Jupiter. No telescope yet made by man, probably no telescope man ever will make, would show peculiarities in the shape of Jupiter's shadow on one of his satellites. No one has ever yet claimed to have seen the outline of that shadow at all, far less to have been able to discern its true shape; and it is not likely that any one ever will. But in this case the planet Saturn may help us; for *his* shadow is not merely cast at times upon the small discs of his distant moons, but rests constantly upon the broad expanse of his mighty rings—

While Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring—

and that shadow we can study, despite the vast distance of the planet, with a fair chance of detecting peculiarities in its shape, should such at any time exist.

Let it be noticed at the outset that it is perfectly easy to calculate what the shape of the shadow *should* be, if Saturn were a solid globe and the rings' surface perfectly flat. The astronomer knows that at one time, on these assumptions, the shadow would be hidden, at another visible above or below the planet's globe; at one time to the east of the globe, at

another to the west, and always with an elliptical (but very nearly circular) outline, not quite sharply defined, but with a slight fringe of shading only discernible in powerful telescopes. In like manner we may note, in passing, that the shape of the rings' shadow on the globe would always be calculable; and we know that, when visible at all, it should appear as a black curved streak, either above or below the ring, and perfectly smooth in outline. Again, whatever irregularities there may be in the level of the rings can very little affect the apparent shape of either shadow, because we know from the edge view of the rings that such irregularities are slight compared with the thickness of the rings, which itself is not great. So that any irregularities of a marked character in either shadow must be referred to that cause alone which is competent to produce them; viz., irregularity in the cloud-layers and cloud-masses floating in the deep atmosphere of the planet.

So much premised, let us see what the records gathered by astronomers have to tell us on this point. We turn to a series of papers on the planet Saturn in the *Intellectual Observer* for 1866, by Mr. Webb, and we find the portion relating to the shadows opening thus: "From an early period, irregularities have been remarked in the form of the shadows which the globe and ring mutually cast upon each other." Mr. Webb deals first with the shadow of the ring, with which at present we are not directly concerned; though, of course, any irregularities in that shadow, like the irregularities in the shadows of Jupiter's moons, already described, indicate the depth and the occasionally irregular arrangement of the cloud-envelopes. Mr. Webb, in fact, after describing such irregularities, rejects, first, the theory that they are caused by irregularities in the ring; secondly, the theory that the globe's surface is irregular; and, thirdly, the theory that the ring has an atmosphere through which the sun's rays are irregularly refracted,—in fine, "passing over this difficulty as insoluble," which is not a very satisfactory result. Going on to consider the shape of the shadow of the planet on the rings, he mentions, first, how such first-rate observers as Sir W. Herschel, Lassell, Dawes, and Secchi saw the outline of the shadow concave,

instead of convex. Next, Dawes on one occasion saw the shadow irregular in outline where it crossed the bright ring. In October, 1852, Lassell saw the shadow on *both* sides of the globe. The younger Bond, of Harvard, Mass., saw the same; on November 2, saw the shadow *winged*. November 3, Tuttle saw the shadow on both sides, on which he *naïvely* asks: "What can this mean?" On November 29, De la Rue saw the shadow on both sides, and wrote: "This is very remarkable, but there can be no question as to the fact;" both shadows looked "like objects seen by mirage"—a remarkable expression. Then we find these observers, and others of equal repute, describing the shadow as having horns, ears, a "roof" (pictured with two projecting eaves), an inlet, a single ear, a reversed edge. Secchi writes: "*L'ombre assez curieuse, elle est renversée et ondulée.*" On one occasion Bond saw two shadows—one black, the other "a narrow, ghostlike shade." Of this faint shadow he says: "I was much impressed by the fact that the outline was preserved perfectly, while the intensity of the shadow was very feeble." Was not this *certainly* either the faint shadow of a deep partially transparent cloud-layer, or a dark shadow seen *through* such a layer?

After enumerating a number of such cases, Mr. Webb proceeds: "Thus far extend our facts. What shall we say in explanation of them? Can we charge them upon personal or instrumental peculiarities?"* It seems not possible, since, in the main, they are agreed upon in England and Italy, and Malta, and India, and the United States. Some of the most singular statements, it is true, come from America alone. But, as they have often the concurrence of more than one observer, so the optical capacity of a telescope, which in favorable air would bear distinctly a power stated to be 1,560, leaves small chance of appeal." (He might have added that the American astronomers were second to none in observing skill, and that the American skies are particularly favorable for observations of the class in question.) "In fact, it is," Mr. Webb proceeds, "a

remarkable circumstance that the mystery of the subject has increased under closer, more powerful, and more extended scrutiny. Some of the phenomena may admit of a more or less probable solution. For instance, the apparent concavity of outline might be explained as a deception similar to those optical perversities illustrated by Mr. Proctor," in an article on Saturn's square-shouldered aspect. "But the 'ears' projecting, even when the true shadow was invisible—the two shadows, when one only should have been seen—the 'roof' and 'inlet,' and the varying depths of shade in different parts, are alike too clearly attested for doubt, and too incomprehensible for explanation." (*Cela dépend.*) "We might take refuge to a certain extent in the idea of varied curvatures in the shadowed surfaces; and, in order to meet the objection arising from the evanescent thinness of the rings," we might "speculate on some force emanating from the sun disturbing the level of the rings. But even after we have ventured this daring" (and, in fact, impossible) "effort, we find other features as intractable as ever. Some things look like effects of an atmosphere very irregularly distributed round the ball, and possessed of properties greatly dissimilar to those of ordinary gases; but this is undiscoverable, just where it ought to be most apparent," where the remoter parts of the ring meet the outline of the disc obliquely.

But there is not one of these phenomena which cannot be explained by the theory of a very deep atmosphere, not "irregularly distributed," or "possessing properties greatly dissimilar to those of ordinary gases," but irregularly laden with cloud-masses. In fact, these occasional peculiarities in the shadow are thus brought into exact correlation with the peculiarities observed occasionally in the planet's shape, as noted in the first part of this paper.

We might note here other circumstances in the earth's youthful condition. For instance, from time to time the ruddy glow of her intensely-heated surface must have been visible through breaks in her cloud-layers; and just such occasional views of Jupiter's heated surface seem to have been obtained on those occasions when the usually cream-

* We have altered a word here, and perhaps marred the sentence; but the original word "equation" would have no meaning for many readers of these pages.

white equatorial belt has shone with a ruddy color. But this consideration, and others connected with the quantity of light received from Jupiter and Saturn have already been dealt with at considerable length in these pages.

It appears to us, in fine, that all the evidence, both *à priori* and *à posteriori*, corresponds with the theory which we have brought before the reader, that a planet during its extreme youth has its oceans floating in the form of cloud-masses and cloud-layers in a very deep atmosphere. We have seen reason, first, for believing that the intense heat of a planet, for many ages after its first formation, would keep the oceans in this cloud-like condition. Then, looking around for planets such as we might suppose to be much younger than the earth, we have seen that Jupiter and Saturn, the giant planets of the solar system, are probably the youngest (in this sense), always excepting the sun, which is in an earlier stage than any member of his family. And, considering what appearances a planet with a very deep cloud-laden atmosphere might be expected to present, we have found that just such appearances are presented by the planets Jupiter and Saturn, the phenomena described not being seen at all times, but occasionally, and in varying degree, precisely as we should expect from the variable causes producing them. We have also seen that the small density of the giant planets cannot readily be otherwise explained than by the theory that we do not see their real surface, but the outer surface of cloud-layers enveloping them. Moreover, while not a single fact known about the great planets is opposed to this theory, there are some facts, as we have seen, which cannot *possibly* be explained on any other theory. But when so much as this can be said of any theory, the theory may be regarded as established.

When the earth and sea were young, then, the earth's whole frame was intensely heated. Her real surface was doubtless partly solid and partly liquid then, as now; but the solid portion glowed with ruddy and in places with white heat, while the liquid portions, instead of being water, as now, were formed of molten rock. Above this surface, with its "tracts of fluent heat," was the

fiery atmosphere of that primeval time, enormously deep, complex in constitution, bearing enormous masses of aqueous vapor, and every form of cloud and cloud-layer, swept by mighty hurricanes whose breath was flame, drenched with showers so heavy that they might rather be called floods, and tortured by the uprush of the vaporous masses formed as these floods fell hissing on the earth's fiery surface.

After myriads of centuries came the time when the surface so far cooled as no longer to glow with ruddy light, and no longer to reject by vaporising the waters which fell upon it. Then a fearful darkness prevailed beneath the still mighty canopy of cloud; for only little by little, by very slow degrees, would the water descend upon the earth's surface. Some, indeed, have thought that it was this stage of the earth's past which was described in the Bible words: "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep;" noting, in particular, that the coming of light (because of the descent of the waters upon the earth, according to this view) was followed by the separation of waters under the firmament from waters above the firmament, (that

Expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air.)

the waters under the heaven being next a thered together into one place, and so forth. But we must confess that this interpretation of the narrative, sometimes called the vision interpretation, seems to us very far-fetched and unnatural; though we are in no way concerned here to oppose it, deeming it only necessary to mention that, for our own part, we cannot doubt that the writer of the narrative wished to be understood as describing what really occurred, not appearances shown to him in a vision.

A question which has long been regarded as among the great mysteries of nature—the question, How did the seas become salt—seems to us to find a ready solution when we consider that the ocean once formed the earth's cloud-envelope. We may, in fact, regard the oceans as holding in solution what was washed from the earth or otherwise extracted from its substance during the ages when the waters of ocean were pass-

ing from their former to their present condition. For then all the conditions assisted the action of the waters themselves—the intense heat of the earth's crust and of the atmosphere, the tremendous atmospheric pressure, and consequently the high boiling point (so that the waters first formed on the earth's heated crust must have been far hotter than is boiling water at the present time), and the presence also in the atmosphere of many vapors which would greatly help the decomposing action of the water itself. Consider, for instance, the following description, abridged from a paper by Dr. Sterry Hunt, the eminent Canadian chemist and geologist. After showing that carbonic acid, chlorine, and sulphurous acids would be present in enormous quantities in the primeval atmosphere, besides, of course, still vaster quantities of the vapor of water, he proceeds: "These gases, with nitrogen and an excess of oxygen, would form an atmosphere of great density. In such an atmosphere, condensation would only take place at a temperature far above the present boiling point; and the lower levels of the earth's slowly cooling crust would be drenched with a heated solution of hydrochloric acid, whose decomposing action, aided by its high temperature, would be exceedingly rapid. The primitive igneous rock on which these showers fell probably resembled in composition certain furnace slags or volcanic glasses." The process of decomposition would continue "under the action of the heavy showers until the affinities of the hydrochloric acid were satisfied. Later, larger quantities of sulphuric acid would be formed, and drenching showers of heated solutions of this energetic dissolvent would fall upon the earth's heated crust. After the compounds of sulphur and chlorine had been separated from the air, carbonic acid would still continue to be an important constituent of the atmosphere. It would be gradually diminished in gravity," through chemical processes resulting in the formation of various clays, "while the separated lime, magnesia, and alkalis, changed into bicarbonates, would be carried down to the sea in a state of solution."

Here we seem to see a fair account rendered of the enormous quantity of

matter forming collectively what is called the brine of the ocean, and containing, besides common salt (chloride of sodium), sulphuric acid, magnesia, soda, sulphate of lime, and other substances. The theory that these substances have been washed from the earth's surface by causes such as are now in progress, would not, we think, be seriously entertained if the vast amount of matter thus present in the waters of the sea were remembered and considered. Brine forms, on the average, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of sea-water. Hence, if we take the average depth of the ocean at two miles,*

* In Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea* there is a passage which we take to be one of the most amusing ever written in a work of the kind. The idea would seem to have occurred to him of estimating how much surface the salts of the sea would cover to the depth of a mile; and while in the midst of the calculation, he would seem to have grown weary of it. At least we cannot otherwise understand how he came to pen the following singular remarks: "Did any one who maintains that the salts of the sea were originally washed down into it by the rivers and the rains ever take the trouble to compute the quantity of solid matter that the sea holds in solution as salts? Taking the average depth of the ocean at three miles, and its average saltiness at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., it appears that there is salt enough in the sea to cover to the thickness of one mile an area of several millions of square miles." (The italics are ours.) This passage reminds us of one in an early volume of *Household Words*, where a very amusing account was given of the stores of wine in the London Docks, over which the writer is supposed to be shown, collecting materials, *but also tasting wine*, as he proceeds. The gradually increasing effect of the wine-tasting is indicated very humorously. In one of the later stages of his progress, the writer enters into a computation of the amount of wine wasted in the process of cleansing the glass with wine. (We write from memory, and possibly, as many years have passed since we read the passage, we may not be correct in details.) Assuming so much wasted at each cleansing, so many visitors, each tasting so many times, and so forth, "then," says the writer, "it may be shown that in each year 800 bottles, or it may be 8000 bottles, of wine are wasted. And should any one object that there is a considerable difference between 800 and 8000, all we have to say is that the principle is the same," etc. Captain Maury passes on, however, without any allusion to the somewhat unexpected vagueness of his conclusion. "These millions of cubic miles of crystal salt have not made the sea any fuller," he proceeds. "All that solid matter has been received into the interstices of sea-water without swelling the mass; for chemists tell us that water is not increased in volume by

or, roundly, 10,000 feet, it follows that, if all the water of the sea were evaporated, there would be left a deposit of salt averaging 350 feet in depth all over the present floor of the sea. This would correspond in quantity to salt covering all the present land surface of the earth to a depth of a thousand feet, or to a deposit *two hundred feet deep over the entire surface of the globe*; so that the idea of its having been washed from the land is altogether inadmissible. It may, indeed, be urged that, as the process of washing down from the land is continually going on, only a sufficiency of time would be needed to account for any quantity whatever of sea-salt. But apart from the fact that only a certain thickness of the solid crust, and that thickness by no means very great, could be drawn upon for the supply, and that the very continuance of the process shows us that even that portion of the earth's crust has not been drained of its salts, there is every reason to believe that the extraction of salt from the sea is going on and has been going on for many ages past at fully as great a rate as the addition of fresh salts. Although the process of evaporation cannot remove the salts, these, as Maury justly notes, can be extracted by other processes. "We know," he says, "that the insects of the sea do take out a portion of them, and that the salt-ponds and arms which from time to time in the geological calendar have been separated from the sea, afford an escape by which the quantity of chloride of sodium in its waters—the most abundant of its solid ingredients—is regulated. The insects of the sea cannot build their structures of this salt, for it would dissolve again as fast as they could separate it. But here the ever-

the salt it dissolves. Here we have, therefore, an economy of space calculated to surprise even the learned author himself of the *Plurality of Worlds*." All which, so far as appears, is *apropos de bottles*. Within the same page, which, we submit, is inferior to Maury's usual style, we find him, in dealing with the question What was the Creator's main object in making the sea salt? advancing the startling proposition that "all the objects of the salts of the sea are main objects." (The nature of the context, which is serious, even solemn, will not allow us to suppose that any pun was here intended.)

ready atmosphere comes into play, and assists the insects in regulating the salts. It cannot take them [the salts] up from the sea, it is true, but it can take the sea away from them; for it pumps up the water from these pools that have been barred off, transfers it to the clouds, and they deliver it back to the sea as fresh water, leaving behind the salts it contained in a solid state. These are operations which have been going on for ages; proof that they are still going on is continually before our eyes; for the 'hard water' of our fountains, the marl-banks of the valleys, the salt-beds of the plains, Albion's chalky cliffs, and the coral islands of the sea are monuments in attestation."

We must, then, regard the salts of the sea as in the main dissolved from the solid crust during that remote period when the seas were young. The seas thus indicate to us the nature of those vast chemical processes through which the earth had to pass in the earlier stages of its history. If the present crust of the earth did not afford, as it does, the clearest evidence of a time when the earth's whole frame glowed with intense heat; if we could not, as we can, derive from the movements of the celestial bodies, as well as from the telescopic appearance of some among them, the most certain assurance that all the planets, nay, the whole of the solar system itself, were once in the state of glowing vapor; the ocean brine—the mighty residuum, left after the earth had passed through its baptism of liquid fire, would leave us in little doubt respecting the main features at least of the earth's past history. The seas could never have attained their present condition had not the earth which they encompassed when they were young been then an orb of fire. Every wave that pours in upon the shore speaks to us of so remote a past that all ordinary time-measures fail us in the attempt to indicate the length of the vast intervals separating us from it. The saltiness of the ocean is no minor feature or mere detail of our globe's economy, but has a significance truly cosmical in its importance. Tremendous indeed must have been the activity of those primeval processes, fierce the heat of those primeval fires, under whose action sixty thousand

millions of millions of tons of salts were extracted from the earth's substance and added to its liquid envelope.

[Since this essay was in type, a paper has been read before the Astronomical Society by Mr. Brett, describing observations altogether inexplicable, except by the theory we have advocated above. They relate to the movements of two large white spots on Jupiter's chief belt. Both these spots were so shadowed as to indicate that they were in reality bodies of globular shape,—no doubt rounded masses of cloud, floating in the relatively transparent atmosphere of the planet. "The fact that they are wholly immersed in the semi-transparent material of the planet is indisputable," says Mr. Brett, "since they gradually disappear as they approach the edge of the disc, and in no case have been seen to project beyond it." The distinguishing peculiarity of these bodies was, however, their rapid motion, as though gaining on the planet's rotation. The average motion was estimated by Mr.

Brett at about 165 miles per hour, but this estimate would have been somewhat reduced had he taken into account, as he should have done, the changing position of the earth, relatively to Jupiter. Still, even after adding to this reduction all that can possibly be attributed to errors of observation, there remains a considerable motion of these cloud-masses, each of which was about half as large as the whole globe of the earth! It may, perhaps, be thought that we have here attached too much weight to the telescopic observations of one who is skilled rather in art than in science; and in fairness it must be admitted that about half Mr. Brett's observations have been regarded more than doubtfully by astronomers. But this observation, like the one described in the body of the above essay, depends only on accuracy in estimating the apparent position of two spots on the planet's face; and so skilful a draughtsman as Mr. Brett cannot have made any large error in an observation of the kind.]

Cornhill Magazine.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

A CHILD in a nursery crying—a boy in a cricket-field "out!"—
A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gout—
A heart dried up, and narrowed—a task repeated in vain—
A field ploughed deep and harrowed, but bare and barren of grain.
Some sense of experience wasted, of counsel misunderstood,
Of pleasure, bitter when tasted, and pain that did him no good.
Some sparks of sentiment perished—some flashes of genius lost—
A torrent of false love cherished—a ripple of true love crossed.
Some feeble breasting of trouble, to glide again with the stream—
In principle void as a bubble—in purpose vague as a dream.
A future hope half-hearted, for dim is the future now
That the triple cord has parted, and death is damp on the brow.
And a debt is to pay by the debtor—a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse;
A feeling he should have been better, a doubt if he could have been worse;
While the ghostly finger traces its ghostly message of doom,
And a troop of ghostly faces pass on in a darkened room;
With ghostly shapes to beckon, and ghostly voices to call,
And the grim recorder to reckon, and add the total of all.
The sum of a life expended—a pearl in a pig-trough cast—
A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last?
The dead man propped on a pillow—the journey taken alone—
The tomb with an urn and a willow, and a lie carved deep in the stone!

Temple Bar.

FAIRY PLAYS.

WHY are genuine fairy stories nearly all of them old? If we look through Grimm's collection, or any other of sterling quality, we find that almost all the plots date back to that mystic period in which their scene is laid—'once upon a time': the authors are unknown, the tales,

whose literary merit is sometimes very high, are really legends of the country-folk, preserved only by continual repetition, never written down till they have attained a green old age. Like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, these charming traditions have come down to us, altered

no doubt during their descent through the ages, but perfect and harmonious wholes, artistic though so simple, quite surpassing all modern rivals.

The one thing needed in the creation of a fairy story is the quality, undefined but unmistakable, known as *genius*; in those oldest times men of literary genius, poets, had hardly any mode of expression but these fanciful legends, and the world of primary conceptions and natural illustrations was spread freely around them, full of novelty and freshness. They drew from the general storehouse of imagery, and appealed to the general mind and feelings of simpler generations than ours.

Yet the popularity of fairy tales in the present day speaks well for the growth of intellect. Fairies of the true kind can be created—can be appreciated even—only by minds either truly childish, or of full-grown manliness. Last century there was prevalent, in the most influential literary circles, the contempt for childish things which characterises those men who never reach full maturity of intellect—who are, as it was prophesied in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* that Macaulay would be, all their days only clever lads; self-satisfied, for ever important, dogmatic, and grave. Now, however, we have long passed this stage; ill-natured people might almost say that we had reached a second childishness. No books of the age have spread farther, have been translated into more tongues, than Andersen's delightful legends; and, though they may be bought ostensibly for the nursery, the wisest of grown-up people display an acquaintance with them which could never have sprung simply from overhearing the talk of the children—which is indeed much more thorough, if less familiar and minute, than that of children could be.

With fairy tales so popular, it is not to be wondered at if there is an abundance of histories of this pleasantest department of literature, of essays on its significance and origin, of attempts to prove that Little Red Ridinghood or Jack the Giantkiller can be connected with the worship of the stars, let us say, by the South Sea Islanders; like most other delightful things, it seems in danger of being done to death. Only one branch of the subject remains untouched—the

fairies created for the stage; no one has yet, we believe, written their history, investigated and classified and labelled them. Without making beautiful things dry and repellent by over-scientific description, we may surely ramble for half-an-hour among the many sweet unfrequented nooks and corners of this region of fairyland.

The more beaten ways—the fairy dramas of England, France, even Germany—we will not to any great extent go into; one quaint old play a little earlier than Shakespeare we will speak of, and one German dramatist hardly known out of his own country, but we will chiefly explore the less-known literatures of Venice and of Denmark, which are not only less accessible to general readers, but also, we think, of a rarer and more individual charm than any perhaps of the more famous elfin dramas—only excepting the Shakespearian; the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest* must for ever stand alone and unrivalled, and need no words of ours. Of the French fairy drama, by the way, we may simply say that it does not exist; the mass of extravaganza which has so long cumbered the stage both of Paris and London is entirely worthless from a literary point of view, and we allude to it only to mention that the one fairy gem which might have shone through its rubbish—George Sand's little romance called *Le Drac*—has never, to the best of our belief, been acted.

The plays recently produced by W. S. Gilbert are worthy of more careful attention, though they want the spontaneity and charm of poetic feeling that all fairy work should have. But the *Palace of Truth*, *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, *The Wicked World*, are within the reach of everyone; and we will only say of them that, in spite of a certain hardness and monotony, their careful workmanship, artistic conscientiousness, and originality will give them always a worthy place in the history of the stage.

One general fact about the fairy drama we must notice before we proceed to particulars—how few real masterpieces it contains, how few writers of a high class have been strikingly successful in it. Yet what beings could seem more naturally adapted for the stage than the dwellers in fairyland, with their pic-

turesqueness, their merriment and pathos, the licence with regard to time and place which their historians are allowed, the loosening of the fetters of probability which attends the accounts of their dealings with mankind? Perhaps the difficulty is that few dramatists add to the practical vigor needed to keep constantly alive the attention of an audience either of the alternative necessities of success among the fairies—childlike simplicity, or rich poetic imagination. To write fairy stories one must be either an Andersen or a Spenser, a child or a poet; and it is seldom that either has the sharp common sense needed for the stage.

However, there are names well worthy of our notice among elfin dramatists—besides Shakespeare. Gozzi and Andersen, Raimund and Heiberg, have ruled over kingdoms in the land of dreams, very fair and prosperous; and before we turn to their stores of wealth there is one old play, by one old British playwright, on whose pleasant quaintness we should like to look for a moment.

The *Old Wives' Tale* of Peele, who 'flourished' in a quiet sort of way just before Shakespeare, is perhaps of all fairy plays the only one which is distinctively English, racy of the soil, as are Andersen's of Denmark, Gozzi's of Italy. It is homely, rough, vigorous, full of extravagant incident and burlesque humor; the very mixture of nationalities indicated by the names of its *dramatis personæ* reminds us of a failing of which the English have been accused ever since the days of Portia. We find familiarly associated Sacrapant, Corebus, Eumenides, Huanebango, Venelia, Zantippa, Wiggen, and the 'Ghost of Jack,' while the characters of the Induction (as we may, after Shakespeare, call it) are Antic, Frolic, Fantastic, Clunch, and Madge.

This Induction gives a pleasant and poetic dreaminess to the story which it frames; the old wife, Madge, is beginning her tale of wonder to two benighted travellers, sitting up with her round the cottage fire, when the characters of whom she is speaking—the brothers, the magician, the enchanted maiden—appear and carry it on, interrupted by humorous comments from the hearers, and now and then a rustic chorus of haymakers. The legend itself is bustling and cheery,

if not over-carefully constructed; and it contains the elements of many of the most popular stories of later times. Milton's *Comus* is, strangely enough, exactly foreshadowed in the wanderings of the two brothers after their sister, who is in the power of the foul magician Sacrapant; Andersen's beautiful tale *The Fellow Traveller*—a legend common to many countries—begins in precisely the same way as that part of our story which relates to the 'Ghost of Jack'; and in his play of *Hyldemoer* is a maiden under a charm of oblivion, whose position only repeats that of Delia here. Mingled with these more poetic incidents, however, we have the humors, entirely English, of the Sexton and Wiggen—to whom a needy young hero pays his last pence for the burial of a stranger, briefly mentioned as Jack, whose ghost afterwards befriends him—and of one Huanebango, a burlesqued braggart, who declaims absurd hexameters, and may perhaps be looked upon as in same way an ancestor of Pistol and his crew, and certainly as a relation of the Italian captains Spavento, Spezzafer, Escobombardon della Papirottonda.

To this Italian school let us now turn—at least, to its greatest representative, Carlo Gozzi, the successful rival of the celebrated Goldoni. He was born in 1722, in the heyday of the fame of the great Venetian 'masks'—lineal descendants, it is said, of the 'mimes' of the Roman *Fabulæ Atellanæ*—of whom he made use in his comedies constantly and with the greatest effect, and of whom we must say an explanatory word or two before we describe his style of plot and dialogue.

Each of these stock personages of the Italian stage—Arlecchino, Pantalone, Brighella, Tartaglia, &c.—had in the beginning a distinct character of his own; but the parts they were made to fill in different plays varied considerably. Brighella, at first a Bergamese bully, is in one of Gozzi's fables a court poet, of a very original and comic kind, in another a prime minister, in another an attendant; Tartaglia, a stammering Neapolitan, is now a king, now a much-enduring vizier; Pantalone, originally a Venetian dotard, fills various parts of the attached dependant species, and is generally expected to make himself more or less

ridiculous. There was no doubt a general likeness between all these rôles, however much they differed in detail, and they were always played by the same actors as long as they remained in the company. Those which Gozzi repeats most frequently are Tartaglia, Brighella, Truffaldino, Smeraldina, and Pantalone; and these all appear in one of his brightest and most characteristic 'moral tragi-comedies,' *L'Augellino Belverde*, of which we will say a word or two, selecting it as newer in story than *Il Corvo* or *Il Ré Cervo*; *Turandot*, which is equally original, and, through Schiller's translation, better known, cannot strictly be called a fairy play.

The *Little Green Bird* differs from most pieces of its class in being avowedly and distinctly moral—a play with a purpose; but neither this somewhat alarming fact, nor the non-appreciation of the covert ridicule of Goldoni which it no doubt contains, can materially diminish its charm for modern readers. In the one great quality needed in fairy comedy—utter spontaneity, absolute ease—this delightful play abounds, if it be possible, to excess. The author races and rollicks on, though a story so full of incident as to defy description or compression, enjoying his work as much as must his actors and his hearers; and many entire scenes of practical fun are merely set down, as was then the custom, in brief suggestions to the comedians. There is never a moment's lack of frolic, of incident, of imagination; the very list of characters, with its 'statues that talk,' 'water that sings,' 'speaking apples,' at once carries us to a new and preposterous world, where we see through rose-colored Venetian spectacles visions from the Arabian Nights. No fairy tale of Denmark or of England has such fun as this; if those are beautifully childlike, this is boyish, smacking of school-days, animal spirits, abundant love of practical joking. Its story deals with two young would-be philosophers, not at all unlike some of the latest specimens of youthful nineteenth-century intellect: of the gratification of their absurdest whims, and their consequent misery: of an amorous king, a greedy poet, a despotic dowager, a faithful comic servant of the old familiar type: of dreadful gardens, with skeleton sentinels: of princesses imprisoned, en-

chanted princes, living statues—all is 'antic, frolic, and fantastic,' to quote again our *Old Wives' Tale*, and yet all, wonderful to say, is part of and necessary to the story.

And these facts bring us to one of the main differences between the fairy drama of Italy and that of Denmark; the former excels in invention of incident and cleverness of construction, the latter in poetry of character and situation. Of course, every good fairy play ought both to abound in novel incident and to have an atmosphere of the purest poetry; but when either Gozzi or Andersen falls short of success we may be sure that the former lacks depth of poetic feeling, the latter is wanting in invention and knowledge of the stage.

For we doubt whether it is too much to say that throughout the realm of Danish elf-lore the element of simple poetry is never missing; turn to Oehlenschläger, Heiberg, Andersen, or Hertz, each has the same sweet note—clearest of all, we think, in Andersen, strongest no doubt in Oehlenschläger, but very like and very pure and lovable in all.

The greatest name in the history of the little stage of the North is, of course, the one we have last mentioned; but the three fairy-plays which Oehlenschläger has written hardly stand in the front rank of his works. *Aladdin* is an enormously long and complete dramatic version of the old story, hardly altered in any detail; and *Rubezahl* is merely a succession of revengeful tricks and practical jokes played by the offended spirit of a mountain—it hardly hangs together sufficiently to be worthy of the name of a play.

Faruk, his third fairy-piece, is of much greater value; it begins in the true romantic spirit, with the four children of a king seeking in a mystic wood for a flower that shall foretell which among them is to succeed their father. One is an ambitious and unscrupulous prince, one weak and indolent, one a warrior-princess, rough and masculine, but not without a certain nobility of character: the fourth is dreamy, poetic, gentle—he wanders in, drawn onwards by the beauty of the forest, not led, like the others, by ambition. That he will win is from the first too apparent, and the play, though it has throughout the right poetic

feeling, wants strength of plot and construction, while of its characters only one stands out with any clearness—the warrior-girl, Satchekara. The drama also contains one far too ghastly incident—the shooting by the princes at their father's corpse, placed upright in the public square.

A long series of simple and pretty comedies was brought out early in the present century by Johan Ludvig (the younger) Heiberg: *Pottemager Walter*, *Sysoverdag*, *Fata Morgana*, *Alferne*, are among the best known. His style is chiefly to be distinguished from Andersen's by the fact that it is less strongly characteristic, less poetic perhaps and more dramatic; we might call it the average Danish style, while Andersen's is the extreme, almost ultra-national, more Danish than any other Dane's. Heiberg has considerable variety of subject: *Pottemager Walter* is a queer play, not easy to define—a comedy interspersed with sonnets, in which, nevertheless, Harlequin plays a part. *Fata Morgana* is of strongly Italian type; it treats of the famed enchantress, and her defeat by a true lover, and numbers among its characters both Arlecchino and Pierrot. *Sysoverdag* is one of the many dream-plays to be found in all languages; it is opened by Phantasus, and a moral lesson is taught alike to its principal character and the audience by a vision enacted in its midst. *Julespøg og Nytaarsløier* ('Christmas Jest and New Year's Frolic') is a merry medley in two acts and an intermezzo, and its list of *dramatis personæ* is the most extraordinary we ever met, comprising among other characters, the Angel Gabriel, the Poet, Harlequin, King Henry of Sicily, Phantasie ('a little blue bird'), a chorus of small angels, the Public (a colossal monster), 'a pair of lovers,' 'another pair,' and the Three Kings—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

After this we turn with relief to the simplicity of the same writer's *Alferne*, a story of a young maiden who is carried away to fairyland, and returns strange and innocent after a lapse of years, which closely resembles, even in metre, Hogg's beautiful poem. Must not the country here described have been like that to which Kilmeny wandered?

Now hast thou seen our Paradise?
We know not storm, nor snow, nor Ice,
Eternal summer lulls us here,
Ne'er grow our green leaves sad and sere.
And yet, amid our pleasant mirth,
We yearning love the fallen earth,
Where all things grow, where nought can stay.
Where all things blossom, all decay.
We long beyond all other bliss
Earth-children's rosy mouths to kiss:
Their eyes are lit with earthly fire,
Their lips are warm with sweet desire—
How fair they are, and fond, and bright,
How rosy-red and lily-white!
How merrily you darlings grow,
Faster than fairy thought can go—
For see, ere one could dream of it,
Your coats, unworn, too tightly fit;
The outstretched arm but half is drest,
Scarce-hidden is the maiden's breast.
While we poor elfs grow ne'er at all
But still are young and still are small!

With these verses from Heiberg, and with the bare mention of the name of Henrik Hertz—made rather more familiar by Mr. Theodore Martin's translation of his pleasant and poetic little drama *King René's Daughter*—we will pass to him who is, beyond all other Danes alive and dead, known and beloved in the nurseries of every land—Hans Christian Andersen, undisputed emperor of the fairies. All his life he loved the stage and wrote for it; he was more ambitious of fame as an actor and dramatist than perhaps of any other glory. Yet the want of invention of which unfriendly critics in his own country accused him stood in his way here more than anywhere else; and of the four or five genuine fairy plays that he wrote, only one is an undoubted and complete success for him—for *Meer end Perler og Guld*, admirable as it is, is but a translation of Raimund's *Diamant des Geisterkönig*, richly embroidered by the Dane's quaint fancy, and gaining in poetry from the passionate love of travel that gleams through every one of his works.

Andersen is generally almost too quiet, too peaceful—shall we say again, too Danish?—for the stage, and too innocent of all knowledge of the art of construction; in a fairy story, above all, one should really never know what is going to happen next. This deficiency in plot is felt greatly in his *Lykens Blomst* and *Ole Luk Oie*, both comedies of the species—so well known in fable—which teaches the lesson of con-

tentment with one's lot by temporarily transporting one, whether simply in a dream or by some magic power, to the position or the days of the being one envies most; in neither piece is any novelty given to this well-worn situation, though Andersen could no doubt have made of either a delightful tale.

Agnete og Havmanden—'Agnes and the Merman'—was apparently not intended for the stage. It is only the old story which has been told by many poets—supremely well by Matthew Arnold—and of which, curiously enough, the converse (the marriage of a mermaid to a mortal, and her ultimate return to the sea) is also a popular legend both in Ireland and Norway. In its first part the girl's mystic dreaminess—her yearning for the sea, as strange and powerful as Elsie Venner's more repulsive passion—is shown us with a poet's certainty and feeling; but the story as a whole is wanting in dramatic strength.

Hyldeemoer is the only one of Andersen's fairy plays that can quite take rank with his stories: the charm of its naive humor and simple poetry is so fresh and unforced that the little comedy may almost be quoted as the most perfect example we have of what a stage-story for children should be. It requires, no doubt, thoroughly sympathetic acting, and an audience able to appreciate the delightful good faith of the author; but these things given it would bring back to one a glimpse of childhood's purest poetry—of the days when one encamped under tables in proud delight, and burrowed with imaginary bears in the dark recesses of one's bed; when indeed the Mole's Palace would have been a place of real but pleasant terror, the Elder-mother an inhabitant, almost visible, of our own little garden.

The story of this *Phantasiespil*, as it is called, is simple but quite new—though the lady who gives it her name is well known in Danish legend.* We are guided through it by Phantasus, who fills the same office in Heiberg's *Synsoverdag*; he is discovered, when the play begins, sitting in the middle of the stage, his back to the audience. A full moon is

shining over an open meadow by the sea. Phantasus, who is dressed as a postillion, blows his horn; Echo answers. He listens, and then speaks—

Hark! Every note so full and clear!

It is verily Oberon's horn I hear.

[*He blows again, cracks his whip, and turns to the audience.*]

Now off we go! Are you all in your places, Ladies and maidens and children small?

Flashing and flying, speed on we shall.

Over the tree-tops our equipage races,

By field and meadow and forest we go!

I know the way, above and below.

—All seated now in my omnibus?

Here sits the coachman. Who? Phantasus,

Known to lords and known to ladies,

Who the friend of every grade is—

And though he's little, as he stands here

He reckons full many a thousand year!

Well, I'm a lusty, flickering spark,

For ever in frolics I madly embark;

Now I build a snow-house with the Esquimaux,

Now swung in a palm-tree's top I repose,

To the palace, the hut, the inn, and the church

I come—in each Christmas-tree I perch!

I paint with flowers the frosted pane,

I am with Herr Sorensen, not in vain!

Yes, yes, I'm trusty. Have never a fear!

On their coachman the party may well rely:

We start on the tour—away we fly—

But a childlike faith ye may all have here.

Like Noah's ark is my omnibus,

And the broad full moon sweetly shines on us,

And you see outspread the field before ye.

So we start! Now you'll have a right Fairy Story!

[*He blows his horn and cracks his whip, and a mighty rolling coach is heard. Phantasus disappears, and where he sat stands a great flowery hedge.*]

Could there be a more charming opening for an elfin story? It is perhaps in its perfect simplicity a little over the heads of a modern London audience; but with proper adjuncts of music, artistic scenery, and sympathetic delivery, it would put the placid and thoughtful burghers of Copenhagen into the mood of pleasant dreaminess fittest for the enjoyment of a homely nursery tale.

After Phantasus has started on his magic journey, four little Will o' the Wispis dance in, each with a flame on his head. They are hurrying over moor and moss with the news that their king has determined to seek a wife; and with him, who may be said to stand for Fire, are bound on a like quest representatives of the three other elements—the Butterfly (Air), the Mole (Earth), and the Merman, who is now a widower, desiring to be consoled for the loss of his

* Andersen has also a little story named after her, *Hyldeemoer*: it is the one called in some translations 'A Tale in the Teapot.'

Agnes. Then, singing, the little messengers hurry away, and the four seekers after matrimony one after another come in; first the Mole, breaking his way up through the earth, dressed in a fur pelisse, with a hat also of black fur, and his small pink hands showing; then, leading by the hand his little daughter, the Merman, in sea-blue, with a long seal-skin cloak and a hat shaped like a fish's head, which is surmounted by a wreath of rushes and a little golden crown; and after them the Butterfly and the Will o' the Wisp, whose dresses can easily be imagined, and whose volatile and vivid manners contrast strongly with the Mole's stolidity and the plaintive feebleness of the Merman.

The conversation which takes place between these four is really very funny, with its ceremonious introductions and its attempts at philosophical discussion, interrupted every now and then by the poor little mermaid's wail, 'I want to go home!' With a sort of innocent cleverness their characters are contrasted—the most original being the Merman's, who adds to a kind of watery misery a fretful sense of his own importance, and who, wanting to obtain a really well brought-up governess for his child, is apparently willing to marry her to save wages. Finally, all four determine to woo the belle of Copenhagen, the daughter of the barber Bynke, and for this purpose to go to town disguised as ordinary mortals; the Butterfly as an aéronaut, the Merman as a diver, the Mole as a cellarman, and the Will o' the Wisp as a maker of lucifer-matches.

They start, and next we find ourselves, at early morning, in the garden of the barber's house. In its midst stands an elder-tree, whose Witch or Spirit (Hyl-demoer, the elder-mother) gives the play its name, and on the magic property of whose blossoms—that of by their scent recalling, with irresistible power, early memories—the story in the end turns. Beneath its branches, Peter, the apprentice, is sadly buckling up his knapsack; he is about to start on his travels, leaving behind him all he loves—in other words, his master's beautiful daughter Maria, with whom he was brought up, whose cradle years ago he rocked. She comes, and, startled to hear that he is going so soon, naively confesses her love,

giving him a wreath of the mystic elder; they resolve to ask her father's consent, and when he comes they do so, with sufficient success to induce Peter to give up his *Wanderjahr* and stay at home. Then presses in a crowd of customers, and, chattering as is their wont, the barber and his assistant shave them; among others come the four wooers, in mortal guise, and, with the promptitude common in legends, they ask Bynke for his daughter's hand, which he, alas! seems not unwilling to grant to a 'suitor wissiller.' Peter asserts his claim manfully, whereupon all rush to turn him out—all, except the Mole. This designing gentleman, suddenly making his appearance as the villain of the piece, takes advantage of the confusion to place his hand on Maria's head and cause her to sink into the earth. When all look for her in surprise he feigns innocence, and they depart, vowing to search for her, find her, and win her. To Peter, however, in his despair, appears the elder-mother, who sits in her tree, arrayed in fresh green leaves, her hair of silver-gray, but her face still wonderfully young and bright; and 'from information received' from her, he descends into the earth to seek Maria, armed only with a branch of the blossoming elder.

Deep in the earth, in the Palace of the Mole, we hear voices of spirits. Phantasm appears, and a dark wall opening shows us Maria, under the influence of a spell of oblivion which the Mole has thrown over her, chanting dreamily a song to loneliness. Then comes the Mole with his deaf housekeeper, to whom he announces his approaching marriage, her infirmity causing a great deal of comic misunderstanding. But now the other Elements having discovered his treachery attack him; yet, though cold winds and streams of water penetrate to his subterranean palace, he is not overcome. Suddenly a scent of elder-flowers fills the air; the Mole and his housekeeper cannot imagine whence it comes, but neither can withstand its magic influence—they were formerly betrothed, and as the memory of their old love revives they fall into each other's arms, and finally go off together tenderly embracing. Then Peter appears, carrying the branch of elder which is spreading its wonderful scent around. He finds

Maria, who has forgotten him and all things, and only dreads to be aroused from her sweet loneliness. After a long struggle, his love and the elder awaken old recollections—as Kay's memory is revived in the *Snow Queen*—and she is won back from the land of dreams, from the cold and evil power of the Mole. At once they are encircled by the outspread branches of the elder—they are back in the little garden at Copenhagen; the sun is shining, Hyldemoer nods at them pleasantly from among the leaves, and with a song to the old tree, and congratulations and promises of wedding-gifts from the Merman, the Will o' the Wisp, and the Butterfly, the journey on which Phantasus has led us is ended.

With this specimen of its best characteristics we may leave Danish literature and turn to its nearest ally. Less simple, with more variety in style as in language, there is yet in the German fairy drama a good deal of likeness to the Danish, though it is the likeness of a large and busy town to a quiet seaside village—a town whose chief rulers, Schiller and the great Goethe, cannot condescend, like Oehlenschläger and Andersen, to the childish sport of a fairy play.

Indeed, the man whom we should select as the representative fairy-dramatist of Germany bears a name very little known, at all events, out of his own country—is certainly not what is generally called a genius, and cannot therefore be held a rival of Andersen or Gozzi. Yet Ferdinand Raimund (who lived in the early part of the present century) was one of the brightest and best of fairy playwrights—as successful on the stage, we should imagine, as any writer of this class. Without Andersen's special gift of poetry, or Gozzi's astonishing fertility of invention, he is yet invariably clear, sound, and interesting—nor would we wish to infer that he is in any way wanting either in imagination or humor. *The Diamond of the Spirit King*, *The Maiden from the World of Fays*, *The Barometer Maker on the Enchanted Island*, *The King of the Alps*, or *The Misanthrope*—these are some of his principal comedies, and, though perhaps their names hardly imply it, they cover a considerable variety of subject and style.

The first of these, as we have already said, Andersen has adapted under the title of *Better than Pearls and Gold*, and the difference between original and adaptation is very interesting; the gain in quaint, fresh humor, being perhaps partly balanced by some little loss of quick decided action. The play is simply a fairy-story of adventure, throughout merry and brisk—it is not without a vein of satire, and the element of modern fun, so dangerous in the hands of any but a genuine poet, is introduced with great success.

Somewhat of the same sort, and similarly suggestive of the Arabian Nights, is *The Barometer Maker on the Enchanted Island*, many of the leading incidents of which are used in a story published in the collection known as 'Grimm's Goblins,' under the name of *Little Mouck*. One of its magic 'effects'—the sudden growth of the noses of the characters on their tasting an enchanted fruit—suggests a question which must, we think, have often struck modern readers of Gozzi: how were the wonderful tricks and transformations in which these authors delight—the conversion of an old woman into a toad, or the change (perhaps not necessarily great) of a poet to a donkey—how were these effected in the sight of the audience? Surely in those days either machinists must have been very clever, or spectators of rare simplicity.

The Alpenkönig, a very different play, suggests in its principal incident another difficulty: it turns upon an exchange of outward appearance between two men, each of whom must nevertheless, it seems to us, have been represented throughout by the same actor. The hero of the story, a savage misanthrope, is shown the error of his ways by being made to witness (having himself taken the likeness of another man) the outrageous behavior of a being disguised as himself; a situation which must, though exceedingly amusing, have been very difficult to carry out properly. In other ways this *Alpenkönig* is a clever and original play, with some flavoring, though not a very strong one, of the poetry suggested by its title; and with, like almost every play ever written until the modern school of French dramatists arose, one or two entirely unnecessary scenes.

There is no need to go through the lengthy list of German fairy-dramas; most of them are something after the fashion of Raimund, few are devoid of a certain essentially-German poetry, many possess a queer glimmering of rural fun. The drollest that we know, beyond comparison, are Tieck's jovial adaptations—or mockeries—of the great fairy stories, *Bluebeard*, *Puss in Boots*, &c. The comments of the stage-spectators in *Puss in Boots*, their sympathy with the unnecessary lovers, the sentimental reminiscences aroused in them by the night-

ingale, are quite the funniest things of their kind in existence.

Nor is there any need, having glanced for a few moments at this dozen or so of pretty childish plays, to make any very profound criticisms upon them. They ought to be like children—that is all one can say: charming, full of unconscious poetry and humor, bright and brisk, abounding in animal spirits, and yet mannerly and well brought up. Finally, they must not be too big, and those who love them must not talk too much about them.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE BYWAYS OF BOOKMAKING.

EVERY literature possesses a body of rules teaching the poet and the dramatist what to avoid; and an ingenious Frenchman once published a guide to novel-writing which contained positive directions for pursuing that craft, so that with a little application every novel-reader might become his own novelist—at once the creator and consumer of his own literary smoke. No one by studying the *Ars Poetica* could make himself, in however small a degree, either a versifier or a playwright. But the author of the guide to novel-writing did at least aim at showing how novels might be cut out and perfected, or rather designed piece by piece, and put together, not indeed like boots and shoes, but rather like garlands of artificial flowers or elaborate ball-dresses. Perhaps, however, the novel-writing guide might be most fitly compared to a cookery book. It gave instructions on the choice of a heroine as Mrs. Glasse, or La Cuisinière Bourgeoise, tells you what sort of fowl to pick out for your contemplated hash. It recommended for some purposes a tender hero, for others a tough one. There was a chapter on the art of serving up the heroine, or, in other words, of introducing her to the reader. Then the hero and the heroine had to be stirred up together after certain forms, according as they were disposed to harmonise like cream and the yolk of egg, or were of seemingly antagonistic natures, like oil and vinegar. Hints were furnished on the preparation of incidental observations; and the art of blending reflection with narrative was fully treated. Of course

the villain was not forgotten—nor the story; and the intending novelist was strongly advised to make the latter “interesting.” The weakness of the book seemed to consist in this: that if the aspirant to the enviable position of successful novelist could make his story interesting—which he was enjoined to do without being told in what manner—the rest was comparatively without importance. To profess to teach a man the art of writing a novel, and to tell him, among other things, that he had better make his story interesting, is as good a joke in its way as that of informing the aspirant to poetical honors that when he has at last finished his work he had better keep it by him for nine years. The counsel has, in each case, an ironical look. But scanty thanks would be forthcoming alike from the poet—warned that when he has followed a number of maxims on the subject of poetical composition, the best thing he can do with his poem will be to hide it—and from the novelist—who, after many useful rules have been impressed upon him in respect to novel-writing, is further assured that he must make his story “interesting.” In an indirect manner the one is told as plainly as the other that teaching will be of no value to him.

If, however, authors cannot teach others how to conceive and bring forth works of art, they can sometimes explain how the idea and plan of their own creations first occurred to them. Edgar Poe has published a curious exposition of the genesis, or rather of the deliberate construction, of the *Raven*; an exposition, it

must be added, which is not accepted by all his admirers as having been made in perfectly good faith, and which is declared to be not a synthesis, but virtually an analysis. The late Alexandre Dumas, too, has told us how the main idea of one of his most successful plays first came into his head. He was walking down the Boulevard, when suddenly it struck him that a man found in a compromising situation with a woman might save her reputation by killing her and declaring that he had done so by reason of her resistance. Out of that idea was developed the drama of *Antony*. The fact may be interesting. But neither the starting point of Poe nor of Dumas could have been turned to account by one who was neither a poet nor a dramatist.

If, however, the secret of literary invention cannot be imparted, methods of borrowing literary materials with skill and success may easily be communicated. A regular school of plagiarism was maintained for a time in France, and among its pupils one of the most distinguished preachers of the seventeenth century, Fléchier, is said to have been included. Poetry, on the principle, perhaps, that "the poet must be born," does not seem to have been included in the course. Or it may have been thought that poets were already sufficiently accustomed to borrow images and ideas, and to reproduce in their own works whole passages from the ancients. Instruction in the art of plagiarism was in any case confined to orators; and the school was named "L'Académie des Orateurs Philosophiques," with Richesource, its founder, as "director." Richesource declared himself able to make "distinguished writers" of those even who possessed no literary talent; and he has left a work on the subject, in which his method is fully explained. *The Orator's Mask*; or, *The Manner of Disguising all Sorts of Compositions, Letters, Sermons, &c.*, is its title, and the author explains at the outset that "oratorical plagiarism is the art that some employ with much skill for changing or disguising all sorts of discourses composed by themselves, or due to the pen of another, in such a manner that it becomes impossible for the author to recognise his own work, his own style, or the substance of his work, so adroitly

will the whole have been disguised." The parts of the work which it is proposed to appropriate are to be arranged in a new order, words and phrases are to be replaced by equivalents. "An orator," the reader is told, "has said that an ambassador should possess probity, capacity, and courage. The plagiarist will say that he should possess courage, capacity, and probity." He would be but a poor plagiarist, however, who should chop and change in this manner; and the ingenious plagiarist will, it is explained, replace "probity" by "sincerity," or "virtue," "courage" by "force of soul," and so on. For "ambassador," "envoy" would, no doubt, be substituted; and "should not be without" would probably do duty for "should possess."

Richesource's Academy has long ceased to exist, but his method is still employed, consciously or unconsciously, by numbers of orators in the pulpit and at the bar. It appeared, too, from a case tried in London some twenty years ago, that professed plagiarists are sometimes employed "to destroy copyrights" as the evidence set forth; or, in other words, to treat literary matter which copyright formally protected so as, in the words of Richesource, to render it "impossible for the author to recognize his own work." In the case referred to, the most vulgar kind of plagiarism—the "plagiarism of commerce," it might be called—had been performed upon the substance of a guide-book which had been in a great measure transmuted, but not so thoroughly as to leave no trace of the process. Two words specially sworn to by the author—namely, "savage grandeur" had been taken whole by the plagiarist. A graduate of the "Académie des Orateurs Philosophiques" would probably have converted them into "wild magnificence."

The "art of extemporaneous speaking" taught by certain professors in the present day is probably nothing more than an application of Richesource's method of plagiarism. The story has been told often enough of the funeral oration pronounced in memory of the Duke of Wellington by the present Earl of Beaconsfield. This was a performance which Richesource would doubtless have condemned as inartistic, since neither

the substance nor the style of the borrowed discourse was disguised. But if the "art of extemporaneous speaking" can be taught at all, one of its rules must be that when the speaker has nothing to say of his own he must borrow from some one else.

In the drama plagiarism has been much more freely practised than in any other branch of literature. Managers, in fact, are bound at all hazards to entertain the public, and with that view, like the great manager-dramatist of France, "take their property wherever they find it." The origin of the piece is unimportant, provided the piece itself be suitable. The public, moreover, might be prejudiced against it if they were told that it had not been made expressly for them; and they would certainly listen with mistrust to a comedy which, professing to represent the manners of one country, was known, as first composed, to have depicted those of another. Then there are so many degrees in dramatic plagiarism, from the poet who borrows nothing but an undeveloped subject, or the idea of a subject, to the playwright who re-fashions other men's materials; and from the playwright to the adapter, who perhaps invents a few details, and to the translator who invents nothing, yet, in many cases, does not scruple to claim the work he has translated as his own creation.

The novelist who publishes as his own the work of another man is, unlike the dramatist under similar circumstances, looked upon as having committed a disgraceful action. About the time of the Crimean war it occurred to some foreigner, who had honored England by making this country his home, to publish, as an original story, a translation, or adaptation, of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. To suit the English taste the ingenious adapter had done his best to replace Russian manners by English manners, and had made a point everywhere of substituting English for Russian food. Thus, cold mutton and porter, or ham sandwiches and pale ale, were served to guests arriving on a visit in lieu of caviar and vodka. When this plagiarism on a large scale was exposed in the columns of the *Athenæum*, the publisher expressed his regret at having been made a party to a deception practised on the public,

and the book was withdrawn. No such sacrifice would be made, nor could it in fairness be expected, from a manager enabled to satisfy himself that a work which he had announced as original was in fact a translation, more or less imperfect.

Mr. G. A. Sala has told us in the interesting column which he contributes weekly to the *Illustrated London News* that Paley's *Natural Theology* is freely translated from the Dutch. French bank-notes are, or used to be, adorned with an inscription to the effect that "the forger is punished with twenty years' hard labor." Paley must have felt something like the forger of a French bank-note when he undertook to teach morality by means which, as he was reminded every moment by the very work on which he was engaged, were immoral. In the opening chapters on contrivance and design, the watch which he represents himself as finding on a barren heath, he had, in fact, stolen. So in setting the ten commandments to music, old Haydn, with grim humor, stole a melody for the eighth.

Even Richesource, "disguiser" by profession, would scarcely have given his approbation to a method of "disguising" history invented by Le Père Barre, and practised, it must be hoped, by him alone. Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, had long before spoken of Menander as an historian, classing him with Josephus, Esdras, Ephiloquorus, and others; and had described Ulysses as a learned man, to whom Cicero taught rhetoric, Zoroaster magic, Ptolemy astronomy, Plato philosophy, Daniel divination, and Hippocrates medicine. These, however, are but trifling errors compared to the mistakes, or rather the misrepresentations, made by Le Père Barre in his *History of Germany*, of which some two hundred pages are adapted, with the most grotesque results, from the history of Sweden. Le Père Barre wished above all things to divert the reader; and as Voltaire's *History of Charles XII.* was much more entertaining than anything he could write, he embodied it, with some indispensable changes of name, in his *History of Germany*. He applied to the Emperor Rudolph Voltaire's remarks on King Stanislaus, and made Valdemar, King of Denmark, say and do precisely the same

things as Charles XII. at Bender. This again would not have suited Professor Richesource, who limited his system of plagiarism to "philosophical oratory," and, for the most part, to the enunciation of abstract principles—the property, he seems to have held, of anyone who liked to take the trouble to utter them.

In connection with bookmaking meant to amuse, specimens of bookmaking intended to mislead might be cited. Of these the most notorious perhaps is that *History of France* published under the Restoration, by Le Père Lorient, with the initials of the Jesuits' motto *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam* as epigraph. The edition, however, of the work in which Napoleon Bonaparte is said to figure as a certain "Marquis de Bonaparte, who gained important victories at the head of the King's armies" is not to be found; and the late M. de Montalembert denied that it had ever existed. Scarcely less valuable than a copy of the missing edition of Le Père Lorient's *History* would be that number of *Le Journal des Débats*, belonging to the same period, in which the following statement is said to be contained. "Bonaparte was never christened Napoleon. His true name was Nicholas. But this man wished that everything connected with his person should be extraordinary."

A very remarkable class of book-makers are translators who will not be satisfied with merely translating. Voltaire said of translators that they were like servants who thought the masters they had the honor of waiting upon were the greatest persons in the world. Some servants, however, and some translators, think themselves quite as good as their masters. In a French version of Plautus, published in 1719, the playful translator, M. de Geudeville, declares towards the end of his preface that he has spared no pains "*pour mettre ce vieux comique à la mode.*" "I have followed my own inclination," he adds, "and I am convinced that true men of taste, a select band, will be much obliged to me for having endeavored to divert them all the more." Auteroche, author of a rhymed translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, has altered scenes, characters, and motives. He does not, however, on that account consider himself Virgil's superior. On the contrary, he tells the reader that he feels

sure Virgil would have done the same "if he had only had time."

It was reserved for a distinguished Russian nobleman, Count Orloff, to discover the means of acquiring a certain literary reputation without writing a line. He employed a number of French writers, many of them men of considerable distinction, to compose, under his direction, a history of Italian music. The Count did not claim to be more than the originator of the work; but his name appeared in large letters on the title-page. To the same patron of letters belongs the undeniable merit of having first made known to the West of Europe the admirable fables of Kriloff. A number of the song-writers and minor poets of the Restoration were engaged to put into French verse prose translations of the Russian fabulist's most important productions. Besides being well paid, these gentlemen are said to have been sumptuously entertained at the Count's table; and the work, when finished, was announced as having been executed under the Count's "presidency." In spite of Count Orloff's liberality and care, the enterprise did not turn out so well as might have been expected. Each of the poets (among whom Désaugiers, the famous *chansonnier*, and Rouget de Lisle, the author of the *Marseillaise*, may be mentioned) wished to show himself a second La Fontaine, and, introducing much matter of his own, destroyed the character of the original. One, moreover, in reproducing the *Elephant*, mistook a satire on triviality in criticism for a eulogium on the worship of the infinitely small.

A curious list of translators' mistakes, or mistakes made in translation, might be made out. Thus the Abbé Viel, writing of Canterbury, and misled by the word "canon," stated that the cathedral was surrounded by artillery. The primate of all England was apparently in his eyes a military ecclesiastic, like the ancient Vladika of Montenegro. Guizot, in his *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, has—writing in English—expressed a hope that Shakespeare might be more and more "traduced" for the benefit of the French. Authors' mistakes, however, belong only indirectly to the subject of bookmaking; nor is it always wise to point them out. Indeed—as a famous

"printer's reader" once remarked in a poem on the subject of his own occupation, called *Corrector Typographicus*—to the man who corrects the errors of another (and who ever thinks of correcting his own?)

"Plus satis invidiæ gloria nulla manet."

Indignation was created a few months ago in a great part of England and Scotland by an inquiry made in this magazine as to where Mr. Black found Beethoven's *Farewell*, or rather by a statement that no such piece existed. "Did the writer," it was asked, "never hear of the sonata called *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*, and if so, had he not sense enough to know that Mr. Black must have been thinking of the first movement in that work?" Mr. Black's enraged partisans do not seem to perceive that it is only when heroines thoroughly charming and life-like sit down to the piano, that one cares to know what it is they are playing. Young ladies of an inferior stamp might confound Beethoven's *Adieux* (a piece which would have sorely taxed the powers of the simple Miss Wenna) with *Beethoven's Farewell to the Piano* (an impudent and worthless forgery which is still current), or the Funeral March of the Sonata in A flat with the Funeral March of the Heroic Symphony, and no one would give a second thought to the matter.

Erroneous opinions cannot always be described as mistaken; though that young man may fairly be said to have committed a blunder who, having stated before a board of examiners that Charlemagne lived 800 years before Christ, and being asked whether he did not mean "after Christ," persisted in his original statement: adding, "I am sorry to disagree with you, but that is my opinion." Many authors cause a certain amount of confusion to their admirers by changing their opinions—their opinions properly so-called. Numbers of writers have begun as Revolutionists to end as Conservatives. Victor Hugo, however, who for the last twenty-eight years has been an ardent Republican, gained his first reputation as a Legitimist.

Apart from errors made by themselves, a good many authors have been the causes of errors, sometimes very droll ones, made by others. Guarini's *Pastor*

Fido has been included in a catalogue of religious books; we have the authority of Mr. Hill Burton for stating that Mr. Ruskin's *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* were much asked for among the muirland farmers, and that great disappointment was caused by their discovery of the real nature of the work; Miss Edgeworth has herself told how her *Essay on Irish Bulls* was ordered by an Agricultural Association; Mr. Swinburne's *Under the Microscope* was classed by German publishers as a scientific work; and Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* is reported to have had a corner given to it by Herr Von Sybel in his *Historische Monatschrift*.

Probably index-makers have shown themselves quite as ingenious in misapprehending their authors' intentions as catalogue-makers themselves. The compiler of some Annual Record is said to have been much annoyed at finding that in his index, which he had entrusted to other hands, no reference was made to Parliamentary proceedings. So at least it seemed until at last under the head of "Public Meetings," he discovered "Meeting of Parliament." A very industrious index-maker, who let nothing escape him except now and then the main subject of the sentence he was dealing with, made in his index the following entry:—"Greatness of Mind, instance of." This corresponded with a passage in the body of the work which related how a certain judge had declared that he had "a great mind to send the accused to prison without the option of a fine."

Errors arising from hasty and inconsiderate cutting down are to be met with, not in books (for an author always cuts himself down with remarkable tenderness), but in carelessly edited newspapers. A barrister of my acquaintance was much irritated at seeing it stated one morning in a London journal that he had defended a certain person, "who was accordingly convicted." The chief causes of the man's conviction—apart from the manner in which his counsel might have defended him—were not given. In connection with eccentric journalism a story is told of a reporter—in the days when descriptive reporting had not yet been invented—who, being instructed to report an eclipse of the

sun, and finding that no speeches were delivered on the occasion, wrote, in stereotyped phrase, that "the proceedings were entirely without public interest." A certain admiration must be felt for that inexperienced reporter who, being sent to the Divorce Court, caused much dissatisfaction in the office by merely writing the plain truth, that "the evidence was unfit for publication."

The errors in which so many books abound, and from which none, it is believed, are absolutely free, are due for the most part not to the writers of the books, but to the printers and to those literary officials of the printing-office called in France "correctors," but in England simply "readers." Not that there is any proportion between the mistakes which the "reader," in some hopeless endeavor to extract light from darkness, is liable to commit, and the mistakes made by the compositors, or by the author himself, which he is constantly setting right. But the "reader" is considered responsible not only for the blunders which he originates, but also for the blunders, at least those of a typographical kind, which he fails to correct. His duties thus are arduous, and can only indeed be adequately performed by a man of considerable learning and ingenuity. Every profession should have its ideal; and the ideal of the printer's reader is well set forth in the following passage from a letter addressed to the French Academy by the "Société des Correcteurs des Imprimeries de Paris." "The functions of the corrector," says the letter, "are very complicated. To reproduce faithfully the manuscript of the writer, often disfigured in the first proof; to bring into conformity with the orthography of the Academy the manner of writing peculiar to each author; to give clearness to the composition by the use of a sober and logical system of punctuation; to rectify erroneous facts, inexact dates, false quotations; to see that the rules of art are scrupulously observed; to perform, for hours together, the double operation of reading by the intelligence and reading by the eye on the most difficult subjects, and always on a new text, in which each word may hide a snare, since the author, carried away by his thought, has read not what has been, but what ought to

have been, printed: such are the principal duties of a profession which writers have at all times regarded as the most important of those connected with the typographical art."

Admirably written! But where was the "correcteur" when, in a certain French Prayer-book, "Ici le prêtre ôte sa calotte" was replaced by "Ici le prêtre ôte sa culotte?" or when M. Guizot, who in the chamber had exclaimed, "Je suis à bout de mes forces," was declared to have said, "Je suis à bout de mes farces?" or when a certain envoy was represented as having been "dévoté" when he had in fact only been "décoré," by the Bey of Tunis? There was intention, no doubt, in the apparent misprint by which M. de Caulaincourt, accused of complicity in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, was called in the *Moniteur*, not Duc de Vicence, which he had just been created, but "Duc de Vincennes;" and the Spirit of Poetry would seem to have presided at the making of the famous mistake in Malherbe's verses, by which

"Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un printemps,"

became, through the poet's having omitted to cross his t's,

"Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,"
&c.

Where, again, was the "reader" when, in Alison's *History of Europe*, the printers were allowed to state that among the pall-bearers at the funeral of a great naval hero was "Sir Peregrine Pickle"? or when, in a work on *Gems and Precious Stones*, the quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*, "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor," was turned into "I had it of Keats," &c. Or, once more, where was he when in a work by the lively Comtesse Dash, the concluding sentence and point of the whole—"pour bien connaître l'amour il faut sortir de soi," was allowed to appear as "sortir de soir"?

Printers will always manage to construct a grammatical sentence out of any assemblage of words entrusted to them. Unless the manuscript be absolutely and totally illegible, they will, in their own phrase, "make sense" out of it; though this so-called "sense" may be absolute nonsense, or, without being nonsense, something very different from what the author intended. It would seem that in

some printing-offices the readers are so intelligent and so perfectly reasonable that they will tolerate nothing fantastic on the part of their authors. A poet is frequently seized in his flight and brought down to earth by his translator; and Mickiewicz used to say of one of his countrymen who had reduced him into French prose, that "God had sent him as a humiliation." Printers, too, will sometimes vex the poet's soul by "making sense" out of his most delicate imaginings. What must have been Mr. Tennyson's feelings on seeing, in the latest edition of his works, the line

"And followed by a hundred alry does,"*

turned into

"And followed by a hundred hairy does."

On the whole, however, printers' "readers" render invaluable services to authors of all kinds; and it should not be forgotten that of the errors laid to their charge many are the work of the authors themselves or of their transcribers. In a volume by a lady whose writings have doubtless given a considerable amount of pleasure, the involuntary act or process which Johnson would have denominated "sternutation" is printed "stercoration." A French *correcteur* would have been bound to look for this portentous word in the Dictionary of the Academy—where he would not have found it. The English "reader" ought not to have passed it. But no "reader" can be supposed to have invented it.

Johnson in the definitions of his Dictionary is known to have allowed himself a certain latitude in the way of pleasantry. But it is scarcely probable that under the head of "sit" he gives this pretended quotation in illustration of one of the meanings of the word:—"Asses are ye that sit in judgment." The reference is to Judges v. 10, where we read, "Speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." The transcriber seems to have copied out only the last six words

of the passage, and the printer to have inserted "are" in order to "make sense."

Translators, considered as "traducers," have already been spoken of. But in connection with this subject a remarkable error, as illustrating the dangers of carelessness in combination with a good dose of stupidity, may be cited from the notes to Bohn's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi. p. 472. Gibbon's text runs: "Bohemond's embarkation was clandestine, and, if we may credit a tale of the Princess Anna, he passed the hostile sea closely secured in a coffin." To this Gibbon gives a note: "Anna Comnena adds that, to complete the imitation, he was shut up with a dead cock; and condescends to wonder how the barbarian could endure the confinement and putrefaction;" to which Bohn's editor adds: "In M. Guizot's edition the translator, having mistaken the original English word, rendered it by *cuisinier*, and embellished the tale by shutting Bohemond up with the corpse of a *cook* instead of a *cock*. So it is that errors in history are perpetuated."

The mistakes of translators are more dangerous, and they are also less amusing than misprints; while in the matter of misprints the drollest typographical errors, however, are those which compositors make, but which readers correct, so that they never meet the public eye at all. A great writer of our time, among whose merits that of a clear handwriting is not conspicuous, in describing the Mount of Olives and his own brilliant discovery of the precise road taken by the Saviour on His triumphal entry into the Holy City, had abbreviated the word "Jerusalem" into "Jerus." But this hardly justified the compositor in presenting the sentence with this striking variation: "On reaching this rock we were at once unexpectedly greeted by a most magnificent view of Jones."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

ISLAM.

BY L. MASON.

WHAT we call Mohammedanism is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in

history. When we speak of religion, or at least of religions, we are too apt to confine our thoughts to the different sects of the Christian religion, as we are acquainted

* *The Princess*, canto vi. line 71.

with them, more or less, in Europe and America. We think of the Greek communion, the Roman communion, the Anglican communion, and of the very numerous bodies whom those of the "established" religion, in every country where an establishment exists, call sectaries, or heretics.

But what are the facts? We know them well enough when we are in our best wits, but they are far indeed from being habitually present to our minds. Of Buddhism we know little, much as has been written about it; but there is in the world much nearer 500 millions than 400 millions of Buddhists. Of pagans, or heathens of low type, there is going on for 200 millions. Of Brahmins and Parsees there is about 120 millions. Of so-called Christians about 350 millions. While of Mohammedans there is about 130 millions, and the number is constantly increasing in Africa and the East. It is far better, humanly speaking, to be a Mohammedan than a Fetichist or Polytheist; but when we call to mind the extent to which the religion of the False Prophet of Mecca—for false he was—wiped out Christianity from the face of the earth, and went on to occupy ground which Christianity might reasonably have been expected to fertilize with loftier and purer views of God, human duty, and a future life; when we note the rapid strides that the creed of Islam is making, in Africa for example, where Christianity in vain tries to obtain a hearing; and, lastly, when we think of the amazing durability of the creed among the races which have ever received it, and the truly awful way in which it seems to ossify in its converts some of the very worst (while undoubtedly vivifying some of the best) qualities of human nature,—when we have these and kindred topics vividly present to our minds, we cannot but stand dumb in the presence of the solemn problems which are at once suggested to us.

It seems such an awful, such an inexplicable, thing, that a bad and false faith should be allowed so wide a range,—breaking upon the world so quickly as it did after the opening of the Christian era, and then going on conquering and to conquer,—that some good and able men, some who even profess the Christian faith, have been driven into paradox in

speaking or writing of Mohammedanism. Mr. Carlyle is of course not a professor of Christianity, and to him is largely due (in this country) the change which has come over our recent literature as to Mohammed and Mohammedanism. It is very seldom that we now see such writing about the False Prophet as we find in Gibbon, Ockley, and Hallam. There is a tendency to throw a mist of glorification around the man and his teaching; or a tendency (sometimes the two things unite) to treat the whole question from the "scientific" point of view, and regard Mohammedanism with something more than toleration, as the faith best adapted to certain "types of humanity."

Considerable interest has lately been excited by a book, by Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. The book is entitled, "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," and consists mainly of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1874. Mr. Smith takes by far the highest view of the career and character of Mohammed that any writer of ability has yet put forward, and says he sees no prospect of a conquest of Islam by the Christian faith. He cannot hide—does not try to hide—the faults and crimes of Mohammed; but he apparently regards him as a prophet with a special Divine mission, like Moses,—a mission adapted to the religious and moral needs of certain races. A small portion of his language on these subjects we will quote:—

"Can it be forgotten that the Churches planted by the great Apostle were, without exception, to the west of Palestine,—that star-worship and fire-worship were unaffected by Christianity then, even as Brahminism and Buddhism are unaffected by it now? Can we point to a single Oriental nation which has been able to accept and to retain Christianity in its pure form, or a single religion to be named with Mohammedanism in point of purity and sublimity, which has ever been able to overthrow any Oriental faith?

"The triumphs of the cross have indeed been far purer, far wider, far sublimer than those of the crescent; but they have been hitherto confined to the higher races of the world.

"Mohammedanism can still renew its youth, and it is possible that the present generation, in face of the advance of semi-barbarous and intolerant Russia, may see a revival of the old crusading spirit,—an outburst of stern fanaticism, which, armed with the courage of despair, obliterating, as in the Circassian war, even the immemorial schism of Sonnee and Sheeah, may hurl once more the united strength of the crescent upon the vanguard of advancing Christendom. It is a prospect formidable to every Christian—formidable, above all, to those who for good or for evil rule thirty millions of Mussulmans in India; but I cannot think, even if the result were to be that a stop should be put to all further conquests of Europeans in the East, that the world would be altogether a loser thereby. In the East a revived Islam contains more elements of hope for the future than a corrupt Christianity, which in Asia has rarely been otherwise than dead."

Certainly this view of the subject has a special interest at the present moment, and we must draw a line of distinction between Islam and Turkey. The Ottoman race has always been, as Mr. Gladstone calls it, "anti-human;" but there have been many pages in the book of history in which Mohammedans have shown themselves superior to Christians, even in some of the Christian virtues. Saladin, unless history deceives us, was morally superior to our Richard Cœur de Lion, and the debt of Europe to the Arab is great indeed. If chivalry did not come from Arabia, our obligations in art and science to the Arab are immense,—we may add even in speculative theology and metaphysics. But whether Mohammedanism can ever *better* any but a very inferior race is another question. And if we find that it makes men into unalterable fanatics, and gives them, when certain occasions arise, excuses, if not motives, for the worst forms of lust and ferocity, we cannot look upon it as other than one of the most awful phenomena in the whole story of the human race. As such a phenomenon I confess I do myself regard it.

Mr. Carlyle's "wild and whirling words" about Mahomet and other "heroes" are well known, and from them we will only take a very brief passage.

It will be seen that Mr. Carlyle gives higher figures than we have done for the Mohammedan population of the world:—

"The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one-hundred-and-eighty-millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred-and-eighty-millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word, at this hour, than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot harbor any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here. . . .

"A false man found a religion? Why a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred-and-eighty millions; it will fall straightway."

I confess this seems to me very poor stuff indeed. The man who wishes to believe in the Divine government must face worse problems than that of a religion founded on imposture; or it will go hard with his faith. How many millions of human beings have been for thousands of years fetish worshippers and cannibals of the lowest type? The Buddhists are more numerous than the Christians, and yet, since it is to this day uncertain whether there ever was a Buddha, we are clearly not in a condition to discuss the question of Buddha's sincerity.

The argument about the building of a house is a paralogism of the grossest and most obvious kind. Mr. Carlyle has here juggled with the word "true." A perfect scoundrel might build an admirable brick house, so long as he conformed to the laws of gravity and the other laws concerned. Is there any proof that an impostor could not found a religion by conforming himself to certain very familiar laws in the management of men? In our own day we have seen the astounding phenomenon

of Mormonism. And Joe Smith was not only a scoundrel; he was, in all respects but knowledge of the way in which men and women are most easily to be humbugged and led, an ass,—an ignorant brutish lout. Now, if all this can take place in the full daylight of the age of printing how can we presume to guess what might have taken place in the first centuries of the Christian era?

But it is not necessary to maintain either that Mohammed was an impostor pure and simple, or that his religion is all falsehood. How can *any* religion be all falsehood? It is an impossibility. The very essence of the thing is the assumption of *some* truth to which the human heart responds. But it is perfectly conceivable that a nucleus of religious truth may be so imbedded in bad fancies, bad rules of conduct, bad

motives of action, with ambiguous matter of various kinds, that the total result may be one of the worst curses that were ever permitted to flourish on the face of the earth.

As to Mohammed himself, I hold that no dispassionate and open-eyed reader of his life and of the whole story of his career as a prophet can doubt that he was part honest fanatic, part madman, and in part a semi-savage and self-indulgent scoundrel. The type is common. I could lay my finger on half a dozen of it within a mile of my desk, barring the savagery. And I sadly fear that in one or two of these cases the savage strata lie very thick under a thin alluvium of civilisation. Add great energy, ability, and imagination to this very, very common type, and you may have a Mohammed.—*Evening Hours.*

THE PLANET SATURN'S DARK RING.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.S.

SATURN is now the ruling planet of the night, and will continue to be so for several weeks. It may, therefore, interest our readers to learn that some very striking observations have recently been made upon the ringed planet, at an observatory which in former years acquired great renown for Saturnian discoveries. At Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., there is a fine telescope by Merz (the maker of the object-glass of the great Greenwich telescope), which, unlike its brother at Greenwich, has been employed in the study of the sun, moon, and planets, with results scarcely matched and certainly not surpassed elsewhere. It was with this instrument that the elder Bond detected the satellite Hyperion, the last discovered of the eight moons of Saturn, and remarkable as travelling between the two largest moons, Titan and Japetus. The honor of this discovery had to be shared, however, with our observer, Mr. Lassell, who detected the moon while the news of Bond's success was on its way across the Atlantic. Another discovery made by Bond was also, by a strange coincidence, independently, but later, effected by an Englishman, during the interval between the discovery in America and the arrival of the news of

it in England. He perceived inside the bright rings of Saturn, which had been known for nearly two centuries to astronomers, a dark ring, possessing the strange property, hitherto unheard of among celestial objects, of being transparent, so that where it crosses the disc of the planet the latter can be perceived through it as through a crape veil, to use Mr. Lassell's description. This strange appendage was discovered by Dawes a few days later in England. It is to this object that the discoveries we have now to describe relate. From the time of its detection the dark ring has been the subject, or, perhaps, we should rather say, the occasion of much speculation. It was not supposed to be an entirely new formation, though so clearly discernible when first noted that many wondered how it could so long have remained unnoticed when the planet was studied with the powerful instruments known to have been used in its examination. Pictures of the planet were found which seemed to show that the "crape veil" at least had been seen many years before Bond detected it. It does not say much for the earlier observers that they should have paid so little attention to a feature so strange, or for astrono-

mers generally, that having the opportunity of examining the earlier drawings, they should have overlooked the peculiarity. So, however, it was. But though the newly observed ring was not regarded as an entirely new formation, it was seen to be highly probable that this ring had developed marvellously, for when first recognised as a ring it was quite a well-defined feature of the planet. The idea was suggested that the ring system of Saturn had drawn inwards, and some even went so far as to compare the new inner dark ring to the front waves of an ocean bearing inwards upon the planet. In England the discovery led the Cambridge Professors of Mathematics to select the rings of Saturn for the subject of the Adams Prize Essay in 1857. Professor Clerk Maxwell, to whom the prize was awarded, deduced from the mathematical investigation of the subject the strange conclusion that the rings are formed of multitudes of minute satellites, as sands on the sea-shore for multitude. Thus the dark ring would come to be regarded as simply a portion of this mighty belt of small satellites, where the moons were widely scattered, so that the dark background of the sky could be seen through the ring.

The observations recently made by Mr. Trouvelot at Harvard accord perfectly with this theory, and seem explainable by no other. It has been noticed, in the first place, the planet's shadow where it falls on the dark ring undergoes strange changes of shape, as though the surface on which it fell were undulating. Now, although there might be irregularities on a solid ring, and though these, by changing their position as the ring rotated, might produce the effects described, we have no reason whatever for supposing that there are fixed unevennesses upon Saturn's rings large enough to be discernible from our distant standpoint. It is much more natural to suppose that the scattered moons forming the dark ring have such motions as to give an undulating surface to the rings. There is, indeed, another explanation, which probably is also true, viz., that the planet's atmosphere is very deep, and laden with enormous masses of cloud, which are continually changing in position, shape, and constitution, now floating high, now low; now swelling, now contracting;

now dissolving into invisible vapor, anon condensing into masses as dense as our heaviest rain-clouds. The shadow of a planet surrounded by such vapor-masses would unquestionably vary, and we know that even on the bright rings the shadow of Saturn varies; but as it is seen to vary more markedly on the dark ring, we may infer that this ring has an undulating surface.

Next, Mr. Trouvelot has noticed that the inner half of the dark ring is so transparent that the outline can hardly be recognised where it crosses the planet, whereas the outer half is so much more opaque that the outline of the planet can hardly be seen through it. This fact is not only remarkable in itself, but still more remarkable when we remember that until quite recently the character of the dark ring was quite different. The whole width of the ring was formerly uniformly transparent, or at least so nearly so that no difference could be recognised between the outer and inner parts of this ring. This thinning of the inner edge is probably accompanied by a gradual extension of the ring-system towards the planet. Clerk Maxwell long since pointed out that a change of this sort was to be expected, as a natural consequence of collisions taking place among the tiny moons forming this ring-system. And other observations by Mr. Trouvelot show clearly that multiplied collisions of this sort must continually occur. For he finds that from time to time the dark ring assumes an aspect showing that its substance is agglomerated in clustering masses, through which the light of the planet does not penetrate. How strange are the thoughts suggested by such changes! Within the ring itself what energy of life (so to speak) is indicated by the conflict of satellites! And as regards Saturn himself, does it not appear clear that while such changes as these are taking place in the nearer portions of his system, he cannot yet be regarded as a completed world? We see nature's hand still at work out yonder, fashioning under the very eyes of astronomers the system of a planet once thought to have been formed even earlier than our own earth. The processes of cosmical development which were formerly so energetically disbelieved, but

have now taken their place among astronomical probabilities (and almost as certainties), seem here to be actually in progress. Nature has been detected in the act, and there is good reason for believing now, what was suggested by the present writer eleven years since, that

"in the variations perceptibly proceeding in the Saturnian Ring-system a key may one day be found to the law of development under which the Solar system reached its present condition."—*The Spectator*.

AN AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE COMMUNITY.

ABOUT two years ago, the Black River, rising one night without warning, swept away a toy factory at Springfield, Vermont, U.S., managed by a Mr. Ellis, who had invested the bulk of his savings in the concern, and found himself suddenly a poor man again. He had long believed that working-people could profitably become their own employers, and determined to risk the little the cruel waters had left him in giving practical proof of his faith in co-operation. Four good workmen, who had saved a few dollars, were found willing to make the experiment, and 'the Practical Co-operation Association' was formed; its avowed objects being, to provide each member with constant employment at remunerative wages, find him with wholesome victuals and a comfortable home at the lowest possible cost, and insure him a competency when his working days were over.

With a joint capital of a thousand dollars, the five 'industrials,' as they soon came to be called, commenced business as manufacturers of toys and fancy articles in a small workshop commanding water-power. They had no difficulty, thanks to Mr. Ellis's experience, in finding a profitable market for their wares; and when it was seen that they could hold their own, plenty of men were ready to join the Association, and as every new-comer had to bring a hundred dollars with him, it was not long before the society owned its shop and another beside. Everything went on well with them until the spring of 1875, when the damage done by a fire frightened not a few of the associates into secession. The majority, however, 'stuck to the ship,' turned builders for the nonce, and at the end of a couple of months were busy at their accustomed work again; and they have gone on prospering ever since.

Upon making this second start the rules of the Association were revised. By the code now in force a candidate for admission into the community must be sound in body, blameless in character, a non-smoker, an abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and the possessor of three hundred dollars, which he pays into the general fund upon entering the society. When he has done this he is only a member on probation, liable at the expiration of his three months' term of trial to be voted out of the Association, if his co-workers so will; so that the industrials are not likely to be saddled with bad workmen or disagreeable companions. The affairs of the community are managed by five directors, chosen by ballot, who appoint a president, a secretary, a superintendent, and select those they deem best fitted to act as foremen of the shops. A member on probation receives a wage slightly in excess of the cost of his keep; but as soon as he is elected into the society, he is paid according to his ability; the rate varying between seven and a half and sixteen and a half dollars a week, the last-named amount being exceeded in special cases. What is done when a worker is incapacitated by illness we cannot say, information being wanting on that point. Wages are paid once a quarter. Not in full, however; four and a half dollars a week being deducted for board and lodging, and one-fourth of the worker's earnings being retained for investment in the Association's capital fund. Thus, a man earning fifteen dollars a week will at the end of three months receive eighty-eight dollars in cash, and have forty-eight dollars added to his capital; so that every member is compelled to save money and increase his monetary interest in the business. He cannot draw any money out of the fund, even the interest due to him being added to his capital, until it

pleases him to withdraw from the community, when he—or in case of his death his representative—receives the whole of the money standing at his credit in the Association's books. What with the quarterly additions and the high compound interest, a member who holds on to the P.C.A. for ten years will find his original investment swelled to a very respectable sum. Boys and women are put on the same footing as men, save that the former need only bring in one hundred, instead of three hundred dollars to the common fund; while the latter are let off yet easier with a contribution of twenty-five dollars, which they are allowed to pay by instalments out of their earnings, and are only charged three dollars a week for their board and lodging.

Business meetings are held at regular intervals to consider the directors' reports and statements of accounts, and to fix the rate at which each worker is to be paid for the ensuing period; it being the strict rule of the Association that the interest upon the invested capital—which is fixed at eight per cent.—must be first secured; and if the dullness of trade threatens a falling-off in the receipts, the difficulty is met by reducing the wages, until things recover themselves.

Every member is expected to be in his or her place when the machinery is started at seven in the morning; any one making an imperfect day being mulcted ten per cent. on the day's earnings. At twelve all adjourn to the home, where a good dinner is provided, and return to the shops at one and work until six. The Practical Co-operation Association does not recognise the Saturday half-holiday or any other holiday except the statutory ones. The American journalist to whom we owe our knowledge of the existence of this interesting community, visited their workshops one dreary afternoon when the rain was descending like a deluge. 'No one was to be seen outside the shops. Inside, however, little heed was paid to the weather. The noise was deafening, and every one was working with a vigor and earnestness that would have amazed me had I not known that each member was laboring with the knowledge that his or her industry was increasing the resources of

the community, and thereby adding to the wealth of each individual worker. Men and women were employed together—the men doing the rougher work at the machinery, while the women had lighter and easier labor. There was little or no conversation going on; the entire faculties of every one within the walls of the shops seeming to be engrossed, to the exclusion of everything else, in the manufacture of American flags of various sizes, intended to enable the patriotic youth of the Republic to becomingly celebrate the centennial fourth of July. The wheels flew round and round, as if they too shared the general spirit of industry and were actuated by a sense of personal responsibility. Sheets of muslin went in at one end of the presses white and glazed, and came out at the other damp with the freshly painted stars and stripes. As rapidly as nimble hands could seize them they were hung up to dry, after which the women pasted or nailed them to sticks, which were being manufactured in another room. The superintendent told me that the members had been employed in this manner for the past two months, during which period they have made and shipped not less than three-quarters of a million flags. In April they shipped about four thousand seven hundred dollars' worth; increased their capital by fifteen hundred dollars, and their joint wages amounted to eighteen hundred and twenty-three dollars.'

One good feature usually distinguishes the operative classes in the United States. After the hours of daily labor, they go home, shift their attire, and put on a dress resembling that of other members of the general community. In other words, they do not appear as loungers in the streets, unwashed, and in their working garments, as is too commonly the case in English manufacturing towns. Among the co-operators we are speaking of, there is visibly a high sense of self-respect. When the day's work is over they hurry to the boarding-house, to change their working-clothes for smarter attire ere they sit down together to an early supper; and supper discussed, set about amusing themselves according to their several fancies. Some go for a walk, some for a row in a boat, some try their skill at football and other

outdoor games, while the stay-at-homes settle down to their letters or their books, or gather round the piano for a little music. As the evening closes in, the family gather together to indulge in candy-pulling—that is, drawing out great masses of molasses candy until it becomes too stiff to be pulled any longer. Then the dining-room is cleared for a game at forfeits; the penalties attached to the redemption sometimes affording amusement. At ten all retire for the night, and conscious of a well-spent day.

This curious industrial Association counts fifty-five members, ranging in age from sixteen to thirty, the sexes being pretty equally represented. The majority of the male recruits are steady workmen tired of enforced idleness, and the consequent melting away of their savings. Most of the women have been lured from the harassing, underpaid work of teaching by the prospect of being able to lay by something for the future while earning a present livelihood. They are

said to be well endowed in the way of good looks, which may be accounted for by their admission into the community depending upon the votes of male co-operators; although it must be owned that the latter have not shewn themselves over-susceptible to feminine charms, for only two marriages have taken place among the members since the Association was founded.

So far the Association has prospered. It has fulfilled its promise of providing constant and remunerative employment and a comfortable home for all belonging to it; whether it will last long enough to insure them a retiring competency, time only can tell. A trade-union that recognises the claims of capital; insists upon every worker working his best and being paid according to his ability; discountenances the idler, the shuffler, and the thriftless, and inculcates self-denial, is such a novelty in these days, that we cannot but wish it every possible success.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE WAITING ANGEL.

THE painter who should drop his brush
Because he could not seize the blush
Of heaven, when birds do dreamily stir
And the warm sun first touches her,
Would not be worthy of his name.
He cannot copy the morning-flame,
But with his best of artist-wit
Lovingly strives to render it,—
And heaven, in our ideal sense,
For him and us makes recompense.

The poet who should break his lyre
Because he could not make the wire
Echo the music of the spheres
In perfect tones to mortal ears,
Translate all utterance of the gods
In the rude phrase of mortal clods,
Fling from its delicate frame of gold
The thunder, awful as it roll'd,—
No bard were he! He sings his best,—
Celestial law provides the rest.

The man who will not gird his loins
For that which truth or love enjoins,
Because he knows his work when wrought
Will fall below his hope and thought,
Is no true workman. Let him do
The thing his conscience points him to,
And he shall find the seed he cast
Spring up when many days are past;

Whilst every honest deed will bring
 A training for that nobler thing
 For which archangel duly waits,
 Keeping Occasion's golden gates
 For such as watchfully pursue
 Her long laborious avenue;—
 Many she calls, but chooseth few,
 To crown at last when crowns are due.

Evening Hours.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE universal interest felt in our Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia—an interest which has now become a proud reminiscence—will probably render peculiarly acceptable the portrait of General Joseph R. Hawley, which embellishes this number of the *ECLECTIC*. As President of the Centennial Commission, Gen. Hawley was prominently associated with the great international enterprise from the start; and it is understood to be largely owing to his rare executive skill and faculty of organization that the Exposition, in all the details of practical management, was so unprecedentedly and wonderfully successful. It can not be denied that at the initiation of the scheme much apprehension was felt lest it should degenerate into a mere cloak for political and commercial jobbery; and for the guarantee of good faith which his selec-

tion as head of the Commission furnished, and for the manner in which he has vindicated the confidence which his selection inspired, General Hawley is deserving of the grateful recognition of his countrymen.

General Hawley's name has not yet found its way into the cyclopædias, and as our efforts to obtain the information from other sources have failed, we can give but few details of his life. He is a native of Connecticut; comes from a family which has furnished several distinguished members to the ministry; was educated at Yale College; served with distinction in the army during the late war; and has been twice elected to Congress. His labors as chairman of the Centennial Commission have been unremitting, and the results have fully justified them.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FIVE SENSES OF MAN. By Julius Bernstein, Professor of Physiology in the University of Halle. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is the twenty-first volume of the "International Scientific Series," which is more than fulfilling the high hopes entertained for it from the start. Already it requires a shelf for itself in the library; and the attentive reader of it may not only feel that he is abreast of the great eurrents of scientific thought, but that the knowledge thus acquired is absolutely authentic and reliable. The great merit of the series, indeed, is that it offers the reader no second-hand information, but brings him face to face with men who have acquired the right to speak as authorities; and though for lack of literary skill in some instances the path of the beginner is now and then rendered harder

than need be, yet the importance of the goal more than compensates for the difficulty of reaching it.

The obstacles which beset a thoroughly trained scientific man when he attempts to impart his knowledge to the non-scientific reader are well exemplified in Professor Bernstein's "Five Senses of Man." The work is admirably comprehensive, and the greater part of its expositions are remarkably lucid and intelligible; but the author can not persuade himself to abstain from directing attention to a point merely because its explanation is difficult, and the reader occasionally finds himself confronted with statements and arguments and inferences which imply a larger acquaintance with physiological laws and the processes of scientific induction than he is apt to possess. Prof. Bernstein frankly acknowledges in his preface, however, that he has "endeavored at

times to take the reader a step beyond the domain of the ordinary popular treatises," and, as we have already said, the value of the information thus conveyed amply rewards the thought and study necessary to master it. Especially striking is the elaborate and detailed description of the structure of the eye, and of the method of its operation, and after perusing it the reader will not be surprised that even John Stuart Mill was compelled to confess that the structure and adaptations of the eye alone seemed sufficient to prove an intelligent design in creation. Many curious facts are also brought out concerning the senses of touch and hearing, but we will content ourselves now with commending all intelligent readers to a book which they will find as entertaining as it is instructive.

The volume contains numerous illustrations explanatory of the various experiments with which the text is enlivened.

THE FALL OF THE STUARTS, AND WESTERN EUROPE FROM 1678 TO 1697. By the Rev. E. Hale, M.A. (Epochs of Modern History.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE. By W. W. Capes, M.A. (Epochs of Ancient History.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THE first of these handy little volumes belongs to the "Epochs of Modern History" series, the general plan of which, as exemplified in previous volumes, we have already noticed favorably. The epoch which Mr. Hale has chosen is one of the most interesting and striking in English history, and he gives a picture of it which, if somewhat confined in scope and cursory in treatment, is vivid and satisfactory as far as it goes. The characters of Charles, of Cromwell, and of James are sketched with a vigorous and impartial hand, and appear very lifelike, and the various minor figures that crowd the canvas receive fair and discriminating treatment. The striking procession of events which compose the Revolution (as it is called in England) is emphasized in a manner to impress them firmly upon the memory, and at the same time these events are linked with the great contemporary movement of European history in the neighboring countries. Mr. Hale appears to have bestowed much care upon the selection and sifting of his facts, and his lucid and animated style renders his book easy reading.

Almost the same terms of praise may be applied to the "Early Roman Empire," though it is only fair to say that Mr. Capes greatly surpasses Mr. Hale in the picturesque grouping of his materials and in graceful precision of narrative. His book consists substantially

of a series of brief biographical sketches of the Roman emperors from Augustus to Domitian, preceded by a rapid survey of the history of Rome from the death of Julius Cæsar to the battle of Actium, and followed by some highly instructive chapters on the position and function of the Emperor, the rights of Roman citizenship, life in the Provinces, the state of trade, the growing depopulation of Italy and Greece, the frontiers and the army, the moral standard of the age, and the revival of religious sentiment. Mr. Capes's portraits strike us as accurate and faithful, though his elaborate one of Augustus is less satisfactory than any of the others. He gives no adequate account of the youth of Octavius, of the nature of the influences which aided him in making good against Antony his claims to the sovereignty of the Roman world, of the successive steps by which he revolutionized the government of the country, or of the beneficial change which his character seemed to undergo when his position became secure, and he felt the responsibilities of absolute power. In all other respects his sketch is impressive, and the closing chapters on the general subjects which we have enumerated are singularly luminous and instructive.

WORKING PEOPLE AND THEIR EMPLOYERS. By Rev. Washington Gladden. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

If working people and their employers could always hear such excellent sense as that which Mr. Gladden offers them, in the lectures composing this volume, we should have less talk about the irrepressible conflict between labor and capital, and fewer strikes, lockouts, and other similar perturbations of the industrial world. Mr. Gladden thoroughly understands his subject; he has no theories to advocate or crotchets to air; and his sympathies are broad enough to comprehend both parties to the great "struggle for existence." To the working people he expounds with remarkable simplicity and force those great natural laws, the operation of which they can not evade, and to which they must in wisdom adapt themselves; and upon capitalists and employers he urges the equally important consideration that enlightened self-interest—to say nothing of moral obligation and social duty—should prevent their taking all the advantage which their position seems to give them, in the adjustment of industrial forces. His lesson to the laboring man is that the conditions of the great problem are under his own control, but that its solution lies, not in strikes and trades-unions and exclusive guilds, but in self-denying economy, industry, and education. We can not share all his

faith in the immediate efficacy of co-operation, seeing that experience appears to have shown that successful co-operation implies higher mental and moral culture than is now possessed by the mass of the working people; but we are glad to recognize in his book an instrument which can hardly fail to help in bringing about that condition of public sentiment which will tend to secure the realization of his hopes.

The lectures were delivered on Sunday evenings, to the usual mixed congregations, and Mr. Gladden expresses a fear lest it may be thought that the themes are too secular for the pulpit; but surely the pulpit is seldom engaged in better work than in enlightening men and women regarding their individual and reciprocal duties.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART. By Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

"Near to Nature's Heart" is at once the most labored and the least pleasing of Mr. Roe's novels. An attempt to mix religion, and romance, and history, in about equal proportions, would be likely to result in failure in any case, and Mr. Roe at least does not possess the literary skill requisite to the production of a really good historic-romantic-religious story. The introduction of Washington and Lafayette, and a description of the battle of Monmouth, go but a little way toward the reproduction of the Revolutionary period, while the delineation of such creatures as are represented as inhabiting the Highlands a century ago goes very far toward relegating the story to no period at all. There is a crudeness and lack of finish about the entire book which justify us in suggesting that if Mr. Roe were less solicitous about "helping his readers to do right," and more careful to perform his own self-assumed task in an artistic and workmanlike manner, neither morals nor religion would be likely to suffer. Surely it is worth while to do well whatever we undertake to do at all—even when the undertaking is a novel.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Duke of Argyll is about to publish a sequel to his "Reign of Law."

DURING the year ended June last no less than seventy-six fresh newspapers and magazines appeared in Japan, of which fifty-five were started at Yedo.

PROF. SIDNEY COLVIN has in preparation a complete prose translation of the Homeric Hymns, to be published with Introductions and illustrations from Greek art.

THE new volume of poems upon which M. Victor Hugo is engaged is thus far purely literary in its character, not dealing with political questions. Several of the poems are satires, in which the poet does his best to rub off old scores.

GEN. DI CESNOLA, who is now residing in London, is engaged upon a work on the History and Antiquities of Cyprus. A chapter upon the relations between Egypt and Cyprus will be contributed by Dr. Birch.

THE important works for completing the reconstruction of the National Library in Paris are about to be resumed. The total expenditure is estimated at 2,500,000 francs, and a credit of 400,000 francs has been voted.

GEN. LEFROY, the Governor of the Bermudas, has in the press a work on the Bermudas entitled "Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, or Somers Islands, from 1515 to 1685." Gen. Lefroy has been engaged for some time on such inquiries.

LAST year Alberto Bacchi della Lega issued his list of the editions, translations, and adaptations of the writings of Boccaccio. It was deservedly praised at the time of its appearance. Since then Signor Narducci, Librarian of the University of Rome, has prepared a supplement, which is to be published shortly, containing particulars of 150 editions not mentioned by Bacchi della Lega.

BRILL, of Leyden, proposes to publish extracts from the Talmud, embracing such parts of that voluminous work as are important or interesting even in the eyes of those who are not Israelites, relating to history, morals, archaeology, etc. The original text is to be accompanied by a literal German translation, together with necessary explanations and remarks.

ACCORDING to official statistics, 5206 books were issued in Russia during the years 1873 and 1874. Of these, 679 were theological, 322 legal, 113 agricultural, 247 historical, 247 geographical and ethnographical, 195 mathematical, 135 military, 34 scientific, 224 medical, 438 philological, 94 artistic, while 1851 treated of lighter literature, and 447 were translations of foreign *belles lettres*.

WE are glad to hear that the many proofs of his admiration for Miss Austen's novels which are to be found in the letters of Lord Macaulay, have led to a renewed demand for her writings. There is some hope for English fiction if "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," and "Mansfield Park" regain popularity.

Those who are familiar with them will not tolerate the vulgar, flashy novels of the present day.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish shortly a contribution to the history of popular progress, and of struggles for the free expression of opinion, in the press and elsewhere, from 1660 to 1820, with an application to later times. The nucleus of the volume is formed by the stirring events of the American War and the French Revolution, when popular opinion found expression through such channels as the writings of Junius and Wikes, the trials and speeches of Horne Tooke, of Cobbett, and of William Hone.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* announces an interesting discovery made in one of the towers of the Stadtkirche at Weimar. In repairing a wall, an iron box was found containing eight documents, the most ancient of which was of the date 1593. These documents are in perfect preservation, and relate to the invasion of Croatia by the Turks, to the war of the bishopric of Zaberu, the price of corn in the year 1620, the defeat of the Calvinists in Electoral Saxony, and to the marriage of Duke John of Saxony with the Princess Mary of Anhalt Altenburg.

AN interesting discovery has been made by Prof. Carl Hirsche, of the University of Heidelberg. It is that of an original MS. of the 'De Imitatione Christi,' in the Royal Library of Brussels. The discovery was made some little time ago, and the Professor has recently published at Berlin a new edition of this ancient manual of devotion in the original language, following the stichometrical arrangement of the sentences, as plainly indicated in the MS. No account of Hirsche's work has yet appeared in English.

SCIENCE AND ART.

COSMIC DUST.—We mentioned, some time ago, a curious paper in which M. Tissandier described the shape of certain metallic particles of dust collected from the atmosphere. We now find in the *Philosophical Magazine* an account of Professor Nordenskiöld's researches on the same subject. On the occasion of an extraordinary fall of snow which took place at Stockholm in December, 1871, the professor was curious to know whether the snow, so pure in appearance, did or did not contain any solid extraneous particles. He accordingly collected a large quantity of snow on a sheet, and obtained a small residue after it had melted away. This remainder consisted of a black powder resembling coal;

heated, it yielded a liquid by distillation; calcined, it was reduced to red-brown ashes. Moreover, it contained a number of metallic particles attracted by the magnet, and giving all the reactions of iron. In a large city such an experiment could not be considered conclusive, and Professor Nordenskiöld, therefore, during his Polar voyage in 1872, when he was blocked up by ice as early as the beginning of August in about 80° N. latitude, before reaching Parry's Island, to the northwest of Spitzbergen, examined the snow which covered the icebergs, and which had come from still higher latitudes. He found it strewn with a multitude of minute black particles, spread over the surface or situated at the bottom of little pits, a great number of which were to be seen on the outward layer of snow. Many of such particles were also lodged in the inferior strata. This dust, which became grey on drying, contained a large proportion of metallic particles attracted by the magnet, and capable of decomposing sulphate of copper. An observation made a little later upon other icebergs proved the presence of similar dust in a layer of granular crystalline snow situated beneath a stratum of light fresh, another of hardened, snow. Upon analysis this matter was composed of metallic iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and fragments of diatomaceæ. It bears the greatest analogy to the dust previously collected by the professor on the snows of Greenland, and described by him under the name of "kryokonite."

A NEW METAL.—The discovery of a new metal was announced to the French Academy of Sciences recently by M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, a progressive French chemist. The new metal, which M. Lecoq calls gallium, was found by the spectroscope in zinc ores, with which metal it has much resemblance in common, although showing sufficient distinctive chemical characteristics. This addition raises the list of elements to 66, the metals alone being represented by 52 bodies.

THE SOLAR ATMOSPHERE.—Very various estimates of the absorption due to the sun's atmosphere have been made by different observers, who, with different forms of photometer, have attempted to measure the difference of brightness between the centre and margin of the sun's disc. Thus, Arago found the light near the edge to be 97.6 per cent. of that from the centre, while Secchi made it only 22 per cent., a discordance which points to something erroneous in the mode of observation. To decide this question Mr. Langley has, by means of two reflecting prisms, arranged that the rays from any two parts of an enlarged image of the sun formed by a telescope shall fall on opposite sides of a small

disc of paper as if they came from two lights, one on each side of the disc. On the disc is a small grease-spot which is seen bright or dark according as the stronger light is behind or in front of the paper, becoming undistinguishable when the illumination is the same on the two sides, a condition which can be secured by sliding the disc so as to bring it nearer to the fainter light. Mr. Langley has also used Rumford's photometer, in which the two shadows of a small rod cast by the two lights are compared. In this way he found a marked difference in color, the shadow illuminated by the light from the edge being chocolate-red, while the other is bluish, and he hence concludes that the sun would become more blue if its atmosphere were removed, while an increase in the depth of the latter would make the sun appear at the same time redder and darker. From numerous observations Mr. Langley concludes that the sun's atmosphere absorbs one half of his light and heat, and granting that four-fifths of the temperature of the earth's surface above absolute zero (500° Fahrenheit) is due to the presence of the sun, he infers that an increase in the absorption of the solar atmosphere of 25 per cent would diminish the temperature of our globe by 100° Fahr., reducing it far below that of the glacial epochs. Such a change as P. Secchi has supposed to have taken place between 1852 and 1873 in the sun's atmosphere, in order to account for the difference between his measures of the heat at different parts of the disc, and those made by Mr. Langley, would, therefore, according to the latter, be accompanied by a change of temperature, which is not supported by observation.

ELASTIC GLASS.—The process for the preparation of this remarkable substance, discovered by Bastie, and still in some measure secret, is said to be very simple, cheap, and unattended with danger. All vapors injurious to the health are avoided. The inventor estimates that the whole operation can be completed in a few hours, and that the expense will not reach 40 to 50 per cent of the value of ordinary kinds of glass. Repeated experiments indicate that its resistance to blows is fifty times that of ordinary glass, and that it is unaffected either by sudden cooling as in cold water, or by heating it in a stove. A plate thrown upon the floor rebounded with a metallic ring, and when forcibly broken, separated into very small crystals, instead of into larger and smaller pieces, thus showing a peculiar change in molecular constitution. Samples of it have been made in the form of looking-glasses, large plates, lamp-chimneys, cups and saucers, cooking utensils, tubes, watch-glasses, etc.

THE EYE OF MAN IN THE FUTURE.—Science, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The Vedas of India, which are the most ancient written documents, attest that in times the most remote, but still recorded in history, only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye arrived at the perception of the color yellow, and a still longer time before green was distinguished; and it is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the terms which designated yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greekshad, according to the received opinion now, the perception of color very well developed; and yet authors of a more recent date assure us that in the time of Alexander, Greek painters had for fundamental colors only white, black, red, and yellow. The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history; they called these colors grey and black. It is thus that the colors of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually, and the great Aristotle only knew four of them. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limits of the blue and violet in the spectrum a distinct impression, which our eyes do not recognize as a color. According to physiologists, a time will come when the human eye will be perfected, so as to discern this color as well as the others.

DOMESTIC MEASUREMENT OF MEDICINES.—The time-honored custom of measuring doses of medicine by tablespoonfuls, teaspoonfuls, and drops has received a rude shake in the *British Medical Journal* by Dr. R. Farquharson, and by Mr. Proctor in the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. It is found that modern table and tea spoons are much larger than they were formerly, and that a table-spoon of the present day contains considerably more than half an ounce. So, also, the teaspoon is no longer equivalent to a drachm. The size of a drop has not, of course, altered, but a drop is seldom, if ever, exactly equivalent to a minim, although it is assumed to be so. Much depends on the fluid, and not a little on the shape of the bottle from which it is dropped. As a rule the minim is considerably more bulky than a drop, and thus, when medicine is dropped instead of being measured in a minim glass, the patient's doses are smaller than they should be. It would, without doubt, be much better if domestic dispensers of medicines would use graduated measures instead of spoons or drops for measuring the doses of their patients, but, as

there is little chance of their doing so universally, the next best thing is to ascertain what the actual contents of "spoonfuls" really are. The average contents of tablespoons now in use equal from five to six drachms; the dessert-spoon holds nearly half an ounce; and the teaspoon from eighty to eighty-five minims. Another useful measure for domestic purposes is the wine-glass, but this varies in its contents from two ounces and a half to three ounces and a quarter. These measures are, perhaps, sufficiently exact when ordinary medicine only is used, but when powerful and dangerous drugs are administered the only safe plan to adopt is to measure carefully into a graduated glass.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE PERIODIC WAVES OF THE SWISS LAKES.—At a recent meeting of the Physical Society of London, Prof. Forel, of Morges, Switzerland, gave, in French, an account of some interesting experiments which he has recently made on the periodic waves which take place on the Swiss lakes, and are there called "Seiches." It was long since observed that the waters of most of these lakes are subject to a more or less regular rise and fall, which at times have been found to be as much as one or two mètres. M. Forel has studied this phenomenon in nine different lakes, and finds that it varies with the length and depth of the lake, and that the waves are in every way analogous to those already studied by Prof. Guthrie in artificial troughs, and follow the laws which he has deduced from his experiments. Most of the experiments in Switzerland were made on the Lake of Geneva, but that of Neuchâtel was found to be best fitted for the study of the subject, possessing, as it does, an extremely regular geometric form. The apparatus he employed was very sensitive to the motion of the water, being capable of registering the waves caused by a steamboat half an hour after it had passed and five minutes before its arrival; and was so constructed as to eliminate the effect of common waves, and to register the motion, side by side, with a record of the state of the barometer, on paper kept in continuous motion. While he found the duration of waves to be ten minutes at Morges, it was seventy minutes at Geneva, and this is explained by the narrowness of the neck of the lake at the latter place. This period he proved to be independent of the amplitude, and to be least in the shortest lakes. For shallow lakes the period is lengthened; and his observations show that the period is a function of the length and depth, and that longitudinal and transverse waves may co-exist, just as Prof. Guthrie has shown to be the case in troughs.

VARIETIES.

THE TERRORS OF DEATH.—In comparing the grounds for fearing death in ancient and in modern times, it may be said roughly that the physical terrors of death are constant, while the moral terrors are variable. Not, indeed, that the mere physical terrors have been, strictly speaking, unchanged. For it is probable that the ancients, being used to hardship and suffering, were less sensitive to the sting of death than we are. On the other hand, it is certain that the progress of medicine, including the use of anesthetics, has done something towards extracting that sting, and will in time do much more. No doubt, our medical improvements often increase the immediate fear of death which is felt by the dying; if the dying suffered more, their minds would be distracted, and they would shrink less from the final relief. But, at any rate, those medical improvements tend to mitigate the apprehension which the mere pain of dying excites in the world at large. And it is enough for my purpose that this pain of dying can hardly be worse with us than it was with our forefathers; the balance, if balance there is, is probably in our favor. Yet, strange to say, the entire terrors of death seem to be greater in our time than in that of the great classical writers. To prove this assertion would not be easy; but scholars will hardly dispute it. It is remarkable that Bacon, when maintaining the paradox that the fear of death is the weakest of emotions, chooses all his examples from among pagans. He mentions, among other instances, the dying jest of Vespasian: "Ut puto, Deus fio." It would be unfair to judge of the ancient indifference to death from this exceptional utterance; just as, on the other hand, it would be unfair to judge of the modern alarm at death from the case of Johnson, who, when the surgeon made slight scarifications in his swollen leg, exclaimed, "Deeper! deeper! I want length of life; and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value." Yet it is hard not to think that these opposite frames of mind exhibit the ancient and modern tendencies in regard to death, though they exhibit them "writ large." The best of the ancients knew, as we do not know, how to obey the maxim of the great poet of stoicism, and to take a negative view of death as the mere end of life, the goal in the course of nature; if infirm or suffering, they could even go the length of Dryden's rendering of that maxim—

And count it nature's privilege to die.

Hence they managed to take death easily, through thinking of it as a matter of course, and thinking but little of it even thus; while

with us, on the other hand, death is just what Byron called it—"the doom we dread, yet dwell upon;" and it is life which now dwindles into being the accident of our existence—*Santichambre de la mort*, or rather, *de l'éternité*. In truth, the ancients (or, more properly, the Greek and Roman free citizens), in seeking *forlem animum, mortis terrore carentem*, acted by anticipation on my friend's rule, not to regret the inevitable; and to this unregretfulness, this dislike of breaking their wings against the bars of their cage, they owed much of that light-hearted joyousness which formed a real side of their character, though a less important side than we are apt to think.—*Fortnightly Review*.

PIDGIN-ENGLISH.—Pidgin-English is that dialect of our language which is extensively used in the seaport towns of China as a means of communication between English or Americans and the natives. It is owing to the ease with which Chinese learn this dialect, and the willingness of foreigners to meet them half way in it, that it has spread to such an extent, thereby leading the way towards making English the language of the Pacific. And as Chinese learn a Latin tongue more easily than pure English, it is probable that had it not been for the Pidgin jargon, a corrupt Portuguese would have formed the popular medium of communication between foreigners and natives of China. The number of Portuguese words which now exist in Pidgin-English seem to prove this. As it is, our language in this rude form has spread, and is spreading to such an extent as to suggest several important problems. The coolie who speaks Pidgin has half his apprehension as to getting on in a foreign country removed, and the anticipated immigration of "millions of the Mongolian race" is beginning to cause serious reflection in America. Therefore Mr. Simpson looks forward to a time when it will be necessary to issue the Scriptures in Pidgin, and Captain Richard Burton gravely remarks in his "Ultima Thule," that "if English, as appears likely, is to become the cosmopolitan language of commerce, it will have to borrow from Chinese as much monosyllable, and as little inflection as possible. The Japanese," he adds, "have already commenced the systematic process of 'pidgeoning,' which for centuries has been used on the West African coast, in fact throughout tropical England, Hindostan alone excepted."—*Pidgin-English Sing-Song*, by Charles G. Leland. (London: Trübner and Co.)

SERVIA.—Servia is about one fifth smaller than Scotland, and sparsely inhabited by

1,352,000 inhabitants. Like Scotland, it is a land of mountains. On the south-west the mountains consist of offshoots of the Dinaric Alps, and elsewhere the branches of the Balkan chain. One of these, gathered into a knotty group in the centre of the country, forms the Rudrik Mountains. Another, running northwards, meets a range of the Carpathians, and with it forms the "Iron Gates" of the Danube. Nothing can exceed the wildness and stern sublimity of this celebrated portal, through which the great river flows. Generally speaking, Servia is traversed from south to north by extensive mountain ridges. These form valleys, which nowhere expand into plains. In its physical features the country is not unlike Bosnia and the Herzegovina, but with its green and well-wooded hills it is in striking contrast to the bare and sterile region of Montenegro. As Montenegro was the unconquered remnant of the old Servian Empire, therefore the little principality in the Black Mountain may, in that sense, be held as its truest representative. Modern Servia, however, on account alike of name, resources, and geographical position, claims continuity of national life with the Servia of the fourteenth century. The motto of the princes of the present house of Obrenovitch is "time and my right." Their arms represent a white cross on a red field, and on the cross are inscribed two dates, 1359—1815; between them lies a drawn sword. The first date commemorates the fatal fight of Kossova, when the Servians, overthrown by the Ottoman arms, became a subject people; the second marks the year when Milosh Obrenovitch went from his dwelling among the mountains of the interior to the church of Takovo to raise anew the standard of revolt. The drawn sword between the dates may be taken to indicate that the attitude of the subject Serbs on the Danube during four long centuries of Turkish rule was not one of servile submission, but of a nourished antagonism. What gives importance to the revolt of 1815 is that it resulted in the permanent acknowledgment of Servia by the Porte as a self-governing though still tributary power, under native rulers. Servia, restored to the Serbs, brought back with it the hope at some future time of entire independence, and of an extension of territory co-extensive with the old Servian kingdom. Nor do the free and warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountains entertain any jealousy of the national aspirations of their brethren on the Danube. The two Serb Powers are in close alliance, and between the families of the respective princes there exists a cordial friendship.—*Leisure Hour*.



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